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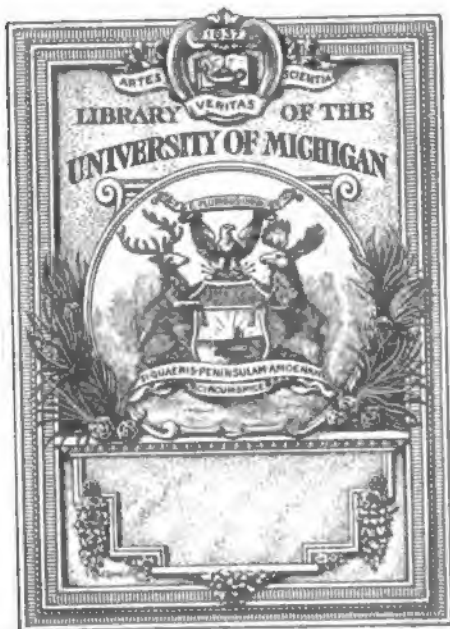
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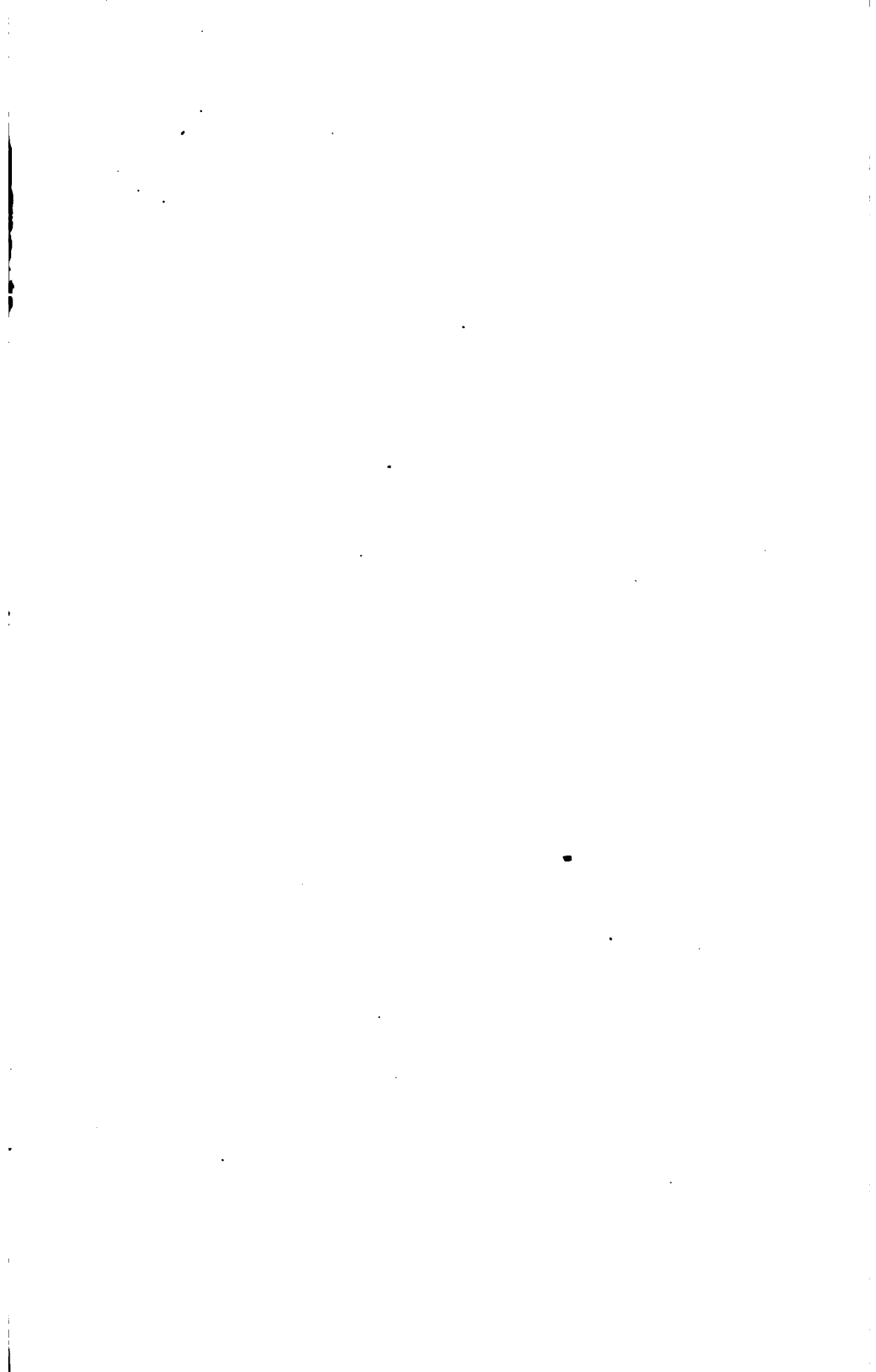




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THE

# BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

FOR JANUARY, 1881.

ART. I. *Congregationalism.*

THE Congregational Union of England and Wales held its first annual meeting in Reading in the year 1831. Regarded at its formation with deep and reasonable distrust by many sagacious and zealous Congregationalists, and visited more than once within the last thirty years by storms which threatened its destruction, it has gradually secured the confidence of the large majority of the Congregational Churches of the country; and its spring and autumn meetings of this year, which are to be held in London and Manchester, are anticipated with keen and general interest.

Several schemes have been projected for celebrating the close of the first half-century of its history. If I venture to propose another, it is with no strong hope of obtaining any considerable measure of public support. And yet my proposal lies within such moderate limits, and could be carried out at so moderate a cost, that if I were a more sanguine man I should be very confident of securing its adoption. It appears to be a natural extension of arrangements which have been already announced by the Committee of the Union. Lectures illustrating the History of English Congregationalism from its rise three hundred years ago to our own times are to be delivered in London and, I believe, in some provincial towns. The Committee would complete their work if they were to publish, under competent editorship, the books and pamphlets in which the early Congregationalists explained and vindicated their principles.

Twenty or thirty years ago the works of John Robinson, the pastor of the Church at Leyden, from which a hundred men and

women were sent out in the *Mayflower* to found the colony of New Plymouth, were edited by the late Rev. Robert Ashton.\* But even before their republication Robinson's writings were more accessible than those of Robert Browne, Henry Barrowe, John Greenwood, Francis Johnson, and Henry Jacob. Some of these are in Dr. Williams's library, whose trustees show the most admirable courtesy to students; but for others it is necessary to go to the British Museum, to the Bodleian, and to Lambeth. The library at the Memorial Hall, to which it is natural for Congregationalists to turn for literature illustrative of their own history, is singularly deficient in Elizabethan writers.† It is very natural that the books should be rare. If printed in this country, they had to be printed at a secret press. If printed abroad, they had to be brought over to England concealed in bales of merchandise. Men were hanged for writing them; men were hanged for distributing them; when the books themselves came into the hands of the officers of the bishops they were de-

\* One of Robinson's controversial works was omitted. A year or two ago I found in a volume of old pamphlets 'A Manumission from a Manuduction' a tract of twenty-four quarto pages, published by John Robinson in 1615. Mr. Ashton refers to this tract in his preface, but is under a mistake about its contents. I wrote to Dr. Dexter, of Boston, to tell him of my 'find.' He replied that I was fortunate, but not so fortunate as I supposed I had been. Another copy of the original exists in a private library in New England, and the tract had been republished by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

† What became of the library of Benjamin Hanbury, who appears to have had in his possession some of the rarest and most interesting books of the early Congregationalists?

destroyed.\* To prevent the irreparable loss which would be occasioned by the accidental destruction of any of the remaining copies, it seems to me that the Congregational Union would do well to republish them in connection with the Jubilee celebration. The monuments of our fathers have been long in ruins. It would be an act of filial reverence to rebuild them.

To give an account of this forgotten literature is no part of my present purpose. Those who are curious in such matters may find a great deal of interesting information in Mr. Hanbury's 'Memorials of the Independents,' and especially in the great work recently published by Dr. Dexter—'The Congregationalism of the last Three Hundred Years as seen in its Literature.' To students of Congregational history the results of Dr. Dexter's researches will have the very deepest interest, and the value of his Appendix, to which he has given the modest title 'Collections towards a Bibliography of Congregationalism,' cannot be measured.

Whatever may be the good or evil fortune of the proposal with which I have introduced this paper, the Jubilee of the Congregational Union affords a natural occasion for reviewing our ecclesiastical position. Churches as well as individual Christians should have their times of self-examination—times when they should measure their actual work against their responsibilities, and should test their practice by their principles—times when they should reconsider, in the increasing light which comes to devout men in every generation, the traditions and institutions which they have received from their ecclesiastical ancestors. We should not shrink from revising the fundamental principles of our polity.

In this serious and anxious inquiry it will be of advantage to recall the spirit, the convictions, and the aims of the Elizabethan Congregationalists. Whatever anticipations of our ecclesiastical theories may be found in writers of an earlier date, it is to them that we owe the practical recovery and revival of the principles which, according to a long line of Congregational apologists,

governed the organization of apostolic Churches, and should continue to govern the organization of the Churches of our own times.

In Elizabeth's reign, and especially during the first thirty years of her reign, English Protestantism was exposed to great perils. Why was it that the founders of English Congregationalism separated themselves from men who were as loyal to Protestantism as themselves? Why did they create divisions which increased the troubles of the Queen's government at a time when Spain and the Pope were threatening the Protestant Queen from abroad and when recusants were plotting against her throne and her life at home? Why was it that, for the sake of an ecclesiastical theory, they thought it worth while to incur the fierce hostility of the crown, the resentment of statesmen, popular hatred, and the distrust and animosity of men who shared not only their hatred to Rome but their faith in the theology of Calvin? What was there in their conception of the Congregational polity which made them willing to endure fine, imprisonment, exile, and death itself as the penalty of their defence of Congregational principles and of their endeavours to organize Congregational Churches?

There seems to me to be only one reply to these questions. To them the New Testament contained a revelation of infinite glory and of infinite terror. Its menaces were as real as its promises. They had a deep and intense conviction—the depth and intensity of it we can hardly imagine in these days—that Christ came to seek and to save the lost; and that those whom He has not found are lost still. They took the words as they stand, and took them quite seriously—'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.' The vast and awful contrast between the final destiny of those who dwell forever in the light of God and those who are condemned to darkness and eternal death, was to them the revelation of God's present judgment on the difference between those who listen to the voice of Christ and those who refuse to listen to it. Faith in Christ was not only the condition of the pardon of sin, it was the condition of regeneration in which men receive the power and the blessedness of the new life; it was the condition of that union with Christ which is the source and strength of all righteousness; apart from faith in Christ men were not in the highest sense the sons of God; and apart from faith in Christ they could not

\* I have the impression that copies of some of the early 'Brownist' books might be found in the episcopal libraries and among the records of some of the eastern dioceses. The books had to be examined by the legal advisers of the bishops in order to prepare the case against the Brownist prisoners. If this note happens to meet the eye of gentlemen who have access to these possible sources of information, and who know that they contain literature of this sort, I may, perhaps, venture to ask that they would be good enough to communicate with me.

receive the permanent illumination of the Spirit of God.

To them the mere acceptance of a Christian creed and mere attendance at Christian worship were matters of absolutely no moral or spiritual value. They lived in the region of realities, and were impatient, fiercely impatient, of whatever obscured the truth of things. They thought that nothing deserved to be called faith in Christ that did not root a man's life in Christ's life and secure Christ's authority over conduct. And apart from faith in Christ they believed that no man had a right to be in the Church of Christ. Their conceptions of Church polity were determined by their doctrinal and religious faith.

The constitution of the Anglican Church declined to recognize the awful contrast between those who are loyal to Christ and those who are in revolt against Him. The English nation constituted the English Church. This was the theory of Whitgift, as it was afterwards the theory of Hooker. It was the theory which governed the ecclesiastical policy of the Queen. Under the Act of Uniformity, and the Acts enforcing attendance at the Queen's churches, the whole nation was forced into one fold. With what vehemence the early Independents denounced this policy may be seen from the following passage extracted from Henry Barrowe's 'Brief Discoverie of the False Church,' printed in 1590. After a long description of the kind of persons who alone should be built into the temple of God—a description drawn from the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and from the Song of Solomon, as well as from the four gospels and the epistles of the New Testament—he goes on to say—

Thus we see what kind of stones, what manner of people, the Lord will have built and received into His Church. Now it remaineth that we by these rules examine the stones and people of the Church of England; whether they be such chosen, precious stones as we see here described, as the high-priest carried in his embroidered breast-plate; whether they be such a chosen, redeemed, faithful, free, holy people as are called unto and walk in the faith of Christ Jesus; or they be rather of the refuse, common pebble chalk-stones, which cannot be used to any sound and sure building, even *all the profane and wicked of the land—atheists, papists, anabaptists, and heretics of all sorts, gluttons, rioters, blasphemers, perjurers, covetous, extortioners, thieves, whores, witches, conjurers, &c., and who not, that dwell within this island, or is within the queen's dominion.*

All, without exception or respect of person, are received into and nourished in the bosom of this Church, with the Word and

sacraments. None are here refused, none kept out. This Church (as the prophet saith) openeth her knees to every passenger, furnisheth a table to the multitude, and drink offerings to the numbers; she keepeth open house to all comers—bread and wine and welcome.\* Neither is she more dainty of her stolen waters than of her hid bread, of her adulterate baptism, than of her Sheshak supper, not denying baptism to the seed even of whores and witches;† she receiveth them all into her covenant (which is not with God, but with death and hell), giving them her peace, selling them her wares, &c. This is their communion of saints, their holy fellowship: thus are they bound and enchained together in open sacrilege, idolatry, impiety, even all estates, prince, priests, and people, and (as the prophet saith) even wreathed together as in a strong cable of iniquity, and folded one within another as thorns in a hedge, or rather, wrapped and plighted together as thorns to the fire of God's wrathful judgments (p. 9).

In a later paragraph he describes—and other testimony lends too strong a support to the description—'the general excess, pride, superfluity, covetousness, rapine, cruelty, deceit, malice, debate, inordinate affections, unbridled, lusts, dissoluteness, disobedience, &c., which are found most rife, even in all estates and degrees among them.' 'Neither,' he adds, in his passionate way, 'hath all kinds of sin and wickedness more universally reigned in any nation at any time than here at this present in this land, where all are received into the Church, all made members of Christ.' But

All these sins, and many more abominations (which a Christian heart abhorreth but to think or speak of), are amongst them winked at, tolerated, excused, covered and cured with the gospel preached and their holy sacraments. *All this people, with all these manners, were in one day, with the blast of Queen Elizabeth's trumpet, of ignorant papists and gross idolaters, made faithful Christians and true professors* (p. 10).

This was where the English Congregationalists began. A scheme of polity closely corresponding in its essential principles to Congregationalism had been drawn up by Lambert in the early days of the Reformation. It was in harmony with very much

\* Barrowe's scriptural quotations are of course from translations in use before the appearance of our present Authorized Version.

† It was the theory of the early Independents that only the children of Christian parents should receive baptism. We have learnt a larger truth, and believe that all who are born into the world for which Christ died are Christ's subjects. If they afterwards revolt against Him they are 'rebels against their true king, not merely 'aliens' from the Divine commonwealth.

that Luther had taught, but was put aside because the great Reformer did not think that a sufficient number of devout men were to be found in the parishes of the Protestant States of Germany to work it. The same objection might have been offered to the scheme of Robert Browne and Henry Barrowe. But they were prepared to meet it. To them a 'false Church' was worse than no Church at all. They believed that there was infinite peril to the spiritual life of men in suppressing the awful difference between those who have received the life of God and those who have not. In the organization of the Church they thought that it was Christ's intention to gather into societies those who were on His side in His tragic and glorious struggle with human sin. To receive men into the Church, whether they were on Christ's side or not, was to destroy the very idea of the Church, and to thwart the purposes for which the Church was founded. The Christian Church, by its very existence—so they believed—is a perpetual testimony to the immense difference between the present position in relation to God of those who have submitted to Christ's authority and of those who are resisting it, and a perpetual warning to mankind that, apart from penitence and faith, they cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. This testimony and this warning are suppressed when men of all kinds are freely received into Church communion. There were other reasons, derived from the functions which in the judgment of the early Congregationalists the Church has to discharge, that rendered it necessary that those who are received into the Christian Church should be Christians; but what moved them to the profoundest and most intense indignation was the manner in which the promiscuous communion of the English Church concealed the difference between the lost and the saved. With the permission of the Editor of this *Review*, I may attempt to illustrate the other parts of their theory in a future article; but at present I wish to detain attention on their fundamental principle.

The members of a Christian Church should be Christians: this, I say, was the *fons et origo* of the whole Congregational movement. Beginning with this principle, Robert Browne and his successors formed 'gathered churches.' The English nation was not, in their judgment, a Church; for a man was not a Christian merely because he was born within the four seas and under the sovereignty of Queen Elizabeth. The population of an English diocese was not a Church; for a man was not a Christian merely because he happened to be born in

the counties placed under the ecclesiastical supervision of the Bishop of London or the Bishop of Norwich. The population of an English parish was not a Church; for a man was not a Christian merely because he happened to be born within the boundaries of a district placed in charge of a parish priest. To baptize the people of a parish did not make them Christians; to preach to them did not make them Christians; to give them access to the Lord's Supper did not make them Christians. And therefore—as against some of the Presbyterian Puritans—they contended that a parish was not made a Church by the presence of a zealous 'preaching minister,' who taught the people pure doctrine, exhorted them to righteousness, and administered the sacraments in a form according to Christ's will. The only course for those who wished to be loyal to Christ, was to bring together, here and there, those men and women who had resolved, as God should help them, to do His will, and who were relying on Christ for eternal redemption. These small and obscure groups met at night in private houses, or early in the morning in the open fields; they crept, one by one, down to the water-side, and found their way into ships lying in the river; when they were imprisoned, they organized a Church within the prison walls, for the 'separate system' had not yet been introduced into our methods of criminal punishment, and in Bridewell and the Clink the martyrs of Congregationalism could often hold their Church meetings and celebrate their worship with less fear of interruption than anywhere else in the kingdom.

'The members of a Christian Church should be Christians.' It does not follow that any particular method should be adopted for testing their Christianity. I suppose that on the day of Pentecost, and for many years later, every man that offered himself for baptism and declared his faith in Christ was baptized, and became at once a member of the Christian Church. No 'test' was imposed by the Church on its members, except the requirement that the applicant for baptism and Church membership, after listening to Christian preaching, should declare himself a believer in Jesus of Nazareth. The 'test' came from another quarter. In Jerusalem, the reality and vigour of the faith of a Jew were sufficiently shown by his readiness to acknowledge as the national Messiah the Teacher whose blood had been clamoured for by the mob, who had been condemned as a blasphemer by the Sanhedrim, and who, in mockery of the ancient Jewish hope, had been crucified by Pilate as the 'King of the Jews.' In the great cities of the pagan



world, the reality and vigour of a heathen man's faith were shown by his willingness to break with the social traditions and customs and with the religion of his race, in order to become an adherent of a sect which had sprung up among an obscure people, whose national independence had been crushed, and who were regarded with general suspicion and hatred.

Even with these 'tests' the Church was not kept pure. Some men who had no real faith were swept into the Church on the tide of strong popular excitement. Some men came into it with the hope of making money by using the generosity of the new sect for their own personal advantage. Some seem to have come into it at the impulse of mere curiosity to learn what the movement meant—what were its estoric doctrines and practices; and what were the spells by which the wonderful works of its leaders were wrought. And some who found life cold, cheerless, and desolate were attracted by the warmth and gladness of the Christian brotherhood; they came into the Church to find a home.

But while all the most powerful forces of society were hostile to the new faith, the Church had a right to assume that every man who professed to believe in Christ was loyal to Christ at heart, and was resolved to keep His commandments. If, in any case, flagrant inconsistencies demonstrated that the assumption was unfounded, it became the duty of the Church to exercise discipline, and to separate itself from the man whose conduct proved that the will of Christ was not the law of his life.

By what methods any Christian Church should endeavour, in our own times, to assert the principle that the members of a Christian Church should be Christians, is a question which may be answered variously in various parts of the country, and by Churches surrounded by varying social conditions. It is not of the substance of Congregationalism that any particular set of rules should regulate the admission of members. If any Church is convinced that, without further inquiry, it can accept with unreserved confidence the expression of a desire for membership as a proof of living faith in Christ, that Church has a perfect right to receive all comers. If to another Church experience has made it certain that something more than this is necessary to prevent many persons from entering the Church, who have neither an intellectual nor a moral apprehension of what is meant by loyalty to Christ, some regulations become necessary to avert the peril. The principle is clear. Particular rules are not of the substance of the Congregational polity. Rules must change

with changing circumstances. But the *idea* is constant. Where it is forgotten or suppressed, Congregationalism is lost. A Christian Church should consist of Christians. Whatever really commands the confidence of generous and trustful men in a man's Christians integrity is a sufficient reason for admitting him to membership. What is not sufficient to command this confidence is not a sufficient reason for admitting him to membership.

Firm fidelity to this principle is indispensable to the fulfilment of the impulse which created the Church. That it was the intention of Christ that those who received Him should be organized into societies is apparent; but the actual formation of the Pentecostal Church seems to have been the free result of the native instincts of the Christian heart. The new life which was in men drew them together. They worshipped together, they met day after day for their common meals, they lived in each other's company, because they could not help it. And wherever the new life sprang up it urgently sought communion with those who shared it. Long after the fervours of the day of Pentecost had cooled, converts from heathenism, who needed apostolic teaching on some very rudimentary questions of morals, were 'taught of God to love one another.' That those who are in the Church are brothers and sisters in Christ is as necessary an element of the idea of the Church as that they are all, in the high Christian sense, the children of God. If the idea of brotherhood is to be fulfilled, there must be a cordial conviction in those who are in the Church already that those who join them have received the remission of sins, and are regenerate of the Holy Ghost. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren';—this mutual affection is the joy and strength of a Christian Church. But unless there is a serious and reasonable assurance that those in the Church are really 'brethren,' the very inspiration of the affection which gives to the fellowship of the Church its deep and perfect happiness is lost. If the doors are kept wide open for every one to enter that pleases, there are many cases in which the Church would cease to be a *home* and become an *hotel*.

In asking from those who wish to enter a Church some assurance that they are the friends and servants of Christ there is nothing that can be reasonably described as priestly assumption. Where the Church is small and the population few the whole Church will know whether the applicant is the kind of man they can recognize as their

brother in Christ. Where the population is large the testimony of any wise and earnest member of the Church to whom the applicant is known will be sufficient to secure confidence in the stranger. Parents may speak for their children; friends for their friends. It is contrary to Congregational tradition that the words of the minister alone should introduce the new member to fellowship. If there is priestly assumption, it is the assumption of the priesthood which belongs to the commonality of the Church.

If it is urged in reply that neither the minister nor the private members of a Church can search the hearts of men and be sure that they have discovered the signs of a divine life; and that a divine life may be present where no human penetration can recognize it; the reply, as the assertion of an abstract principle, must of course be admitted. But the apostles clearly believed that practically we may know whether other men are our brothers in Christ or not. We may make mistakes. We may give our confidence where it is not deserved, we may withhold it where it ought to be given; but if we are to love men better because they love Christ, it must be possible to know—not infallibly, but sufficiently for practical purposes—whether or not they love Him. The impeachment of our right to form any judgment on the Christian character of other men dissolves the obligation of every precept which requires us to love men because they are Christians.

In some congregations it has ceased to be customary to keep what is called a 'Church roll.' A 'Church roll' is not of the essence of Congregationalism. I doubt whether the names of the members of the Church at Jerusalem, or at Corinth, were entered in a book. But it was perfectly well known who were in the Church. The 'widows' among the Hellenists and the widows among the Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem were punctually cared for after the appointment of the 'seven,' though in all probability no Church secretary had their names on a list of members. Outsiders were not the charge of the charity of the Church; but those who were within had claims which the Church was zealous to satisfy. At Corinth the man who had committed shameful immorality was known to be a member of the Christian community, whether a 'roll' was kept or not; and he was removed by the act of the Church, although there may have been no need to insert the resolution in any Church minutes. Church 'rolls,' Church 'minutes,' and all such things are merely convenient arrangements suggested by our modern habits of life; their value, their

necessity, is to be determined by the question whether they assist us in fulfilling the idea of the Church, whether in some cases they are practically necessary in order that the idea of the Church may be fulfilled. If no Church 'roll' is kept because it is not certain whether any particular person is in the Church or outside, and if the 'roll' is dispensed with because no one wishes to determine whether any person is in the Church or outside, then, as it seems to me, the idea of the Church is imperilled, if it is not already lost. When a man is in the Church I take it for granted that he is my ally in the great endeavour to get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven; I regard him with confidence and brotherly affection. But if Church membership is intentionally left vague and indefinite, so that I never know whether a man is in the Church or not, I am thrown back on my personal knowledge of individual men; and the large, free, and cordial sense of comradeship which ought to unite all who are in the same Church is paralysed, and their mutual affection is checked and cooled.

The Congregational polity has its roots in a very definite religious faith. It cannot be justified where that faith is surrendered. To perpetuate the polity when the faith is lost is an impossible task. The infinite significance of conversion, of faith in Christ, of the remission of sins, of regeneration, is the real foundation on which Congregationalism is built. It is true that in the writings of the early defenders of Congregational principles there is very much of mere ecclesiastical antiquarianism. They appeal to apostolic practice as though this could decide the controversy between themselves and Presbyterianism, between themselves and Anglican Episcopacy. Many of the scriptural arguments by which they defended their position were as untenable as many of the scriptural arguments by which their position was assailed. But the real struggle was not about the meaning and force of texts, or about the authority of precedents. The fervour, the tenacity, the endurance of the men who first founded Congregational Churches in England came from their conviction that the controversy involved great spiritual issues. It was for the immense and immeasurable difference between those who are on Christ's side and those who are not that they were contending. It was the august dignity of those whose life is supernatural and divine that kindled their imagination and gave them heroic endurance. They were asserting the infinite reality of the Christian redemption, the blessedness and glory which are the

inheritance of those who submit to the authority of Christ and trust in His love, the guilt, the spiritual incapacity, and the menacing future of those who reject Him. It was these great issues which made them believe that for the sake of Congregationalism it was worth while not only to submit to the severest personal losses, to spend year after year in unwholesome prisons, and to die as traitors to the Queen, but also to risk the division of the national unity and the diminution of the national strength at a time of great national peril. Apart from the supreme spiritual ends for which they laboured and suffered, Congregationalism is hardly worth perpetuating. R. W. DALE.

#### ART. II.—Ugo Bassi.

THE Roman Question, as it used to be called in the days when it was the thorn of Italy and the vexation of Europe, was a question in politics, and not in religion. The power exercised by the Roman pontiff in the Italian peninsula was of a kind direct, explicit, and practically independent of spiritual pretensions. It was simply the power of a temporal prince, insignificant had he stood alone, but formidable because two great military nations believed themselves to be concerned in his maintenance. That France entered upon the policy of Roman intervention solely on behalf of what were conceived to be French interests is established beyond doubt or dispute. That Austria supported the temporal papacy on grounds essentially political is proved by the fact that so soon as she ceased to be an Italian power, every vestige of her interest in the fate of the Pope-king disappeared. And if the foreign assistance given to the Pope as prince had but slight connection with religious sentiment, the national opposition he encountered in the same character was as far as possible disassociated from religious antipathy. The Italian movement again and again assumed the form of an attack on the temporal power, but neither in Rome nor out of it was it directed against the principles of religion. Thus, if it was not in the nature of things that the Italian priesthood should be a patriotic body, it was quite within the limits of probability that an Italian priest should be a good patriot. It would indeed be a stupendous fact for the future historian to record, could it be said with truth that the whole mass of Italians enrolled under the flag of religion had to be

counted as an inimical force in the struggle by which Italy was erected into a nation. Happily this is not the case. Nothing is more certain than that during the entire course of recent Italian vicissitudes a considerable and not undistinguished minority both of the higher and the lower clergy gave their best prayers to the side of their common country. Some did better, giving not only their prayers but their lives. Francesco Conforti, the eminent *savant*, and his fellow-priest, Marcello Scotti, were executed for patriotism by sentence of Ferdinand and Caroline of Naples in 1800. In 1822 the ecclesiastics Ingrassi, Calabrò, and La Villa perished on the gallows at Palermo as *carbonari*. In the same year Don Giuseppe Andreoli was decapitated at Modena. When told that he alone out of the many imprisoned with him was to undergo the extreme penalty, this good man clapped his hands and rendered thanks to God. In 1828 Canon Antonio de Luca, aged eighty years, and the monk Carlo da Celle, were put to death after the rising at Ciento for having dared assert that freedom was more in harmony with the spirit of the gospel than oppression. The men just mentioned were among the pioneers of Italian liberty. Later, in the dire anti-climax of defeated hopes which followed the great effort for the attainment of emancipation in 1848-49, there were not a few ecclesiastics who may be ranked with the most faithful of those who refused to despair. The Mantuans, Tazzoli, Grioli, and Grazioli, and the Brescians, Borfava and Palusella, paid the cost of their fidelity with their blood. It was a saying of the first of these, Don Enrico Tazzoli, that the multitude of victims had not lessened the courage of the survivors in the past, nor would it do so in the future, even until victory was achieved, inasmuch as the cause of the people was like the cause of religion—it triumphed by virtue of its martyrs. The names here set down in what has no pretence to a full list would suffice to show that Italy is spared the humiliation of the thought that one class of her sons was ranged without exception against her in her hour of need. But they are names which have failed to take hold of the mind of the nation at large. A single striking and pathetic personality has passed into the legend of free Italy as representing all the elements of patriotism existing within the pale of the Catholic priesthood and religious orders. Others are forgotten, Ugo Bassi is not; and the Italian people have added a saintly nimbus to his crown of martyrdom. The life-story of this man, however briefly or imperfectly sketched, can hardly be devoid of interest.

He was the son of a Bolognese father and a mother of Greek extraction. At the time of his birth, the first year of this century, his parents were living at Cento, but soon after they moved to Bologna, with a view to giving him as good an education as their modest circumstances would allow. In his early boyhood Bassi showed all the evidences of that precocity—not so much in the faculty of acquirement as in the faculty of emotion—which has often to be observed in the history of creative genius. It is not indeed any sure proof or promise of great things to come, for emotional intensity is only the steam-power by whose aid the man of genius threshes out his intellectual corn. What it does promise is that the child or youth will have through life the dangerous gift of a highly-wrought nervous organization. From a psychological standpoint Bassi's boyhood bears a singular resemblance to the youth of an English man of letters whose life and correspondence were placed a few years ago in the hands of the public. We put on one side an unsuccessful attempt to enlist at fourteen under Murat's banner—a boyish escapade into which perhaps entered some fore-spark of the burning patriotism that was later to master all his being. It might have been happier for him had he seen a little of active campaigning in the opening stage of his career. Further down the century there was more than one fourteen-year-old boy fighting in Garibaldi's ranks. Thrown back on himself, and on the teaching of his spiritual director, his precocious development carried him where it carried (with results far less melancholy) Sydney Dobell—that is, to early love and religious excitation.

The story of his love is as sad a little romance as any poet or novelist 'with the gift of tears' ever wove into fiction. He had a school-fellow named Bentivoglio, and the school-fellow had a sister, a delicate young girl, who inspired Bassi with an affection which, childish though it was, yet possessed all the magical enchantment of first love. It was plain to other eyes that Anna Bentivoglio was one foredoomed to early death, but Bassi did not realize the fact—the young are rarely persuaded of the fatality of an illness that does not kill at once. It is more than likely that the strange spirituality which sometimes pervades the half-child, half-woman, who glides imperceptibly out of a world unknown to her, was the very charm that attracted him. He was permitted to sit by Anna's couch and read to her. One day, feeling no doubt too ill to listen, she asked him abruptly to leave off, giving no reason for the request.

In a fit of foolish irritation Bassi went silently away and left the house unvisited for several days. Then came to him like a thunder-clap the news that the girl was dead. He begged his mother to take him to see Anna as she lay dressed and crowned like a bride, and, kneeling down beside her, he remained in fixed contemplation. His mother let him be; only after a long hour did she say gently that they must go. To her surprise he got up calmly and followed her. In that hour he had made the resolution of entering a cloister.

It is improbable that Bassi would have taken this resolve with the seriousness of one who cannot be turned from his purpose had not his mind been prepared for the reception of the idea of what is termed, in Catholic phraseology, a religious life. It is the system of Catholic education to stimulate the child's sense of moral responsibility to the utmost, and to convince him of the evilness of things human. If he be by nature excitable and easily impressed, the result is not difficult to foresee. The little child, instead of looking out into the beautiful world with hope and joy, shrinks from it as from a sink of corruption. And when he has reached this point, when feeling himself weak, and imagining his soul not as the temple of the spirit of God, but as the lurking-place of Satan, he looks around for some harbour of refuge, he has not far to seek. Without presupposing the smallest effort to drive him in the direction of a monastic life, he must have heard it praised as a life of safety and peace—the more excellent life, which alone can satisfy the soul's aspirations, which is of itself so admirable that after embracing it little remains to be done to become a saint. To the monastic life, then, the boy or girl of Catholic training and sensitive temperament turns with the white-heat enthusiasm of youth—its thirst for the accomplishment of some great act; its craving after the ideal, the unfamiliar, the out-of-the-common; its impatience of the realities of every day. When the subject is first broached, the aspirant will scarcely meet with much encouragement; but the arguments urged against the step he desires to take are of a kind that inclines him the more to it. Is he worthy? Has he constancy, sanctity, humility? Young people are ashamed of changing their minds even in small matters, and they have a holy horror of confessing to a mistake in the valuation of their physical or moral powers. Thus in a majority of cases the youth returns after the prescribed term of probation more resolute than before. Neither he nor the directors of

his conscience can further doubt the reality of his vocation, of his call from God to the assumption of the monastic habit. Amidst a shower of pious congratulations, the neophyte is received. This imaginary history was very much that of Bassi. On October 24, 1818, he began his novitiate in the Order of S. Barnabas, taking the name of Ugo in place of his baptismal name Giovanni. Immediately after, he left Bologna for Rome, where his seclusion was varied, by visits to the pilgrim spots—the Coliseum, the Catacombs, S. Peter's—and where his favourite studies were the Bible and the 'Divina Commedia.' Such a life, such studies might have inflamed the dullest imagination. Bassi tried to give poetic expression to his Roman day-dreams in a poem called 'The Cross Victorious.' The argument was a story of triumphant weakness, and of new life unspringing from the blood that watered the arena. Two stanzas may be quoted as showing how, in Bassi's mind, the thought of the past was wedded to the thought of the future—

So shalt thou wage with tyrants ceaseless war,  
Our fount of pride and hope, O Rome divine!  
In ages still to follow stronger far,  
Thou with thy Capitolian fame shalt shine.  
Virtue restored again be popular,  
Again thy sons in freedom's arts combine;  
Thy reign shall be the buckler of the weak,  
Austere to greatness, kindly to the meek.

I see thy pure and venerated brow  
Steeped in the splendour of a light unborn;  
Albeit from what source I know not now  
Shall rise thy destined sun, thy glorious morn;  
I see on ocean's breast thy swift-winged prow,  
That shall the confines of Alcides scorn;  
I see to-morrow's world, regenerate,  
Receiving from thy hands the book of fate.

In 1833 Bassi entered upon his public ministry. He had acquired a knowledge of both the classical languages, and he also wrote fluently in French and English. A Shakespeare and a Byron were his inseparable companions. He sang well, and played the violin and other instruments. He painted pictures of saints, and a solemn mass composed by him was performed with success at Naples. Yet for all his graceful talents and his quickness of apprehension, Bassi never attained intellectual maturity. If he was not a child, he was a man of an age when the world was less old. It is this that lends interest to his appearance amongst men striving to actuate some of the latest hopes of mankind. There was something in him of Francesco d'Assisi and something of Savonarola. Under the right conditions he would probably have been as ready as either to believe that he saw visions and heard divine voices. It may be doubted if his sermons contained much originality of

treatment or finish of style, but their effect was immense. People threw down their garments for him to walk over. He went to Sicily, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Just after he had left the island the cholera broke out at Palermo, and, in the absence of all sanitary safeguards, the city was plunged in frantic panic. Bassi determined to go back without a moment's delay. He was no fatalist, nor does he seem to have had the presentiment of safety in danger which some men have. He knew the likelihood of his falling a victim to the disease; but he knew it to glory in it. It was to him a foretaste of *lo dolce assenzio de' martiri*—the sweet wormwood of the martyrs. It is told regarding his return to Sicily that the Palermitans, moved by such fantastic hopes as are bred in times of public agony, had gone down to the shore imagining that succour of some sort would come from across the sea. As the ship bearing the monk steered into the harbor mouth, his dark form was recognized leaning against the side of the deck. A cry went up, 'It is Father Ugo Bassi!' When the boat by which he disembarked touched the land, he said, 'My beloved people, God, who lately sent me amongst you to announce His word, permits that I should come to you now to pray with you, to suffer with you, to die with you.' The crowd pressed about him eager to kiss his hand or even the hem of his habit. He walked straight to the cholera hospital, where he remained while the scourge lasted. Even the doctors were amazed by his untiring devotion. Once, when the hospital was so crowded that there was not so much as a mattress to be given to a fresh sufferer, Bassi took the man in his arms and made him a pillow of his breast.

When the cholera ceased, Bassi crossed over to Italy and resumed his ordinary life of preaching and struggling; for struggling formed a great part of his life. 'Do you always preach like that?' asked the cardinal legate of Bologna after one of his sermons. 'You seem to me an apostle of revolution!' There was a time when Bassi thought of publishing the text of his discourses as the best proof of the soundness of their contents. But he resisted the temptation to lay his case before a wider and perhaps a juster tribunal. 'I feel,' he wrote, 'that to do God's pleasure and to pray for the good of our enemies is as sweet even as triumph. Any way, the Lord has not said vainly, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." This divine word, that made so many martyrs to the Gospel, will it not make others in the future to the cause of truth?' Again he wrote to

a friend who was exerting himself on his behalf: 'We will bear the cross not to-day only, but to-morrow, and every day even until death, as He bore it. And whenever that happens which you desire, we will not rejoice in the humiliation of those who will us ill, but we will thank the Lord in that He has changed this cross into another that may be easier to bear.' On the death of an ecclesiastic who had always befriended him, Cardinal Caracciolo, archbishop of Naples, he went a third time to Sicily. When he was a boy he had given the answer, 'I do not wish to beg,' to some one who asked why he joined the order of S. Barnabas in preference to that of S. Francis. But to this extremity he was now reduced. Going up to a lady who was making costly purchases, he said calmly and simply, 'Signora, I am poor Father Bassi, just arrived at Palermo, and, as you see, lacking everything. In Christ's name I ask of you alms.' The Palermitans recollected Bassi, and his prayer was generously responded to. He wished his benefactress to take back a portion of her gift; the half would have covered his immediate wants. 'Do not make me blush more deeply,' she said, reverently kissing his hand. From all classes in Sicily he met with the accustomed welcome. A small salary defrayed his travelling expenses and enabled him to dress decently, so that he could write cheerfully to his mother: 'I am no longer obliged to walk on my heels with my toes out of my shoes.' He begged her in the same letter to pray fervently that he might be suffered to go his way in peace, 'preaching the Holy Gospel and praising the Infinite Goodness.' On the proclamation of the amnesty at the accession of Pius IX. he returned to the mainland, and in the summer of 1847 he sought an audience at the Vatican. 'What a good heart Father Bassi has!' exclaimed Pio Nono at the end of the interview.

A year had passed since what the diplomatic language of the day called the 'melancholy régime' of Gregory XVI. was exchanged for the rule of the Pope Liberator. An unmodified prolongation of Gregory's system would have been not far from a sheer impossibility. A trustworthy person writing during the Conclave stated that the government could not stand one day were it not for the Swiss troops and the protection of Austria. The party in favour of the old method of governing, if strong enough to impede its alteration, were unequal to the task of maintaining it intact. Something had to be done, and something Pius IX. did. He was like a child who gives a starving family a box of sweetmeats, and is surprised at their asking for more solid food. His

great fault lay in the fact of his letting all Europe believe that the solid food would follow the sweetmeats, and that soon. Thus he became deeply responsible at once for the action which brought the Italian movement to a crisis, and for the reaction by which it was crushed.

In July, 1849, Metternich observed that in Rome the revolution was complete, and the observation was sufficiently correct in the sense in which he meant it. The late tyranny had been replaced by a government so ill-defined and complicated as to be perfectly unintelligible. Our agent, Mr. Petre, was constantly expressing his expectation that public tranquillity would not be preserved. That the forecast was not verified, and why it was not, may be gathered from a sentence in one of his subsequent reports: 'The influence of one individual of the lower class, Angelo Brunetti, hardly known but by his nickname Ciceruacchio, has for the last month kept the peace of the city more than any power possessed by the authorities, from the command which he exerts over the populace.'

It will not be amiss if, before we go back to Bassi, we give some slight account of this Angelo Brunetti, with whom one day his fate was to be strangely linked. And first as to the nickname. Ciceruacchio means in the tongue of the Roman people, 'He who flourishes.' Brunetti's mother called him so when a child because he was strong and ruddy; when he grew up the designation still fitted him so well that it stuck to him. He was a wine-carrier by trade, as his father had been. The wine-carriers of Rome form a class apart, and the purest Roman blood is that which flows in their veins. Nor are they unworthy of their lineage, for their probity and self-respect are proverbial. By middle age Angelo Brunetti had earned enough to buy a hostelry near the Porta del Popolo, where he sold wine and let out horses. He made a good deal of money, but so lavishly did he give it away that his wife often looked anxiously at her little sons and wondered if they would not be left penniless one day. How by degrees, and without consciously seeking it, he won the entire confidence of the great mass of his fellow Romans cannot well be traced step by step. Questioned on the subject in after years, the people could only speak of a strong arm always ready to strike a blow in defence of the weak, and a powerful voice which seemed to give utterance to their own best thoughts. There is not a more mystical personage in the legend of Free Italy than Ciceruacchio. Some of the tales of his marvellous feats of strength are probably fables ;

but it seems well established that in times of the Tiber floods, when no one else would brave the furious rush of waters, he went in a boat to rescue such as were in danger, and to take provisions, furnished at his own cost, to others who were cut off from outer communication. To foreigners who had not forgotten all they learnt at school of the 'grandeur that was Rome,' there was a curious fascination in the discovery of a Roman tribune midway in the 19th century. Few persons have lived long on the banks of the Tiber without being struck by the indefinable continuity of Roman life. This is apparent for the most part in little things, as by the scattered growth of certain kinds of grain we may guess that a field was once planted over therewith. But in Ciceruacchio it was made plain to all who ran. Hence every one wished to see him, even more, so it was laughingly said, than to see the Pope. Lord Minto made his acquaintance in the course of that tour which, in the belief of English Tories and their continental friends, was the sole, undivided cause of the Italian revolution of 1848. On taking his departure for Naples, the British diplomatist gave Lorenzo Brunetti, eldest son of the leader, a copy of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' with these lines written on a fly-sheet—

These be but tales of the olden day,  
The patriot bard shall now his lay  
Of charming freedom pour:  
And Rome's fair annals bid the fame  
Of Ciceruacchio's humble name  
In deathless honour soar.

The Pope himself showed his esteem for Ciceruacchio. Not many men would have stayed unspoiled in the midst of praise and flattery, that were the more dangerous because coming from those who had education and high birth to one who had neither. Angelo Brunetti was saved from conceit by a Roman sort of pride. He was too proud to shrink from working with his hands as he had worked when a boy; he was too proud to put by his coarse blouse for a black coat, or to try and talk any more polite speech than the rolling Roman *patois* his mother had taught him. It was perhaps the same pride that made him so careless of the common means for winning power and popularity. While he is still hoped in the Pope, he gave away money and succour out of his own resources, pretending that it was the gift of 'er Papa; and when the Republic was proclaimed, instead of seeking a post under government, or even a deputy's seat, he was content to carry wine to the thirsty soldiers and to find workmen for the fortifications. And he would take no pay for his services or his provisions.

We have seen how in 1847 Ciceruacchio kept the peace of Rome. It was a fixed idea of his that the retrograde party tried to foment disturbances in order to throw discredit upon liberal principles; thus he thought he saw their hand in a threatened outbreak of the Roman *residuum* on the occasion of Pius' best measure: the freeing of the Jews. By strenuous exertions, Ciceruacchio turned the riot that had been feared into a fraternization between the two races. Rough in words, he was honourably moderate in act. More than one priest owed his life to him, and to him it was largely due that the ignorant masses did no mischief to the works of art and public monuments of Rome. When, during his exile, Garibaldi wrote a few lines of tribute to the character of the Roman *popolano*, he could think of no more salient trait to record of him than 'his charity for the powerful: one of the rarest virtues of the weak when they are called upon to take the place of the strong.'

On New Year's day, 1848, the Pope fell back fainting in his carriage, perplexed and alarmed by the crowd that closed round him. 'Courage, holy father! you have the people with you!' cried Ciceruacchio. The people still looked on Pius as ranged on their side, and only prevented from satisfying their desires by his enemies and theirs. The main objects at which they aimed were three in number: the secularization of government, the dismissal of the Swiss troops, and co-operation in the coming patriotic war. The most urgent demands were for increased efficiency of the army. Ciceruacchio, in conjunction with the Duke of Lanti and the Prince of Teano, presented a petition to the Consultà di Stato, in which stress was laid on the necessity of military reforms. The Consultà proposed various measures, but it was rumoured that the ministers refused to carry them out. A tumultuous crowd assembled in the Piazza del popolo to await the Pope's decision; if it were unfavourable, Ciceruacchio said 'that they must take affairs into their own hands.' At length Prince Corsini brought the announcement that the Pope was about to call to Rome an Italian officer of rank to assist in reorganizing the army, and that further, he intended to secularize most of the ministerial offices, and to negotiate treaties of defence with other Italian states. A band of citizens, wearing the papal colours and the Italian tricolour, halted under the balcony of the Quirinal to give thanks for these concessions. There was a revived public trust in the Pope. An occasional protest against the doings of the advanced party seemed counterbalanced by oracular remarks that were interpreted



to mean sympathy with their views. What other sense was likely to be attached to such words as the following, sprinkled as they were with benedictions on the peoples of Italy?—

The events which these two months have seen succeeding and pressing on each other with so rapid change are not the work of man. Woe unto him who in the wind which agitates, shakes, and shatters to pieces cedars and oaks, hears not the voice of the Lord!

Towards the end of March, 17,000 pontifical troops were sent to the frontier, under the command of General Durando. A great meeting in the Coliseum celebrated their departure, and Father Gavazzi, likening himself to Peter the Hermit, invited all who went to swear, 'on this soil, sanctified by the blood of saints and martyrs,' that they would return no more till the country was free. Our agent reported that 'nearly the whole population' was fairly convinced that war had been declared, and that the government was to assist in driving the Austrians out of Italy. On the 5th of April Durando addressed his troops at Bologna. He ordered that each soldier should wear a cross on his breast. 'Pius IX.,' he said, 'has blessed your swords, united with the sword of Charles Albert. . . . With the cross and by it we shall conquer; and "God wills it" shall be your battle-cry.' Not much heed was paid to the statement of the Roman official journal, that when the Pope wished to express his sentiments he invariably spoke by his own mouth. The war of Italian independence was proclaimed a holy war by friends and foes. Count Ficquelmont, the Austrian minister, said angrily, 'C'est de Rome qu'a été arboré le signe d'une croisade; la clergé c'est mis partout à la tête de l'insurrection.'

It happened that Bassi was appointed this year to preach the Lent course at Ancona. The series of sermons was not concluded when Gavazzi passed through the town accompanied by a party of *crociati*, as the volunteers were called. Bassi went to him and asked if he might share his work, and the offer being gladly accepted, the two Barnabites pursued their way to Bologna. The day after their arrival was Easter Sunday. A vast crowd filled the piazza; town's folk and national guards, beggars in rags, shepherds in goatskins, all come together to hear the preaching of the new crusade. Bassi spoke to the multitude from the great stair of S. Petronio. According to the 'Gazzetta Ufficiale,' issued next morning, the effect produced by his words was 'beyond all possibility of believing!' The reporter

continued, 'He who was not touched yesterday can have no heart in his breast.' Bassi called upon the people to give their lives, their money, their worldly goods. The scene that followed was the first of many similar scenes. From the richest to the poorest there was hardly a man or woman who did not press forward to make some offering to the country. Up to a late hour at night the committee formed to take charge of the patriotic contributions were engaged in receiving all sorts of objects: clothes, linen, watches, jewels, and the small trinkets which in Italian poor families are cherished as heirlooms, not to be parted with even under severe stress of personal want. For the day the Bolognese presented the spectacle of an united people. Unhappily, there lay behind an evil inheritance of class hatreds and social mistrust. Bassi preached civil peace as earnestly as he preached war with the stranger. Religion and freedom, he said, should go hand in hand; harmony should reign between the clergy and laity, and fellow-feeling between the rich and poor. He dwelt on the good uses which wealth could be put to, and on the disinterestedness and public spirit that were to be found in high places. He even persuaded his hearers to cry *Eccliva* where they had cried *Morte*.

Durando crossed the Po; 'against orders,' explained the Cardinal Secretary of State, 'but,' he added, 'orders are not now obeyed.' In the belief of the outside world, if Durando acted against the Pope's orders, he acted in compliance with his wishes. The more initiated thought that whether with or without pontifical approval, the die was irrevocably cast. 'It would be worse than useless, wrote Mr. Petre, 'it would be imprudent on the part of the government, to disown these acts.' But they were all in error. On April 29th the Pope published his famous declaration that it was a calumny to suppose him guilty of Italian patriotism. To us, who know the Pius of later days, the Jeremiah not of the downfall but of the resurrection of his country, it is a lesser surprise to read in the text of the allocution that war with Austria was 'abhorrent from his counsels' than to find him asking whether the German Catholics can blame him because he has not been able to repress the ardour of those of his subjects who have applauded the events that have taken place in North Italy, and who, inflamed by an equal love for their nationality, have gone to defend a cause common to all Italian peoples. If we would understand the torrent of indignation which the allocution called forth, we must remember that something else had

been hoped of Pio Nono than that he would stand aloof washing his hands while Italians were fighting out the battle of their national existence. For a year and more he had been honoured and loved as the saviour of Italy, and what fell to him now was the natural antithesis of that love and honour. Fifty thousand people walked through the streets of Rome almost speechless under the first blow of the news. A priest, mingling with the crowd, broke the silence by exclaiming, 'He has deceived us!' Ciceruacchio then said, with tears in his eyes, 'He has betrayed us.'

The effect of the allocution on the Bolognese was not to make them dumb; they cried aloud for vengeance. All the day Bassi had been out in the country districts, seeking after recruits and money; he had scarcely come back, worn out with fatigue, when he received a message from the Cardinal Legate (Amat) imploring him to exert himself to calm the people. He went, therefore, to the cathedral, and a large number of citizens quickly assembled in the dimly lighted aisles to hear what he would say. He exhorted them to abstain from excesses and to be patient. He could speak the more convincingly because his own individual faith in the Pope was nearly as strong as ever; it was faith of a kind that is slow to yield even to the best of evidence. About this time the heads of the Barnabite order obtained from Rome a decree of secularization affecting both Bassi and Gavazzi; but Cardinal Oppizzoni, to whom it was entrusted for delivery, returned it to those who sent it with the remark that he judged its publication "inopportune." Hence the religious status of the two monks remained unchanged.

We see Bassi next at Treviso, on the 12th of May, when General Guidotti led the small garrison in a desperate sortie outside the gate of S. Tommaso. Bassi showed the same fearlessness under fire that characterized him in all danger. He was hit in three places, but he refused to have his wounds dressed till he had given the last consolations of the Church to General Guidotti, who was carried dying out of the action. He was as joyful at having shed his blood in the Italian ranks as a school-boy who wins his first prize. The chief wound was caused by a bullet which was only extracted a month later, after Bassi had been transported to Venice, where Daniel Manin welcomed him to his home and treated him with the greatest kindness. As soon as a tedious convalescence would let him, he went among the soldiers at Chioggia and Fort Malghera, encouraging the

well, and tending and comforting the sick and wounded, whether friends or enemies. His influence with the soldiers was great, nor was it less with the Venetian people, who flocked to hear his addresses in the Piazza S. Marco, and responded as cheerfully as the Bolognese had done to his call for aid to the army and the state. By the end of October his recovery was complete. In the memorable sortie of Mestre, he marched at the head of the Roman legion; and when a house full of Austrians was taken by assault he was the first to enter it—jumping in through a window and waving an improvised flag to his companions. On the recall of the Roman troops (as forming part of Charles Albert's forces) after the defeat of Custoza, he left Venice for Ravenna, where his spirit was refreshed by memories of that greatest of Italian poets whom he had passionately venerated from his youth up. In the city where Dante died he stayed some days before returning to Bologna.

An Austrian bombardment in August and a reign of anarchy in September were among the miseries that had befallen the Bolognese since Bassi bade them good-bye. Of the first, General Welden said that it was the result of a mistake and quite unintentional; which was small comfort to the bombarded population. As to the second, it was to be accounted for by the incapacity of the administration, and the lack of moral cohesion in the people. Miscreants of every class and condition profited by the prevailing absence of respect for constituted authority. 'The arbitrary acts of the last Pope and the weakness of this have rendered the government of Rome odious to the Bolognese,' wrote Sir G. Hamilton, our minister at Florence; 'they would gladly embrace any government that would free them from it.' This was a truer view than that adopted by the papal administrators, who represented Bologna as beyond all human power of governance. In the month of December the city was stated to be 'tranquil under the rule of the clubs'—political societies which for better or worse caught the reins of public control that had so signally escaped the grasp of the legate and his officials. Bassi became member of one of the clubs, and his constant appeals to concord and patriotism bore good fruits.

At Rome the final crisis had come. It was precipitated by a crime that did as much harm to the Italian cause as it was possible for any one act to do. On November 15th Count Rossi was murdered. From the first Rossi had been doomed to failure, and, apart from moral considerations, it was

profoundly to be regretted that his tragic end gave his failure in some sort the appearance of an accident. In a certain sense he was the Emile Ollivier of the temporal popedom. Once a revolutionist and an exile, he had acquired so great a distaste for revolutions that he refused to 'recognize' the French republic after the fall of Louis Philippe. Still he did not cease to consider himself a liberal; and even his death hardly silenced the attacks made upon him by the Ultramontane party. He was by nature reserved, courageous, and full of a fatal contempt for all who disagreed with him. The chaos that he found in every department when in September, 1848, Pius IX. made him his minister, was repugnant to him as a man no less than as a politician. For the Pope's person he had a touching regard; and having brought his mind to think that the papal cause was the cause of God, he endeavoured to give it an air of respectability in the eyes of the world. But, as has been said, he was doomed to failure.

Unconvicted deeds of violence were then so common in Rome that the theory of private revenge would have been probably accepted as accounting for Rossi's assassination, had not one or two hundred men belonging to the dregs of the people paraded the streets with cries of savage exultation over the minister's death. When the distinguished publicist, Farini, left the house where he had gone to take a last look at the lifeless body of his friend, he was received with insults that might mean menaces. Presently, in the Campo di Fiore, he met Ciceruacchio, who said to him, sadly, 'Those are infamies that I should like to wash out with my blood, such shame and grief do they cause me. As for you, sir, fear nothing. Will you have one of us to escort you? We are honest *popolani*, and we would all rather die than that a hair of your head should be hurt.' A large crowd assembled before the Quirinal on November 16th to demand the proclamation of Italian nationality, the convocation of a Constituent, and the execution of measures furthering the war of independence. While a parley was going on, several of the civic guards in the crowd fired their muskets. These shots seem to have been intended for the Swiss, who by some accounts had fired once or twice out of the palace windows, and with whom the people were violently incensed. Be that as it may, a prelate, Monsignor Palma, who was standing in one of the rooms of the Quirinal, was mortally wounded. No threats or offensive cries were raised against the Pope. Pius, however, lost all nerve. He spent a few days in acknow-

ledging, disacknowledging, and re-acknowledging a new ministry, and then fled, under the protection of the Countess Von Spaur, wife of the Bavarian plenipotentiary.

'Dove è andato il Papa?' asked Bassi, his long cherished faith broken at last; 'Where is the Pope gone?' The Pope had craved the hospitality of a prince characterized by Cardinal Antonelli as 'eminently Catholic,' to wit, Ferdinand of Naples, once again indisputably King of the Two Sicilies, thanks to the vigour of his troops, who burnt thirty cripples in one church, shot and outraged women and children in a second, killed a priest before the altar of a third, and in a fourth dashed the consecrated Elements to the ground.\* It was to this effect that Bassi answered his own question at the People's Club in Bologna on New Year's Eve.

For some three months after the Pope's flight Rome remained under the authority of a phantom ministry which, though disowned by him, yet nominally acted in his name. On February 9, 1849, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed a republic, only eleven members out of the hundred and forty-four present voting against it. Bassi hastened to Rome, from whence in the beginning of March he started for Rieti, where Garibaldi was stationed. Shortly after reaching the latter place he wrote to his mother: 'The dear reception I have received from the hero, Garibaldi, I cannot describe, or rather, I could not have wished it better.' All the legion loved him and rejoiced in his presence. Writing a month later from Anagnini he said of the chief: 'This is the hero my soul has ever sought for. Hardly had we met when our kindred spirits (if it be lawful for me to liken myself to such an Italian?) understood and loved one another. Kindnesses and courtesies each day he showers upon me in equal measure.' He preached before the legion, sometimes in church, sometimes in the open, always to the great gladness of all. Once, in the neighbourhood of Subiaco, a halt was made by a spot where a torrent washed down the sides of a precipice. From this Bassi drew his images, carrying his hearers away with him. Another day, when he had preached in the piazza at Anagnini, the officers and people bore him in triumph on their shoulders. All the while he was still wearing the habit of a Barnabite monk, though it exposed him to some inconvenience in places where he was not known. It was inevitable that at that period the priestly robe in its every variation should be viewed as the uniform of the

\* *Vide English Blue Books.*

non-combatant enemy who called in Frenchmen, Austrians, and Spaniards to fight Italians. Those who have seen how small is in Italy at the best of times the respect inspired by that robe, even where believe is firmest in the sacredness of the priest's office, may well wonder that the irritation then dominant did not lead to more than the few recorded cases of deplorable but isolated crime. Bassi never thought of changing his manner of dress. To Garibaldi, on the contrary, it appeared that his power for good would be increased by his relinquishing the monastic garb. How he brought about this end without wounding Bassi's susceptibilities can be told in the latter's enthusiastic words—

Garibaldi, who holds me dearer than those who love me best could have dared hope (he says that I am sent to him by God to be a link of love between the soldiers and the people), Garibaldi, I say, suggested that I should be dressed like the staff officers in the red uniform, with some distinguishing sign to show that I am chaplain; for instance, the silver chain with the cross suspended to it, which is usually worn beneath the religious habit. Thus I should the better command the affectionate hearing of the men should occasion arise for me to correct them, or remind them of their duty—for they hold the black gown in aversion. I answered that I would willingly fulfil this or any other of his desires, his wishes being to me as much law and necessity, as if they came from God and the country. Well, at the time of my sermon in the piazza, he sent to the house where I lodge a uniform of his own which he had twice worn; handsome and most precious. So next day I went forth dressed in Garibaldi's uniform! He wears no badge of generalship, such as gold lace, slashings, and other mockeries, but dresses like the rest of the officers, content with being Garibaldi; not that he says this or hints it, for his modesty is as great as his glory. We have been making real military marches over hill and dale and rugged steep for nearly two hundred miles. We have often slept under the sky, or out in the rain. About Italy I will not speak; shame makes me silent. Italy is here in our camp—Italy is Garibaldi and his followers.

The last sentence reads almost as a prophecy. This man, who had then his European career unmade before him, was for the space of twenty years to have waiting his bidding an army, ready for victory, or defeat, or death; blindly loyal without hope of reward, unmurmuringly obedient without fear of punishment; an army which existed just by reason of the one fact that its chief had the 'genius to be loved.' And if Garibaldi and his followers were not 'Italy'—if there were other minds than his and other swords than theirs which no less earned a title to

the everlasting gratitude of the Italian people, still the further we move from the transactions of those twenty years, the more difficult does it become to see how, but for him and for them, Italy could have been raised from the company of nations that are dead.

The government of the French republic decided that the Roman republic must not be let to live. The Roman Assembly commented on the decision by a decree that 'force should be repelled by force.' Frenchmen were astonished at so much temerity, and yet more astonished were they when the world knew that on April 30th Oudinot had been routed by Garibaldi. The French made one prisoner—Bassi, who was seated with a dying man's head in his lap, during a momentary advance of the enemy, and who let himself be taken rather than quit his charge. Till then he had been seen everywhere—on horseback at first, and on foot after his horse was shot under him. The little horse, called by its rider 'Ferina,' fell into a kneeling posture; Bassi quietly dismounted, and in distress at the loss of his favourite, he cut off a piece of its mane to preserve as a keepsake, bullets meanwhile whistling round him. When surrounded by the French, he surrendered only on receiving the officer's word that his wounded comrade would be attended to. The French soldiers recognized him as having ridden at the head of the victorious Romans, and treated him rudely; General Oudinot was himself more courteous, and next day he was sent into Rome bearing a letter to the government. He had promised to bring the answer back, which he did the same evening, having walked a good fifteen miles. The answer was a refusal to negotiate on the basis of the invaders entering the city 'as friends;' but the French admired Bassi's good faith in bringing it, and entertained him hospitably. Half the night he sat up talking to his hosts of his country, and in the morning he returned to Rome. 'Here I am, safe and sound,' he wrote, after narrating the adventure to his mother; 'Garibaldi has given me a horse ten times handsomer than my poor "Ferina." Now we are to the front, and we live like real soldiers. I am well. Adieu!'

Through the whole siege Bassi devoted all his energies to his cause. 'For our wounded,' writes Garibaldi, 'Ugo Bassi, young, handsome, and eloquent, was really the angel of death. He possessed at once the simplicity of a child, the faith of a martyr, the knowledge of a scholar, and the calm courage of a hero.' It is remarkable that all who saw him at this time were struck by his look of youth, though he had passed the midway of

life. A word may be said here of his personal appearance. Bassi had brown hair which fell in waves on his shoulders; his eyes were clear and calm, but capable of lighting up with extreme animation; his mouth most often wore a smile; his skin was fair and his figure well made and graceful. He rode exceptionally well, and perhaps to afford him an innocent gratification, Garibaldi gave his head chaplain the most fiery and spirited horses. When he rode in the midst of the battle, often dragging a wounded man into the saddle, and galloping with him out of fire, his hair flowing to the winds, the crucifix lying on his breast, never hit though in the hottest of the fight, he appeared to the soldiers as one more than mortal. Had the Roman republic conferred Victoria crosses, he would assuredly have been the first recipient. In default of such, a scudo was presented to whoever buried a shell that fell without bursting, and Bassi having performed the act, received the coin, of which he kept one bajocco (1d.) The circumstance was put on record under the great seal of the republic.

Bassi always went unarmed, but he acted on several occasions as orderly officer. Garibaldi remembers him saying, 'in his natural, ingenuous manner, and with a voice like an angel's, "I have one favour to ask of you; send me on the most dangerous errand."' He often told others how glad he should be 'to die for Garibaldi.' And the General said in his turn, 'That man saddens me; one can see that he is bent on getting killed.'

As day by day he beheld the finest soldiers of the republic shot down, his heart, sensitive as a girl's, almost gave way for grief, though his habitual coolness never forsook him in the face of the enemy. After the engagement of June 30th, when Dr. Bertani stood in the sacristy of S. Maria della Scala before the bodies of the Lombard lion, Manara, and Garibaldi's faithful negro, he heard sobs intervening between the reverberations of the French shells; looking round, he saw that it was Bassi, weeping bitterly. Manara's body was taken to the church of S. Lorenzo; all his legion were there, even the wounded from the hospitals. Bassi delivered the funeral discourse.

This was the 2d of July. The French flag hung on the castle of Sant' Angelo. Mindful of the trust they held in the stones of Rome, threatened and injured already by French bombardment, the Roman Assembly decreed the cessation of a hopeless defence. The capitulation was signed, and on the 3rd the French were to make their entry. Garibaldi called his men together in the Place of the Vatican, and gave all who would have

it, not the command, but the permission to follow him. They would have no pay, no rest, no rations: only bread and water when by chance they could find any. They might stay where they were if they did not like the terms. Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse elected to go. Ciceruacchio came forward with his sons; neither he nor they would wait to witness the fall of Rome. He knew the country round, and he offered his services as guide. So the devoted band left the city by the Via Tiburtina.

For a month Garibaldi eluded three armies—French, Austrian, and Neapolitan. When he had to give up his first plan of renewing the struggle in Tuscany, he made his way towards the republic of San Marino. The troops were engaged in some skirmishes in the vicinity of Arezzo, and in one of them Lorenzo Brunetti lost his life. Bassi had joined the retreating army at Tivoli; sorrow and exhaustion forced him to lag behind on the march, but he contrived each time to catch up the van. Arrived at the border of the little rock of freedom, Garibaldi was entreated by the Captain-Regent Belproppi to avoid exposing San Marino to the revenge of the Austrians. The petition was sent through Bassi. The General went to reply to it in person. He came, he said, as a refugee, and his men were prepared to lay down their arms. The position thus stated, the San Marinese authorities welcomed their illustrious though unbidden guest, in which welcome they showed a real magnanimity, if it be considered that the state was about to be hemmed round by an Austrian force largely outnumbering the population. During the night of July 31st Garibaldi and most of his officers escaped to the sea shore, to the unbounded chagrin of General Gorgowsky, who had made sure of their capture. Of the remaining Garibaldians a part dispersed in the mountains and the rest were taken prisoners.

Garibaldi hoped to place his sword at the disposal of the Venetian republic, which was still holding out. Thirteen fishing-smacks were on the shore at Cesenatico; in these he embarked with his officers. The chief called Bassi into the boat that carried himself, Anita, Ciceruacchio, and Luigi Brunetti. At starting the day was cloudless and the wind favourable to the little fleet, but as evening approached a gale from the north set in, making progress difficult. When Venice was sighted, several Austrian cruisers gave chase. The goal might still have been reached had Garibaldi's orders been obeyed, but the fishermen lost their heads and made for the open sea. Sooner or later most of the boats were caught; four, including that

which carried Garibaldi, ran ashore, driven before the wind, between the Punta della Maestra and the beginning of the pine forest of Ravenna. The Garibaldians landed, shook hands in silence, and separated.

Ciceruacchio and his son went into the great pine wood. They were never seen again by any of the companions with whom they parted on the beach. The fate which befel them was long a mystery. The Roman people would not believe their tribune dead; they were confident that he would come back to them. During the Crimean war there was a report that Ciceruacchio had been seen dealing out wine to the Sardinian soldiers. Only after the liberation of Venetia did evidence come to light which seemed to show conclusively that the father and the son, a boy of thirteen, with six other Garibaldians, one of whom was a Genoese priest, were shot without trial by order of an Austrian lieutenant named Rokavina, at Cà-Tiepoli, near Rovigo. The persons who gave this testimony pointed to the spot where the victims had been buried.

Garibaldi took a different road. He was supporting his dying wife, and had not even a drop of fresh water to quench her thirst. Bassi walked by his side, when of a sudden a thought struck him: 'I have red trousers,' he said (he had borrowed them from a soldier, his own being worn out), 'perhaps I shall compromise you; I will go and see if I can change them.' He went, and Garibaldi, crushed down as he was beneath the burden of misfortune, saw him go with indifference.

Close to the lagunes of Comacchio, Signor Bonnet, a proprietor friendly to the Garibaldians, had estates. Thither Bassi turned his steps, in company with Count Livraghi, a wounded officer, whom he had met after he had left Garibaldi. On the 4th of August they entered a hostelry near the town and asked where they could find Signor Bonnet. The people answered that he was gone on a few hours' journey. Two young countrymen said that the neighbourhood was swarming with Austrians and papal carabinieri. They had a boat ready and they proposed to row the fugitives over the lagune to a place of greater safety. There comes a time in the chase when the hunted animal can do no more, not even for life's sake. Bassi told the youths to be without fear; his companion was weary and he likewise; for the present they would lie down to sleep. He spoke so calmly that the countrymen thought they must have overrated the danger. While Bassi and Livraghi slept, a papal carabineer came to the hostelry, and hearing that there were two stran-

gers, he had them roused, and took them before the governor of Comacchio. He had a notion that one might be Garibaldi. Bassi said, when questioned by the governor, "I am guilty of no crime save that of being an Italian, as you are yourself. I have risked my life for Italy, and your duty is to do good to those who have suffered for her." The governor would have been glad to let the prisoners go, but he dared not. He sent them therefore to an officer commanding the Croats, who sent them to an inn, the *Locanda della Luna*. They undressed and went to sleep again. Towards noon Signor Bonnet returned to Comacchio, and on learning what had happened, he hurried to the *Locanda della Luna* with the resolution to save the two Garibaldians at all costs. Five minutes earlier he might have succeeded; as things were, he was followed almost at once by twelve Croats in the leading of the carabineer who made the first arrest. Bassi and Livraghi were driven off to prison with bayonets pointed at their breasts.

The Austrians alleged afterwards that the prisoners were taken with arms in their hands. It is said that one of their officials admitted that the charge was fabricated, because without it Bassi, at least, could not have been shot. As a matter of fact, Livraghi had lost his arms, and Bassi never carried any. 'The only arms he possessed,' says Signor Bonnet, 'consisted in his breviary and a leather case containing the last cantos of his sacred poem, "*La Croce Vincitrice*."

Bassi was in the prison of Comacchio for two days. He drew on the wall a picture of Christ on the cross, writing underneath: 'Ugo Bassi here suffered something, glad in spirit through the knowledge that he was innocent. Livraghi, a captain of Garibaldi, was present, and shared in everything.'

On the third day the prisoners were chained and conveyed to Bologna in a cart under a guard of soldiers. There is a tradition that Garibaldi saw them passing through the *Pineta*. Along the way, Bassi had to bear the scoffs and jeers of many—even of priests. Thus did the chances of fate lead him to die in the city he had ever looked upon as his beloved home: 'la mia cara patria,' he was wont to call it, singling it out as in a more special and personal sense the land of his fathers. He was taken to Austrian head-quarters, where his sister obtained the grace of a short interview with him. He told her not to grieve, for that his earthly mission was at an end. His aged mother, Felicita Bassi, was kept in merciful ignorance of her son's peril and of the closing scene. She lived yet a few months,

believing him to be in an Austrian fortress and hoping for his release.

Count Livraghi was a Lombard, and had once served in the Austrian army. This was more than enough for the framers of the indictment. But against Bassi there was no case. Only the promptings of blind hate urged the Austrians to make him the scapegoat for all the damage that had been done them by Italian priests from the Pope Liberator downwards. Pius IX. was much affected when he heard of the monk's death, and he had good reason to be so.

The thing can hardly be called a judicial murder: there was so little that was judicial about it. Bassi was briefly examined by an auditor; then the sentence was drawn up. Still General Gorgowsky thought that as a priest was concerned it were as well to have his act approved by priests. Hence arose the most shocking incident of all. Twelve priests were fetched to countersign the death-warrant of their brother in Christ. Nine of these priests were Italians, and they signed. Three were Hungarians, military chaplains in the Austrian army. These three refused to take upon them the shedding of innocent blood.

On August the 8th the condemned men were led outside the gate of Sant' Isaia to a place where it was customary at that time to put criminals to death. Bassi tried to calm the indignation of his fellow-sufferer. Whatever words he was heard to speak were of peace and forgiveness. The grief and doubt and heart-sickness of defeat had passed him by, leaving the assurance by which he had been sustained through life, that, after all, 'God had promised to save Italy.' His own need was rest, and he was soon to have it. There was a great concourse of people and soldiers. By midday the place of execution was reached, and the firing party took up its position; but the young officer who was told off to give the word of command was too deeply moved to utter it. Another officer took his post. Bassi lifted his eyes in prayer towards the Monte della Guardia, where there is a sanctuary venerated by devout Catholics. Then he said, 'I am ready;' and in a moment he fell dead.

He was buried a few paces from where he fell. During the night, unknown hands strewed the ground with flowers. Every night the same thing happened till the papal commissary had the body secretly dug up and laid in the cemetery of the Certosa, to which he could prevent access. He could not prevent the feeling of horror evoked by the death of this patriot priest. Few executions have made a equal impression.

People whispered strange stories. Some one said that when walking after dark he had seen the monk robed in white with a shining light about his head. The fantasies of southern imaginations wound round the facts of a simple and heroic life.

On the plain skirting the pine woods of Ravenna, where the last defenders of Rome wandered to death or exile, stands the vast church of S. Apollinaris in Classe. It is the only stone erect of what was once a populous city. The marsh water stagnates on a floor trodden by no congregation; but the Church stands firm, bearing aloft in the wilderness the legend it has borne these thirteen centuries—*Sanguis martyr's semen fidei*. The hunted Italians might have read a message of comfort in that inscription. Italy had been well sown; the fulness of time would bring the harvest.

In just ten years Garibaldi visited Ugo Bassi's grave—a grave honoured and cared for by a free people.

Angelo Brunetti had to wait a little longer for the freedom of his birth-land, but now he, too, lies amongst his liberated fellow-citizens. The writer can speak as an eye-witness of the home-taking of Ciceroacchio's dust. At Rovigo, October 10, 1879, an urn holding what was left of the Roman *popolano*, his son, and his companions, was placed in the train running from Venice to Rome. Soon after Rovigo the line leaves Venetia and cuts through an angle of the Romagna before entering Tuscany. At each town, once bound to Rome, people were gathered to wish God-speed to the convoy. There might have been 4,000 men inside the station at Bologna; young men mostly, of the artizan class. It was noteworthy to see the forbearing gentleness of this crowd in the midst of its excitement—a woman could pass to and fro through the thick of it without having anything to fear. The flags and garlands were draped in crape, and as silence is the privilege of the dead, all was quiet except for the strains of a funeral march. Yet when the train moved off, the pent-up enthusiasm would break forth, and cheer after cheer followed us till we were out of hearing. We were in Rome early next morning. Under the charge of Menotti Garibaldi the urn was taken to a *chappelle ardente*, where also were deposited chests containing the remains of more than three hundred of those who at different dates had died for Rome. On the 12th six funeral cars left the Piazza dei Termini for the Janiculum. A long procession went before and after them—workmen's and masonic societies, ministers to the Crown, troops of the regular army,



Garibaldian veterans, and a company of the orphan children of Italian soldiers. The latter wore their fathers' decorations; one young boy with the face of a child Raffaele, had his breast hidden by medals and crosses. Next to the biers walked two fair-haired little girls, and two women ill able to conceal their emotion; they were the surviving kindred of Angelo Brunetti. His name, or the name rather that had been given him, was the only one heard that day. Ciceruacchio had come back, and who should say that he was entirely dead? This was the thought uppermost in the minds of all.

The masses in the streets and public places defied counting, and everywhere the conduct of the people was 'dignified and imposing': words which described it in 'The Times' telegram, but which from their aptness will bear repeating. After many hours of a slow, triumphal progress the procession wound up the Janiculan Hill to the terrace opposite S. Pietro in Montorio. Below the terrace lies every foot of the city; beyond the city, the Campagna; beyond the Campagna, the mountains. Here the dead were committed to the earth while the living multitude stood round in the freedom and sunshine of Rome.

EVELYN CARRINGTON.

### ART. III.—*The Lord's Supper Historically Considered.*

- (1) *A Christian Peace-offering, being an endeavour to abate the Asperities of the Controversy between the Roman and English Catholic Churches.* By the Hon. ARTHUR PHILIP PERCEVAL. London, 1829.
- (2) *Tracts for the Times.* By Members of the University of Oxford. 1833-1837. Especially Tract 81, or *Catena Patrum*, No. IV. (Testimony of Writers of the Later English Church to the Doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, with an Historical Account of the Changes made in the Liturgy as to the Expression of that Doctrine.)
- (3) *The Eucharist, its History, Doctrine, and Practice, &c.* By W. J. E. BENNETT. London. First Edition, 1837. Second Edition, 1846.
- (4) *Remains of Richard Hurrell Froude.* Four Vols. London, 1838, 1839.
- (5) *The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.* By ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE. London, 1853.
- (6) *The Real Presence.* By GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON. London. First Edition, 1853. Third Edition, 1855.
- (7) *The Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Doctrine of the English Church, with a Vindication of the*

*Reception by the Wicked, and of the Adoration of our Lord Jesus Christ, truly Present.* By EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY. Oxford, 1857.

- (8) *The Doctrine of the Priesthood.* London, 1857. *The One Offering.* (Several Editions.) And, *The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, Drawn from Scripture and the Records of the Church. A Letter to his Parishioners.* London, 1867. All by THOMAS THELUSSON CARTER.
- (9) *History of my Religious Opinions.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. London, 1870.
- (10) *Notes of My Life.* By GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON. London. First and Second Editions, 1878.

IN an article in the last number of this Review the question was started as to the purport of the Lord's Supper, and it was proposed to apply the *criteria* of history to facilitate the inquiry whether the great Christian feast was a sacrifice, a communion, or a memorial. The course pursued was as follows. Having premised some important general principles suggested by historical research, and of peculiar utility in a dispassionate and hopeful investigation into the great sacramentarian controversies, the attempt was made to photograph the several phases of the long and vehement struggle to give intellectual expression to the doctrine of the Holy Communion. Nor did rapidity of survey preclude some degree of accuracy. The intense realism of the Apostolic Fathers was sketched, the primitive doctrinal contributions of the leading Fathers of the second century were outlined, the growth of the Tridentine dogma was traced from the early aberrations of Cyprian and his successors on to the deplorable tractate of Radbert, to the warm controversialists of the ninth and tenth centuries, and to the appalling decree of the Fourth Lateran Council; and, finally, the eager and embittered antagonisms of the Reformation were described, which gave birth in due time to the theoretical statements of that master in experience and culture, in Scripture and its harmonious presentations—John Calvin. With Calvin, as we said, the creative stage in the apprehension of the doctrine of the Supper came to an end, and the assimilative stage commenced. The publication of the "Institutio Christiana" gave the final lead to the formulation of the doctrine with which we are concerned. All that was thenceforth left to subsequent thinkers for many generations was, to use the phraseology of Leibnitz, to present with more *distinctness* what Calvin had clearly seized; unless, indeed, they repeated or modified some previous phase of the doctrinal development.

It is now proposed to continue the exami-

nation, and, after comparing the doctrine of Calvin with the other formulas extant, and tracing its history in the several Protestant Churches, to throw the light thus gained upon the raging Anglican dispute. So unusual a mode of illumination may well bring out into sharp relief a few obscure or overlooked features of the controversy. From the days, then, of the Reformers the doctrine of the Supper existed in four definitely contrasted forms, commonly known by the names of the Tridentine, the Reformed, the Lutheran, and the Zwinglian. These diverse solutions may be conveniently characterized by bearing in mind the three fundamental questions originated by the scriptural narratives of institution; firstly, as to the nature of the rite; secondly, as to the nature of the benefit received; thirdly, as to the manner in which the rite produces the benefit. According to the Tridentine view, the rite consists in an actual transformation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, the benefit received is a mystical but actual participation in the body and blood of Christ thus transformed (or in the whole Christ, as it is otherwise expressed, thus made present), whereas the rite produces the benefit in a purely mechanical manner, so to speak, since to partake of the bread and wine is to partake of Christ, quite irrespective of mental state. For all practical purposes the Lutheran doctrine is similar, the rite being a mysterious unification or association of the elements and the Lord Jesus, the benefit received being a participation in the combination of substance thus resulting; the rite, therefore, producing the benefit in a perfectly natural manner, again quite irrespective of the spiritual state, as many Lutherans openly avow, although a few hesitate to carry their opinions to their logical conclusions. In these two forms of the doctrine, let it be noted, the theological problem at issue is really solved when the nature of the rite is solved. The Zwinglian doctrine strays by a parallel restriction of view to but one aspect of the complex problem. According to the view of Zwingli, the nature of the rite is a purely symbolic representation, namely, a representation of the body and blood of Jesus under the figures of bread and wine, whence the two further consequences immediately follow that, on the one hand, the nature of the benefit received is whatever spiritual results follow a quickening of memory concerning the atoning death of Christ, and, on the other hand, the rite produces the benefit in a manner perfectly simple and intelligible, the act of reminiscence naturally producing the benefits accruing from reminiscence. All the three views

stated err by limitation of vision. The Romanist solves all the difficulties inherent in our Lord's words of institution by taking one fatal gulp of credulity, and by the supposition of an initial transubstantiation insures, he thinks, the one fact for which he feels himself bound to contend—the real presence of Christ in the sacred ceremony. The Lutheran likewise, with a keen sense for the same great fact, posits a stupendous alliance of the substance of the risen Christ with the substance of the bread and wine, and rests content. Yet, again, the Zwinglian, with an insurmountable objection to so immense a leap of credulity, and with a strong feeling for the symbolism of Scripture, assumes nothing but the symbolic nature of the sacramental elements, and thus puts his intellect to repose. The Reformed doctrine is the true *via media*. It retains all the elements of truth which these several views contain, and at the same time neither places so insuperable a stumbling-block in the way as a theory of mysterious transmutation or mysterious association, nor levels the rough places of the doctrine by a theory of simple symbolism. Calvin formulated a doctrine of the real presence of Christ in His own memorial feast without asserting any transmutation of elements or addition thereto, and he formulated a doctrine of symbolism without denying an extra-symbolic significance. To Calvin—to repeat the result of our previous analysis—the nature of the rite was a symbolic representation of the body and blood of Christ under the figure of bread and wine, there being nothing in the bread and wine but bread and wine—the nature of the benefit received was a communion with the risen Redeemer Himself, the elements employed being the means of bringing the real presence into the souls of men, and the benefit being more than a mere recalling to mind of ideas of Christ and His work formerly conceived—whilst the rite wrought the benefit by the agency of the spiritual presence of the glorified Saviour in the hearts of His believing children; an agency, indeed, scarcely to be better described than by the much misused phrase of “the real presence of Christ,” a phrase which it is high time to employ, as we have already done several times, in the Evangelical interest. Heresy has as little right to the best phrases as the devil to the best tunes.

A very little thought must render manifest the tremendous superiority of this conception of Calvin's to any of its predecessors. For example, it does not ignore any of the conditions of the problem presented by the scriptural narratives. This can scarcely be alleged concerning any other form of the

doctrine extant. Rome denies *in toto* the symbolism Zwingli sees in the service, and thus denies *in toto* that figurative reference which all the laws of language hint at, and which the whole connection with the Jewish Passover and the Mosaic ritual substantiates. For sheer consistency, indeed, Romish theologians are compelled to deny the symbolic reference of the sacrifices of the Old Covenant and merely find therein types of the Mass, as may be seen exemplified in Thalhofer's essay upon the Bloodless Sacrifices of Mosaism. Even the Lutheran view, with its tendency to inconsistent compromise, seems logically to give rise to the same negation of symbolism. Conversely, Zwingli errs by minimizing the amazing significance of those parts of the gospel narratives, and especially of the Pauline narrative, which manifestly imply a real presence of some kind of the risen Saviour. Again, Calvin's theory not only contains the whole truth of the scriptural narratives, but nothing but that truth. There are no extraneous additions. The theory is a congruous and rational summary of what the New Testament states, and of nothing but what the New Testament states, thus answering most accurately to the conditions of a true theory. It puts into consistent and orderly language the data provided by Scripture. It elucidates by exclusion, it co-ordinates by analysis, it explains by expression, it filiates by arrangement. Further, the doctrine of Calvin does not violate, as do the two metabolic views, the well-known and the commonly acknowledged canon as to the multiplication of miracles. It shows that all the necessities of the case can be fully met without any such staggering demand upon faith as is made both by the Romanist and the Lutheran. Yet again, as has been previously said, Calvin's formula preserves all those good points which endow the alternative doctrines with vitality, for to it the elements are bread and wine, and nothing but bread and wine, and to it the benefits are due to Christ, and to none but Christ. Lastly, so completely does the Calvinist statement answer all the conditions of the investigation, that no sooner is this reply apprehended than it seems to be nothing new. It apparently repeats in slightly different language what all the ages have been struggling to express; and not only does Calvin appear to give adequate expression and intellectual form to the unvoiced reflections of the illiterate but pious, and the unreasoning but saintly, but he seems to be repeating, in the language of his time, what thinkers like Irenæus and Tertullian, Origen and Basil, Athanasius and Augustine, Chrysostom and Bede, Berengar and

Ratramnus, Wiclif and Huss, have been ever saying before him, and to be putting the finishing touches of lucidity to everything worthy that has emanated from the great men of the past, who were at once profound and good, acute and single-minded, many-sided and spiritual. To be brief, the doctrine first clearly stated by Calvin is at once scriptural, consistent, reasonable, and complete.

Nevertheless, there is one standing argument against the adequacy of Calvin's doctrine of the Supper—it has not been universally received. Nor shall the force of this objection be in any degree depreciated. Rather would we augment its force by all the emphasis we can command. It is beyond a question that Calvin's view has not met with a universal reception. But the reasons are not far to seek. History affords a very clear reply why this interpretation of the scriptural narratives has not become paramount, and truths of greater value can scarcely be found than are connected with the history of the fact why a doctrine so reasonable has not become everywhere victorious. Survivals in doctrine as well as in physical organization are eminently enlightening.

Let the exact point, to which attention is now directed, be restated. The point is this. Side by side with Calvin's view of the Supper, every form of the doctrine extant in his days still exists. The question, therefore, is, whether this non-recognition is due to the doctrine itself and the form of its presentation, or whether a satisfactory explanation of this non-success is afforded by the history of the last three centuries. The question is one of considerable interest. It opens up the whole history of the sacramental doctrine in the Protestant Churches, and in fact presents that history abridged.

That the Tridentine dogma survives all the determined and well-accounted assaults made thereon goes without saying. Transubstantiation stands or falls with the Church of Rome. Of this the canons appended to the decree made at the thirteenth session of the Council of Trent, denouncing anathema upon any who disbelieve the minutest peculiarities of the Papist doctrine, are sufficient evidence. Rome does not acknowledge the distinctions between revelation and theology, faith and doctrine, to which allusion has been previously made, as the express declarations of historical research. Just as the self-styled Catholic Church, without whose borders there is no salvation, abjures the possibility of error in the conciliar formulation of doctrine, so

Rome abjures the possibility of progress in the intellectual apprehension of doctrine when once formulated. In a doctrine once formulated there is no room for aught but faith. Rome distinctly founds her demand to be believed not upon the scripturalness or the rationality of her creed, but upon its ecclesiastical authority. When Rome asserts, belief is imperative. Hermes, it is true, a Romish theologian, based the credibility of papal theology upon a form of rational proof, but with this result—Hermesianism was banned by the Pope. The fundamental dogma of Rome is that whatever she teaches must be true, whether or not it be cognizable as true. Rome, then, being infallible in doctrine because she says she is, there is no opportunity left for further adjustment, proof, or persuasion when once a doctrine has been declared *ex cathedra*. However unscriptural, however repugnant to sanctified thought or practice, the doctrine, be it that of transubstantiation, must remain as long as Rome remains.

But however explicable the persistence of the Tridentine doctrine, it is at first sight somewhat perplexing, it must be confessed, that some tolerable unanimity has not been arrived at amongst the great Protestant Churches. All these Churches professedly base their doctrine of the Supper upon the Scriptures and the Scriptures only; all these Churches declare their theologies to be nothing but the consistent expression in the terms of the intellect of what the Gospels and the Epistles present in the terms of narrative and exhortation; and yet there certainly exists a lamentable diversity of opinion. If Calvin's view is not merely a consistent and reasonable, but the only consistent and reasonable translation of Scripture, how is it that it has not become the ruling teaching? There is a catholic doctrine of the Trinity, how is it that there is not a catholic doctrine of the much simple matter of the Supper? The history of the Churches which sprang from the Reformation affords a precise reply.

Thus history definitely declares that there has always been a tendency towards Calvin's view when the currents of religious life have been full and deep. As surely as history shows that the Protestant Churches have always been agreed in their steadfast and unwavering opposition to the Romish dogma, it also shows to demonstration that an increase of Christian vitality has always been accompanied by an approximation to Calvin's interpretation of the Supper. Days of more open vision have been days of the preponderant adherence to the more spiritual estimate of the great Christian feast. True, for example, were the religious in-

stincts of the Reformers themselves, that not only was there a time when both Luther and Zwingli harmonized in doctrine, but, at the hour when their strife raged most fiercely, it is difficult to repress a suspicion that the passionate quarrel was mere logomachy and misunderstanding. Indeed, to judge from the casual and least controversial statements of these two giants in combat, it might not be unintelligibly and too recklessly asserted that Luther was no Lutheran, nor was Zwingli a Zwinglian. To the last Luther shrank from the logical consequences of his own views, and forbade the ritual of the adoration of the elements, which was but the immediate consequence of his idea of the Saviour's presence. So, too, it is needless to do more than mention, in this connection, how the Churches of Scotland, Geneva, and the Netherlands—the warmth of their sentiments rendering their spiritual apprehension vivid—accepted Calvin's estimate of the Supper, formulating it in their confessions, and advocating it in their catechisms. It is true that neither Knox, nor Cranmer, nor Guido de Brès, nor the Westminster divines, nor the Hungarian reformers, as may be said without detriment to their other exceptional endowments, had either the lucidity or the system of the calmer intellect of Calvin, and that therefore both confessions and catechisms fall short of the precision of the 'Institutes'; notwithstanding, in all kinds of difficulty, the 'Institutes' remained the great well of that theology which had its source in the Scriptures, and tendencies to contamination were speedily neutralized by recurrence to that source. Moreover, is not the Book of Common Prayer a witness in point? Was not the compromise which tolerated its numerous contradictions the result of the half-heartedness and indifferent fervour of the English Reformation? And a similar testimony is borne by the later history of Protestantism. In the great scholastic age of the Lutheran Church, before the spell of rationalism had woven itself around the earnestness and conviction of the German nation, and when the teaching of its mighty founder was revivifying the popular life, filling the lands with schools, forming the strongest possible basis for religious life and hope, and giving to a large band of theologians that regenerative experience which it was their task to translate into logical form and carry to ultimate conclusions—in those palmiest days of the orthodox schools of Wittenberg, Tübingen, Strasburg, Greifswald, Dantzic, Lubeck, and Hamburg, and of the orthodox teaching of a Gerhard, a Hunn, a Calov, a Quenstedt, a Gerlach, a Reuchlin, a Mosheim, and the

two Osianders—instances many might be adduced, from exact professorial prælections, as well as from rhetorical pulpit address, of this predisposition towards the Calvinist conception. Certainly, when Hollatus was accused of Calvinizing the 'Formula of Concord' by his notion of the *Unio Sacramentalis*, his one defence was the common acceptance and inculcation of the Reformed tenet. Even Quenstedt himself is less Lutheran than Genevan as regards the Eucharist. In the intervals of the doctrinal decomposition of the eighteenth century, again, men like Spener and Zinzendorf afforded additional though solitary examples of the point we are illustrating. Besides, was it not abundantly evident in the great English revival of the last century, how Whitefield and Wesley, and their followers by their means, took new delight in the Lord's Supper, laying great store by the fact of the Saviour's presence in the heart of the believing communicants? But we pause, although instances might be almost indefinitely augmented from the more remote fields of historical inquiry. Is it wonderful that he who consciously communes with Christ in the noisy ways of common life should also consciously commune with Him in the placid hour of the remembrance of His great sacrifice?

But the history of the Protestant Churches also makes it indubitable that, even when the tides of spiritual feeling have been flowing, the several distinctive confessions, at once monuments to be revered and standards to be obeyed, have been the great, the irremovable hindrance to the coalescence of Churches and the approximation of doctrine. Would that Melancthon and Calvin could but have forecast the lamentable influence of the creeds they made authoritative as well as formulated! The early articles of Protestantism have checked inquiry and prevented union. A little illustration of the latter point, capable though it is of endless enlargement, must suffice. Very brief was the duration of the fraternity between the two great divisions of Protestantism which was typified when at Marburg Luther gave the right hand of fellowship to Zwingli, in 1529. Yet so pleasant was the remembrance of that short-lived catholicity, that attempts have been made again and again in later times to restore the early union between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, as at the conferences held at Leipzig, Thorn, and Cassel. In every case the confessions of faith have proved themselves too rigid to be amended and too venerable to be condemned. Even the sceptical eighteenth century, with its desire to regard all creeds

as antiquated, had not temerity enough to demolish these boundaries of the past, and, notwithstanding that conference after conference was held to endeavour to unite the two Evangelical Churches of the land, not Ursinus, nor Winkler, Jablonski nor Leibnitz, Lutken nor Turretin, was man enough to 'pull down the crows' nests,' to use Knox's phrase. So persistent a man as Frederick the Great confessed his inability, strong as was his desire, to remove these verbal barriers. Nor have the several attempts of the nineteenth century met with a better fate. The confessions have been the missiles before which such ardent workers for union as Sach and Schleiermacher have first grown weary and then withdrawn from the siege. How easy it would be to draw parallel examples from our own lands we do not delay to show, resting satisfied with the conclusive evidence afforded by continental efforts at union in belief or in practice, removed as they are from party feeling and sectarian jealousies. The fact is that, while no one has so acute a sense of the utility of creeds as the historical inquirer, no one has so inalienable a conviction of their danger. Useful as landmarks, they are seen to be deceitful as refuges. They are the medals of thought, but they must not be its moulds. When placed to regulate the flow of the stream of sanctified intellect, there is a momentous peril lest they act as dams. It is not the conflicts of opposing schools, themselves aids to advance, which the student of history learns to dread, but it is that abrogation of conflict, which is equivalent to the formulation of an authoritative confession. Even when the creed is true to its minutest detail, it is seen to be perilous to make it universally binding, for language changes and souls expand, and so magnificent a testimony to orthodoxy as the Athanasian defence of the Trinity, the admiration of the theologian and the guide of the novice, becomes in the lapse of time perplexing, if not ridiculous, to the majority, a stumbling-block and not a stepping-stone even to the literate and reverential, only to be understood after a laborious reconstruction in the light of the age of its composition. It is science has made her magnificent conquests during the last fifty years, it has not been because its votaries have successively declared their results to be final, and to be believed under tremendous penalties, but by the gradual evolution of truth from the unfettered researches of the advocates of opposing theories. Had Hutton endowed a college upon the express condition that it should teach in perpetuity no geological doctrine but that associated with his name,

he would have doomed all his beneficiaries to childish ignorance and obsolete error—to say nothing of endangering morality by unreal subscription—and would have irretrievably arrested the progress of the science he loved so well. Has the influence upon theological science of the several distinctive confessions and articles been any less disastrous? At any rate, in the matter of the Lord's Supper, history gives sufficient countenance to the assertion that, were the bondage of standards removed, there would be practical unanimity on the basis of Calvin's doctrine, when the current of spiritual life ran deeply.

If, these hampering restrictions removed, the unanimity was not complete, it would arise from a third fact accentuated by the history of the Church. History also teaches that, as the tides of holy feeling have ebbed, there has always been a gravitation to a less spiritual view and a recurrence to the Zwinglian conception, or even to the Socinian, which is less spiritual still, the Supper being simply 'a club supper,' as the author of 'Ecce Homo' puts it, a breaking and eating of bread in company, with silent remembrance of the Founder of the feast. That perception of the presence of the risen Lord, that 'discerning of the Lord's body,' so hallowing, so reassuring, so stimulating to the believer, can only be attained at a certain altitude of spiritual life. Lower levels are much more easy and frequent. Hence the gravitation to the Zwinglian view, which makes no further demand upon the spirit than the recognition of the emblematical nature of the bread and wine. Nor must we forget the force of recoil from views like the Romanist and Lutheran. From their repugnance to the idea of any change in the elements many have swung to the opposite error, and have by preference come to regard the Lord's Supper as a simple act of memorial, which brings Christ to our minds precisely as a portrait may recall the dead. Rather than believe that their omnipotent Lord comes and goes at the words of a priest, they believe that He neither comes nor goes. Add to these two reasons the prevalence of teaching which has failed to indicate, because it has failed to perceive, the blessed fact of a communion with the present Master of the feast, more real because more comprehended than in the hour of its first institution, and the frequent recurrence and the widespread acceptance of the Zwinglian type of doctrines becomes explicable. Those who cannot see the Lord with the spirit can intellectually remember Him. It is such considerations—the force of recoil, inadequate teaching, the lack of deep religious-

ness, the absence of desire for close fellowship with Christ—which clear up the frequent inculcation during the history of the Protestant Church of so eviscerated a doctrine as the Zwinglian. Instances in proof we have no space to quote, but refer to Dr. Hebert's work, which is rather weak, however, in the Protestant ages, and to the works of Kahnis and Luthardt already quoted, which might be so largely supplemented from English writers; for it was certainly the Zwinglian doctrine which was the preponderant one amongst us in the last and in the early decades of this century. The *seculum rationalisticum* was scarcely a time for the raising of the ancient watchword, 'The Ubiquity of Christ, the Ubiquity of Christ.'

Such, then, was the history of the doctrine of the Supper—a history first of formulation and then of assimilation—until the rise of the Tractarian movement, which, amongst other results, originated as bitter a sacramentarian controversy as the past had witnessed. Nor was this controversy confined to the study, the college, or the clique. From the mode adopted for its initiation it has penetrated the press, the pulpit, and the popular assembly. Newman had the conviction, he tells us, that 'living movements do not come of committees, nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post.' With the aim, therefore, as another of its leaders has expressed it, of 'attracting the attention of the well-educated, without affecting the dryness or the depth of theological learning,' the Oxford movement was started by the publication of a series of twopenny tracts, and it has been maintained by a wholesale resort to printed sermons, letters in newspapers, and brief pamphlets. Thus it happens that, although few treatises of first-rate importance have emanated from this Anglican school, page after page in the British Museum catalogue has to be devoted to the fleeting productions associated with the names of Mr. Bennett, Archdeacon Denison, Canon Carter, Professor Pusey, and Bishop Wilberforce. By such means England has been stirred to its core by a conflict as severe as disruptive.

The day has gone by for speaking in the language of 'The Edinburgh Review' of the 'Oxford malignants' and the 'Oxford conspirators.' Now that the first angry passions have subsided, it is possible to estimate with some justice the claims of the Tractarian party to respect. Assuredly, the ecclesiastical movement associated with such men as John Keble, John Henry Newman, Richard Hurrell Froude, Arthur Philip

Perceval, and Hugh Rose, was no unmixed evil. 'Flagrant evils,' one of them has said, 'cure themselves by being flagrant.' At least the movement had the merit of a lofty aim and a devoted purpose. At least it must be cordially recognized that Newman and his friends at Oriel were actuated by a magnanimous, if a misdirected, desire for the good of the Church to which they belonged. So far also as the movement was a recoil from the icy deadness or the boneless sentimentality bequeathed by the previous century, it was of some advantage to religion. Alas! Keble had only too much reason to lament 'the Socinian leaven;' Froude to bewail 'the current Rationalism;' and Newman to decry 'what we used to call Erastianism.' Hence the soul of good in things evil which has proved so awakening to the English Establishment, so evocative of some of the least natural graces, so productive of spiritual energy. In the third decade of this century the Establishment had become eminently one-sided; even the God-sent Methodist revival, which had kindled a new life in the several Nonconformist bodies, had become distorted into a most astonishing compound of largeness in word and limitation in heart. 'There was need of a second Reformation,' as Newman expressed it; it was high time that some revulsion should take place, be it even a reinstatement of a little truth and much error. In certain neglected phrases of the English formularies a hopeful germ was seen as of some depurative Eucalyptus.

Taking their stand, for example, upon certain phrases in the Communion Service and the Catechism, the Tractarians promulgated a very different doctrine of the Lord's Supper to that Zwinglian doctrine which was uppermost in their day. Of course, the Book of Common Prayer, born as it was in compromise, lent itself to their purpose. "'Two can play at that,'" was often in my mouth,' Newman confesses, 'when men of Protestant sentiments appealed to the Articles, Homilies, or Reformers; in the sense that, if they had a right to speak loud, I had the liberty to speak as well as they, and had the means by the same or parallel appeals to give them tit for tat.' Well may the royal declaration prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles, state that his Majesty of England took comfort because 'men of all sorts take the Articles of the Church of England to be for them.' It was no difficult task, therefore, that the Tractarian party set itself when it determined to formulate, on the basis of the Book of Common Prayer, a new doctrine of the Lord's Supper, or, rather, as they fondly imagined, to resuscitate

the ancient doctrine of the Bible, the Fathers, and the great Anglican divines.

What, then, is the eucharistic doctrine of the Tractarians? Is it 'one and indivisible,' to adopt the phrase of one of the school? Can we truly speak of a single Tractarian doctrine of the Lord's Supper? A minute examination of their assertions makes a considerable unanimity of teaching manifest. They all advocate the real presence of Christ in the Supper. They all declare that presence to be in the bread and wine. They all attribute that presence in the elements to the act of consecration; as the words of the famous Protest of 1856 has it: 'Christ is present after consecration and before communicating.' They all assert the validity of consecration to depend upon the apostolical succession. It is their common opinion that participation is the great means of being justified. They are agreed in maintaining what Archdeacon Denison has called 'the great test of the right understanding of the Real Presence,' viz., that 'the wicked do in the sacrament not only take, but eat and drink unworthily to their own condemnation, the body and blood of Christ, which they do not discern.' They are also agreed in maintaining that Christ being present in the consecrated elements, there should be an adoration of them, or of the Christ in them, to take such forms as the seclusion of the chancel, the decoration of the altar, the elevation of the elements, the adornment and the attitudinization of the officiating priests, the eastward position. Upon the question as to the exact nature of what is technically called the *unio sacramentalis*, they widely differ, although most are content to speak of a mysterious union of Christ with the elements not to be further defined. Extracts innumerable might be cited in proof of this unanimity and difference. Let one collateral testimony suffice. In the famous Ditcher case, when the Archbishop of Canterbury decided against the Archdeacon of Taunton, a letter of protest was immediately published, containing, amongst other signatures, those of Bennett of Frome, Carter of Clewer, John Keble, and Edward Bouverie Pusey, expressly declaring their agreement—and their belief of the agreement of the English Articles, Liturgy, and great divines—with the several points mentioned above. This protest, which we should like to quote as a whole, has been snatched from the oblivion of the newspaper, and reprinted in Denison's 'Notes of my Life.'

It is manifest, therefore, that the Tractarian doctrine is not the Tridentine, but the Lutheran, carried, however, to logical con-

clusions, such as adoration, from which Luther and Melancthon shrank, and with additions, such as sacramental justification and priestly consecration, which Luther, true in instinct if false in logic, could never bring himself to make. The Tractarians, too, are unanimous in denying that they teach the Romish doctrine, and justly so, seeing that they unanimously deny, what no adherent to the Articles could believe, the dogma of transubstantiation. 'They would sympathize with the sentiments, if not with the language, of Froude when he designates Roman Catholics 'wretched Tridentines,' and speaks of Trent as 'the atrocious council.' To classify the Tractarian doctrine exactly: it holds the Lutheran view of the association of Christ with the bread and wine, and the Tridentine view of the priest who effects the association. And here a lucid series of contrasts from a German writer may be translated and inserted, who says—

As the Evangelical Churches lay down two main principles, justification by faith alone, and the sole authority of Holy Writ, so there are two leading principles in Tractarianism, *justification by the sacraments alone, and the sole authority of the Church.* In the Evangelical Churches the supreme importance is attached to the subjective grasp of the objective salvation by means of faith; in Tractarianism, the supreme importance is attached to the objective communication of salvation by means of the sacraments. In the former case, the assurance of salvation rests upon the inward testimony of the Spirit; in the latter upon the external witness of the Church as to the due administration of the sacraments. There, the seal is the Holy Ghost; here, the apostolical succession.

By way of criticism of this new theory—for it is new whatever its advocates may say, and as a whole finds no parallel, to say nothing of support, in the numerous extracts from Anglican divines given in Tract LXXXI.—our purpose will be served by stating a few corollaries upon the line of inquiry we have been pursuing.

In the first place, the Tractarian theory embodies features which are non-scriptural. As compared with the New Testament it errs in a double respect. The theory contains what is not in the Scriptures, and the Scriptures contain what is not in the theory. On the one hand, that is to say, the doctrinal generalization presented is not, nor does it profess to be, a generalization from none but scriptural data. The Scripture narratives afford no countenance whatever to the prominence accorded to consecration, to the priestly assumptions made, to the tenet of justification by communicating. For the arrogant assumption of a priestly caste—the

lineal descendants of the Apostles, endowed with the stupendous ability to compel the presence of an absent Redeemer—where is there a single vestige of authority in the New Testament? The Apostles claimed no such pre-eminent position. According to the New Testament, bold entrance into the Holiest is the prerogative of the whole brotherhood in Christ, and Peter does not hesitate to call the converted Jews of the dispersion 'a holy priesthood.' As for the tenet of sacramental justification, it belies the entire current of the Gospels and Epistles. In this connection, it is noteworthy that two of the leading exponents of the Tractarian view, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Carter, both profess to give, in a reasoned exposition, scriptural grounds for the doctrine they avow. But what are these Scripture grounds? Mr. Bennett, be it noted, rests content with giving a harmony of the relative narratives of the Gospels, and of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and says not one word by way of showing how these narratives involve the Tractarian theory. As for Mr. Carter, who, in his letter to his parishioners, pretends to give the scriptural authorities for the faith that is in him, he uses words which any Calvinist might employ. We quote the *ipsissima verba* of the summary he gives of his conclusions from Scripture. 'Looking, then,' he says, 'at what we can gather out of the Scriptures, it appears that the Holy Eucharist is not a mere remembrance of One who once died for us, not a mere sign of One absent from us; but that the outward and visible signs veil the very presence of the Lord—that we are to contemplate in the sacrament not merely the visible creatures of bread and wine, but a presence of Christ brought near to us, most profoundly invisible and inconceivable, most ineffably heavenly and spiritual, but yet a presence of our Lord in His very body and His very blood, alive and life-giving, divinely real, divinely saving to all those who are duly prepared to receive Him.' But what has all this to do with the presence of Christ in and with the elements, with the adoration of the elements, with the potent priestly consecration, with justification by participating? With the exception of a single phrase, the same language might be employed by any adherent to Calvin's view; and as for that phrase, 'the outward and visible signs veil the presence of the Lord,' it has been slipped in without calling previous attention to any scriptural authority for it. Besides, the theory omits one great scriptural feature of the Supper, its connection with the Jewish ritual: any doctrine of consubstantiation ignores the entire teaching of Scripture as to how rites become spiritu-



ally useful, the entire teaching as to how, to use the technical terms, symbols become sacraments. Until Tractarians themselves advance more reliable and cogent scriptural authority for their doctrine, it is not irrational to assert their inability so to do.

Secondly, the Tractarian theory has no support in the early Christian centuries. Anglicans of all schools are ever appealing to what they call the *catholic* doctrine of the Eucharist. There is no catholic doctrine. There is no doctrine which fulfils the requirements of the oft-quoted canon of Vincentius of Lerins, 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.' And this doctrine is very far removed from being catholic. There is no single writer in the first four centuries concerning whom it may be asserted with truth that the Tractarian theory summarizes and does nothing but summarize the direct and indirect testimony he bears to this sacred ordinance. It is not said that individual points of the Anglican doctrine do not find some recognition in that primitive age, and that there are not some phrases to be found which argue a real presence of Christ of some kind, and which favour some species of metabolism; but it is distinctly alleged that neither the peculiar features of the view in question, nor any sentiments which imply that view, are to be discovered from Polycarp to Augustine. Not all the excerpts of Dr. Pusey and his numerous followers in the same field, who have ransacked the early Fathers with eyes for one class of facts, it must be confessed, and no eyes for facts of an opposite class, have succeeded in demonstrating the existence of the characteristics of the view they maintain, which briefly stated are (1) a presence of Christ in the elements; (2) of a saving nature; (3) effected by a priesthood lineally descended by episcopal ordination from the Apostles. After the analysis of the historical course of the doctrine previously sketched, it is needless to reiterate the results there stated. Let one test be applied. Let any reader compare a ritualistic celebration of the Eucharist with Justin Martyr's description of the early ceremonial employed, and some slight sense will be acquired of the immeasurable distance which separates Oxford from Flavia Neapolis. 'Whose are the Fathers?' many have asked, and will ask again, with varying and partial replies, until the patristic records are approached in the true spirit of historical research.

And this brings us, in the third place, to the objection that this Anglican theory ignores the instructive testimony of history. And it does so in two ways: it

refuses to see the practical effects of the priestly assumptions it fosters, and it fails to observe the historical course of theological development. Theories may be not unfairly judged by their practical effects; and thus regarded, the priestly view has not been for the general advance of a manly and strong piety. It is not, of course, meant that here and there conspicuous instances have not appeared of unaffected godliness, eminent charity, and saintly devotion; indeed, the very trampling upon reason which the initial difficulty of exclusive priestly power demands, the child-like submissiveness to authority, the patient crucifixion of the intellect as well as the flesh, are as calculated to produce in exalted minds a profound humility as to produce a thoughtless superstition in weaker natures; nevertheless, broadly regarded, the predominance of an exceptionally revered ecclesiastical order has not approved itself advantageous either to political liberty or spiritual advance. It was in the days before the separation into such religious classes that the zeal, the learning, and the faith of the Church burnt brightest; it was of those days only that the words of Newman express sober and welcome truth when he speaks of 'the self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the irresistible determination of her bishops, the joyous swing of her advance.' It was in the centuries when the see of Rome was steadily carving its way to the supreme power, by diplomacy, by set purpose, by admirable discipline, and by the potent weapon of excommunication, that the moral baseness of the fifteenth century was bred in its midst. It was incipient rebellion against this tyranny of ecclesiastics in school and church, in home and state, which fanned the embers of Greek lore into the Renaissance; and if Britain and America are the homes of liberty, prosperity, commerce, and research, as no Roman Catholic country can pretend to be in any similar sense, how large a measure of these privileges has been due to the popular disbelief in the exceptional power arrogated in the consecration of the eucharistic elements, the corollary of which is the exceptional position of the priest? On the one hand, then, history has its definite testimony to bear to the expansion of body, soul, and spirit, as the Tridentine dogma of priesthood becomes incredible. And, on the other hand, this Anglican theory fails to learn from the long and troubled course of theological development. History declares that just as Paschasius improved upon the principles of Cyril, and Lanfranc upon those of Paschasius, so Calvin improved upon Luther and Zwingli.

The principles of Cyril must ultimately, consistently, lead to the teaching of Lanfranc; and the principles of Luther must inevitably conduct to the doctrine of Calvin. Tractarians too largely ignore the declarations of historical fact as to the ultimate consequences of their principles. Notwithstanding, the great question must be faced, and they must ask, what is the great authority in doctrine? What is the criterion of truth in doctrine? Is it Scripture or councils? It cannot be both, for they do not agree. It may help their decision, if it be steadily borne in mind that history presents them with these issues—if they believe in councils as the supreme authority in religion, they must come to believe in transubstantiation, whereas if they regard Scripture as the one *fons et judex*, they must ultimately, as they progress towards thoroughness, except Calvin's doctrine of the Supper.

Lastly, the one element of truth which has given life and force to the Tractarian doctrine is better expressed in Calvin's formula than in any other. The one watchword of the Tractarians has been the Real Presence of Christ. It is upon this theme their appeals have been eloquent and their insistence continuous. Zwinglianism has been the great object of attack. Indeed, in the whole range of Tractarian writings very little is said either by way of argument or authorization upon the distinctive position claimed for the episcopally ordained priest, very little is said upon the real presence in the bread and wine, very little is said upon the potency of consecration; the whole immense armoury of ready and skilled weapons has been almost entirely directed against those who deny the real presence of Christ in the Supper, without defining that presence in any way. All the distinctive doctrines of the school are assumed to be proved when this one point is proved. Now the contention of the present writer is that the grand and consoling fact of the real presence is more consistently declared in Calvin's doctrine than in the Tractarian; more consistently, that is, with the teaching of the Old Testament as well as the New, with the common sentiment of the Church in all ages as it may be gathered from the extant records, with the expressed opinions of the more spiritually minded Fathers and Church teachers, with chastened Christian consciousness, and with sanctified Christian reason. These several varieties of evidence, too, seem to the present writer to contradict such logical consequences of the Tractarian doctrine as these: the exceptional position of the priestly ministrant, the adoration of the elements, the exceptional sanctity of the

altar, the definition of saving faith as the believing reception of the Christ in the sacrament, the assertion that even the wicked partake of the body and blood of Christ.

In conclusion, the great Oxford movement of 1833 has called attention to three prominent doctrines only too apt to be overlooked—the doctrine of the Church, of the Christian Priesthood, and of the Lord's Supper. In each case, however, the advocacy falls under the ban of narrowness. In each case the form of the doctrine promulgated is narrower than the New Testament. There is a momentous truth respecting the Church which should not be allowed to fall into disregard, so inspiring is it and so blessed, and every Nonconformist, however separatist be his peculiar views, confesses with a whole and a glad heart his belief in the Catholic Church, the apple of the Father's eye, the bride of Christ, the offspring of the Holy Ghost; but that Church—the Catholic Church—in whose practical unanimity of belief he rejoices, and whose accumulated labours of thought and zeal he inherits, is to him, as it was to the Apostles, the innumerable company of believers of all ages 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' It does not exclusively consist, in his esteem, as it does with the Tractarian, of those who have been admitted into fellowship with a visible Church by sacraments correctly administered, correctness lying in the seal of apostolic succession. Again, every Nonconformist believes in the refreshing doctrine of the Christian priesthood; but that priesthood is not an exclusive class of the Christian community, admitted to their exalted functions by the agency of episcopal ordination, it is the priesthood of the New Testament, wide as the Church and free as the gospel. Similarly there is a narrowness in the Tractarian view of the Lord's Supper. It rightly advocates the real presence of Christ at the feast; it narrowly interprets that presence to be confined to the consecrated bread and wine. The New Testament doctrine is that, as in the first institution Christ Himself was present, and distributed bread and wine to His disciples to their good, so in every subsequent celebration the present Saviour distributes the simple elements to His believing people who are remembering His death, and makes His body their bread, and His blood their wine. In short, to repeat our previous words, the New Testament teaches, in our belief, first, the symbolic nature of the bread and wine, which represents by emblems the body and blood of Christ—a comprehensive term for the life given by the Saviour for sinful

man; secondly, the spiritual nature of the benefit received, namely, a participation in the blessings conferred by the atoning Saviour; and thirdly, the production by the rite of the benefit by means of the actual presence of the risen Christ in the midst of, or, things being where they act, in the hearts of His expectant disciples.

ALFRED CAVE.

#### ART. IV.—*The Constitutional Monarchy in Belgium.*

- (1) *Leopold I. et Leopold II., Rois des Belges: leur Vie et leur Règne.* Par THÉODORE JUSTE. Brussels, 1879.
- (2) *Essai Historique et Critique sur la Révolution Belge.* Par le BARON NOTHOMB. Quatrième Edition. Brussels, 1876.
- (3) *Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle.* Par le Comte de MONTALEMBERT. Paris, 1852.
- (4) *Loi du 1<sup>er</sup> Juillet, 1879, sur l'Instruction Primaire, comparée à la Loi de 1842.* Par VICTOR LUERQUIN, Attaché au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Ghent, 1879.
- (5) *Diplomatic Correspondence relating to the Cessation of Official Relations between the Belgian Government and the Holy See.*

THE biographer of Lord Palmerston relates how, amongst the souvenirs which the aged statesman recalled on the evening before his death, none seemed more vivid than those which clustered around the Conference of London, and the efforts of that assembly to promote the consolidation of the kingdom of Belgium. In a semi-delirious interval he was heard to whisper: 'The treaty with Belgium! Yes; read the sixth clause over again.' And then, when the request had been complied with, the dying man, still living in a past to whose records he might well recur with satisfaction, began to expound the policy embodied in the text. But he did not proceed far with his exposition. 'France acknowledges——' he murmured; and after that his words became unintelligible. The incident is singularly pathetic, but it is also singularly instructive, and the recollection of it is appropriate to this particular time. Palmerston's interest in Belgium was the interest of a conscientious godfather in a child, for the conduct of whose early life he had assumed a responsibility. But how little have Englishmen in general been disposed to acknowledge their share in the sponsorship of which he was so conscious! The events of 1870 did, indeed, remind us that there are grave reasons of expediency

as well as of public right for preserving intact the state which had been founded forty years before. The small states of Europe, we are being told now and again, are doomed to final extinction, and there is a fate marked out for Belgium on the one side, and for Holland on the other, which it would be folly to resist. Is it because we are disposed thus to meet destiny half-way? or is it because of our insular indifference that, except on rare occasions during the last half-century, the English public have been as little troubled about the affairs of a kingdom in whose establishment Palmerston, Melbourne, and Grey participated, as about the affairs of a Central Asian khanate or of a Central American republic? Whatever the cause may be, the fact is conspicuous enough. Belgium, nevertheless, has lately asserted in a very pronounced way her claim to the attention of people who read the newspapers. Her statesmen and politicians think it rather hard that because she has passed through half a century without a revolution, without a change of dynasty, and without a war either amongst her own people or with her neighbours, her name should be so seldom heard in the high-ways of Europe. The national festivities which were lately held in celebration of the jubilee of Belgian independence have re-awakened in the minds of Englishmen an interest in a country which is something more than one of the picture galleries, as we hope it has ceased to be the 'cockpit,' of Europe.

The history of the kingdom dates farther back than Leopold's accession in 1831, farther back even than the three fighting days of September, 1830. We cannot well appreciate the work of those who founded it unless we take into account the nature of the political system which it superseded. For that system, with all its grievances and inconveniences, the Belgians had to thank the Congress of Vienna. The Congress, we know, aimed at thoroughness in its work, and to each of the states whose future it marked out with an assurance that destiny itself could not surpass it gave the injunction to rest and be thankful. The best of all possible worlds had been put in the best of all possible order for them, and contentment was thenceforth to be the first duty of nations. An apologist for the Congress declared, nearly thirty years ago, that—

Never did political arrangements, made under circumstances at all similar, betray less of selfish and narrow views. The plans of consolidation which it attempted were conceived with a view to connect sympathizing and kindred races, and to advance material pros-

perity. Stability was preferred to aggrandizement.

How little stability the arrangement of 1815 contained within it they may know now who did not know it while Austria still held Lombardy and Venetia, and Italy remained the mere geographical expression that Cavour said it was. The events of 1830 severely tested it, and, so far as its provisions for the Low Countries were concerned, it proved altogether too weak to pass through the ordeal. It was a strange consolidation this, which placed a population of four millions under the rule of a neighbour prince, himself lord over barely half as many subjects. The greater was added to the lesser by way of *accroissement de territoire*, as the Treaty of Paris of 1814 had phrased it; and herein, of course, was the initial error, the influence of which was destined to grow stronger year by year. An excuse for the arrangement may be found in certain traditions of a pedantic diplomacy, but nowhere else. The Congress sought to revive the old barrier system, which had been consecrated by at least three treaties in the eighteenth century, and the fundamental principle of which was that the southern provinces of the Low Countries should serve for what the treaty of the Grand Alliance of 1701 terms a '*digue, rempart, et barrière*' against France. It is, perhaps, not astonishing that diplomatists who had in their recent recollection the enterprises of republic and empire in that part of Europe should have laid down defences similar to those which had been planned there nearly a century before. Napoleon's proceedings in the Low Countries made the same kind of impression upon his contemporaries that Louis XIV.'s campaigns in that region had made upon the minds of seventeenth century statesmen. They were persuaded that a new barrier must be set up against France, and, *pace* the 'Quarterly Reviewer' of 1851, it cannot be said that they were scrupulous in their choice of the material out of which they made it.

There was little care for national sympathy or kinship in the consignment of four million Belgians to the rule of a Dutch king, and to the supremacy of a Dutch population scarcely half as numerous. The consequences of this unnatural arrangement were soon apparent. The inhabitants of the provinces which King William had received in 'augmentation of territory' were day by day reminded that the kingdom of the Netherlands was nothing but an enlarged kingdom of Holland. The minority from the first endeavoured in every way to dominate over the majority. The administrative,

political, and judicial centre of the kingdom was placed in Holland. Dutch was made the official language. The Dutch system of jurisprudence superseded the code to which the Belgians had been accustomed since 1804. In the distribution of honours and emoluments the Dutch were always first thought of. Of fifteen ministers and secretaries of state who were in office in 1829, only three were Belgians; the rest were Dutch. A similar inequality was found in the lower grades of the public service. In several ministries there were only two or three Belgian employés; in the Ministry of Justice there was one; in the Ministry of Marine there was not one. More remarkable still was the supremacy which the Dutch claimed for themselves in the army. Of 2,377 officers of all grades who were on the list in 1829, only 417 were Belgians.

Nations, however, are not less ardent in their attachment to ideas than they are in their concern for material interests. It was hard that the Belgians should find the public services thus barred against them; but vexations of this sort were but the symptoms of a greater, because sentimental grievance. The hardest thing of all was not that official careers were closed against them in order that they might be reserved for Dutchmen; that was an inconvenience only incidental to the political situation in which they were placed by the treaty of Vienna. The prime grievance which held all the others within its gloomy folds was this: that a race inferior in numbers, and not superior in capacity and intelligence, was seeking to obliterate the marks of Belgian nationality. Spaniards, Austrians, and French had in turn held possession of these southern provinces of the Low Countries, so that the rule of the foreigner was not a new experience to the men who for fifteen years chafed under the not more onerous discipline of Dutch supremacy. Under the older dominions the Belgians were conscious of a certain dignity which arose out of the association. Under the Treaty of Vienna they were called upon to concur in an arrangement which, as they imagined, conferred all the dignity upon other people, and at their expense. The Dutch certainly got at least their share of advantage and prestige out of the bargain. It was something to convert their stadtholder into a king, and William the First was not slow to let the world know that he took a large estimate of the dignity that had accrued to him and his house through the cheap generosity which the Powers had displayed towards him at Vienna. It was something more to decree that not only should he have a crown of his

own, but that his territory should be doubled, and the number of his subjects trebled. The bargain was not only onesided, but it was upon the wrong side that the favours of the Congress fell, the injustice, as it happened, was done to a people who were strong enough quickly to escape from it. In this respect the lot of the Belgians has been singular. It is not often that the aggrieved party, in a transaction of this kind, has, at starting, the right of the stronger on his side.

It has become the wiser fashion, in the years that have passed since the Congress of Vienna, to take some account of populations as well as of territories whenever the Great Powers have had to agree to some new distribution of political forces upon the continent of Europe. The world, we have lately been told, is governed by sovereigns and statesmen, but it is well understood by this time that when the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe make arrangements in which popular sentiment and interests are made subservient to diplomatic and strategic necessities, so called, their schemes are likely to undergo a rough revision at no distant time. The kingdom of the Netherlands was rent asunder fifteen years after its creation because this truth was forgotten. The transactions at Paris and Vienna were almost entirely territorial. There was a cynical indifference to the four million people who inhabited the provinces which the Congress handed over to the newly made King of the Netherlands. It never occurred to Metternich and his associates that they were proposing a union of incompatible elements, and that a divorce must come in time. Yet if we speak of divorce, it must be with strong misgivings as to whether a union between Holland and Belgium was ever accomplished in any other than a formal sense. The Powers, it is true, had directed that there should be 'an intimate and complete fusion' between the two countries, an instruction which was as easy to give as the Sultan's occasional instruction to his ministers to 'restore the financial equilibrium,' and as impossible to have carried out. The fusion was never effected, partly because of inherent antagonisms in the nature of the two races, and partly because of the high and heavy hand with which the Dutch endeavoured to bring it about. It was not a happy impulse which led them, at starting, to force upon the kingdom a fundamental law which a large majority of the Belgians had rejected; still less of wisdom was there in that strange manipulation of votes by which the king's ministers endeavoured to prove that the majority was really in favour of the project.

The incident contained within itself the promise of that searching after supremacy by the northern half of the kingdom over the southern which was the guiding and, as it proved, fatal principle of King William's policy. The promise was repeated in the provision which was made for the parliamentary representation of the two peoples. Unequal populations were provided with equal representation in the Chambers. The same, it is true, may be said of certain electoral systems which it is thought bad manners to speak of as other than perfect, but there was nevertheless an anomaly in the arrangement which was quite singular. There were fifty-five Dutchmen and fifty-five Belgians in the Lower Chamber, and the two nations were sometimes found voting *en masse* one against the other. More frequently two or three Belgian deputies would cross over to the Dutch side, as, for instance, when a general system of taxation for the new kingdom was voted by a majority made up of all the Dutch representatives and two Belgians, against a minority comprising the remaining fifty-three deputies from the southern province. The parliamentary records of the new kingdom bear on every page very convincing testimony to the incompatibility that there was between the temper of the two nations. There were few party struggles in the ordinary sense of the term. The struggles were rather between nations than between parties—between Dutch and Belgian rather than between conservative and liberal.

King William, indeed, had to contend against forces which were at once conservative and liberal. It was not merely with a people whom incorporation with revolutionary France had impregnated with liberal tendencies that he had to reckon. They were alien in race, they were alien in political tendencies, and they were alien in faith. The Dutch failed to effect that intimate fusion with their neighbours which the Powers had recommended, because the whole course of their policy was anti-Belgian, anti-Liberal, and anti-Catholic. The Church of Rome, conservative though her permanent tendencies are, has a marvellous faculty for adapting herself to the changing courses of secular policy. The French priests who hailed the revolution of 1848 as marking 'the entry of Christian thought into the government of society,' might have found precedents for their short-lived liberalism in the conduct of the Belgian clergy twenty years before. It must be admitted, however, that the peculiar action of the Belgian Catholics was provoked by peculiar conditions. The nation was asked to endure, in

its religious life, precisely the same kind of treatment that was being offered to it in its secular life. Anti-Belgian in its civil policy, the government became anti-Catholic in its ecclesiastical policy. It repeated the errors of the Josephine laws, and it reaped an even richer harvest of discontent than the Austrian government had gathered in after that ill-considered legislation. On one day in the summer of 1825 King William signed two decrees, either of which was objectionable enough to have earned for him the ill-will of every priest in Belgium. Thenceforward no college, Latin school, or other institution whatever, destined to prepare pupils for the ecclesiastical career, was to be opened without the authorization of the Minister of the Interior—a Dutchman and a Protestant. The Philosophic College, whose establishment was decreed the same day, and entrance to which was made compulsory upon candidates for the priesthood, gave even greater offence, and the climax was reached when, two months later, the king—again without legislative authorization—decreed that Belgians who had studied abroad could not be admitted into the national universities, into the civil service, or to the exercise of any ecclesiastical function. The importance of these decrees is not the less because, in obedience to the outcries that were made against them, they were modified, and in the end revoked. They illustrate so clearly the tendencies of the Dutch administration that in them, if we have not found it elsewhere, we may discover a key to the situation which had come into existence in 1830. They help us to understand how it came to pass that in 1828 a formal alliance was made between the two parties who are to-day inveterate enemies. Difficult as it seems to realize the fact while the sounds of strife between clericals and liberals reach us from Belgium, there was established fifty-two years ago at Brussels an association known as 'L'Union des Catholiques et des Libéraux,' and it was this association which more than any other agency contributed to the overthrowing of Dutch supremacy in Holland.

We have spoken thus fully of the character of the *régime* which was in existence for the fifteen years that preceded the revolution of 1830, because it is a too prevalent belief that the revolt against the House of Nassau in the Low Countries was but the breaking of the wave which, a month before, had swept the House of Bourbon from power in France. The revolution of July may have been the signal for the revolution of August, but assuredly it was not its cause. Eighteen years later the Belgians remained proof against

the fever of revolt, while Germans, Italians, and Hungarians were being smitten with the irresistible influences of a new revolution in France. They obeyed the signal in 1830, not from a capricious desire to follow the latest French fashion, but because of their ever increasing consciousness that no good was to be got from a prolongation of the union with Holland. The riot at the Théâtre de la Monnaie on the 25th of August, coming as an unrehearsed but very realistic interlude in the opera *La Muette de Portici*, was the only theatrical incident in the great popular movement which won for the Belgians their independence. For the movement was serious, it was widespread, and it was persistent. However much the leaders may have been inspired by the example of the French liberals, the work was, in some essential respects, very different from theirs. Charles the Tenth was overthrown by the people of Paris; all Belgium had to take its part in the overthrow of William the First. The French Revolution of 1830 was a Parisian revolution; the Belgian Revolution was a national act, participated in at all points of the territory, though Brussels had peculiar duties during the three September days scarcely less sanguinary than the three July days of the French Democrats' calendar. It was pre-eminently the work of Young Belgium, as some even greater achievements on another scene, and in later times, were the work of Young Italy. There was the still surviving Charles Rogier, the Brussels journalist, with his battalion of three hundred volunteers; Chazal, the young officer who had barely reached manhood, and whose military services in the revolution earned him a general's commission a year later, that is to say, in his 25th year; Vande Weyer, the journalist, who afterwards became Minister of State, and for many years honourably represented Belgium at the English court; Nothomb, the young law student and journalist, who was the Abbé Sièyès of the Belgian Revolution, as well as its historian. Young as they were, these men gave the world no occasion for despising their youth. There were Cavours amongst them as well as Garibaldis—constructors as well as destroyers.

The end of September found the Belgians in possession of the whole of the national territory, with the exception of Luxembourg, Maestricht, and the citadel of Antwerp. But the responsibilities of success were only less onerous than the disappointments of failure would have been. The impulses which had worked for victory must now be held in restraint, or everything that had been accomplished by the revolution would be

undone. Holland had been vanquished, but the five greater Powers of Europe remained to be reckoned with. Thus the first lesson which the Belgian patriots had to learn was that their work had an international as well as a national character. This might, perhaps, mean that the Belgians would have to forego the absolute right to decide how or by whom they should be governed; and herein, of course, a sacrifice of very appreciable costliness would be involved. But the future would be to the wisest; and to the fidelity with which the men of 1830 embraced this great dogma of the gospel of opportunism was due the ultimate success of their work. It is difficult, indeed, to overestimate the merits of that sagacious policy which, in the very beginning of her existence as an independent state, won for Belgium the favourable regard of at least the greatest of the Great Powers. Europe could not be conquered as Holland had been; it must be conciliated, and this could only be done by giving prompt assurance that the triumph of the national party carried with it no menace to European order. The almost unanimous declaration of the Constitutional Commission in favour of a monarchical form of government disarmed many suspicions abroad. At home the impression which this declaration made was for a time less favourable. It was looked upon as reactionary. 'Ce n'était pas la peine de verser tant de sang pour si peu de chose,' said the one member of the Commission who voted against it. Nevertheless, the republican tendencies which showed themselves in the political society of Brussels and the larger cities soon exhausted their energies. The National Congress which met in November, after having proclaimed the independence of Belgium, reaffirmed the monarchical declaration which had been made by the Constitutional Commission with an even greater approach to unanimity than it showed in affirming a few days later the perpetual exclusion of the members of the House of Orange from the government of the country. Anything short of this unreserved choice of the monarchy would have been fatal to the new state. Even in Belgium there were many accommodating minds, whose fidelity to the national cause was momentarily weakened when the Prince of Orange, issuing from Antwerp a proclamation which recognized the principle of national independence, thereby opened the way for a transaction between the victors and the vanquished. Still more important was it for the leaders in the Congress to take account of the influence that a rash policy on their part might have upon the disposition of the Powers. We know, from a statement

which Lord Aberdeen made in the House of Lords a year later, that at the time the Wellington administration agreed to the assembling of a conference in London to discuss the Belgian question, they had in view no more radical change in the relationship of that country to Holland than a provision for its administrative independence.

It says much for the political wisdom, no less than for the diplomatic skill of the creators of Belgian independence, that though the Powers began by offering the country a political existence as restrained as that which the Congress of Berlin two years ago provided for Eastern Roumelia, they ended by acknowledging its right to complete independence. The secret of the patriots' success was that they never strayed far from the principle of solidarity of interest between Belgium and the European system. One error they did indeed make, when in February, 1831, they concurred in the abortive candidature of the Duc de Nemours for the throne. The new kingdom, if it were to endure, would have to be neither French nor German, Austrian nor English. Louis Philippe, flattered as he was by the selection of his son as King of the Belgians, was too wise to imitate Louis the Fourteenth's famous project for the levelling of the Pyrenees. He took a fortnight, it is true, to make up his mind upon the subject, but his rejection of the offer which the Belgian Congress had made to the Duc de Nemours was explicit enough. It saved France from war, and Belgium from the loss of her independence. Henceforward the intimate and essential connection between the dynastic and the diplomatic question was steadily kept in view at Brussels. In their search for a king, the ministers of the regency—for Baron Surlet de Chokier had been proclaimed regent in February—sought for one who should be *persona grata* to the European monarchies at large, instead of being open to the suspicion of representing the interests of any one of them in particular. The names of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had already declined the throne of Greece, and of Prince Otho of Bavaria, who was destined a year later to accept it, had already been 'mentioned.' Prince Leopold's candidature was favoured by M. Van de Weyer and by M. Lebeau, the young journalists who were at this time trying their 'prentice hands at diplomacy and statecraft. But it was looked upon with something worse than disfavour by the ministers of Louis Philippe. The suggestion of the Belgian envoy that Leopold be proclaimed on the understanding that he should choose a French princess for his consort, made Count Sebastiani, Louis

Philippe's Minister for Foreign Affairs, lose his temper. 'If Saxe-Coburg,' he said, 'sets foot in Belgium, we will point our cannon at him.' 'Very well,' replied the envoy, 'we shall then ask England to point her cannon at you.' Time and necessity, however, worked on Leopold's side. Before three months had passed, his candidature was nowhere confronted with open hostility. The English government declared that they would recognize any prince whose election would not be equivalent to a reunion with France. Count Sebastiani, abandoning the cannon-ball diplomacy which he had previously employed, expressed the willingness of France to accept any prince, whether Leopold or any other, whose election would not be hostile to her. At the end of April the obstacles that stood in the way of Leopold's election were obstacles which could be removed only in the conference room in London.

It is not necessary, in order to indicate the difficulties which at this stage confronted Prince Leopold on the one hand and the regent's ministers on the other, to refer at any length to the proceedings of the Conference which had assembled in London in the autumn of 1830. The Dutch had claimed the intervention of the Powers in a spirit of humility which contrasted very noticeably with their subsequent proceedings. At the end of December the Conference had admitted in principle the dissolution of the kingdom of the Netherlands, thereby making an important advance upon the concessions contemplated by the Wellington administration, who had left office a month before. The King of Holland protested against this act in terms which must have been intended to fall upon the ears of the parties to the Holy Alliance as an *argumentum ad homines*. It would 'compromise the stability of every throne and the social order of every state in Europe.' The next act of the Conference reversed the position of the two nations who were suitors in this High Court of Europe. The question of territorial limits and that of the distribution of debts had to be decided, and the decisions of the Conference on these matters, which are contained in the protocols of January 20 and January 27, put the Dutch in an acquiescent and the Belgians in a protestant attitude. This time of conflict in the Conference was a time of danger to the new state. The failure of the Nemours project had discouraged the liberals as much as it had encouraged the reactionary party. The refusal of the Powers to satisfy the territorial demands that the Belgians had made filled the more impulsive section of the nation with hostility towards the Con-

ference, which meant hostility towards Europe, and a cry for war was heard amid a population who had no army. The external situation was as perilous as the internal. Of the five great Powers, three were still exhibiting a lingering affection for the Orange cause, while England, through Lord Palmerston, was daily admonishing the ministers of the regency for their want of what in our day would be called 'sweet reasonableness.' Projects of partition were being revolved in the brains of Talleyrand and of others in France. Holland, it was conceived, might recover South Brabant and Limburg, and to France the southern provinces might revert: Luxembourg could go to Prussia. Thus there was no time to be lost if the independence of the country was to be preserved. It became clear to Belgian statesmen that there must be a new departure, and the line upon which it was taken was this—that the dynastic question should be settled promptly, and in such a manner as to divest the diplomatic situation of the dangers which enveloped it. The Leopold candidature was reverted to in all seriousness. A deputation of Belgian notables waited upon the prince in London at the end of April, and they learnt from him that his acceptance of the crown would be dependent upon a precedent agreement by the ministers of the regent in the bases of separation laid down by the Conference three months before. The condition was complied with by the Belgian government. On the 4th of July Leopold was proclaimed King of the Belgians, and the cause of national independence was thenceforward secure. The intimate interdependence that existed between the dynastic and the diplomatic questions was soon made apparent. Before the month had ended, the Conference of London had materially modified the terms of separation which pressed hardly upon Belgium. Provisional possession of Luxembourg was given to the new state, its ultimate disposition being left for future negotiation between the two Netherland kingdoms; and, by a system of territorial exchange, the whole or greater part of Limburg was to be preserved to Belgium. When it is remembered that the Conference had expressly declared that every one of the obnoxious provisions in the January protocols was irrevocable, it will be understood what Leopold meant when he affirmed in after years that from the first he had been a mediator between the European Powers and the country of his adoption.

The Dutch invasion—an act singularly in contrast with King William's intimation to the Conference a few months before, that a suspension of hostilities would be 'received



with gratitude' by the government of the Netherlands—gave the new kingdom *son baptême de feu*. King Leopold's inauguration at Brussels on the 21st of July, 1831, was followed within a fortnight by an advance of the Dutch, which the Belgians, despite their self-confidence, were altogether unable to resist. French help saved them, as at the end of 1832 it recovered for them the citadel of Antwerp; and the perils through which the kingdom passed in the first month of its existence left behind them lessons as well as regrets. Upon the king the incidents of August made very painful impressions. 'Cette malheureuse campagne,' he wrote many years afterwards, 'me fait journellement une peine affreuse.' But the army profited by it. Before the year was out the effective was raised from 25,000 men to nearly 90,000, and twenty years later, when King Leopold endeavoured to impress upon his ministers the necessity of jealously maintaining the national defences, he significantly wrote that 'a country cannot twice expose itself to the same danger without perishing.'

With the spring of 1832 the Belgian question, so far as it was a question between the new state and the signatories of the Treaty of Vienna, was at an end. Holland, having proclaimed her intention not to sacrifice her interests to a revolutionary phantom, and having prophesied 'the destruction of the European system and of the peace of the world' as the certain accompaniment of the events she was endeavouring to ward off, was unable to settle her differences with the new kingdom until seven years later. By the Treaty of London, of April 19, 1839, King William formally concurred in the destiny which the House of Orange had so courageously withstood, and thenceforward the work of Belgian diplomats was lightened. By this time the new kingdom had won for itself a status which some of the older monarchies might have envied. The coldness with which King Leopold's representatives had at first been received at the courts of some of the absolutist princes had long since disappeared. Belgium was no longer regarded as an irresponsible and dangerous ally of revolutionary France, as she was at Turin in 1832, when Charles Albert could trust himself to speak with her representative on no other topic than the Flemish school and the paintings of Quentin Matsys; when at Naples the king stammered out a few formal compliments, and the envoy in return ventured upon some vague generalities concerning the museum, Vesuvius, and the pretty uniforms of the Neapolitan army; and when at the Austrian

court Leopold's minister had to listen to the emperor bitterly upbraiding the liberals for 'despoiling Holland,' and reproaching himself for having 'consecrated injustice' by recognizing Belgian independence. These incidents are worth recalling, because we are able to contrast them with the frank expressions of goodwill which the conduct of the Belgians evoked in the same quarters in 1848, when almost every throne in Europe save that of King Leopold was shaken. In Berlin, where the governing classes were at the time sorely in need of some reassuring spectacle, 'all forms of admiration were exhausted' in doing justice to the attitude of the king and his people. The compliments of Metternich upon this occasion must be regarded as conveying with them the compliments of every upholder of absolutism in Europe. The old chancellor, alighting at Brussels after his ungracious expulsion from the country for which he had done so much of good and of evil, confessed that, after all, he had misjudged the Belgians. 'If we had known you better in 1831,' he said, 'we should have done better by you; but we looked upon you as an ungovernable set of fellows.' And so did many others, amongst others our own Coleridge, whose sneer at the men whom King Leopold undertook to reign over had better be forgotten.

The truth is that the Belgians had from the first shown that they were a very governable set of people indeed. They had the good fortune to solve in a year problems which it has taken the French nearly a century to dispose of. For, let it be remembered, even in the presence of those controversies which have ranged the nation into two opposing ranks, that no party in Belgium has shown a serious disposition to question the fundamental principles upon which the system inaugurated in 1831 was based. There are ardent liberals in Belgium—republicans even—but they are wise enough to concern themselves little with those first principles which Frenchmen have such a fatal tendency to bring without ceremony into the too fierce glare of political controversy. It is not many years since an eminent republican—one of the deputies for Brussels, we believe—gave an unintended exposition of that spirit of opportunism which so powerfully contributed to the consolidation of the monarchy in its early days, and which has resisted all the efforts that intemperate partizans have made to entirely extinguish it in later times. 'It requires a very small effort,' this gentleman said, 'for a republican with sincere convictions to say that he does not regret the republic when he has the happiness to live under a monarchy at

the head of which is placed a monarch who, like Leopold II., observes sincerely and loyally the constitution. The king himself has too lofty a spirit to believe that there is in Belgium a single republican who can wish for his overthrow.' We do not know that any form of eulogy which could be passed upon the two Leopolds, and upon the constitution under which they have governed the Belgians, would be more impressive than this.

When Leopold the First, on the day of his inauguration, told his subjects that he had no other ambition in coming amongst them than that of making them happy, he laid down for himself a programme which few people thought he would be able to realize. It was not altogether *con amore* that he accepted the part which the constitution assigned him. His own belief, which he had not hesitated to express to the deputation who waited upon him in London in April, 1831, was that it gave the lion's share to the legislative power. Nevertheless he loyally accepted the part which the constitution assigned to him, taking care, however, that the first example of kingship which was to be given to the Belgians should be something very different from that of a *roi fainéant*. The constitutional monarchy was, in his hands, something different from the best of republics. Without for a moment infringing upon the prerogatives of his parliament, Leopold exercised a very palpable personal influence upon the external and the internal policy of his country. If he appeared at times to have the portfolio of foreign affairs in his own care, it was well understood both at home and abroad that the king was the one man in Belgium who had a complete grasp of the facts and principles which went to make up the European polity of his day. And not by knowledge and judgment alone was he qualified for the task which he thus assumed. There was no unreal boasting in the remark which he made to some of the survivors of 1830: 'You have made Belgium, but I have introduced her to her neighbours.' His position, indeed, in regard to the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe was unique. Connected by his first marriage with the royal family of England, and by his second with the house which during half his reign ruled in France, his influence at the two Western courts was of the closest and most personal kind. In Germany and in Russia he was remembered as the first of the German princes who had joined the army of liberation in 1813. In his youth he had been the companion of Alexander the First. He had been in as

close relationship with Greek revolutionists as with the great and small autocrats of the Holy Alliance period. He had known Castlereagh as intimately as in later years he knew Palmerston, and if Metternich was among his acquaintances, so was Melbourne. Had not destiny called him to a throne, his vocation might fitly have been that of *amicus curiæ* in the High Court of Europe.

We should add little to the common stock of knowledge concerning Belgian politics were we to give anything like a detailed account of the working of parliamentary institutions in that country during the past forty-nine years. All that we propose to do is to explain the position in which the two parties stood to each other in the early days of the constitutional monarchy, and the conditions under which they have been in controversy ever since. The revolution, it will be remembered, had been made by a combination between the clericals and the liberals. The two parties, urged by very different motives, had worked together for a common end. When that end had been attained, they parted company, and the allies of 1830 became in a few years two opponent parties, very evenly balanced, and each 'hating the other for the love of God.' It seems a pity that political controversy in Belgium for well-nigh half a century has been so largely mingled with theological passion. The clerical question crops up in every argument as persistently as the head of King Charles the Martyr claimed attention in every memorial that Dickens's madman attempted to write. No matter what the subject may be that is under review—whether it relate to education, to the administration of charity, to municipal or provincial administration, to the construction of roads, bridges, and canals, the clericals must take one view of it, and the liberals must take another, and railing accusations are exchanged between the parties in a spirit little in accord with the national motto—*L'union fait la force*. The late king made many efforts to moderate the antagonism that showed itself between the two parties as soon as the external problems which he and the parliament had to solve had been disposed of. Coalition cabinets had served until 1840; for while the question in dispute with Holland remained unsettled, there were powerful reasons for clericals and liberals to observe a truce. The fall of the De Theux administration in 1840 marked the termination of the armistice; and the conflict became severe when the Lebeau cabinet, which was altogether liberal, found itself at issue with a clerical majority in the senate. Once more the old spirit of com-

promise which had done so much for the country was invoked, and a mixed cabinet, with M. Nothomb at its head, came into power, signaling its term of office by passing the education law of 1842, the law which gave place to the measure so fiercely debated in 1879. The more permanent tendencies of political society at this time were on the side of the clericals. The influence of that party, both in the cabinet and in the chambers, was sufficiently strong to fix a decidedly clerical character upon the education law of 1842, thereby winning for it the unreserved approval of Pope Gregory XVI. The conciliatory policy which M. Nothomb endeavoured to sustain, and after him M. Van de Weyer, had to be abandoned in 1846 when the clericals obtain exclusive control of the administration. But M. de Theux's re-accession to office released the more moderate of the liberals from the restraints under which they had been held for the past five years. The clerical ministry had from the first to contend against a very determined opposition in the chambers, and to be something more than watchful spectators of a liberal movement out of doors which some amongst the conservative classes regarded with dismay. Scarcely had M. de Theux been in office a month before the principal electoral association of Brussels convoked a congress of delegates from all the liberal associations in the country. What was the impression produced upon timid minds by this step may be gathered from the letter which Louis Philippe wrote to his son-in-law on the mere announcement that the meeting was to be held. 'C'est sur la table du conseil que je vous écris,' he hurriedly begins, and then, recalling his old experience and the revolutionary storms through which he had passed, he says that the liberal congress convoked for the 14th of June reminds him of nothing less than the Commune of Paris in 1792, dictating from the Hotel de Ville to the National Convention at the Tuileries ('après la disparition de la royauté,' he ominously interposes) everything that it was pleased to decree. His ministers, it appears, were as panic-stricken as himself, for there was a Guizot amongst them, and we need not be surprised that Louis Philippe should have been able to confirm his own terrors by theirs. He had referred the case to them, and there was but one opinion in that august circle of councillors who were even then leading the constitutional monarchy in France to ruin. The liberal movement was 'altogether incompatible with the legal government of the country.' Happily the good sense of Leopold was proof against the counsels of

unwisdom, and even of violence, that came to him from Paris. To the one prudent suggestion that Louis Philippe had offered him he scrupulously paid heed. He kept in close accord with his ministers. For the rest he relied upon the good sense of the nation, and upon the efficacy of a constitution which had already been proved to be a no less sufficient guarantee for public order than for public liberty. Perhaps if Louis Philippe had been as trustful of his subjects we should have had no 'Mr. Smith' landing at Newhaven two years later. The most serious result of the liberal congress in June, 1846, was the defeat which the clericals sustained next year, when the liberals entered into the electoral contests strengthened by this new organization. Serious, indeed, the event appeared to Louis Philippe, who again sent evil monitions to his son-in-law, counselling resistance to movements which he affected to regard as vicious, and, in fact, giving him advice which may here be summed up in the words, 'Do as I do.' Leopold entrusted the liberal leader, M. Rogier, with the formation of a new ministry, albeit that that statesman had announced as his programme '*une nouvelle politique*;' and he repaid Louise Philippe's attentions by expressing his own concern at the danger which that monarch was courting by making resistance the master principle of his policy. We know the answer he got. 'I am too firm in my saddle to be unhorsed either by the Bonapartists or by banquets of cold veal.' And we know which of the two kings was at this time the more in need of advice, and which was the less competent to give it.

Belgium, in 1848, was the one bright spot in a continent darkened by conspiracies and tumults, by the discontent of peoples, and the distrust of their rulers. Her neighbours had cast out the king who had too long maintained the vicious policy of resistance; her own king was in his capital, confiding in his people, and almost the only sovereign in Europe whose throne and person were removed from danger of attack. An incident which occurred early in the year will suffice to show how cordial were the relations that subsisted between Leopold and his subjects. On leaving the palace one day the king was the object of a demonstration which was described in the newspapers next morning as '*vraiment émouvante*.' An officer who was in personal attendance upon the king declares that the people crowded around his Majesty and 'one by one shook him by the hand, and that at least two hours passed before he could liberate himself from this almost too affectionate demonstration of

popular loyalty. And thus, at peace with the world and with herself, the young kingdom passed through the year of revolution influenced in no way, except for good, by the commotion which was taking place across her borders. When, indeed, a few years later the twenty-fifth anniversary of the king's accession was celebrated by a magnificent series of fêtes, Leopold was able to compliment the nation upon the steadfastness with which it had pursued the path of constitutional progress, without being turned aside by either the revolutionary or the reactionary influences which had been so potent in Europe since 1830. In twenty-five years, he told a deputation from the Chambers, 'Belgium had accomplished the work of a whole century, in moral as well as in material order.' And yet the 'model state' had to pass through its moments of folly. The elements of strife were always present so long as there remained a pretext for raising the old anti-clerical cry in political warfare, and on no occasion—not even in the fierce fights of later times—were these elements more angrily made use of than in 1857, when the De Decker ministry introduced a bill for regulating the administration of public charity. The ministry, which was formed of moderate Catholics, had to withstand the opposition of the ultras of both parties. There were strange spectacles in the Chambers and in the streets. The Prime Minister accused the ultra-Catholics of intolerance, and of forgetfulness of the first principles of the constitution. Outside the legislative building impatient and excited crowds assembled, and when, after a debate extending over twenty-seven sittings, the papal nuncio and the Catholic leaders were hooted as they left the Chambers, the passions of the contending parties were aroused to a dangerous pitch. On the next day the agitation extended to the provinces, and the king, in consultation with his ministers, declared that order must be maintained, even if recourse were had to a state of siege. 'Understand, gentlemen,' he said, 'the parliamentary régime has been brought to an end, for the constitution has been violated—yes, violated. I have kept my oath for twenty-six years, and now I am released from it.' The constitution, however, survived the perils of those days. The Chambers were prorogued, and the agitation subsided, but it was so evident that the Charity Bill was exceedingly unpopular, that the Prime Minister, M. de Decker, declining, as he said, to be 'the Guizot of the Belgian monarchy,' resigned before the opening of the session of 1857–58.

For the remainder of his reign Leopold

the First was associated with liberal ministers. The annals of the kingdom during these years are brief, for the few sounds of strife that were heard were little more than the lingering echoes of an old quarrel. It was a calm eventide into which the old king's life now entered—an eventide cheered by the retrospect of a well-spent day. When in April, 1865, he wrote to one of his ministers, 'I have been a happy king,' he summed up a national as well as a personal experience, for the happiness of kings and that of kingdoms go together. For nearly fifteen years another Leopold has reigned in Brussels, following faithfully in the ways of the first. Thus far he, too, has been a 'happy king.' His task has been less arduous than was that of his father, and perhaps the highest praise that can be conferred upon him is that he has been content with the inheritance upon which he has entered. The character which was impressed upon the monarchy during Leopold the First's long reign has been maintained under his successor. If the present king has lived somewhat below Mr. Carlyle's standard of kingship, he has at least lived up to a standard of which his subjects heartily approve. And this is by no means because opportunities for asserting a personal influence upon the course of public policy have been wanting. The Belgians have learnt many things since 1830, but they have not found out a way to moderate their party hatreds. Go into the Chamber of Representatives at Brussels, and you will in vain search for the 'Centre.' A Belgian politician is a man either of the Right or of the Left; he is clerical or liberal; and the warfare of the two parties is one in which no quarter is given. Considering the distribution of party forces in the country and the spirit in which they are arrayed one against the other, it is as surprising as it is creditable to the good sense and tact of Leopold the Second that he has kept out of all the quarrels of the past few years. Not even an autograph letter from the Pope, in which Leo the Thirteenth recalled the personal friendship that subsisted between Leopold the First and himself during the time of his nunciature in Brussels, has sufficed to make the present king a party to the never ending conflict between the clericals and the liberals in Belgium.

In the present state of society in Europe it would be rash to declare that any provision whatever would have effectually guarded the neutrality of the soil of Belgium in the war between the civil and the ecclesiastical power. The constitution of 1830 cannot be said to have contributed to the dissensions which for the past forty years have

disturbed Belgian society. Complete liberty of worship, and of education, the abstinence of the state from all interference in ecclesiastical administration, and the equality of all creeds before the law—these provisions of the constitution may well have appeared to its authors to be guarantees against disturbances on the score of religious rights and grievances. Into the ‘might-have-beens’ of history and of politics it is always rash to enter; but it may fairly be asked whether much trouble would not have been spared if a consistent development had been given to these enlightened principles. Looking back upon the course of events in Belgium, it seems to us that the articles of the constitution which deal with religion were widely departed from, firstly, in the education law of 1842, whereby a privileged and even a controlling position in the public schools was assigned to the Roman Catholic clergy; and secondly, in the establishment of diplomatic relations between the government and the Vatican, whereby the Belgian parliament ignored, if it did not contradict, the spirit of the constitutional direction that the state shall interfere neither with the nomination of the clergy nor with their correspondence with their superiors. If these errors have been in any great degree the causes of subsequent difficulty, the legislation of 1879 and the more recent diplomatic rupture with the Vatican have abundantly expiated the offence.

These events may be taken as practically one episode in a conflict which began in the earliest days of the monarchy. The war broke out afresh in the summer of 1878, when a defeat of the Catholic party under M. Malou opened the way to a return of the liberals to office. Scarcely had M. Frère-Orban been installed at the head of the liberal government than a measure was brought in for the amendment of the electoral law in the rural communes, where the priests were almost supreme—a measure conceived with an intention avowedly hostile to the clericals. Amongst other indications of its purpose may be cited the clause which disfranchised about two thousand curés who lived rent free. The head and front of the liberal offending, however, was to be presented a few months later. In the speech from the throne, in which King Leopold opened the session of 1878–79, mention was made of the determination of the ministry to introduce a measure for the amendment of the education law of 1842, the main principle of which was to be that ‘the instruction given at the expense of the state should be placed under the exclusive direction of the civil authority.’ This was not so much

a new departure in the system of public education in Belgium as a return to the course marked out in the constitution. That the liberal contention to this effect was sound and reasonable is proved by a very plain implication. No sooner had the debates on the education law begun than the clericals in the Chamber of Representatives and in the press set about denouncing those articles of the constitution which define the relations of the State with the Church, notwithstanding that their fathers were amongst its authors. The attitude of the clerical party in these days, in fact, makes us doubt whether they can fittingly inscribe *semper eadem* upon their banners. At any rate, we may put in contrast with recent denunciations of the constitution the eulogy which Montalembert passed upon it in 1852.

Belgium (he says in his eloquent work, ‘Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle’) has preserved more faithfully than any other country the manners and institutions of the old Catholic world. Thus she has been called upon to be the first to apply the conditions and to gather the fruits of Catholic action in modern society. Her nationality, nobly reconquered, rests upon a constitution which her Catholic children have had the glory to give her and to defend faithfully until now. She has consecrated all the aspirations and all the conquests of Catholicism in modern times—the absolute independence of the Church, the free choice of bishops by the Vicar of Christ, and complete liberty of instruction and of association.

We have not space to inquire into the reasons why the Belgian constitution meets with an appreciation from the Catholics of to-day so different from that which it invited from their predecessors. But it is plain that having begun with the maxim of a ‘free church in a free state,’ they have at length adopted the more ambitious principle of an absolute church in a state deprived of the means of resisting its pretensions.

There were, it must be admitted, some very cogent reasons for the determination with which the education law of last year was resisted by the clerical party, though it may be doubted whether they were justified in pouring upon it the shower of wrathful epithets through which it had to pass. For, after all, what is the fundamental provision in this ‘*loi de malheur*,’ as it is named? The article in dispute—the fourth—is not too long to quote, and we think that English readers, even those who are most attracted to the principle of denominational education, will fail to see in it the evidences of an essentially irreligious origin or of a necessarily anti-Catholic tendency.

Religious instruction (it is enacted) is left to the care of families and of the ministers of various creeds. In each school accommodation shall be put at the disposition of ministers of religion, where they may impart religious instruction to the children of their communion who frequent the school, either before or after class time.

From this enactment, according to the clerical party, there must result a system of godless education. '*L'école sans Dieu*' was the phrase which they chose in order to represent to their people the character of M. Van Humbéek's bill, and the 'banishment of God' from the schools of the state was the theme of sermons and speeches, of episcopal letters and newspaper articles. The clerical argument was summed up by the Minister of Public Instruction in a speech which he delivered in the Chamber of Representatives on the 19th of May, 1879, in which, with great sarcasm, but no unfairness, he observed—

To open a school where the teacher shall be strictly enjoined to wound no belief, to scrupulously respect the convictions of all, to avoid troubling the most delicate conscience—that is called opening irreligious schools! To preserve liberty of conscience, to leave to all, teachers as well as pupils, every facility for performing the duties of their religion—that is called undermining Catholicism! To encourage and assist religious instruction by providing accommodation for pastors in every school—that is called a fraud!

It would be too much to expect that experience of the new system of state education will for some time to come moderate the antipathy which the Belgian clergy have shown to it. This antipathy received formal and official embodiment in the instructions to the parish priests drawn up at a meeting of bishops at Malines in the autumn of 1879, according to which parents who without sanction send their children to the public schools, masters and mistresses of such schools, professors and pupils at the normal colleges, and members of the school committees, are deprived of the sacraments of the Church. A more audacious defiance of a government within its own domains could scarcely be offered, and its audacity is not the less because it was only by accident that these extraordinary instructions were made public. For a time, indeed, it was hoped that the bishops were acting alone. Cismontanism and Ultramontanism appeared to have exchanged cloaks. All the violence seemed to be on this side of the Alps, all the moderation on the other. Had not Leo *Senza Dente* succeeded Pío Nono? Was it likely that the mild and prudent pontiff who had already censured the attacks which certain of the faithful had made upon a con-

stitution by whose liberties they daily profited would approve of so plain a declaration of war against the government of King Leopold? There was, assuredly, a pretext for the confidence which people put in the moderation and good sense of the Pope. The Holy See, so Cardinal Nina informed the Belgian minister at the Vatican, had proved its good disposition, not only by abstaining from associating itself with the manifestations of the clergy against the new law, but by giving counsels of calmness and moderation. These counsels were offered at a time when, as Mr. Frère-Orban declares, the clergy were making the churches resound with the seditious invocation: 'From schools without God, and from masters without faith, deliver us, O Lord.' The scant attention that was paid to the admonitions of the Vatican seemed to us at the time to be a strange manifestation of obedience to an authority claiming the submission of the faithful, '*Non solum in rebus, quæ ad fidem et mores, sed etiam in iis, quæ ad disciplinam et regimen Ecclesiæ per totum orbem diffusæ pertinent.*' A local hierarchy seemed in its violence to be in conflict with a pontiff ineffectually pleading for peace and moderation in a matter essentially belonging to the 'discipline and governance of the Church.' No wonder that in November, 1879, the newspapers published a telegram from Brussels announcing that the clerical party were in consternation at the proof furnished by the papers laid before the Chamber of the Pope's disapproval of the bishops' procedure in regard to the new education law. But the consternation of the clericals, where it had a real existence, was but short-lived. A secret diplomacy, it began to be affirmed, had been carried on side by side with the regular communications between Belgium and the Vatican. If the affirmation insinuates a charge of duplicity against the Vatican and the hierarchy, the clerical party have no ground for complaining of it, since it was in their own newspapers that it was confidently and repeatedly made. We have no actual proof of the existence of this secret correspondence. What is very clear, however, is that the attitude of the Vatican ostensibly changed at some period subsequent to the passing of the education law in June, 1879. A week before M. Frère-Orban made his remarkable statement in the Chamber the pontifical secretary of state had written to the nuncio at Brussels, declaring that there never had been nor ever could be any difference of opinion or disagreement between the bishops and the Pope. And a few months later there was read in all churches in Belgium a letter

from the Pope to the Archbishop of Malines, commending the faithful of Belgium and their bishops for the efforts they had made 'to prevent, or at least to attenuate, the disastrous consequences of the scholastic law, which is completely opposed to the principles and provisions of the Catholic Church.' The withdrawal of the Belgian minister from the Vatican was the mildest measure of retaliation to which a government thus assailed could resort. It has, moreover, given legitimate satisfaction to a long-standing claim of the Belgian liberals.

In the conflict between sacerdotalism and democracy which still rages, for the moment silently, but not the less persistently, we are liable to forget that in Belgium there is, above and beyond the party spirit, a national spirit, strong, healthy, and abiding, under the impulse of which Catholics and Liberals, Flemings and Walloons, are welded into one nation. More than once during the present reign the safety of the kingdom has been menaced by the arms or the policy of her neighbours, and each time she has passed through the ordeal strong in her own unity and in the guarantees with which Liberal and English statesmen of a past generation had been mainly instrumental in surrounding her. When, in 1869, Napoleon III. endeavoured to acquire possession of the Luxembourg railway (obviously for strategic purposes), and people in Paris were talking about an imminent occupation of certain points of Belgian territory, all parties rallied round M. Frère-Orban, and sustained him in his successful appeal to the guarantors of the kingdom's neutrality. So too in the following year, when the outbreak of war between France and Prussia awakened fears that Belgium might have to serve its old function of cockpit of Europe, the Belgians learnt then how precarious their position had been since 1867—how Louis Napoleon had conspired in that year against the independence of a neighbour the neutrality of whose territory he had in terms promised to respect, and how necessary it still was to adhere to the spirit of the national motto. The incident has as important a place in our history as it has in theirs. If the Belgians are satisfied with the course that their own statesmen took in that anxious time, we English have at least equal right to look back with contentment upon the co-operation which our own government offered them—a co-operation which was in keeping with the best traditions of British statesmanship. The events of 1870 will most usefully remain in the memory of the Belgians if they serve as reminders that, in her maturity as in her childhood, their

country has interests and relationships which are not confined within her own borders. Concord at home, and a careful surveillance of events on the other side of her frontiers, should be the cardinal points of her policy. For the Benedetti project is one of the events of history which is not impossible of repetition, even though its author has disappeared from the scene.

THOMAS J. BENNETT.

#### ART. V.—*The Christian Church and War.*

IN the course of the recent debates regarding the wars which this country had been carrying on in Asia and in South Africa, frequent allusion was made by the opponents of the wars to the attitude of the Christian Church. They complained that the Church maintained an unworthy silence in a crisis when it ought to have lifted up its voice in emphatic protest against a policy by which every principle of Christian morality was outraged. The complaint was sometimes made in unfair and exaggerated terms. When, for example, Mr. Frederic Harrison—whose services we do not wish to undervalue—declared in the pages of 'The Fortnightly Review' that no help was to be looked for from the Christian Churches in the conflict in behalf of oppressed races, for that the Churches were abandoned to an immoral view of war, he forgot that some of the earliest and most earnest protests against the policy which he detested proceeded from the organs or representatives of the various sections of English Christians. Not to speak of the almost unanimous disapproval of the warlike policy of the late Government by the organs of Nonconformity, the columns of 'The Guardian' contained every week remonstrances against it, which even Mr. Harrison himself could hardly have expressed with greater force. But although it was stated with exaggeration, there was enough of justice in the complaint to make those hear it with uneasiness to whom the honour of the Church is precious. We were sometimes unwillingly reminded of the priest and Levite in the great parable—as ministers of Christ maintained a cold silence at a time when sceptics and heretics were pleading with passionate earnestness for the oppressed peoples. It is an error to imagine that the Church has been more indifferent than its wont during the late wars. The contrary is the case. Those who have compared the state of opinion during the last two years

with that of former periods, cannot have failed to observe a marked progress of a sentiment antagonistic to war in all sections of the Christian Church. But a good deal of neutral feeling, and even of positive approval of warlike enterprises, is still to be found within the Church.

Were we not accustomed to its existence we should reckon it an extraordinary paradox that a sentiment in open contradiction to the teaching of Christ should continue to exist in His Church. The avowed object of war—the destruction of men's lives, as well as the consequences which flow from it; the sufferings of the non-combatants; the secular feuds between races and nations which it leaves behind it as an evil heritage, all render it an offence alike against the Christian conscience and the commands of Christ. Voltaire, in his mocking fashion, once asked the clergy of his day why they were at so much trouble to preach against single vices and crimes while they left war untouched, which embraced all crimes within itself. The reasons for their silence are not, we believe, altogether so discreditable as Voltaire supposed; nor are they to be dealt with merely by means of sarcasm and invective. Fully to understand the causes of the neutral attitude of the modern Church towards war, it is needful to go back to the Middle Ages, and beyond them, and to mark the gradual formation of a Church tradition on the subject of war under the influence of special circumstances. We must understand this tradition, for tradition is always a potent factor in the Church, even in those sections of it who suppose themselves most untraditional, and this mediæval tradition seals the lips of many who, if they followed their own better impulses, would plead frankly and earnestly against a warlike policy being pursued by a Christian nation.

The subject of the relation of the Christian Church to war is not only of great practical importance, it has a speculative interest for the student of the history of morals. The history of the relationship is a curious example of a great society completely, or almost completely, abandoning one of the leading moral ideas of which it was the representative, and becoming so hostile to it that it persecuted those who ventured to maintain it. It is a prerogative of the Church, however, to recover its lost ideas by means of fresh inspirations, and there are some signs of such a recovery by it at the present time of its long-lost spirit of peace.

It is scarcely needful to show that the mission of the Church was to promote peace among mankind. Christ commanded His disciples to love their enemies, and thereby

show their kinship to the Heavenly Father; and He also urged upon them to make it their special work to re-establish peace among those who were at variance. It was in this sense that its mission was understood by the primitive Church, by which war and bloodshed were regarded with utter abhorrence. Tertullian boasts that although the Christians were a vast host, who could have raised a formidable revolt against the empire, they had chosen rather to endure persecution patiently. He also considered it a subject of congratulation that no Christian had ever been concerned in the assassination even of evil emperors. The reluctance of the Christians to serve in the army was made the foundation of a charge against them that they were a people hostile to the empire. Origen answered the charge not by denying that the reluctance to serve in the army existed, but by saying that as a host lifting up praying hands to Almighty God, they served the empire better than by fighting its battles in the field.

On the conversion of Constantine the attitude of the Church towards the State was considerably altered. But the sentiment regarding war, although it changed, did not change suddenly or completely. If we except Eusebius, who certainly spoke of the wars and victories of Constantine in terms of almost profane admiration, the fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries, although they did not wholly condemn war, yet gave to it but a hesitating and timid approval. Chrysostom and Ambrose perceived that the use of the sword was necessary to preserve society from anarchy, but they evidently felt it difficult to reconcile it with the theory of Christian life which they found in the New Testament. The boldest apologist for war among the Church fathers was St. Augustine.

What is the evil in war? (he writes in his reply to Faustus). Is it the death of some who will soon die in any case that others may live in peaceful subjection? This is mere cowardly dislike, not any religious feeling. The real evils in war are love of violence, revengeful cruelty, fierce and implacable enmity, wild resistance, and the lust of power and such like; and it is generally to punish these things, when force is required to inflict the punishment, that in obedience to God or some lawful authority good men undertake wars. . . . A great deal depends on the causes for which men undertake wars, and on the authority they have for doing so; for the natural order which seeks the peace of mankind ordains that the monarch should have the power of undertaking war if he thinks it advisable, and that soldiers should perform their military duties in behalf of the peace and safety of the community.



Several reasons led St. Augustine to express a more decided approval of war than the other fathers of the Church. In the first place, he found himself under the necessity of defending the wars of Moses against Faustus and other Manichæans. Secondly, he had himself sanctioned war, and even religious persecution, in the case of the Montanists in Africa, against whom the Catholic party invoked the aid of the civil power. Besides those reasons which had their origin in his outward circumstances, there were tendencies in his profoundly meditative and speculative mind which led him to look at all events with the eye of a religious philosopher rather than as a practical moralist. The thought was ever present to him that all things were ordained by God, and that out of all God was bringing good. His faith could discern good even in the darkest events of human life and history. This tendency of St. Augustine to view all things from the high standpoint of religious philosophy frequently exercised an unwholesome influence upon his judgments on ethical questions. By his anxiety to vindicate the ways of God, he was sometimes led to vindicate what had its origin in the wickedness of man. The result is that the authority of the tenderest, most devout, and in all respects most noble-minded, of the Christian fathers, is appealed to, and not without justice, as having encouraged and used persecution and other barbarous and unchristian customs.

The painful perplexity with which the fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries generally speak of war shows how deeply they had been impressed with the words of Christ on the subject. They felt that the use of the sword was needful, but were oppressed by the feeling that when a man who had himself received God's forgiveness unsheathed the sword of vengeance against even a guilty fellow-man, he was in some danger of falling under the same condemnation as the unmerciful servant in the parable. Hence their dislike of war, and their shrinking from all personal responsibility regarding it. A curious illustration of this is to be found in one of the letters of Gregory Nazianzen, who records the shrinking with which he touched the hand of the Emperor, when invited to his table, because it was a hand that had shed so much human blood. It was expressly forbidden to the clergy to use the sword. St. Ambrose, who vindicated the lawfulness of war in certain circumstances, writes, that for him as a priest of God it was not lawful to oppose force to force; and on one occasion he refused to encourage the people to resist what he con-

sidered a wrong that had been done them. Christians engaged in military service were considered to occupy a lower place in the Church than those engaged in peaceful occupations. According to one of the canons of the Council of Nice, those Christians who after abandoning the profession of arms afterwards returned to it, 'as a dog to its vomit,' were for some years to occupy in the Church the place of penitents. An additional proof of the strong sense entertained by the Church fathers of the unchristian character of war is to be found in the frequent assertions that Christianity had diminished war, and had lessened its horrors. Athanasius finds a proof of the Divine power of Christianity in the circumstance that the Goths, who before lived a life of constant warfare, settled down to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, after embracing Christianity. Christian apologists often referred to the alleged clemency shown by Alaric to captured Rome—the clemency of that 'mildest and most Christian of kings' being attributed by them to the reverence felt by him for the chief seat of the Christian faith.

So long as the Church was confined to the old empire it showed no disposition to encourage the practice of bloodshed—a practice from which it had itself suffered much. It was among the Teutonic races of the north that it first manifested warlike propensities. The conversion of these races was in many respects the grandest achievement of the Christian Church. They possessed the faculty of reverence, the *charisma* of young races which is the foundation of all religion, and they bowed before the 'white Christ' of whom the missionaries spoke in the spirit of genuine devotion. They were truthful and courageous, and their morals were better than those of the effete inhabitants of the dying empire. But they were emphatically men of blood. Their religion, which was an apotheosis of war, their traditions, and their habits all combined to render them the most warlike people of the earth. The chief difficulty, therefore, of the Church was to teach them to love peace. There is no reason to doubt that the early missionaries sincerely deplored the warlike spirit of their converts, and strove most earnestly to abate it. According to a well-known story, the Gothic Bishop, Ulfilas, showed his sense of the special weakness of his Teuton converts by refraining from translating the books of Samuel and Kings into their language, as he did the rest of the scripture. His reason, we are told, was that they contained 'the history of wars: and his nation was already very

fond of war, and needed the bit rather than the spur, so far as fighting was concerned.' If the missionaries who first laboured among the northern nations did show a certain toleration to the warlike habits of their converts, it was only in the spirit in which Moses bore with 'the hardness of heart' of the children of Israel; and they did not cease to cherish the hope that wars and feuds would presently disappear before the gentle influences of Christian teaching.

Most unfortunately for the future of European morals a change took place in the views of the Church. The clergy under Chlodwig and Charles the Great occupied a different position from what they had when they were wandering mendicants, with no property but a copy of the Psalter and of the Gospels, and no home but heaven. They became an important corporation, possessed of property which had to be preserved and increased, and they had moreover theological enemies whose mouths they desired to stop. Wars brought to the Church material gains. The services of its ministers were much in request to bless banners and weapons of war, and to offer up prayers for victory. And when the war was over rich spoils were sent to the churches by the victorious kings, partly to manifest their thankfulness to Almighty God for the victories granted to them, partly to make atonement for the excesses they had committed in war. The desire to destroy the power of heresy was another reason which led the clergy to countenance war. This hatred of heresy exercised an influence upon those who were above the vulgar love of spoils. They regarded heretics as equally beyond the pale of salvation as the heathen. And a bloody war was not considered too great a price to pay for the destruction of the power of Arian bishops and clergy who were destroying men's souls by their teaching. Wars against Arian peoples were represented in the light of holy wars, for which the combatants would be rewarded by Heaven. The 'nursing fathers' of the Church entirely acquiesced in the way of thinking which enabled them to acquire merit in heaven, and at the same time to gratify their own ambitious wishes. The most Catholic, but most sanguinary king of the Franks, Chlodwig, made the Arianism of the Visigoths a pretext for declaring war upon them. The war which followed has been thus described by a modern historian—

It is too little to say that this war was undertaken with the approval of the clergy; it was properly their war, and Chlodwig undertook it in the capacity of a religious

champion in all things but the disinterestedness which ought to distinguish that character. After engaging his selfish ambition in their cause, the clergy had carefully inculcated that his success must depend upon the favour of the God of the Christians and the support of His ministers. Remigius of Rheims assisted him by his countenance and advice, and the Catholic priesthood set every engine of their craft in motion to second and encourage him. In the passage through the patrimony of St. Martin of Tours, a few stragglers had robbed a poor peasant of a little hay. When the offence was reported to the king, he furiously drew his sword to punish the delinquents on the spot, exclaiming aloud, 'What hope have we of victory if St. Martin be offended!' Emissaries were dispatched to the shrine of the saint with many rich presents, and among them the king's best charger, to obtain from him some certain token of his favour. The messengers had scarcely stepped across the threshold of the church, when the precentor, seemingly by accident, chaunted forth a verse from the eighteenth Psalm: 'Thou hast girded me, O Lord, with strength unto the battle; thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me.' The men returned to the king with this encouraging response. Chlodwig pressed forward in full reliance upon the protection of the saint.\*

In the crusades of Charles the Great against the heathen Saxons the clergy acted the same part as in the wars of Chlodwig. They encouraged 'the apostle by the sword' when he forced Christianity upon a reluctant people, and offered them the alternative of baptism or death.

Throughout the entire Middle Ages a close alliance existed between the soldier and the priest. Instead of being divided, as they had been in the Church of the fathers, by an almost impassable gulf, they generally appear in the Middle Ages as close confederates. The great evil of this alliance was that war was elevated into a sacrament, and its issues represented as a sign of the special favour of God towards the victorious party. Indirectly another evil consequence resulted from this alliance. The clergy, as we learn from Gregory of Tours, represented the kings as responsible to God alone, and not to their peoples. This increased their own power over both; for as representatives of God they demanded the obedience of the kings, and could through them command the people. This innovation on the wholesome traditions of the Teutonic races bore evil fruit in the after history of Europe. 'The right divine to govern wrong' may be said to be an invention of mediæval bishops.

\* 'The First Book of the History of the Germans.' By Thomas Greenwood. London. 1886.

The Church of the Middle Ages never entirely lost an evil conscience in its encouragement of war. The clergy were forbidden by many councils to engage in it; but the prohibitions were not always sufficient to prevent the ecclesiastical princes from appearing at the head of their retainers, and even from mingling in the fight.\* There were times at which the Church woke up to the evils of war, and preached against it. This was sometimes due to a revival of Christian feeling, but it was as often caused by dislike of particular wars which were disadvantageous to the Church. For instance, when Philip the Fair desired to levy contributions for his wars from the clergy, he met with a determined opposition from Boniface VIII., who dwelt with much unction upon the evil of war, its dangers to the souls of men, to good government, and the ruin it brought upon the finances of the country. But such protests could not have much weight when on other occasions the clergy were found preaching crusades, stirring up reluctant kings to lead their people to the distant battle-fields, and even parting with their hoarded treasures to furnish men with arms to slay the infidel. The spread of more enlightened and humane views on ethical and social questions was one of the best fruits of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately it did little to lead the nations of Europe to take a graver view of the evils of war. One of the Reformers, and he by no means the most zealous, Erasmus, clearly perceived the evil effects which wars were calculated to exercise on the life of nations. He declared that almost all the wars of Christendom had arisen either from folly or wickedness, and he pointed out, with his usual clear-sightedness, the various evils which are indirectly caused by war. But circumstances arose which diverted the thoughts of the Reformed Churches from this subject. The attempts made by Catholic princes to repress the Reformation drove most of the Protestant nations to arms. Religious wars of the fiercest character raged throughout Europe, and the ministers of the Reformed Churches naturally sympathized with those who were fighting for civil and religious liberty, and for the Protestant faith. They could scarcely have been expected to preach a doctrine of non-resistance when the ruthless liegemen of the Papacy were combining their forces to destroy the Protestant re-

ligion and free institutions. Many of the best of the Protestant leaders were possessed by the thought, and it gave dignity and elevation to their lives, that they were fighting the battles of God in resisting the Spaniard and the Pope. Gustavus Adolphus, William of Orange, and Cromwell are examples of that combination of religious faith with military ardour which the religious wars produced. The ministers of the Protestant religion did not commonly themselves fight; but they gave their warm sympathy to those who fought for their faith; and they may be said in spirit to have mingled in the fray. The prayer for the Queen's Majesty in the Book of Common Prayer contains a petition that she may be strengthened by God 'to vanquish and overcome all her enemies.' Modern critics have sometimes questioned whether such a prayer, however natural and patriotic, is quite in its place in a book of Christian and Catholic devotion. But those who dislike it should be thankful that they did not live in other days. The present prayer is but a faint and feeble echo of the hatred to the enemies of England and of Protestantism, which were to be heard in the churches of England during the days of Queen Elizabeth. The spirit of the maledictory Psalms seven times heated breathes in the following intercession for the realm of England, which we extract from a book of 'Liturgies set forth in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,' which was published some years ago by the Parker Society.

Forasmuch, O Lord, as this discord abroad reacheth almost to the throat of our Church and common weal, and that the enemies, O Lord, especially those that have the mark of Antichrist, seek to build like the moth in another man's possession and garment, and seek to swallow up thy people as a grave; make, O Lord, we pray thee, a hedge about us and thy house, and let thy Church be like Salomon's bed, about the which there was always a watch, and let the fruit of the English Church be meat unto others, and the leaf thereof medicinable unto thy afflicted and scattered people. Break, O Lord, the *Hydra* his heads, or strangle him within his cave, that he do no more hurt. And forsomuch as thy cause is now taken in hand by our gracious Sovereign, we beseech thee that thou wilt go before her and her wise counsellor, the honourable Earl of Leicester, her highness' lieutenant in those countries, and grant unto him so good and honourable victories, as Josua had against the five kings, which sought to destroy the Gabaonites: fight for him, sweet Saviour, as thou didst for Abraham; and grant that as Josua overcame Amalek, that sought to hinder the children of Israel, by the prayer of Moses, that our noble counsellor, valiant soldier, and faithful servant of her Majesty may prevail and vanquish thy

\* We read of an Archbishop of Mainz who once slew nine foemen with his own hand, but not with the sword; for 'that would have been contrary to Christ's word to Peter,' but with a club.

enemies, which disturb thy peace, and afflict our poor neighbours of the Low Countries.

In another prayer from the same collection, the Christians of England pour out their hearts in this fashion to the Majesty of Heaven to implore His help, against enemies without and within the realm.

They determining to deliver us over to the tyranny of that shameless sinful Man of Rome, and the bloody sword, conspire against thee, O God, like hypocrites, against our Queen like traitors, against our common country like spoilers, against us, even as Cain did against Abel. But thy great goodness hath devised better for us, than they do: thou hast spared us, whom they would have spoiled. Thy wisdom hath unfolded their wickedness . . . work out the good work which thou hast begun among us. Confound and bring to naught the attempts of these and the like enemies, as thou didst at Babel. Infold them in the folly of their own counsels, as thou didst Achitophel. By thine Angel smite their force, as thou didst to Sennacherib. In their desperate attempts let them be drowned as was Pharaoh. In their treasons overtake them as thou didst Absalom. If any of them are to be converted, turn them as thou didst turn Manasseh. Otherwise let them feel their due punishment as did Dathan with his conspirators; that of these also may be left an example of thy justice to the posterity.

Without passing a sentence of rash blame on those who fought the grim battle of Protestantism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or on the ministers of religion whose counsels and prayers were their real encouragement, we may regret that the Protestant churches were cradled in war. In Germany and in France, in Holland and in England, the early history of Protestantism was a martial history. The saints of the early Church had been patient sufferers whose lives read the lesson to those who came after, that the duty of Christians was to 'take it patiently,' when they suffered wrongfully. The memory of the saints of Protestantism was associated certainly with great sufferings and with noble sacrifices, but also, let us frankly say, with great exertions to inflict sufferings on their enemies. The *Re d'oro*, as Italians called him—Gustavus Adolphus—with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, is a typical representation of the sainthood and heroism of early Protestantism. The Confessions of Faith drawn up in the Reformation and in post-Reformation eras, also show the bellicose spirit of early Protestantism, by explicitly claiming for the State the right of waging wars 'under the New Testament;' while the exhortations to peace, and to the cherishing of a peaceful spirit, are less conspicuous than we might have expected in

documents which were essentially of religious import, and designed for the guidance of Christian communities.\*

It was unquestionably a misfortune that the Protestant Churches of Europe began their existence with so feeble a sense of the duty of a Church to endeavour to repress warlike instincts in its members. The histories which they had behind them made it difficult for the Protestant Churches to speak the truth on this subject without blaming, or seeming to blame, those who were regarded with almost idolatrous veneration. Nor was the Church of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and of the eighteenth century, much disposed to take up any cause, the championship of which required moral courage and moral enthusiasm. The ministers in the various countries considered themselves as in the service of the State; and were its thoroughly loyal and patriotic servants. They championed in ghostly fashion whatever wars the states in which they lived undertook. The Protestant minister, it must be admitted, was as ready with his Thanksgiving Sermon for the victories of a profligate war, as the Catholic priest was with his *Te Deum*. Indeed, the latter was probably the more independent of the two, because of his allegiance to Rome.

Certain bodies of Christians, especially the Quakers, continued to protest against war, even addressing remonstrances to parliaments and ambassadors amid much laughter; but the larger Protestant Churches remained indifferent, or if not wholly indifferent, too hopeless to lift up their voices. The most powerful protests against war during this period did not proceed from the Church but from the philosophers. It was an age of reason, and was easily offended by the unreasonable. Its philosophers exclaimed against war because of its unreason. They despised it as one of the follies of humanity. They perceived with their illumined eyes how frivolous were the pretexts under which unfortunate peoples were dragged into hostilities which carried desolation to thousands of homes, and injured in every department the higher national life. Bayle in his Dictionary often dwells upon war and

\* Doceant igitur, quod Christianis jure bellare, militare, lege contrahere, tenere proprium. Damnant Anabaptistas, que interdicunt hæc civilia officia Christianis. Damnant et illos qui evangelicam perfectionem collocarunt in desertione civium officiorum.—*Confessio Augustana*. Quid si necesse sit etiam bello populi conservare salutem, bellum, in nomine Domini, suscipiat, modo primus pacem modis omnibus quæsierit, nec alior nisi bello suos servare possit. Damnamus Anabaptistas, etc.—*Confessio Helveticæ*.

its fruits. The latter are such, he says in one place, as should lead them to tremble who undertake to advise war to prevent evils which perhaps may never happen, and which, at the worst, would often be less than those which necessarily follow a rupture. Voltaire also often satirizes war, ascribing it to the ambitions and jealousies of princes and their ministers. He is very merry over the part played by the Church in the 'infernal enterprise.'

Every chief of these ruffians (he writes) has his colours consecrated; and solemnly prays to God before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in a battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth while to thank God for it; but if, besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so far favoured by Heaven as totally to destroy some remarkable place, then a verbose hymn is sung in four parts, composed in a language unknown to the combatants.

It is not a matter for surprise that neither philosopher nor satirist produced much effect upon the warlike propensities of men. Neither have ever been very successful in subduing the tempestuous passions of mankind. Men admit the justice of the philosopher's condemnation, and they laugh with the satirist at their own crimes and follies, but they go on in the old course. The philosophers of the eighteenth century cherished the mistaken opinion that war was exclusively the work of a few princes and ministers, who dragged unwilling peoples into them to gratify their own ambitions.\*

It is certainly a gain for the cause of peace that those who suffer most in the war—the people—should be able to control it. But we must not arrive too hastily at the conclusion that the democracies of the future will be peaceful, and that all the wars of the past were only the work of kings and their ministers. The wars could not have continued so long had not the people sympathized with them. An enthusiasm for war has often taken possession of nations, and they have voluntarily made tremendous sacrifices in order to fight to the bitter end. Democracies are often as passionate and ambitious as monarchies, especially when inflamed by the harangues of their orators. The calm, philosophic reasoner may demonstrate the folly of war and the advantages of peace, and yet, finding himself silenced by the angry storm of popular passion, he may have to exclaim with the poet—

\* Cowper gave expression to the same thought when he wrote—

But War's a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at.

Unsinn, du siegst, und ich muss untergehn!  
Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

Erhabene Vernunft, lichte helle Tochter  
Des göttlichen Hauptes, weise Gründerin  
Des Weltgebäudes, Führerin der Sterne,  
Wer bist du denn, wenn du, dem tollen Ross  
Des Aberwitzes an den Schweif gebunden,  
Ohnmächtig rufend, mit dem Trunkenen  
Dich sehend in den Abgrund stürzen musst!

Dem Narrenkönig

Gehört die Welt.

More may be expected from the Church, for the Church does not appeal simply to man's reason, but likewise to his fears and his hopes, to his reverence and his love, and has proved itself stronger than philosophy in subduing human passions. It is often said that in our age the influence of the Church has greatly declined. It is true that the dogmas of the Church are no longer received with the same implicit but often unthinking faith which formerly was given to them. But that the Church has less influence over the spirits of men now than formerly is not so certain. It may be doubted if there ever was a time when it was so likely to be successful in a great moral crusade; for whatever be the faults of our time, there is abundance of humanity and quick sympathy among us. Success in such crusades would be the best answer to those who question the Church's doctrinal authority.

It has been denied by some whose judgment it is impossible not to respect, that the Church has a right to speak on the subject of peace or war, because it belongs to the sphere of the State, not of the Church. One of the ablest theological writers of our time—the late Canon Mozley of Oxford—held this view and defended it with his usual fearlessness of statement in one of his 'University Sermons.' He admits that at first sight the relations of Christianity to war present an extraordinary enigma; for it presents the spectacle of brethren in Christ killing each other deliberately, on an immense scale, by weapons and engines which have been long and systematically improved with a view to the highest success in destruction. Notwithstanding this obviously unchristian character of war, Canon Mozley will not allow that the Church has a right to interpose its authority, even by way of remonstrance. Christians must be allowed 'to fight each other in full spiritual communion.' The reason for the Church's neutrality is that, although by means of the Church mankind was formed into one spiritual society, national divisions were left untouched.

The Christian Church recognized and adopted nations with their inherent rights;

took them into her inclosure. But war is one of these rights, because under the division of mankind into distinct nations it becomes a necessity. Each of these is a centre to itself, without any amenableness to a common centre. Questions of right and justice must arise between these independent centres; these cannot be decided except by mutual agreement or force, and when one fails the other only remains. . . . And, inasmuch as the Church has no authority to decide which is the right side—is no judge of national questions or of national motives—not having been made by her Divine founder a judge or divider in this sphere, the Church cannot in her ignorance exclude the other side either. The Church, therefore, stands neutral, and takes in both sides; that is to say, both sides fight within the bond of Christian unity.

Granting—and we do not question it—that nations have a right in certain circumstances to draw the sword, if the Christian Church is a teacher of morality, and a judge also in the moral sphere, it cannot forego its claim to decide whether a particular nation is exercising a right or perpetrating a wrong. Self-defence and the preservation of one's own property is as much an inherent right of the individual as war is an inherent right of nations. The Church is not the tribunal which settles the questions affecting life and property which arise between individuals. In this sphere it is not the 'judge and divider,' nevertheless, in order to exercise aright its special duty as moral teacher and moral judge, it must come to some conclusion regarding the actions of men accused, say, of murder or of theft, but who allege that they were merely exercising their right of self-defence, or reclaiming property that was their own. If this were not the case, thieves and murderers would be allowed to go on their way 'in full spiritual communion,' the Church having no power to remonstrate with them or to excommunicate them. A school of earnest Evangelical Christians, who have little in common in other matters, with the profound Oxford High Churchman, agree with him in maintaining that the Christian Church should have nothing to say on the question of peace or war, or on any national question, except, perhaps, to pass a vague sentence of condemnation on the nation as part of the world, and all its ways. This way of thinking is often associated with so much beautiful and self-denying Christian life that it is difficult to speak of it with severity. But we may be pardoned for saying that those who hold this theory are not usually very severe thinkers, and scarcely carry it to its legitimate conclusions. The truth is, that it is less possible than ever it was for men

to escape the responsibility of national actions. The responsibility begins when we pay our taxes, and it is not lessened by our refusal to use our influence that the taxes we have paid be applied to just and righteous objects. If we receive the advantages of civilization, we are bound also to accept its duties and responsibilities. A refusal to pay any taxes at all would be the truly logical consequence of this theory. To pay taxes, and then on Christian grounds to refuse to perform the other duties of a citizen, resembles the conduct of a merchant content to place his capital in a business, and to draw dividends, but declining on the ground of Christian principle to take any interest in the management of the business. The same remark applies to the objections made to service in the army. Christians may not unnaturally shrink from the actual business of slaughter; but as regards the moral responsibility, that of the tax-payer is the same as that of the soldier.

If the Church has the right and duty of speaking on the subject of war, especially on those wars in which its own members are directly or indirectly concerned, there only remains the question, What is the Church to say on the subject. Should the Church condemn war at all times and in all circumstances? This is the attitude taken up by some, and a good deal can be said in behalf of it which looks very plausible. Unquestionably many passages of the New Testament appear to sanction it. We are unable, however, to adopt a position which in its extreme form would lead to the dissolution of human society. Against the brigand who takes his station on a high road to rob travellers, the magistrate employs that sword which St. Paul says is committed to him. And one nation may in a spirit of pure brigandage assail another, and to yield would merely strengthen it for a similar act in future. A nation bent on brigandage must be met with armed force. But it is one thing to concede that sometimes force is necessary to repel persistent aggression, and quite another to fly to arms when a neighbouring nation shows itself to be in an aggressive mood, or even commits an act of aggression.\* Dr. Wayland, an American writer, who takes up, however, we think too ex-

\* We have not thought it needful to say anything in condemnation of purely aggressive wars, which are condemned by all moralists and jurists. 'Every just war is a defensive war, inasmuch as every just war supposes an injury perpetrated, attempted, or feared.' Paley and Grotius expressly condemn an attack on a neighbouring power made 'through a fear of our neighbour's increasing strength.'

treme a position in opposition to war, has said with much force of hostile aggression—'I believe the aggression from a foreign nation to be an intimation from God that we are disobeying the law of benevolence, and that is His mode of teaching nations their duty in this respect to each other. So that aggression seems to me in no manner to call for retaliation and injury, but rather for special kindness and goodwill.'

This aspect of the question is worthy of consideration, although the author may have pressed it too far. Not all acts of aggression—we may say, not many acts of aggression—are originally prompted by deliberate designs to spoil or ruin the nations against which they are directed. A quarrel between two jealous courts, a feud between rival ministers, may readily lead to an insolent, defiant act; or the popular sentiment may have been worked up by foolish speakers or writers into a state of angry jealousy against a neighbouring people. Aggression met in a conciliatory spirit often disappears as suddenly as it arose. And a power which always sought to meet aggression in a spirit of magnanimous conciliation would probably never be obliged to engage in war. The public opinion of Europe would render war against it almost impossible. A Quaker writer, in answering the statement that war is unavoidable, has asked the pertinent question: 'Has any nation fairly made the experiment and failed? Where is the country that has regulated its conduct by that justice, that liberality, that love, that humility, and that meekness which Christianity requires, and has yet found war unavoidable?'

When civilized and powerful nations like England come into close proximity with barbarous or half-civilized races, there is a special need to exercise a lofty forbearance as well as an indulgent gentleness. Those whom we have to do with have much of the child nature in them—are foolish, capricious, jealous. It is easy for an ambitious soldier or a crafty governor who desires war to construe their acts into aggressive designs, and to attack them; and unless there be wise and firm statesmen at home to keep a close watch on their representatives and check them, a nation like England will always be at war with the weak races that swarm on her distant frontiers. But if, instead of putting an evil interpretation upon every childlike movement of the savage, we exercise forbearance and kindness, the natural jealousy which these races feel for the intruding stranger may yield to better feelings, and we should give to the world a great example of a wise, merciful and yet successful exercise of that great tutelage of

racess which has been committed to us. The English have been often called the Romans of the modern world. They resemble the old masters of the world in their matchless capacity for governing half-civilized races. By a policy in which prudence and audacity are curiously mingled, they can keep millions of men in subjection. They resemble the Romans also, it is to be feared, in their scorn for the people whom they govern, and in want of sympathy with them. In reading the history of the early conflicts of Rome with the Teutonic barbarians, it is manifest with what scorn and cruelty the Romans treated them. The open-eyed men of the north were disposed to admire the all-conquering Empire, but the Empire knew of only one policy, and that was always and everywhere to assert its own ascendancy. And before the races whom they had caused to hate them, they finally fell. A treatment of other races in which our own superiority is constantly asserted cannot fail to leave feelings of rankling dislike in the minds of those subjected to it, and will not be compensated for either by the bestowal of the advantages of good government or by lavish almsgiving. The offended manhood of a nation will not be conciliated either by a plentiful supply of capable civil servants, or by numerous relief works in time of famine.

The Christians of England could perform no higher service to their own country and mankind than to endeavour to introduce something of the forbearing spirit of which their religion speaks into the relations of their country with the numerous barbarous races with which it has to do. But some are frightened by the idea of a political Church, if it spoke on national questions. We believe that if the sense of its moral vocation were stronger in the Church than it is now it would be less, and not more political. Men and Churches which profess to be non-political do often nevertheless support parties because they receive from them certain pecuniary or ecclesiastical advantages. It would be more seemly if Churches, filled with a sense of their moral vocation, kept themselves from all indissoluble alliances with political parties, and if all political parties knew that in the pursuit of an unchristian policy at home or abroad they would have opposed to them the entire Christian sentiment of the country. And there is no part of the national policy so much as its wars which requires close watching and anxious scrutiny by those who wish England to lead the van of moral civilization of the world. And this is especially the case when the wars are with 'inferior races;' for, as we have already said, unless

public opinion exercises a strict scrutiny of the initiation as well as of the conduct of such wars, they are apt to be left in the hands of soldiers burning for active service, or of civilians anxious to distinguish themselves by acts of annexation.

The present moment seems favourable to a step forward being made in opposition to war, especially against wars waged against the weak. The English people are suffering at present from a fit of nausea. Like all Teutons, they are a fighting people; but they are not mean and ungenerous. They were fooled into the belief that in invading Afghanistan they were encountering Russia; but when the fooling was over, and the real state of the case was disclosed, it became evident that the shooting of fugitive Afghans, and the burning their villages and stores of winter food, was the task to which the Government of England had sent its soldiers. Then came the revulsion of feeling. And when the still more miserable war against the Zulus followed, and English soldiers were sent out with an abundant store of the deadliest and most scientific weapons of modern warfare to mow down a gallant tribe of naked barbarians, then, for the first time in their lives, many Englishmen felt unable to hear of the victories of the forces of England without any feeling but sorrow and shame, not to say regret. Another reason why the opponents of war should take a step forward at present is that some of its advocates have done the same. In older and ruder days, when education and information were less diffused, men really believed that in all wars their own country was in the right. The average Englishman in the days of George III., believing all foreigners to be rascals, and Frenchmen particularly, found no difficulty in praying and fighting for the success of England. This indiscriminate backing of one's own country is no longer possible, unless on principles which imply a cynical contempt of political morality. And this has been the tone of those who lately defended the wars of England. A strong empire must crush surrounding barbaric weakness. England has the strength of a giant, and it must use it like a giant. This was the political morality to which we had often to listen during the 'imperial epoch' which has suddenly come to a close. In such morality there is a deeper wickedness than in the insensate English patriotism of the days of Pitt and Dundas. The downfall of the late Government was a subject of congratulation to all who take a serious view of national affairs. Those who were interested in the material prosperity of the country, as well as those who desired to

see an improvement in its political morality, rejoiced together when the greatest and most just statesman of modern times took the place of Lord Beaconsfield. None had greater cause to rejoice than the opponents of war; for no prominent European statesman cherishes a deeper dislike of wars than Mr. Gladstone. They derange his budgets, and they grieve his conscientious and noble spirit. The course of the present Government since its accession to power has shown the pacific spirit of its chief. Offended Austria was pacified by a few words of graceful apology, which Mr. Gladstone had the courage to make. We are no longer in Cabul, and it is to be hoped that our evacuation of Candahar is not far distant. The firm insistence on the part of the present Government on the carrying out of the terms of the Berlin Treaty is another evidence of a desire for peace, as well as of a sagacious comprehension of the only means by which peace can be maintained in South-Eastern Europe. Our policy in South Africa has been less satisfactory; and the Colonial Legislature has been permitted to plunge us into hostilities for which there is no justification; and from which we shall reap no advantage. This, as well as the hesitation regarding the evacuation of Candahar, are a proof of how difficult it is for the most powerful and just-minded minister to reverse at once the domineering traditions of Indian and English statesmanship. But the mere presence of Mr. Gladstone at the head of the Government is calculated to encourage those who are labouring to educate public opinion to a juster view of the responsibilities of war. No one can doubt that he will rejoice to find a pacific public opinion pressing with irresistible force upon his ministry.

The difficulty of successfully resisting the spirit of warfare in a race so warlike as our own need not discourage those who have watched the progress of moral reformation. All the follies and brutalities of the past, when they could no longer be defended as legitimate, were excused on the ground of necessity. Slavery, duelling, and such like, were so excused. Mankind, we were told, could not get on without them. But by the heroic efforts of a few, a public opinion was developed which rendered them discreditable, and they have vanished, or are vanishing, from the face of civilized Europe.

An argument is sometimes used to reconcile Christian men to war and to its horrors, of which it is difficult to speak with patience and courtesy. Wars have frequently been the means, we are told, of effecting much good. Divine Providence, it is said, has frequently made war the means of dissemi-



nating civilization, as was the case with the wars of Alexander the Great, whose invasion of the East forms a civilizing epoch in the history of the world. It is even added sometimes that war has proved a pioneer for the Christian missionary, and missionaries have, in some ill-considered utterances, accepted the camp-follower's position thus assigned to them. The answer to this is that war is certainly sometimes God's minister of vengeance, and even of mercy, to mankind. Plague and famine are also His ministers 'fulfilling His word,' and with them war is classed in Holy Scripture. If we would hold fast our faith in a Divine government of the world, we must sometimes dwell upon the manner in which good comes out of evil. But it is not to abate our zeal against evil that such revelations of the Divine procedure have been made. It would be wiser if, instead of speaking of God bringing good out of evil, we rather spoke of Him as producing good in spite of antecedent evil. It has been so in many of the instances cited of war having produced a new and more fruitful civilization. The latter was the result of the contact of races. The wars with which the contact begun were no necessary part of the process, but an evil and ill-omened introduction which shed unwholesome influences upon much of what followed. It is not necessary that men should always fight when they meet for the first time; and the nations which lead the civilization of the world may be naturally expected to encourage that policy which their wisdom and experience have taught them to approve. 'There are two ways of disputing,' says Cicero, 'the one way is by argument, the other by force; and the former being peculiar to man, and the other to beasts, we must have recourse to the last when the first cannot prevail.' We do not deny the necessity for the occasional employment of the 'brutal' method, but let it be only when the 'human' method has really been tried and has failed.

JOHN GIBB.

#### ART. VI.—*Materialism, Pessimism, and Pantheism: Final Causes.*

OF all self-contradictory teachers, surely the apostles of our new materialistic gospel are the most self-contradictory. They tell us in one breath that we can know nothing, that we must not dogmatize on the nature of things, because that is metaphysics; and

in the next breath they contradict themselves flatly by telling us that there is nothing but matter and force, which between them *explain everything*. Moleschott tells us that the 'affinities of matter' are the *schaffende Allmacht*, the creative Almightyness, and that therefore final causes are useless and absurd. Yet the 'affinities of matter' are pure ideas, and can be nothing else; and these are absurd out of a mind. It is only a choice between ideas then. Are the purposes we see answered—the elaborate contrivances, such as the fertilization of plants by insects—causes, or are they the preferences and dislikes of forces *inter se*? And what are forces but ideas? What are general laws but ideas of the common conceiving mind, or spirits of men? How odd that one should have to toss that ball back to Germany, Germany having tossed it over to us! But these ideas are inadequate to explain the facts. They are means to ends, and must be so regarded. They minister to higher ideas beyond them. Moleschott says that the organic and inorganic worlds are but a series of mathematically arranged results, a pure theorem in mechanics; nay, the whole history of the cosmos (men included) could be deduced *a priori* from the mathematical laws of the universal mechanism, if we had all the elements of the problem. What are mathematical theorems, if they are not ideas? All could be deduced *a priori* by a mind from mathematical ideas! and yet the whole (including the deducing mind!) is brute matter and blind force! chance! fortuitous concourse of atoms! entirely devoid of intelligence! Is not this the very flattest of all conceivable self-contradictions? Then *how* are we to draw out emotions, sensations, volitions, designs, aspirations after the infinite and ideal, conscience, the conceptions of Raphael and Shakspeare, out of one little box containing *only* mathematical theorems? Verily the inexhaustible bottle, the magic hat of the conjuror are nothing to this! and the blood of St. Januarius pales before the miracles of our new hierarchy! Talk of the incredible wonders of modern spiritualism, which no orthodox scientist or sober man of common sense, who values his reputation for sanity, dares believe in. At least, if this 'matter' makes us, and if we could deduce it from our own ideas, itself must surely be or possess *a priori* ideas; for we have them, and could make it out of them. Whence did we get them? From matter? Then must it not be like us—a thinker, a spirit, or many such? Personal? No! it is a blind, blundering brute! at one and the same moment this, and yet also entirely

subject to the necessary laws of thought. Strange monster, indeed! This god 'matter' reminds one of nothing so much as of the raree-showman's '*lesser wistle-wuffle*,' that could not live in the water, and died when it came on shore. 'These be thy gods, O Israel!' But this comes of crooking one's back over one small heap of dust—grubbing there, and then swearing that there can and shall be nothing in the universe beside, because one has grown bent and short-sighted one's self. Let Science keep to her own province, she will be honored and thanked as heretofore; but let her not intrude into the inner shrine of our temple to desecrate it. Or let her worship there, as we all do, with lowly eyes and bended knee. Science in her own province is a glorious and welcome revealer of God's truths, nor can we dispense with her wonderful revelations. Let her only be rightly, cautiously, and reverently interpreted.

Then Moleschott says, we must choose between God and His laws. If there be a God, He doesn't want laws, and if there be laws, they don't want Him. That is a simple dilemma, indeed! But why doesn't God want His laws? And how do there come to be laws without Him? How can there be an order without an orderer? And what if *we* do not seem to be the orderers? or at least, we may ask, who, or what orders the order of our thoughts? And if there be God, how should He be known to us but by His laws, His order? But then it may be asked, and fairly—atheists do ask—who or what orders His thoughts? The reply is, that His thoughts are not as our thoughts. They transcend our thoughts. They are the spiritual essence, or reason of our thoughts, which we cannot as yet fathom. But spirit is self-moving. There is a certain unreason in nature, and in us, I believe. That, however, is not in God, as God; it is in the creature, as out of God, as 'free,' spontaneously active, in the lower creaturely time-life. Indeed, the laws of the phenomena of matter are the laws of the self-government of spirit in creaturely time-life. But in order to get at the root and essence of these, we need to go beyond finite spirit, to the root and essence of spirit, that is, to infinite, universal Spirit. Büchner, in 'Science and Nature,' actually speaks of a 'pre-existing impelling form' in nature. Where does it pre-exist? In *Kraft* or *Stoff*? How does the Beauty and Reason to be realized exist in blind unconscious forces beforehand? There is no chance then? But what is this 'form,' or 'type,' if not *an idea*? And how can ideas exist out of a conscious spirit? Man must deify nature, recognize her mystic

divinity, whether he like it or no. The whole structure of his thoughts and language testifies to God, is impregnate with divinity. For he is a spirit, and God is Spirit. The language of final causes, nay, the employment of the idea of design or use to discover laws by, plays a greater part in modern atheistic science than in all the Bridgewater Treatises. Read Darwin on Fertilization, for instance. Only they say now that the perpetual uses we observe in nature are all systematically accidental and irrational—a contradiction in terms. 'Ah! but we impose our own ideas on nature!' Very well; then cease to talk of her as a blind mechanical god, for that is your idea too—and she evidently has no existence. For all you can know of her is your own idea of her. That all science proves. So either abandon your science, or admit that you are only amusing yourself among your own thoughts; and then we prefer ours, as more adequate to human nature and its practical needs, and therefore to nature as a whole; for man is a somewhat important part of nature. 'We never get on better,' admits Kant, 'than when we proceed as if there were God and the soul's immortality.' But you, perhaps, prefer to say, 'Nature corresponds to our ideas.' Very well, that is what I say; then nature has purpose, has ideas, is but the great symbol of God. But whence the 'ideas' that you amuse yourself in 'imposing on' poor nature? From the blind brute herself? How very odd! Moleschott, however, is so bold as actually to attribute to nature, in so many words, 'an end and design, a *τελος*' and yet to tell us in the next breath that she is blind force, and no more! Would it be believed? What next shall we be requested to swallow, metaphysical and religious absurdities being exploded? If all is chance—very well; think it who can. But if all is necessity, how can that be otherwise than ideal, spiritual, an order, reasonable? And there is (by the avowal of our opponents) *so much more than mere mechanical* necessity in nature. Besides, there is the awkward fact of *man* and all his powers, moral or other, speculating, discovering. Whence is he? 'A product of nature,' we are told, 'and nothing else.' Very well; then nature must be God, only imperfectly comprehended by us. But in presence of nature, none save the most arid, prosaic, stunted, narrow mind can be materialistic. I do not mince phrases. Upon all that we Christians hold sacred cheap ridicule and scorn is cast. I do not believe in the oily indifference, which means want of earnestness, and of which we have enough and to spare. Let both sides now

throw away the scabbard, and gird themselves to battle. All is at stake—God, humanity, justice, mercy, purity, affection, honour. And cannot we all see and feel nature for ourselves? Why should specialists have a monopoly of her secrets? She is not *their* mistress; *they* have not her confidence at all. They who love her know her best; to them she whispers; not to the irreverents and vivisectionists, who stare at her with brazen face, who would indecently expose her, and blab, and calumniate.

Then we are told that there is no vital force, only mechanical and chemical forces. Why is a vital force a more heretical metaphysical entity than a chemical or mechanical one? It is after all but a different application of the same energy; nobody ever supposed that it was a bogey, or anything else except that. We poor innocent metaphysicians are accused falsely of multiplying metaphysical *entia*. But spirits, selves, persons we know; and nothing else do we, or can we possibly know. What is the good of saying that 'naught is everything, and everything is naught,' that everything is identical with everything else, and that the highest can proceed from and come out of the lowest; and that causality is nonsense, or means something else, when all men's common sense rises in revolt at the strange sophistry that now passes itself off as a philosophy? If this is 'science,' 'science' is but a passing craze that, with all its airs and pretensions, mankind will soon enough relegate to the limbo of fools and folly, whereto it professes to have sent theology. We shall all go on believing that the lower must proceed from the higher, the less from the more, and not *vice versa*; we shall all go on believing that two and two make four, however unfortunate it may be that 'priests and tyrants' herein agree with us. No doubt Goethe's objection to teleology has some reasonable foundation. The sole end of cork-trees is not to stop ginger-beer bottles—yet why not *an* end? Final causes, in other words, are the interpretation our intellect puts upon the intelligible phenomena of nature; yet, though there is a higher end than these, though the final and most real end may be hidden, yet there are many ends, one within and by the other; and it seems quite unreasonable to deny that the ends actually answered are an integral part of the whole idea of nature. God indeed does not work as we fancy, and as we should work. But still purpose, contrivance are the truest interpretation we are able to put upon the phenomena; these put us in possession of the actual truth according to the measure of our ability to know it, much more than if we

stop at 'affinities,' and so on, which are but instruments subordinate to the idea, though themselves a part of it. There is not less reason, but more reason than we can discern in nature. Yet the less purpose we see is also included in the Divine intuition. The 'conditions and results' (the so-called 'facts') of positivism are also laws of thought, and can be nothing else, so it is perfectly arbitrary to stop at these; and if the higher idea that seems revealed in nature be a chimera, why should the 'conditions and results' be less of a chimera? If the spirit be untrustworthy at all, it may be untrustworthy in all. 'Trust me not at all, or all in all.' 'Happy dispatch,' or idiotcy and silence, are then the only logical attitudes for man. Let us grant Dr. Moleschott the present normal connection between phosphorus and thought, though Liebig does not grant it so readily. But we would urge that other forms of 'matter' may be, for all he knows, equally valuable in this connection. Besides, the real truth is, *No thought, no phosphorus*.

It is urged, indeed, that in some cases there is no design manifest at all, and in others that there is an evil or a foolish one. But in all cases there is the same evidence of design in this sense; that means are manifestly adapted to produce the ends they do. So far there is reason everywhere. Look at the adaptation of the organism to its environment, and of the environment to the organism. Look at the 'law of natural selection.' Why are there 'variations' in organization, and the preservation of those favourable to an organism, by the 'law of heredity'? How do not all these arrangements exhibit purpose? It may be said, 'But what of the organisms that are not favoured, and perish?' 'What of germs that never flower?' How do you know, I answer, that they do not fulfil their purpose? You mistake by fancying that they were meant to survive; you mistook their purpose. But they exhibit an order also; they live and die according to intelligible law, even as do those that survive, only the purpose is in their case less clear and manifest; that is because we do not know enough concerning them. Besides, the whole of the inorganic world, exhibiting law and constant order, causes and effects, seems to my mind to exhibit adaptation of means to ends, idea, purpose. We rely upon it, calculate what will happen, and act accordingly; and the organic is entirely founded on and nourished by it. It is merely that the idea or final cause of the inorganic is less clear to us because we are organisms, and chiefly concerned with the organic. But without the inorganic, how

could the organic be? Atheists do not explain how the human mind comes to be so related to the external world, that purpose is irresistibly suggested by the latter to the former, if there is no purpose or, at least, nothing intelligent corresponding, which in the human mind and action would be purpose.

Fate (or mechanical necessity), it has been said, causes all combinations, having infinite time to work in, and among them those that appear purposive. I answer, Mechanical necessity, atoms, and their constitution—these are ideas of ours; hypotheses, which are illegitimately assumed to be *veræ causæ*, if purpose is no *vera causa*; they are equally *our* conception. Again, unless you fall back upon *chance*, a conception expressly repudiated as absurd by Lange, one of the most philosophic of materialists, all these combinations imply causes adequate to produce them—say, the constitution of atoms. But to say that this atomic constitution has a tendency to produce purposive combinations *as well as others*, is merely to reaffirm what we deny. We argue that atoms have no such tendency taken by themselves, yet they are constantly, or very often, suggesting purpose. Witness the law of heredity. And this very imagined constitution implies an ideal order, a systematic arrangement. If it be said that they are so once for all, from everlasting, then I ask, What makes them move from one state of combination to another? Whence the change? There is nothing in the hypothetical constitution you point us to capable of taking them into an infinitude of new combinations one after the other. And why is this motion a harmony, an order, a system capable of being thought intelligibly? How is it reducible under reason if it have no principle of reason in itself? How have the atoms this appearance of concerted action if they are mere atoms, each acting on its own impulse? But an atom, a centre of force, with spontaneity, acting in a myriad different ways, *and in concert with others*, so as to produce a harmony, a system, an order, is surely either under intelligent guidance from without, or is itself a spiritual Ego, and highly intelligent. Does the original atomic constitution occasionally produce chaos, and not order? Nay, must not a constitution that can be thought as an ordered system always produce order? 'Necessity' means rule, order, subordination of effect to cause, and nothing else can be thought, because to think is to submit the object thought to the law and rule of thinking; nothing else can be affirmed intelligently. No thought corresponds to the mere word 'chance.' And

how could *the same original constitution* produce now chaos, now order? It could only be, *relatively speaking*, chaos, a lesser order, or an order not to us fully intelligible—yet still potentially intelligible—therefore order. But there is indeed a necessity of self-existence; only that cannot be an hypothetical phenomenal thing like those shifting atoms. That is unchanging, real, right, good, with a reality, rightness, and goodness above our thought, as we are now, though the source and substance of ours. That the purpose in nature sometimes seems to us evil or foolish is also true, as likewise that the purpose seems sometimes frustrated, as in germs that perish. But then I have admitted that all ends are but partially understood by us, and prove themselves means to further ends which we can often see to be good; and these, again, are means to ends out of our view. Often the end is not what we have supposed. Nay, there are many ends being answered even at the moment, besides the one we see.

Need we then limit, as Mill suggests, God's goodness, or His power? Now, Divine goodness is doubtless not exactly like ours; but must it not transcend, instead of falling below our ideal? It must include that, as being the inspirer and reality and source of ours. But are we judges of the ultimately best? Divine power in one sense may be limited. God cannot do otherwise than the best; and that best is what is, if we saw the end. He wills what is, and can will no otherwise; for what is is Himself, the Possible, the Real; and is real and right and true in itself; it flows from the eternal and perfect One. Though it may be truly evil in its present imperfect state, in its transition, as we know it now, relatively evil, God, willing and seeing it as part of the whole, which is its true essential state, wills always good and not evil. Whatever is is right; but that maxim may be abused by being misunderstood, for the evil is not; it is only as the illusive appearance of the reality to us. This St. Augustine excellently explains in his "Confessions." Yet it is false to say that God's power is limited, because absurdities and wrong are impossibilities, not objects of power; all that can be is. Do we really believe, with Alphonso of Castile and certain recent writers of verse, that *we* could give God some good advice?

Some profound pantheistic philosophers like Spinoza have not seen their way to admitting a personal immortality or a personal God. I apprehend that is because they have not grasped the idea of personality. Spinoza believes in one substance with infinite attributes, and infinite modes of those attri-

butes. 'The only attributes we know of, however,' he says, 'are thought and extension.' What fundamentally vitiates his philosophy is putting these side by side—whereas *extension is but a mode of thought*. These individual men he regards as modes of those attributes; and the modes pass, arise, and vanish, he says, while the substance remains. Yet if the modes all vanish which constitute the attributes, if these are unreal and illusory, must not the attributes be so likewise? And if the attributes are so, since these must be grounded in, supported, caused by, the substance, and express the nature of the substance, must not the substance be illusory also? And if so, all goes together. If Spinoza did not feel *himself* to be substance, how could he *conceive* this eternal substance at all? how could he know about it? To distinguish between substance and mode, the passing and the permanent, must he not have had the types of both in his own spirit? must he not have been both? and must it not have been in and through and by these very changing thoughts of his, whether as his, or as appearances to him of the outer world, that he got his idea of the eternal substance revealing itself in the attributes of thought and extension, and revealing itself in the modes of these? But can the spirit that knows the eternal substance, that *has the type of it within*, be other than that eternal substance? And if the thought and extension, if mind and the body through which and in which alone it can be known by men, and which are theirs, which are a part of them, if these are all in perpetual flux, if these are unreal and illusory, must it not be the same? Which is absurd, for then there is no thought and no thinker; for if there be no thought, there is no thinker. And, according to Spinoza, all particular successions of thoughts, being only modes, are equally unreal; but an addition of infinite negatives cannot make a positive—a thousand noughts do not make one. Our existence is in thought; and if that be unreal, then so is our existence, and we certainly cannot know that there is real existence at all. If we know it, we must have it; but we have it in and by thought. *Cogito, ergo sum* is a fair inference, though we know our existence, without inference, in and by thought. It is by thought Spinoza knows the real and eternal substance, yet he says thought is unreal and illusory; for if it flashes up out of nothing, and perishes the next moment, it must be so. Yet how can that which has no stability and permanence in it know the real and permanent? how image, how reflect, how conceive, how name it? But Spinoza failed to see that it

is only by means of this very flux of phenomena, by the intuition of its own identity amid the differences, and by the identity of type, by the similarity, by the recognition in memory, which its own permanent self establishes among different and successive phenomena, as well as by the comparison of such experiences with those of other similar self-identical permanent thinkers, whom it claims kindred with, and who awaken its own life, with whom it feels identity, union, fellowship, that it is only thus the spirit of the thinker can conceive of substance and its attributes at all; therefore not only must the substance be within, but thought and its modes at any rate must partake of the reality and permanence of substance. It was in fact the thinker, the person, the essential activity of substance that Spinoza failed distinctly to grasp. Himself the thinker was in his system, in truth, unaccounted for, left out in the cold, and he only accounted for a Somewhat, presumed to be a long way off from him, that he believed himself to be contemplating. He says indeed expressly that it is only for us, to our understandings, that substance manifests itself as thought and extension; in itself it has not these. Therefore evidently these, as well as we ourselves, are totally unconcerned in all this; and the part of philosophy that interests us has still to begin. We have thought and extension, and we know that we are substantial. In us substance *has* these attributes. If Spinoza says, it only *seems* to have, then we ask, Why? And to this we get no answer. It is thought that says all this about substance—that it only seems to have thought, &c. If thought itself only seems, thought can affirm nothing about itself, and still less about "substance." Shall thought repudiate itself? Thought is, or nothing is. Let us interpret it, if possible; this certainly is not the way. And who are we to whom, it is admitted, substance manifests itself in this illusory manner? Nay, substance may not be exhausted in us, and that of course I fully admit; but we cannot be illusion, we cannot but be permanent, nor can our thought be otherwise, for it is the only basis of our knowledge about this or anything else. What does this prove but that we have not got to the bottom of our own being, of our own thought? But the mere fact that we do not know how we existed before birth, or how we shall exist after death, the mere fact of these two shut gateways of our imagination is quite insufficient to show that we are bubbles, unsubstantial, modes, accidents, unrealities, "rain-bows on a cloud," as Hartmann has it—I mean on Spinoza's, or any other pantheistic

showing. The living spirit, as active source and basis of all phenomena, is not grasped at all in these systems; and yet the systems themselves were utterly impossible without this. If we are "modes," we and the modes must have somehow a permanent reality, which however our present understanding may be unable fully to comprehend.

What is really purposed by positivism and pantheism both, is to give a permanent value to the infinite procession of creatures which neither creature possesses. 'But a chain is not stronger than its weakest point.' Here they are *all* weak points!

But whatever be the common opinion of his doctrine, I believe that Spinoza held human immortality precisely in the sense that Aristotle held it (see *Eth. Th. v.*), and Aristotle held that the *vous ποιητικός* is immortal—the active, though not the passive intellect. What he meant by this we may have some notion of by remembering how he defined the Divine intellect—*νοησις της νοησεως*. And so in Part V. Spinoza speaks of the intellectual intuition, the pure divine contemplation, as surviving death. They both say that memory and discursive thought and affection perish with the body. That does not seem, as I have elsewhere argued, at all to follow; nevertheless, I have also argued that we must own with them these phenomenal modes of being not to be absolutely permanent. They have their reality in the action, reason, or intuition, which is permanent. But these thinkers did not recognize that our mortal faculties and acquisitions are transfigured and made substantial in that higher state, that they can by no means be destroyed, and hence that our inmost personality cannot perish. This is, of course, very important, because otherwise there would be no immortality of the person, the immortal lacking identity with the mortal. Now can there be indeed a preservation of individuality in the Divine? I answer, Yes; otherwise there were no individuality in the human. Persons are in the Divine in a transcendent sense that we cannot comprehend, because the lower of course cannot comprehend the higher, though the higher can and does comprehend the lower; in the higher there is the full noumenon and phenomenon, but the phenomenon is interpreted; the reason and meaning of it are manifest. (On this point see James Hinton's 'The Art of Thinking, and other Essays.') There can be no noumenon without phenomenon, any more than there can be phenomenon without noumenon. It has been rightly maintained that consciousness is impossible without subject and object, without distinction of knower and known.

The 'absolute' that is not relative is an abstract term only; and well may Mansel triumphantly break the logical shins of his readers over it. If we insist on defining God as the absolute blank effacement of all difference, as abstract unity, we must certainly, with Hamilton, Mansel, and Spencer, with Schelling and Hartmann, deny Him consciousness.

But, then, what is the use and meaning of Him? Why imagine a God at all? What rôle does He fulfil? Hartmann, indeed, elaborately explains that He does the most transcendent acts of wisdom in the world without any consciousness whatever. But really one cannot discuss so apparently nonsensical a paradox. If it were true, then Hartmann no doubt might make out his case for the non-immortality of man; for what is essential in us would be unconscious, and according to him consciousness arises from the unconscious in matter meeting, and opposing the unconscious in mind! He has what seems the most far-fetched, inconceivable, and inadequate explanation possible of *why* these two unconscious factors should become conscious on meeting at all, if they were otherwise in their own inmost nature. In this system there is indeed no difference between 'mind' and 'matter.' In fact, there is and can be neither. But consciousness is said to arise from the 'stupefaction' of these inconceivable and imaginary factors on meeting. Stupefaction and astonishment in the unconscious! But 'consciousness' is an unessential by-play, and a great mistake, and will soon come to an end, we are assured. Hartmann says that the 'forces within' come into contact with the 'forces without,' and that thence consciousness emerges. But what is the difference between forces 'within' and forces 'without,' if both are alike unconscious? There is none. 'Within' what? 'Without' what? Not within a person, for there can be no person before consciousness. As neither perceiving nor perceived, what *are* these forces? How do they ever emerge from their blank nihility? Why, there can be no object without a subject, no forces *without*, because there is no consciousness for them to be out of, therefore no external world, and no mental world, therefore nothing at all.

Should the Deity succeed in reducing Himself—or rather, should we succeed in reducing Him—by the extraordinary, absurd, and unintelligible process which the pessimists Schopenhauer and Hartmann endeavour to describe—to unconsciousness, what should prevent Him from becoming conscious (in creatures) again? Experience

of the mistake? How can that influence Him after He has become unconscious? Is it not to be feared that in the infinitude of past ages He has already made that grave mistake, as pessimists deem it, many a time, and that nothing can keep him from it, even if the suicidal aspirations of all creatures everywhere should become universal, of which there is no immediate probability? Extravagant as all this system—which has a considerable following, strange to say, in modern Germany—may be, the assumption on which it is based is very characteristic of the age—that the prevalent pain, misery, hopeless poverty of the masses, the hard, tyrannous graspingness of the richer and well-to-do, the general *ennui* and despair, or *welt-schmerz*, has no meaning beyond itself; that there are no rich sweetnesses in adversity, but that all is pure evil, as it seems, the only escape from which lies in returning to universal unconsciousness, for that pain grows with civilization, disease becomes more complicated and incurable, the nervous system becomes more sensitive to agony, and the desires of men become ever more antagonistic and irreconcilable. All is found out to be vanity and vexation of spirit, while it is proved that there is no hereafter, no compensation for suffering and injustice. Nor can inherited evil habits—*fate*—be broken through; men are slaves of sin for evermore. Ah! this commends itself to the weary man who suffers in himself, and feels the burden of all this unintelligible world; who beholds the shaping of weapons of slaughter, ever more terrible, the toiling lives of millions, stunted, irreclaimably vicious, born evil and with evil surroundings, deprived of all humanizing influences that can influence them, even external nature made black and hideous for them in their manufactories; who sees starving children moaning, tortured, murdered; the red heaps of mangled, dishonoured and groaning bodies on a myriad battlefields; and all the foul wrongs men do to one another—how they hate and bite and devour one another; our frivolity, too, our emptiness, our ephemeral span of life! Aye, but God reigns. He overrules the evil for the good of all His sons. He kills to make alive. To deeper and deeper abysses He leads, but only that the very root of evil may be destroyed, that Satan's unsatisfying lie of a self-life may be exposed in all the nakedness of its deformity, and contradicted before the universe once for all. Out of the eater comes forth meat. Christ Jesus has read for us the riddle of the Sphinx. Drinking the cup of the Father's wrath to the dregs, He has felt and pronounced it to be Love.

And if Faith can so drink the cup, she too shall smile with martyrs in the midst of flame.

But even Hartmann takes the material 'forces' far too *naively* as he finds them, instead of thoroughly investigating the concepts that are supposed to reveal them. Yet he is far too much of a philosopher not clearly to see that they are the very focus of intelligence; only he perversely chooses to say that this intelligence is unconscious. And he never asks himself the question at all whether all this material world is not mere phenomenon relative to the imperfection of our intelligence? He is satisfied with calling it unconscious, because we ourselves are not in the secrets of its consciousness. He curiously enough, however, admits that the orders of existences which appear to us—taking for granted that we know them quite adequately—*really are just precisely as they appear to us*: and so he maintains that protoplasm, cells, fibres, and all the zoophytes, &c., even atoms—if we mean by atoms centres of force—have a kind of consciousness. But he is again too much of a philosopher not to see that these detached grains of sensitiveness merely added together will not account for the order of the external world, and so he has recourse to his *unconscious consciousness*, to his unwise wisdom, to his unintelligent (or foolish?) intelligence—which is God! Having dug deep into the mines of consciousness for the noblest attributes of his own conscious spirit, he proceeds to place these outside himself, and endeavour (in words only, however, for nothing more is possible) to deprive them of that which is their essential and common *differentia*, consciousness; he proceeds to assert that, though in him and in all of us where he finds them they, of course, belong to conscious spirit, a personality, yet in the outer world, and in the common principle or root of both worlds (!) they exist by themselves deprived of consciousness. But at every step of his demonstration he really uses self-contradictory phraseology. It is far more self-contradictory than the flesh without the blood which Portia so aggravatingly insists that Shylock shall take, a distinction to which, as it always seemed to me, Shylock so reasonably demurred. The world is found to be one vast system of thought; only so can it be talked of, or conceived, or explained by science, and therefore forsooth the world is *without* thought, unconscious, has only the dead forms of it (whatever they may be), which no one can possibly conceive; yet the world is active, is alive. Is that only as a galvanized corpse? 'Nay,

but to be without conscious thought is more *welcome* than to be with it.' Well, we know the activity of our own conscious spirits, and we know a similar activity without us, with all the signs of consciousness about it. But this 'unconscious consciousness,' what is that? Must not this outer thought be conscious, if we only saw behind the appearances? Hartmann is solely misled in this matter by not seeing that our modes of consciousness may not be the only ones, nay, cannot be. I admit all that he says about the inadequateness of discursive, logical, successive, sensuous thought to account for itself. I have argued that elaborately in 'The Contemporary Review' (as against Berkeley and others), and shown that there cannot be a God possessed of such a mind as ours. But the source, the principle of sufficient reason, the cause, the reality of our time-thought can only be a transcendent intuition, a transcendent consciousness. And Hartmann, strangely enough, in some passages seems almost to grant this. The Eleatics and Neoplatonists have similar ideas about the One, the Source of All, which they say must be above being. But this transition from the one to the many is the difficulty. The conscious hierarchies of Neoplatonism do account for the world; but the one remaining unconscious even while manifesting itself in the many is a flight beyond the Eleatic or the Neoplatonist, and accounts for nothing; for the many clearly displays a pervading and all-harmonizing consciousness. An all-harmonizing intelligence Hartmann, however, urges need not be, cannot be, as ours. And that I cordially grant. But do not therefore most unwarrantably cut the very throat of your intelligence by calling it *unconscious*. Moreover, if the many, with its all-harmonizing intelligence, were not also in the One, the many, the world, we ourselves, should never emerge at all; there would be no many; we should not be. In truth, the One is zero, is nothing, without the many; the many are zero, are nothing, without the One. It is Hegel's glory to have demonstrated that the Relative is the True.

Indeed, the 'God' of post-Kantian German philosophy is no god at all. He does not implicitly contain the world, though He is said to bring it forth. He is no adequate cause. He is, in fact, merely the pure potentiality, the *hyle*, the matter, of Aristotle, and therefore really more impotent than the formed 'matter' of Materialism. This is a grave assertion, yet true. But you want the form, the *energeia*, the principle of motion or development, the idea, the spirit. One would think *this* was the right God, and

the vulgar, with their healthy instincts, are inclined to think so too. But this, with German pantheism, only comes *after*. This is apparently the result of the self-development of the *hyle*. Reason, says Renan expressly, is organizing God. Who and what then is this impersonal reason? An absurdity, a figment! And yet you never get further than the human spirit as it is now, the human soul as artist and as thinker, as Schelling or as Hegel. Schelling's *Indifference-point of subject and object* becomes first object, then subject. Why and where and how did it begin to do that, being but blank self-identity? Fichte's absolute Ego, in order to be conscious (how, if it were not conscious, to begin with?) became many empirical Egos, i.e., ourselves, and created an opposition in itself, which we call the external world. But God's proper godlike state is *ahead* in both cases—in time, in men; *we* are the best state God has yet arrived at. And yet, after all, we are perishable bubbles! mere phenomena! mere empirical Egos! Surely this is anomalous. One would think that with infinite past time to work in, something more satisfactory might have got itself put together—'Nascetur ridiculus mus'—and these human bubbles are God's best work! One cannot say much for it, to be quite candid; nay, these bubbles are God Himself at His best! So also say Mr. F. Harrison and the Positivists. We are to worship man, not as he is in God, eternal in Christ, but as the poor fleeting shadow-pantomime he is now and here—as our own abstract idea—a poor, weak, evil, transitory phantom-God, indeed! Infinite past time has not 'organized' God yet; why should the future? And the end, the result, is no more contained in the alleged beginning, than it is in the blind 'force' or nebula, or bacteria of Materialism. The absolute spirit can only be known in ourselves, and in others like us, and in the cosmos external to us. These, at any rate, are what common men want to account for and understand. But the absolute spirit, which these philosophers show us at the beginning, has no apparent relation to these, and certainly no apparent tendency to produce them. We are personal spirits, and interested in ourselves. If philosophy is so high and mighty that she will not condescend to talk about ourselves at all, we, on the other hand, are not much interested in her sermons, because she seemed to profess that she was going to explain to us all about 'man' and 'nature'—we are 'men,' and out there is nature. Nothing can be more monstrous and absurd than the way in which these philosophers talk with contempt



of this 'empirical Ego of ours,' and profess for their part to be concerned only with 'the absolute Ego.' What on earth are they, the thinkers, but 'empirical Egos,' whose thought (more or less) hangs together? and if they do know anything about the 'absolute Ego,' they can only find the type of it in themselves, in their own personal empirical selves; if it really has nothing to do with their own conscious spirits, then it can only be an abstract notion, a mere philosopher's toy, upon which grave men with urgent, practical interests can only look with passing amusement, perhaps pity. The true absolute Ego must be the Ego in which, or of whom, all empirical Egos partake, the very substance and source of their moral beings, and of their personal affections, which enables them to exchange thoughts, to work for a common end; which enables them to love, to sympathize, to give themselves to one another in service, to form one grand community, however the members of it may be separated by time and by space. And that Ego must be before, must be above, must contain all the rest. That Ego must be Spirit supremely conscious, and we spirits in Him. 'In Him we live, and move, and have our being.' Neither can any in Him perish so long as He remains. He loves us in the perfect Son, in whom He sees us, and we are to love Him, yea, and all in Him, returning to Him, drawn by His Spirit in each one, though we must wander for awhile. Here is the principle of repulsion making the distinction, which is essential to the attraction, to love, to consciousness. And hence the infinite universe. God distinguishes these persons from Himself, even as we distinguish our thoughts from ourselves, though He knows they are in Him. Hutchison Stirling, our eminent metaphysician, has opened up this thought, as in Hegel. Subject and object are indeed in Him one, but one in many, one in all. And this is the only identity or unity possible; mere blank self-identity,  $A=A$ , or  $O=O$  is none. This is the true reconciliation of theism and pantheism, warranted by reason and Holy Scripture.

Yet we lack the highest comprehensive intuition that finally identifies all in one. In conscious spirit is the very pulse of being, is all activity. Hegel has shown that more clearly than all, and yet he did wrong to make logical human thought the all in all. But of Schelling and Fichte in their earlier stages (and of Spinoza, as he is generally understood) it may be asked, if the empirical Egos, if the personal spirits, are all nothing, merely temporary unsubstantial

phenomena, beginning and perishing at death, what becomes of the absolute Ego which thus manifests itself, which thus attains to consciousness in men? It seemed to be little enough before, and it would seem to be still less after! Again the answer would probably be that the race is real, though the individual is not. But this is utterly unphilosophical. The race is composed of individuals, and must be a mere unsubstantial shade itself if all the members are; while itself seems, according to science, destined to disappear, as many now fossilized races of animals have done before it. Yet Schelling and Fichte thought differently in their later stages on this important question, though it may suit infidels to sneer at their later views as adopted in their dotage. It is absurd to say that they who know the absolute are nothing, that they upon whom true being can arise and shine out of the depths of their own consciousness are nothing, but that this idea of theirs, this absolute is alone real, is the source and substance of them, though it will exist when they are not; in fact that it is utterly different from them. They could then as little know it as, on the dualistic hypothesis, a mind could know matter. The same reasoning applies also to Hartmann's Unconscious, and Spinoza's Substance; except so far as that involves thought and extension, and therefore involves the eternity of all thoughts and extensions, all minds and bodies, all men.

It may be replied, perhaps, that if we and other finite 'modes' have a certain duration, that makes us sufficiently real. I do not think so. Duration is only relative. Of some duration we can take no cognizance, and our duration in this life might be below the *minimum sensible* of some minds. Whose shall be the standard of measure? But in fact no duration is fixed; it is the past becoming the future: all is ever changing. A 'thing' is only in its becoming something else. Hegel has proved that sufficiently. *And in changing, it retains its identity.* There is no annihilation conceivable, or suggested by experience. The 'modes' pass, but *they are in their passing, and indeed no otherwise.* It is only our thought that thus presents to us ourselves and other things as in time. 'The One remains, the many change and pass;' yet remain essentially in the One, which without them would not be.

We object to the '*infinite potency of matter*' explanation of the world as it actually is, including man and his faculties, because, while professing to include the present order of things in an explanation of this, and a myriad other hypothetical ones, it really neither accounts for the hypothetical

nor the actual. The hypothetical possibilities indeed we might willingly leave unprovided for, but we object to their throwing dust in our eyes by way of helping to explain the actual fact, though they do no such thing. We ask, how is the actual possible? what accounts for it? And the answer is that an infinite number of other orders of things was also possible, this among them. But on the contrary, in that case the others would have stood in the way of this; there is less reason than ever why this one should be *rather than* the rest. To this it is replied that all have had, or will have, their turn,—the unintelligible as well as the intelligible. But is it not evident that such an assertion only leaves an infinite number of imaginary universes to be accounted for instead of one? We ask you to explain one, the actual, and you do so by showing us a myriad others equally unexplained or inexplicable. What surprises us most is that so acute a thinker as Lange\* should appear to see force in the strange Democritean or Lucretian theory, that man, and the actual, purposeful order of nature are only some among infinite possibilities, all having their turn. We urge that intelligence and order cannot be the work of blind, unintelligent chance, nor of necessity—for the atomists have almost given up the unintelligible word Chance as a first cause, to substitute Necessity. But the objection to that word is its vagueness. If, however, they are pressed, they urge that unintelligent atoms, by their necessary constitution, are capable of producing intellect and order, because they are also capable of producing an infinite number of other chaotic universes. That, so far as I understand it, is the contention upon which Lange is disposed to look with favour. This actual order is one of infinite possibilities. But what we deny is exactly that. We say that, however possible chaos, or an infinite number of chaoes, may be as a result of the constitution of unintelligent atoms, the actual order involving human intellect, and apparent purpose, means and ends, is *not* thus possible, *cannot be so explained*. There is no jump possible from oxygen or hydrogen or carbon atoms to the one and self-identical intellect conceiving these by virtue of its own powers of remembering, comparing, differencing, identifying, by virtue of its own categories, or inherent manners of conceiving and feeling. Nor even if you tacked on an imaginary intellect or subject to each of these atoms would the jump to the actual order of things—to human intellect, and the world we know—

be more intelligible. How would harmonious and purposeful results be explained by an infinitude of separate and isolated subjectivities? Here again, chaos, but not order, might be explained. And how would these infinitesimal subjects be fused into one human subject capable of conceiving with his one and self-identical consciousness, the same through a variety of experiences, through different times, these same atoms and their supposed subjectivity, of which we can, however, form no distinct conception? How should all these myriad, and scarcely developed differents fuse into this one and self-identical, fully developed, human subject, the same through so many diverse experiences? This is, I think, a sufficient answer to Professor Clifford's theory of '*mind-elements*.' Atoms and elements are mere hypotheses, and of not quite unquestionable value even in their application to natural science; but it is simply a grotesque absurdity to apply the hypotheses to mind, of which the very *differentia* is unity through diverse experiences. There is nothing in common between a composition of atoms, or even of forces, and the one self or spirit that is alone able of conceiving these—indeed, by virtue of which alone these can exist—seeing they are essentially conceptions and hypotheses of the one self, or of many similar selves. They cannot constitute the self, because they, in order to be conceivable, presuppose the self-conceiving them. Apart from the human self, they can only be the operations of intelligences, or of one Supreme Intelligence, so (phenomenally) appearing to us as we have capacity to comprehend them. But further: I defy Democritus, Lucretius, or Lange to conceive at all of atoms otherwise than as arranged in some order—and that is no true chaos; it can only be so relatively speaking. The necessary constitution of the atoms which atheistic materialism is forced to postulate is already in order, for it can be defined, and science explains it to us, *i.e.*, it is subject to conditions of the human reason. In fact, nothing but an order is thinkable, will submit to the primary conditions of being thought. Unintelligent atoms, therefore, can neither produce the intelligent and intelligible order we know, *nor* can they produce any imaginary chaos. So the atheists by this hypothesis are but gratuitously adding to their own difficulties, and, like the cuttle, enveloping themselves in the ink of confusion that their enemies may not find them out. If you ascribe all to chance, chance is the negation of causation, and of the principle of sufficient reason, and therefore this is finally to give up all rational

\* See his '*Geschichte des Materialismus*.'

explanation. The atoms, forsooth, fortuitously fall into their present order, because they also fortuitously fall into infinite other situations; but their so falling in one case is not explained by their falling otherwise an infinite number of times with equally little, or indeed no explanation at all, or by the gratuitous assertion that they so fall. How shall chance do everything in turn, when it is indeed unthinkable, and able to do nothing?

But of course, if you postulate a given constitution of atoms as self-existing from the first, and evolving the actual order, you postulate a first cause as remote as possible from fortuitous. Indeed Lange is emphatic in repudiating the no-idea of 'chance' as an absurdity. You have then left Necessity. But Necessity again is a mere abstract name until you give some definition of it. It is nyhow a conception of the human mind, and what it may be apart from any mind conceiving it, who will undertake to say? What it means in the mouth of a materialist, however, is the self-existing constitution of elementary atoms. Let us, then, keep that signification of the word before us. This is a conception belonging to the region of mathematical quantity, and mechanical energy. But what are these apart from thought, and thought's categories? We are here certainly in the region of law, and intelligent order—even of necessary order. Whence shall we fetch this law, order, and necessity except out of the thought conceiving it—thought involving one thinker, or many similar thinkers—which is what we mean by Ego, or spirit? But if the necessary constitution of atoms involves intellect and spirit to think them, and if yet this seems insufficient to account for the actual order of the universe, which suggests more, which suggests purpose, will working towards special ends, it seems gratuitous to admit one sort of intellectual machinery, while denying another so much more capable of explaining the facts. But though the atomic atheists may admit even this degree of intellect without so intending, they do in fact grant it, and cannot help themselves, because indeed reason can discern nothing but reason, or the reflex of reason in the so-called material sphere. And what is that reflex but reason veiled, or imperfectly discerned? It is ever an intellectual construction with intellectual materials. For even so-called sensible qualities are sensations *classified*, and therefore brought under the constructing power of intellect, poured, moreover, into the moulds of our general intellectual abilities to conceive, or categorise, such as number, quantity, quality,

space, unity, differences, &c. But outside our human minds these can only be in other minds similar to ours. Because the resultant preceptions, or conceptions, involve essentially a classifying, remembering, comparing Ego or self, one and self-identical through a variety of experiences. Now the atomist having gone so far with us—albeit unwillingly—why should he refuse to recognize *purpose* where there is good evidence of it in nature? For our parts we are free to confess that the appearance of purpose may be an indication of some operation of a faculty higher than purpose, beyond it, and so appearing to us. But that it is an indication of what is below, and less than purpose, we do not admit. It is at least purpose; but what appears to us as design may in reality be a corresponding operation on the part of a much higher and diviner Spirit.

It is also strange how Lange seems to regard the laws of natural selection, and the stability or permanence of the purposeful or useful, as contrasted with the evanescence of the unpurposeful or useless, as a kind of happy addition to the chapter of accidents known to the ancients, and supplementing their atheistic explanations of the universe. But how in the name of reason can this order, this law of nature, be the result either of accident or of what is called Blind Necessity? What is there in Blind Necessity to make order, reason, purpose, utility, the growth of intelligent and intelligible organizations, more stable and permanent than anything else? Once having turned up, they are so in themselves, it may be answered. Very well; but then we revert to the point we have at some length discussed—how, and why have they turned up? But in truth *all* varieties, or differentiations, in the organic as in the inorganic, *are equally impossible without adequate cause*—what appears to us unpurposeful quite as impossible as the more apparently useful remainder; for all imply an order, are brought about by fixed, adequate means, in accordance with permanent, intelligible laws. It is only that their purpose is not so clearly manifest to us in some instances as in others; their meaning and reasonable signification is less plain. But the other notes of an intellectual product which we have just spoken of are there. And since the same laws are in operation by which the manifestly purposeful results were effected, it seems only reasonable to believe that the faculty corresponding to human design is also operating here, only in a manner not so obvious to human understanding. It is really strange Mr. Herbert Spencer should

not see that his own novel, elaborate, and ingenious book of Genesis, explaining the formation of organisms, and especially of the brain (in his 'Psychology'), is, and can only be, an account of the *modus operandi* of a creating intellect; and the same may be said of the Darwinian theory of evolution by natural selection generally. Yet Mr. Spencer *contrasts* his account of origination by law with the old belief of intelligent creation! How should God's creation proceed otherwise than by law?

But to speak one final word on Pessimism, which, though in modern Germany only, and in the far, melancholy East, it has been characteristically erected into a system, yet pervades the whole atmosphere of our modern world like a blight, weighs a heavy, if unavowed, burden upon the hearts of so many. Even in England it has found more or less coherent expression in recent verse, and in painting. In Italy it took form in the grand poetry of Leopardi. Even in the days of our fathers *welt-schmerz* became half-articulate in the melodious wail of Byron, Shelley, and Heine. In recent English verse the wailing is indeed less respectable, and hardly a *welt-schmerz*, for there is perhaps a more pitiful sorrow in the world than that of a Nero, or Trimalchio, unpacking the heart of his frenzied lust by cursing like a drab, because of his own limpness after an orgy. But if we are asked what after all is the outcome and result of all the evil under the sun, we point to Christ on the cross. Then the swine of Circe rise up from their orgies to jeer at us for this vaunted Christian symbol—a gallows-tree! Yes, a gallows-tree! and we glory in it. We believe that the Son of God hung there to wrest hell's empire from it, triumphing for humanity, for the world. In a suffering, outcast, degraded Christ we glory—that He is with and in the poor, the suffering, outcast, and degraded. Yea, and 'all the breasts of all the loves' poor humanity will reject for Him! How many have been crowned conquerors, because of love in them embracing suffering for others, or submitting in perfect faith to the All-Father's will! And what if all, in their measure, shall be, in the Supreme Son, redeemers and saviours one day? enabled to become so through fiery discipline rightly used—learning obedience, like Jesus, through all the sin and suffering? walking at last unmoved in the furnace, though heated seven times, like those Jewish children of old, with One for their comrade in the midst of it, whose form is like unto the form of the Son of God! It is but a coward's part to desire for one's self annihilation, the ignoble repose of an everlasting

inactivity, when so long as there are creatures there must be ills for love to cure by voluntary sharing. Mr. Harrison's notions of selfishness must be eccentric, for he assures us that his desire for unending idleness is less 'selfish' than this noble hope of Christ's disciple. Is it no fair and satisfying consummation of all this purgatorial earth-pain, if we poor worms, who have done so much wrong to so many and to ourselves, if we who at the best have done so little good, if even we may be permitted, like St. Paul, to 'fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ' for the sake of our brethren in the world? And let him who objects to the 'critic' finding fault with the 'poet' seriously ask himself if he does well to find fault with his God. Is He not the *Poeta Sovrano*, the Supreme Artist, the Creator? Is the cross indeed 'foolishness' to us? Shall we howl and blaspheme because we are bidden to put off the horned satyr's bestial hoof, and put on the martyr's human crown? because, at whatever cost of death-pangs, which are birth-pangs, we are bidden to 'let the ape and tiger die' within us, and to claim the blood-bought heritage of man; to be 'born again'—human?

#### NOTE ON THE BEARING OF PHYSIOLOGY ON THE QUESTION OF IMMORTALITY.

But the teachings of physiology must not be ignored. And these teachings are either, as one school contends, that the nervous motions proceed *pari passu* with all thought and all sensation as invariable concomitants; or, as another prefers to put it, that the former are transformed into the latter. The arguments derivable from experience to prove this are very strong, and can be found in any good work on mental physiology. This constitutes, no doubt, a formidable difficulty for those who would maintain that the conscious person may continue after the total destruction of the body at death. I found it insuperable, until I saw that the brain and body (as well as the rest of the external world) have themselves the nature of thought, and must represent a system of external or objective thought, which can only exist in a conscious self-identifying person, or persons—such a system at least modified by our own subjective thought; the appearance then of thought without to thought within. What is represented here but the fact of a wonderful intercommunion of spirits or intelligences, the solidarity of the universe of souls? And because the thinker himself, and we who know him no longer, at the death of his body have the fact of this communion presented to us in the same manner, because the interaction of the persons no longer takes place in the same phenomenal way, shall we therefore say that the thinker himself is annihilated? With us he does not communicate any longer in the same recognizable method—that is all we can say—we have

lost the traces of him. For the body of flesh and blood was the normal way in which we intercommunicated in this stage of our existence. If he were changed (as the materialist contends) into gases and salts, he would be changed into his own or some one else's ideas; and this is not very conceivable. One self-identical person cannot well be hocus-focussed into another, or many others, as to the very root and substance of him, in which, as I have here and elsewhere more fully argued, his potential, conscious, personal self-identification through memory is an integral factor. Yet it is inconceivable that he should be annihilated without being changed into something. Force persists, though its form may change. But force is an idea of ours, and changes in order to fulfil itself in many phenomena. We, however, thinkers and willers, voluntary exerts of force, must be the very substance of it; while the correlated forces (of which Mr. Grove's work, *e.g.* tells us) are the phenomenon we think. If we were changed into something totally different, substance and identity, the very essence of force, would be annihilated. There can be no identity between a conscious self-identical person and unconscious matter or forces, such as gases or salts, which cannot even potentially identify themselves with that conscious person. And hence, if the materialist were right, there would be the very annihilation of force or substance, which is inconceivable. Between the conscious and unconscious (whether the imaginary god of the materialist, brute, dead matter, or blind force, or the equally imaginary *absolute* god of Hartmann, Mensel, Herbert Spencer, and Oriental or German pantheism) there can be no possible identity; so that it is vain to talk of one passing back into the other, whence it came, and thus satisfying the law of thought—*ex nihilo nihil fit*. There cannot be absolute beginning or end, but all birth and death is only change of form.

Here we begin to see light on the influence of the mind over the body, and the body over the mind—on the old problem of how we can pass from mind to matter, and *vice versa*. The undeniable moral and intellectual influence of disease, the marvellous mental and moral effect of certain drugs, or of accidents to the nervous system—all this, however mysterious still, becomes less incomprehensible when we see that there is no barrier between subject and object such as we had imagined. If matter were what the vulgar suppose, the transition to mind would be for ever unthinkable. But a passage of feelings and ideas from one or many minds to others is different; and even a transition from lesser degrees of consciousness to more is conceivable. And all that we see in the external world must really, if we could truly gauge its significance, represent some degree of consciousness, however low—the unconscious cannot exist; it is unthinkable, and involves contradictions.

RODEN NOEL.

#### ART. VII.—Dr. Julius Müller.

- (1) *Dr. Julius Müller. Mittheilungen aus seinem Leben.* Von Dr. LEOPOLD SCHULTZE. Bremen: Müller. 1879.
- (2) *Dr. Julius Müller, der Hallische Dogmatiker.* Von Dr. MARTIN KÄHLER. Halle: Julius Fricke. 1878.

AFTER the death of the celebrated Lutheran theologian, Martin Chemnitz, in 1580, the Roman Catholics said, *Vos Protestantes duos habuistis Martinos, si posterior non fuisset, prior non stetisset*—You Protestants have had two Martins (Martin Luther and Martin Chemnitz); if the latter had not existed, the former would not have subsisted. Each was necessary to the other. Luther gave the living impulse, Chemnitz directed it into fixed intellectual channels; Luther originated, Chemnitz organized; Luther was the man of genial inspirations, Chemnitz the man of systematic development.

We were reminded of the relation between the two Reformers whose names we have just mentioned when we thought of Julius Müller and the life-long friend at whose side he laboured at the University of Halle for upwards of thirty years—Augustus Tholuck. Together they did a work for the Evangelical Church of Germany which neither of them could have done alone. It is true the name of Müller has rarely been mentioned in connection with the overthrow of Rationalism and the revival of Evangelicalism, which took their rise in Halle; but none the less did he bear his part therein. Tholuck stimulated, aroused, awakened; Müller instructed, disciplined, established. The former was chiefly interested in men, the latter in truth. Tholuck's charisma was the Socratic, Müller's the systematic. The one lived with men, the other lived in his study. If to speak many languages be to have many minds, then Tholuck was many-minded; for there were few in Europe who equalled him as a linguist: Müller, on the contrary, though a sound scholar—sounder, perhaps, than his friend—scarcely spoke more than his mother tongue with fluency; and the one was as slow of speech as the other was agile. Tholuck had travelled widely; Müller seems to have been a stay-at-home; and yet the former was as little a cosmopolite as the latter; nay, we question if the judgments of the latter, with regard to foreign modes of theological thought and Church action, would not have been more impartial and insightful than those of the former. The intellectual idiosyncrasies of the two men were reflected in their most successful courses of lectures—Tholuck's having been on the

Method of Theological Study, a subject which furnished him opportunity for exercising the gift which he so pre-eminently possessed, of throwing out hints, sowing the seeds of thought, suggesting inquiry, and directing to varied sources of information; Müller's, on the other hand, having been on Dogmatic or Systematic Theology, in which with masculine energy, scientific rigour, profundity of thought, Biblical and theological learning, and philosophical acuteness, he gathered up and wove into one massive and organic whole the evangelical and ethical thoughts which to each in his own way were a constant source of living joy and strength. This parallel might be pursued further, but as we shall have other occasions of referring to the relation of the two men to each other, we will now proceed to give our sketch of the life, development, and labours of him to whom this paper is devoted.

Julius Müller was born at Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, on the 10th of April, 1801. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, a man of great intellectual refinement, contemplative reflective character, and almost womanly gentleness; whilst his mother was quick, energetic, in a good sense worldly wise, clever, and practical. Besides Julius there were a daughter and two sons. The elder of the latter was the celebrated archaeologist Karl Otfried Müller, who fell in Athens a sacrifice to his impetuous zeal in 1840. The youngest brother became a distinguished schoolmaster. Julius, the second son, inherited the temperament of his father; Karl Otfried resembled his mother; but the two brothers were as attached to each other as had been their parents.

Owing to the lack of a higher school at Ohlau, where the father was stationed, and to scanty means, the education of the boys was attended with no little difficulty; and they had to be sent to Brieg, where there was an excellent gymnasium. Here Julius remained till his thirteenth year, and had already reached the highest form, when his father suddenly resolved to take him away and find him a post in some such practical department as the Post Office, partly thinking him too delicate to study, and partly also influenced by the fact that an accident had deprived him at an early age of the sight of one eye. However, at the earnest entreaty of his teachers, who took a deep interest in the boy and prophesied for him a distinguished career, Julius was permitted to continue at school, and at Easter, 1819, to enter the University of Breslau.

The wish of his parents was that he should study law, and he was accordingly entered

for this department; but his own inner inclinations led him to hear also lectures on subjects such as theosophy, history, and science, and he soon came to feel that the studies necessary to the vocation chosen for him were altogether out of harmony with his dreamy and romantically disposed mind. Still he worked hard, and as a result gained the prize for an essay on 'The relation of Natural and Positive Law.' All this time he was compelled partly to earn his own bread by giving private lessons. His elder brother, Karl Otfried, had been a teacher in the gymnasium at Breslau since 1818, but removed in 1819 to Göttingen, where he became a professor at the university. Thither too Julius also went in 1820—a step only too natural in view of the reverence and affection with which the shy younger brother regarded the elder, and the need the former felt of a stronger nature on which to lean.

On the way to Göttingen the two brothers spent a few days in Dresden, whose scientific and literary circles and art treasures opened up to Julius a new world of thought and fancy. He was especially fascinated by Tieck, the head of the so-called Romantic school of Germany. In Göttingen, too, he was introduced by his brother to a circle of distinguished friends, intercourse with whom added intensity to the ferment which was then agitating his entire being. But a still stronger hand now laid hold of him and set him face to face with the eternal realities which were henceforth to give colour and occupation to his life. The change which he underwent was described by himself in a Latin essay written about this time. He says—

My soul had long been troubled with inner unrest. I had sought in vain for a good which should be fixed and abiding, exalted above the vanities with which I was encompassed, but which were unable to satisfy the inmost longings of my heart. Before my mind there hovered the dim image of a divine life, but I could not define its nature; one thing only was clear to me, that it must differ entirely from the life which I was then inwardly living. In a word, I was as yet ignorant of the divine, saving power of Christianity. Ever since my sixteenth year I had been incessantly devoured by this anxiety and longing. No historical, no philosophical studies vanquished or relieved it. As I grew it grew with me, till I arrived at Göttingen, and then, for the first time, I experienced the divine power of the gospel, and entered into the possession of the peace which Christ alone can give.

It is not clear how this crisis in his history was brought about, but from the letters which he wrote to his father on the subject

in 1820 it would appear that its chief, if not sole fountain, was the unsparingly earnest scrutiny to which he was in the habit of subjecting his life, both inner and outer. This supposition harmonizes well with the opening words of his great work on sin—words which have an almost weirdly solemn and musical ring, and yet are marked by rare sobriety and truth—

No special profundity of thought, but merely a slight degree of moral earnestness, is necessary in order that we may be brought to a standstill and plunged into reverie before that mysterious phenomenon of human life which we term evil. The presence of an element of disturbance and discord in a sphere where harmony and unity seem to be called for with special energy, can scarcely fail to excite the mind to ever fresh meditation and inquiry. It meets us everywhere in the past history of our race; it betrays its presence in varied phenomena of the present; whether we consider humanity as a whole or the individual life, it is sure to catch our eye; and it lurks in the inmost recesses of our being. It is a dark shadow which casts a gloom over every circle of life, swallowing up, as it were, its brightest and most joyous forms.

As the result of the change which had come over him he resolved to turn to the study of theology, but owing to the difficulties raised by his parents, was unable to carry out his design till Easter, 1821. Little did he anticipate the mental struggles that were awaiting him. It is true the gradualness of the process by which he had arrived at his consciousness of the love of God saved him from the violent alternations which some have to experience; but still times of doubt and conflict came, and no efforts of his could ward them off. The theology taught at this time in Göttingen by such teachers as Plank, Eichhorn, Staedlin, and others, though not the cause of his difficulties, was far too superficial and narrow, or even rationalistic, to satisfy a mind constituted and trained like his. But with the moral earnestness that never forsook him, even now he looked for the fault, not in others, but in himself. In another part of the Latin essay from which we have already quoted, he says—

I narrowed so much the boundaries of human knowledge, taking for granted that there must be discord between it and divine revelation; I treated reason as so perfectly worthless in divine things, and regarded pious feelings to such a degree as the properly religious organs, that it was inevitable that as soon as the first warmth of my religious life began to be dissipated, the old unrest and the old doubts should stir again in my soul with renewed energy. Ere long the temple which I had reared for myself was reduced to a mis-

erable heap of ruins; even the religious traditions which I had brought with me from childhood slipped from my grasp; a positive aversion to theology seized hold on me, and I threw myself into the study of the newest philosophical systems with such impetuosity that not merely faith in Christ, but even faith in God, threatened to disappear.

In 1822 he returned to Breslau, and here his mind began to grow calmer. The theological atmosphere of its university was better suited to his needs. He was specially aided by intercourse with Professors Scheibel and Steffens. The former was pre-eminently a soul-seeker and a soul-finder—a man of whom his colleague said, 'I have never heard a preacher who seemed to be so sanctified and glorified by his subject in the pulpit as he. When he spoke of faith, of love, of the Saviour, it was as though he spoke not merely *of* but *from* another world.' But he owed most to the influence of the Norwegian Steffens, a man who studied and expounded natural science and philosophy in the spirit of a Christian mystic. So close indeed became the intimacy between the two that Steffens employed Müller to revise, correct, and write out for him a book which he was anonymously publishing against himself. He describes his experiences as follows—

During that summer I began at last to understand more clearly why no salvation or fixity were to be found in philosophy, namely, because it is unable to inspire with divine life. For this reason I returned to the source of life in order again to draw from it peace and blessedness. I came then also to the conviction that the wisdom revealed by God is destined to lay hold not alone of feeling, but also of the entire man.

The thought expressed in the last sentence may be said to have dominated the whole of his after life. His great aim became to unfold the inner reasonableness and self-consistency of the Christianity which had brought peace to his heart and vigour to his will. 'Twere well if his conviction were more universally shared by Christian teachers and believers. There is unfortunately a disposition to treat the Christian faith as a thing that may perhaps justify itself to the heart, but cannot do so to the intellect. If this be the case, it is certainly doomed to extinction. It may retain its hold for a while on the ignorant, becoming thus a kind of paganism—a religion of the *pagani* or ignorant country villagers—but it must ere long utterly disappear. Unwittingly many who regard themselves as holding places in the van of Christian culture and life are contributing to this result by their repudiation and denunciation of dogma, doctrine, theology.

In Breslau, besides pursuing the usual theological studies—exegesis, dogmatics, Church history, methodology, and so forth—Müller heard also lectures in philosophy, ethics, and Sanskrit. So remarkable were already his ability and attainments that even now his friends did their best to persuade him to decide for the vocation of a university teacher; but he himself, from an unwillingness to undertake anything for which he feared not being properly qualified, refused to precipitate matters, and preferred to leave the future to be shaped by the providence of God.

At this time the University of Berlin was the great centre of intellectual life and activity for Germany. Thither, at the suggestion as we shall find of Tholuck, whose first acquaintance Müller would seem to have made at Breslau, he accordingly went. The presence of three such master-minds as Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Neander, not to mention other names, was of itself enough to give to its intellectual and moral life a lofty tone, and secure for it a determining influence on young minds. Neander, however, was the teacher to whom Müller felt himself most strongly drawn; for in him there was just that interpenetration of reverence for the Bible, wide learning, deep thought, intense religious life, and profound humility that hovered, perhaps to some extent unconsciously, as an ideal before his own soul. At all events, to realize these qualities became the goal of his desire, and he continued to the end of his life to confess himself to be in these respects a pupil and follower of Neander. Three other men with whom he became intimate also exercised a strong influence over him. The first was the Baron von Kottwitz, the man of whose piety, goodness, Christlikeness Tholuck speak so warmly in his 'Guido and Julius,' and who indeed was the means of the latter's conversion to Christ. His living faith, his practical certitude, materially aided in giving the final deathblow to Müller's doubts. Here too began his lifelong friendship with Tholuck. Concerning the beginning of their acquaintance he speaks in the Dedication to his 'Dogmatische Abhandlungen' ('Dogmatic Treatises'):

When the call of the Lord made me a theologian, and the more thorough study of theology, but especially of philosophy, again involved me in doubts and struggles, the advice of a now departed friend led me to thee. Thou directedst my attention to the moral spirit of Christianity and again awakenedst in me the confidence that saving truth was to be found in Evangelical Christianity, and there alone. In consequence of thy persuasion I went to Berlin, and there at thy feet and at

those of our glorified Neander I was initiated into the theology whose source the latter indicated by his favourite motto, *Pectus est quod facit theologum*. Little did I then dream that it would be afterwards vouchsafed me for more than thirty years to labour for this theology, after thine example and in thy company at the same university.

Though, as has already been indicated, they were very different men, and took very different views in some respects of the methods and requirements of theological science, yet they continued to the end to cherish for each other the deepest respect and the truest affection. The third to whom he was indebted was the court chaplain, Friedrich Strauss, who became to him almost a second father, and who appealed strongly to the practical Christian side of Müller's nature. Of his sermons Müller speaks in letters written at this time in the highest terms, as characterized alike by vigour of thought, depth of Christian experience, and childlike simplicity of faith. To the hold which Strauss gained over him is probably to be attributed the conviction with which Müller quitted Berlin, that the path of duty lay for him in the direction of the pastorate—a conviction which remained unshaken, notwithstanding the offer made by the government, on Neander's recommendation, to supply the means for further study, the prospect opened out to him of a professorship at the University of Dorpat, and the urgent entreaties of Neander, Tholuck, and other influential men.

The conviction thus produced was greatly strengthened by a providential deliverance from sudden death which he experienced in the autumn of 1823. On the day of the public entry of the Crown Prince and his young bride into Berlin a great crowd gathered on the bridge near the Royal Palace. Suddenly the side-rails broke, and numbers were precipitated into the river Spree, where they found their death. Amongst the crowd was Julius Müller, but he was wonderfully preserved. He wrote immediately afterwards to his parents—

When I heard the screams of the dying around me, and saw the people jumping from the bridge on to the boats moored to the banks, the terror of death for a moment laid hold on me. In fact, I was so crushed that I could scarcely breathe. Then came the sad thought of my parents. . . . But as soon as I had done what was my first duty, namely, commended my soul to God, that He might deal with it according to His good pleasure, all fear vanished at once, and a blessed calm filled my heart. Having been graciously brought unharmed out of this peril, I feel that I owe God special thanks for affording me the opportunity of experiencing the inde-



scribable blessedness of complete surrender to Him in the decisive moment, and of knowing for myself that death has no terrors for him who has found in Christ the ground of his hopes.

With this confession Müller may be said to have finished his university studies. He wrote at this time to his brother: 'My whole mind is bent on the practical; and even if it is my destiny to become a university teacher, my belief is that the old-fashioned plan of letting theologians first occupy the pulpit for a considerable time before calling them to a professor's chair is the right one. For nowhere are practice and theory so closely connected as in theology.' Easter, 1824, he passed his first examination in Berlin, and in the course of the same year the second, at Breslau—the latter with special distinction.

His prospects of securing a parish were, however, suddenly overclouded. It was just now in Prussia the era of political suspicion and espionage and prosecutions. Quite unexpectedly Müller was taken in hand by the authorities on a charge of having been at the head of a political society during his stay at Göttingen, and was called upon to confess what he knew. Being as innocent of political meddling as a newborn babe, the business rather amused than alarmed him; but it might, after all, have gone ill with him if his friends Neander and Strauss had not interfered on his behalf. He used jokingly to say many long years afterwards, when referring to the affair, 'I don't know to the present day whether the inquiry has been quashed or whether it still hangs over me like the sword of Damocles.' It terminated, however, with a very complimentary letter from the minister. In fact, it was an absurd business, for Müller was never bitten with the idealistic political notions which were so common then among students, and he remained to the last a thoroughly loyal, and indeed all too conservative, subject of the Prussian monarchy.

After one or two disappointments he at last accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Schönbrunn and Rosen, in May, 1825. Whilst there he gained the confidence and affection both of his parishioners and of the neighbouring clergymen. A paper read by him at this time before a conference of pastors, on the 'Treatment of Biblical History in the Country Schools,' excited a good deal of attention. He also married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, and found in her an almost ideal friend of his heart.

Meanwhile he was far from laying aside his scientific studies. The first plan he

formed was that of a history of German mysticism; then he commenced a history of pietism, from which, however, his attention was diverted by a controversy into which he was drawn in connection with a movement among the Romanists of Silesia. The immediate result of the occupation with the doctrinal peculiarities of the two Churches thus occasioned was that he laid aside his historical studies, and devoted his attention to questions of systematic theology, beginning with the doctrine of sin. In pursuance of this new design he paid repeated visits to Breslau for the purpose of consulting the university library, and at last became so interested and absorbed in his undertaking that the thought of giving up his pastorate for a professorship spontaneously presented itself to his mind. Probably, however, nothing would have come of it, or at all events not for a considerable time, but for disagreements that arose between himself and the ecclesiastical authorities. The occasion thereof were the measures by which Frederick William III. sought to bring about an union between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, both of which were connected with the State. To union as such Müller had no objection; indeed many years afterwards he took an active part against those who sought to dissolve it and widen the breach between the two great sections of German Protestantism. What he disapproved of, and was prepared to resist, at the sacrifice of his position and prospects in Prussia, was the arbitrary manner in which the king and his councillors interfered with the liberties and rights of the Church. An inconsistency has been found between his earlier and later conduct by those who were ignorant of the principles by which, in both cases, it was dictated. He was what one might term a thorough Presbyterian of the type of the original Free Church seceders; i.e., as far as questions of Church government and of the relation of Church and State were concerned.

The upshot of the affair was that he resolved to quit the pulpit for the professor's chair; and very soon the way was opened. In 1830 the position of second university preacher at Göttingen became vacant in consequence of the death of Professor Hemsens. After some hesitation he offered himself through the medium of his brother Otfried; and so energetically was he supported by Professor Lücke that, after laying a volume of sermons, printed for the purpose, before the authorities, by way of establishing his fitness, he was chosen to fill the vacant post. He entered upon his duties in the summer of 1831, having been six

years a pastor. As soon as he was fairly settled, he set to work to prepare for the Examination, Public Disputation and Lecture, which had to be gone through ere he could enter upon the career of an university teacher; and with such energy and industry did he apply himself, that by the following March he attained his object.

The waters of Göttingen were, however, not altogether smooth. His preaching proved too positive and Evangelical for the authorities, and accordingly he was decried as a 'pietist,' as 'a gloomy and dangerous mystic,' and so forth, not only in Göttingen, but even as far as Hanover. But, as he wrote to a friend, he resolved that, with God's help, these things should not prevent him calmly and firmly continuing in the path upon which he had entered. 'I am indeed chargeable with what is here called mysticism; but it is a mysticism whose central point is faith in redemption through Christ the Son of God.' Academically, too, his course did not open very brightly; none of his first lectures were a success. Indeed his only success was a 'Homiletic Society' which he founded; and great was the joy of the young tutor when its members at Christmas presented him with two engravings in token of their affection and gratitude.

But by degrees difficulties disappeared. His preaching found an ever-increasing number of appreciative hearers among the members of the university. A volume of sermons, which he published at the special request of Professor Lücke, in 1833, found everywhere hearty recognition for beauty of form, warmth of feeling, depth of thought, and truth of substance. One result of their publication was a flattering invitation to occupy one of the principal pulpits in Bremen, which, however, he declined. Shortly after, in 1834, he received an appointment to an extraordinary professorship at Göttingen. But public attention having now been called to his merits, other offers were not long in being made to him. The government of Hesse Cassel first invited him to undertake the formation of a seminary for preachers, and, this plan having been renounced, then offered him a professorship in ordinary at Marburg—this last position, after considerable hesitation, due in part to feelings of chivalry towards Göttingen, he decided on accepting, and entered on its duties in the autumn of 1834.

It was a dark epoch in the history of Hesse Cassel at which Müller became a professor at its university. A naturally patient and loyal people had been exasperated almost into revolution by the capricious tyranny, odious espionage, and harsh en-

actions of its princes. The special object of suspicion and hatred was Hassenpflug, the Elector's chief minister and pliant tool. Unfortunately he was intimately associated with the positive party in the Church—a circumstance which here, as only too frequently elsewhere in Germany, gave rise to the notion that Evangelical religion had some special affinity with political absolutism. As Hassenpflug had been the principal means of bringing Müller to Marburg, the wrath of the liberal party was specially directed on him, and vented itself in a vain effort to strike his salary from the budget when it came before the House of Representatives.

Marburg had not a few drawbacks for a man of Müller's studious, retiring, and mystical disposition. First of all there were mild dissipations without end in the shape of 'Clubs, Harmonies, Ressources;' 'Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday Circles,' which he eschewed so resolutely as to be jocularly termed 'The Misanthrope.' Then there were official papers to be read and signed. And finally he was tortured with ceaseless examinations, concerning which he wrote—

Hessen is the promised land of examiners and examined: every fortnight there is an examination of theological candidates; at the close of every semester, examinations for bursaries, exhibitions, scholarships, and the like! I used to think that Prussia and Hanover were thorough enough in these matters, but I see now that you do the thing in a very lame and wretched fashion.

He found, however, recompense for many disagreeables in the society of such like-minded colleagues as the Hebraist Hupfeld, the jurists Ihling and Puchta, and others, with whose families he and his wife lived on terms of closest intimacy. And even despite the hindrances to which allusion has been made, the four years of his residence at Marburg were the period of his greatest intellectual productiveness. First, he completed as to its essential features the 'System of Dogmatics,' which formed the chief subject of his lectures to the end of his life, and which eventually gave him the proud position of the systematic theologian *par excellence* of Protestant Germany. Even at Marburg they excited great attention, and were attended not only by large numbers of the students, but also sometimes by professors. This work has never been published; probably will not now be published. Had it been printed as was at one time expected some twenty years ago, there is little doubt that it would have commanded a large sale, but its day has now passed; many

parts of it would have merely an historical interest, and in some important features it would fail to be *en rapport* either constructively or apologetically with the general thought of the present time. One chief cause of this is the circumstance that since 1856 Müller was incapacitated by physical causes, which affected also the action of the mind, from introducing the changes, modifications, and improvements which would have kept it abreast of the progress of scientific and theological inquiry. Another important course of lectures was now worked out—that on Christian ethics. But his principal achievement was the publication in 1839 of the work on ‘The Christian Doctrine of Sin,’ a classical treatise which at once gave him a foremost position among the philosophical theologians of Germany. In 1835 he wrote to his brother Otfried regarding it—

My notion is to make it a quiet, reflective, thoroughly unpretentious book, in which the simply practical and vital connections of the doctrine as set forth in the Holy Scriptures will be defended, or rather defend themselves, against the transfiguration, or rather perversion, thereof by the haughty speculative philosophy of the day. If I succeed in this I shall be heartily thankful.

That he succeeded in opening up the depths of an unwelcome theme to the gaze of his contemporaries was testified alike by friends and foes. And there can be no doubt that his work has exerted a profound and abiding moral influence on thousands of men who are now occupying important positions both in Church and State. It is an intensely earnest book. In a very true sense the writer poured into it his richest life and experience. We are informed by Tholuck that the foundation thereof was laid whilst living with him in Berlin. It was one of the subjects to which he devoted special attention during his Silesian pastorate. And he had probably quietly worked at it whilst at Göttingen. So that, in point of fact, to master it is to sound the depths of the author’s intellect and soul.

In Halle he used to be called *Sünde-Müller* (Sin-Müller), and the house which he was said to have purchased with the profits of the work, *Sünde Pallast*—jokingly, of course, for few men less deserved either for himself or his house so opprobrious an epithet.

Prior to the publication of this work he measured swords with David Friedrich Strauss, who just then had caused an immense sensation in Germany by his ‘Life of Jesus.’ Müller’s now almost forgotten es-

say, which appeared in the ‘Studien und Kritiken’ for 1836, was considered at the time one of the ablest exposures of the untenableness of the conception of myth by which Strauss had sought to overthrow the historical truth of Christianity, and earned for him the hearty thanks of many of his most distinguished contemporaries. So high had his reputation now risen, that professorships were offered him at several universities—at Dorpat, Greifswald, Rostock, Heidelberg, and Kiel—but though the pecuniary inducements held out to him were unusually strong, yet so earnestly was he entreated to remain in Marburg both by the authorities, by his colleagues, and by the students, that he consented to do so. One other temptation, however, was to come in his way—the temptation to go to Halle, at that time, as indeed ever since its foundation, pre-eminently the theological university of Germany. His old Berlin friends, Neander, Twesten, court preacher Strauss, Von Kottwitz, the Cultus-minister Altenstein, even the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., and last, though not least, his friend Tholuck, had long wished to draw him back to Prussia, specially to Halle. The last mentioned, who was sometimes almost ready to give up in despair the struggle with rationalism, wrote to him: ‘I shall scarcely be able to go on working here any longer without thy help.’ As the departure of Ullmann for Heidelberg had just caused a vacancy, Müller’s friends at once set to work with all their might to get him called. Not a few hindrances, however, had to be overcome. The Hegelians were just then very powerful in government circles, and they not only resented Müller’s attacks on them, but perhaps also feared his opposition. At the university, moreover, the Rationalists, headed by the celebrated Gesenius, had not the least desire to provide Tholuck with an ally, one too of whose scientific vigour and skill they stood somewhat in awe. His enemies brought up against him the part he had played against the ‘Union’ during his Silesian pastorate. He himself refused to move a single step; especially did he decline to fall in with a suggestion that he should privately retract or modify what he had written in connection with that affair. His reply was: ‘Though I too claim the right of being once and again in the wrong, yet as long as my own convictions are unchanged, I can only say: “What I have written, I have written.”’ At last, however, his reputation overcame all difficulties, and on the 31st of March, 1839, Tholuck wrote to him full of glee and gratitude: ‘Yesterday

was my birthday, and the best present of all was the rescript of the minister in reference to thy vocation.'

Before Müller quitted Marburg in 1839, a great trouble befell him—he lost his beloved wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows, the helpmeet in all his struggles, and the tender, patient mother of his seven little children. The event greatly saddened his departure, whilst it also added a new element of inward fitness for the important and difficult work which awaited him in his new sphere.

The difficulties thrown in the way of Müller's call to Halle were a foretaste of the struggles which awaited him after entering on his duties. As has already been hinted, both Hegelianism and rationalism were rampant not only among professors but also among the students. Of the spirit of the latter, and their probable reception of Müller, an idea may be formed from the fact that a hundred of them signed a petition to the king in favour of the appointment of D. F. Strauss. Naturally enough, therefore, there was at first no lack of noisy and even stormy interruptions of his lectures when he brought down his massive blows on the reigning ideas and spirits. From him at all events no concessions were to be expected. Shortly after commencing he wrote to a friend—

Between ourselves I may say that I consider myself to be the most restless of the teachers here, and require from my hearers probably the most philosophical capacity and culture. But I am resolved, even if it were to rain Hegelians by the score, that I will stick to the very last by this old Christianity, as it was propounded by Christ and Paul.

He made way, however. During the winter of 1840 he had more than a hundred hearers; in the following winter upwards of one hundred and fifty; and henceforth his 'Dogmatik' formed a necessary part of every theological student's course of study. What he and his lectures became to great numbers of young men may be learnt from the following words spoken by his former pupil and subsequent colleague, Professor Riehm, at his funeral—

We looked up to him as to a man who had once fought out the battle between faith and knowledge in his own soul, and had found a reconciliation between them, the way to which he was anxious to point out to us. We looked up to him with the confidence that it was in his power to lead us into a science born of faith. When a youth's heart had been won by the seeking love of the never-to-be-forgotten Tholuck, and awakened to the search for truth, he came to Julius Müller for the purpose of stilling his thirst for a scientific and connected knowledge of Evangelical truth. . . . And no

one did more to mould the general view of the world and life, carried away from the university by the thousands of men whom it sent into the Church during the last thirty years, than he whose mortal remains it is now our sad duty to commit to the grave.

During the early years of Müller's activity in Halle several attempts were made to secure his services elsewhere and in other ways than as theological professor. Besides invitations to Tübingen and Breslau, he was asked to undertake the editorship of a theological journal, to be sustained by government funds. The idea was also cherished of entrusting to him the conduct of the higher education of the country. But his love of independence and his attachment to the quiet life of a scholar and professor were too great to let him yield to such seductive offers.

Great, however, as was his absorption in study, he still took a vital interest in practical Church matters. He was chosen by the Theological Faculty to represent it at the General Synod of the Prussian Church, held in 1846, where he played a very important part. The questions of the Confession of Faith and of 'The Union' were brought into great prominence, on both of which points he entertained now as definite and strong opinions as in the days of his Silesian pastorate. As the course he took involved him in long and sometimes wearisome controversies, we must endeavour very briefly to indicate the position of things and the views he advocated.

Prior to 1817, which was the jubilee year of the Reformation, there were in Prussia two State Churches—one the Reformed (Calvinistic), to which the royal family belonged; the other the Lutheran, of which the majority of the nation were members. In September, 1817, the King, Frederick William III., issued an appeal to the two churches with a view to effecting an union between them under the title of the Evangelical Church of Prussia. In that address he says—

Honouring the intentions of my forefathers, I cheerfully follow their example, and wish to accomplish a work which the spirit of sectarianism in the age of the Reformation rendered impossible, but which, now that there is a disposition to set aside the non-essentials, and to lay stress on the essentials of Christianity, may be carried out to the glory of God and to the good of the Church. A truly religious union of two Churches, which are only separated by outward differences, is in harmony with the great ends of Christianity, with the aims of the Reformers, with the spirit of Christianity, and with the interests of the Church, the family, the school, and the

state. It is not my wish that either of the two Churches should go over to the other, but that the two should form one new Evangelical Christian Church; nor that the liberties and rights of the two Churches should be infringed.

The mode in which the royal instructions were carried out led to difficulties, of which mention has already been made. The upshot of the whole was that, down to the time to which we are now referring, the union consisted in little more than intercommunion at the Lord's Supper, and having one Church government. Müller's view was that the full amount of the agreement between the two Churches was not thus sufficiently brought out, and accordingly desired that, without interference with the Confessions of Faith of the individual parishes, the two Churches in their entirety should form one new Church on the basis of a Confession of Faith embodying the points of agreement. It will be seen that at the bottom there was little difference between him and the king as to aims—but to the mode in which the union had been introduced, and to some of the details, *e.g.*, the change in the formula of consecration at the Lord's Supper, he felt insuperable objections. Jealousy of bureaucratic interference in purely Church matters was as intense in him as ever—whether the interference came from an absolute king or a parliament. So strong, indeed, was it that, in 1848, in the days of the Revolution, he was quite prepared to resign his connection with the State Church, and connect himself with a 'sect,' rather than belong to a Church ruled by the national will, and constituted at the polling booth. It may be added to his honour that he succeeded in pleasing none of the parties. The bureaucrats were, for obvious reasons, dissatisfied with him; the strong confessionalists, to whom the specific peculiarities of Lutheranism were, like the ark of the covenant, on no account to be treated as of minor importance, regarded him as loose; and the rationalistic democrats, who wished to secure the legitimization of religious liberalism within the Church, denounced him as a bigot. He set forth his views on the whole subject in an important work, entitled, '*Die Union, ihr Wesen und ihr göttliches Recht*' (The Union: its Nature and its Divine Right), published in 1854. The last occasion on which he took a prominent part in the discussion of practical questions was at the Church Diet at Frankfort, in 1854, when he read a paper on 'The Re-marriage of Divorced Persons,' in which he condemned the common practice of the Church as

opposed to the spirit and commands of Christ. His own view was that, whilst divorce is permissible for other reasons than adultery, the Church ought not to re-marry save in certain special cases. He therefore took up what seemed to some the politically dangerous position that the Church ought in some cases to refuse what it might be right for the State to permit.

Müller married a second time, some years after his removal to Halle, a daughter of the Senator Klugkist in Bremen; but she too—a wife every way fitted to train his family, brighten his home, and further his labours—died in giving birth to her first child. Many years elapsed before he recovered from the gloom which this terrible event cast over his life. But love for his children and deep interest in their life and pursuits helped him to regain his lost courage and cheerfulness. His son-in-law, whose memoir forms the basis of this paper, sketches a beautiful picture of his household life. To strangers Müller seemed formal, cold, unsympathetic. Unlike Tholuck, who had a fitting word ready for every one who called on him, particularly for students, Müller was silent and, as the German has it, *wortkarg*—word-scant. But to his intimate friends he was a very different man. Though so profound a thinker and so learned a theologian, he took an intense interest in literature, and specially in music. Strangely enough it was the romanticists to whom he felt chiefly drawn—a trait in his character which would be little suspected by those who only knew him by his 'Dogmatics' or the work on Sin. Shakespeare, too, was a great favourite, and he who was ordinarily so stiff and formal could unbend to enjoy both the tragical and humorous of which his plays are so full.

For Müller the end of his properly intellectual life came before the end of his actual life. On the 1st of March, 1856, he was seized with apoplexy, which for a time deprived him of speech and permanently precluded intellectual work. He recovered indeed so far as to be able to read his lectures, and continued to do so till September, 1878; but these twenty-two long years were years of unproductiveness. The only approach to work that he can be said to have done, besides a certain amount of reading, was to superintend the republication of a volume of essays, which had originally appeared in such journals as the '*Studien und Kritiken*' and the '*Deutsche Zeitschrift für christliche Wissenschaft und christliches Leben*,' under the title of '*Dogmatische Abhandlungen*' ('Dogmatic Dissertations'), essays thoroughly meriting careful study, and some of which ought to have been translated into

English. A singular and sad spectacle he was in some respects—a man no longer able to take an active part in the intellectual struggles of the day reading from year to year the productions of his earlier self. A letter written to him not long after the attack referred to, by his friend Tholuck, deserves quoting—

Dearest Brother in the Lord,—How deeply have thy words moved my heart! That thy brilliant intellect, the star of Halle, should be thus overshadowed is one of the most painful experiences of my life; and yet even now already thou knowest the why—a jewel has been inserted in thy crown without which it would have had no brilliance in the sight of God. It shines now in secret with a brightness which men have never discovered in thee. As far as my so-called work is concerned, I have never been able to regard it otherwise than as a sort of higher natural process. It was this inner necessity that once drove me to thy side because I had a word for thee. That we should afterwards work alongside of each other as teachers—thou the aristocratic, I the democratic professor—was a conjuncture that will rarely occur. Let us, then, bowing our heads in humility and our hearts united in love, still walk onwards together to the end, which, if God will, will not be far off.

The end did not come as soon as either of them expected. Tholuck lived till June, 1877, totally laid aside from work, in consequence of the overclouding of his mind, for the last two years of his life. Just when Müller had resolved to resign the position he had so faithfully filled, and thus to close his fifty-three years' active connection with the Church, he was suddenly attacked by a painful illness, to which, after a few days of severe pain, he calmly succumbed. On the morning of the 27th of September, 1878, Halle's great dogmatic theologian entered into his eternal rest.

One more stroke, and the sketch we have attempted of the Halle dogmatician will be finished. His thoughts may be said to have revolved around a threefold focus, the one contained in the words of the first great German theologian, Anselm—*'Cur deus homo? Nondum considerasti, quanti ponderis sit peccatum?'* the others in the words of his Saviour and Master—*'Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends':* and *'whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.'*

D. W. SIMON.

#### ART. VIII.—*Some National Aspects of Established Churches.*

THE question of Established Churches is, in the largest sense, a question of national and not of mere sectional interests. Sections of the national society may be more formally and specially affected by establishments, but there are general, social, and religious interests of the nation as such which are also seriously involved in them. The purpose of this paper is to indicate some of these interests, and to demonstrate from such philosophy as may be at command, and from such experience as history furnishes, that in the light of national interests they are inexpedient and injurious. It will clear our way if we note first the true relation of sectional to national interests, and the principles which should determine their legislative adjustment.

There are conditions of society when, on every ground, it may be expedient and right that sectional interests should be subordinated, and even sacrificed, to national well-being. In the long and varied struggle for their civil and religious liberties English Nonconformists have never been forgetful of this. It is sufficient to adduce in proof their refusal for themselves of the liberties which in 1686 James II. would have secured to them by his 'dispensing power,' and their support of the seven bishops in resistance to it. They judged that the purpose of the popish monarch was inimical to English Protestantism rather than favourable to Nonconformist liberties. Up to this very time the seven bishops had with one or two exceptions been amongst the most uncompromising opponents of the Nonconformists. The Declaration of Indulgence proposed by the king, moreover, anticipated some of the equitable principles of the Toleration Act which followed the Great Revolution two years later. It would have given them all that they desired. It recognized the infeasible rights of conscience in religious matters, and granted absolute liberty of religious worship. But under guise of toleration to Dissenters it sought the re-establishment of Popery. It was a right thing wrongly done, and not done in good faith to the nation. The Nonconformists therefore refused the benefits it would have conferred upon them, and arrayed themselves in resistance to it on the side of their old enemies the Anglican bishops. They would not connive at a national wrong under the guise of a Nonconformist enfranchisement. Acting upon like principles, Nonconformists, for the last fifty years, in almost every Liberal parliament, have forborne to

press their just claims, whenever by so doing they would have prejudiced national legislation, or unduly have embarrassed Liberal statesmen. This is only a reasonable policy when no essential moral principle is involved, and only questions of expediency are at issue, or when questions of personal or sectional right come into competition with pressing national interests.

It must further be conceded that there may be conflicting interests at stake, and that a government may equitably sacrifice class interests to the national weal. As, for example, in the abolition of prescriptive monopolies; or of unrighteous, oppressive, or inequitable prerogatives, such as slavery, the corn laws, and protective laws generally. So again in the utilization of scientific discoveries for the common good, such as railways, the telegraph, illumination, water supply, the regulation of the liquor traffic, the reform of municipal corporations, the regulation of charitable trusts, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and a hundred other things in which the interests of monopolists are justly sacrificed by the legislature for the good of the community; even when, as in some of these instances—the proprietors of stage coaches and candle manufacturies, for instance—there was nothing unrighteous in the monopoly, and when its invasion by Act of Parliament meant actual ruin. It is a first principle of all good government that where there are competing interests those of the few shall be sacrificed to those of the many.

To this, however, there are necessary limits. For instance, no legislative expediency may overpass the boundary line of right and wrong. If the clear issue be righteousness or unrighteousness, no national interest, real or presumptive, great or small, may prevail against the moral right of the humblest individual. Ahab the king may not lay his hand upon the vineyard of Naboth however convenient its acquisition may be, even though Naboth be among the most unreasonable and insignificant of his subjects.

If it be true concerning the individual man that no personal interests can justify the least deflection from absolute rectitude, it is equally true concerning a corporation of men, or a nation. There is but one principle of moral right, and but one moral rule of human conduct, and it is of universal application. The disparity between the claims of a single individual and great national interests may be very great; and the magnitude of the latter sometimes induces statesmen to disparage the moral sentiment that ought to rule them, even cynically

to disavow them. The law of right and wrong, it is said, cannot be strictly applied to national policy. Political necessities will arise when, in order to secure certain great ends, it is imperative to connive at falsehood and to practice unrighteousness. Overreaching in diplomacy, as in love or war, is justifiable and often imperative. The amazing benefits that have accrued from wars of conquest, from treaties of coercion, and from immoral traffic, as in opium, are, it is urged, an abundant condonation of whatever iniquity there may have been in their methods.

To this we reply, that unless our entire conception of moral obligation be delusive, if there be any truth in our idea of God, and any obligation in principles of righteousness, no end conceivable can be commensurate with the sacrifice of moral equity. Expediency cannot be a factor in the determination of right and wrong. The assumption that the end justifies the means has been a just reproach against much of the policy of the Romish Church; it may not be connived at by professors of a purer faith, or condoned in the domain of national politics. It is fundamentally subversive of all righteousness. It makes righteousness an accident, and subordinates holiness to mere advantage. On this matter there can be no compromise on the part of religious men. They cannot accept one law of moral righteousness for the acts of an individual and another for those of a nation. A lie is not less a lie because a statesman utters it in parliament, or in the character of a plenipotentiary or an ambassador. If, accepting the cynical definition that an ambassador is 'a gentleman sent abroad to lie for the good of his country,' it be right for an ambassador to lie in the interests of national policy, it is equally right for a tradesman to lie in the interests of his business. If it be right for a minister to suppress truth or suggest falsehood in a parliamentary debate, it is equally right for a witness to perjure himself in a court of justice. If it be right for a nation by sheer force to annex the territory of a weaker neighbour, it is equally right for a man to steal his neighbour's purse or annex his vineyard. If it be right for a statesman to sign a fraudulent treaty, it is equally right for a merchant to sign a fraudulent contract. Neither the natural moral sense in men nor the teachings of religion can recognize any difference of moral obligation. Wrong does not become right because the man is changed into an official, the individual merged in a committee, or cabinet, or parliament.

The position is a vital one, and it under-

lies the entire conception of the question of national establishments of religion. Before it can be discussed as a national expediency, it must be judged as a question of moral right in the relationship of a section of the community to the whole.

While it is on all hands admitted that in matters of mere expediency the interests of a section should be subordinated and, if needs be, sacrificed to the interests of a nation, it must be insisted upon that in matters that involve principles of righteousness no consideration of national interests may prevail against the rights of the meanest individual.

How far the disabilities which Establishments impose upon Nonconformists are a matter of mere expediency, and how far they involve essential righteousness may appear as we proceed. The first thing is to lay precisely this platform of national right and wrong.

It is further to be remarked, that in all human affairs questions of righteousness very vitally affect questions of expediency. If any lesson from human experience is indubitable, it is that, in a broad estimate of things, which includes all interests and issues, nothing that is morally wrong can possibly be advantageous. Wrong never can come right. The estimate that concludes otherwise can be only blind and partial. The successful fraud or theft of the individual may apparently secure immediate benefit—he acquires money and all that money can purchase; but no moral estimate concerning the whole issue can be a doubtful one. It scarcely needs the light of religion to show that the man could not have made for himself a more disastrous bargain. The laws of moral sequence are as inevitable as the laws of moral principle are inflexible.

Can there be any hesitancy about applying this to nations? Does history teach any lesson more indubitably than that every unrighteous conquest, every oppressive treaty, every act of inequitable legislation, sooner or later avenges itself upon its author; if we wait long enough and judge broadly enough? France is not the only instance, although in its history during the last century it is perhaps the most notorious, that no unrighteous aggression ever yet permanently benefited the people perpetrating it. Territory, indemnity, commerce, are a poor compensation, even on the lowest calculation, for character and moral influence.

If, again, history has any lesson to teach, it is that, in the internal experience of nations, no inequitable laws imposed by arbitrary power—whether laws of religious

persecution, of civic disability, or of class injustice—ever benefited their enactors. The Church of Rome is a signal illustration of the curse of successful persecution, and she has exemplified it in almost every land—in Spain, in France, in the Netherlands, in England. In proportion to the success of the persecution has ever been its national retribution. No unrighteousness has ever been inflicted by a dominant Church or political party but sooner or later disastrous consequences have come upon those inflicting it. It is the inviolable moral order of things. Persecutors always suffer more than the persecuted. Rome has suffered from her inquisition more than from all her avowed antagonists. The Established Church of England has suffered more from her intolerance, her Acts of Uniformity and coercion, than those she oppressed. She drove out the Puritans; they founded the non-episcopal Churches of the United States. She drove out the Nonconformists of 1662; they augmented English Congregationalism and gave it a power of growth which has developed into the most formidable and uncompromising of her assailants as an Establishment. She drove out the Oxford Methodists, and the vast organizations of Wesleyan Methodism in England and of Calvinistic Methodism in Wales are the result. Not only did she thus create forces that became her direct and uncompromising ecclesiastical antagonists—their contention for liberty

Broadening down from precedent to precedent

—but she deprived herself of her own most vital conservative elements. She cast from her the noblest elements of her own religious life—the men whose spiritual piety and self-sacrificing zeal would have been her strength and redemption, who would have counteracted the worldly elements of her position, and have given her aggressive power for the performance of her religious functions. She left herself unchallenged, stately, wealthy, luxurions, and—impotent; vital elements yet remaining in her, but weakened by depletion to what, after these successive ejections, history depicts her to have become.

Probably a more curious Nemesis than that of the Act of Uniformity of Charles II. never befell a Church. Intended for the murder of Dissenters, it has well-nigh strangled herself. Not only did it drive out of her communion two thousand of the most pious of her ministers—had they not been such they would not have been driven out—but it logically disabled her from utilizing the pious zeal of Whitefield and Wesley a century afterwards, and in spite of them



selves compelled them to become Dissenters. For the protection of his chapels John Wesley had to license them as Dissenting places under the Toleration Act. And that his followers might not be deprived of the sacraments, and of preachers, he was compelled to have recourse to irregular ordinations.

On the accession of William III. the Toleration Act of 1689 relieved from the disabilities of the Act of Uniformity of 1662 all who declared themselves Dissenters, but it left these operative upon all who did not so declare themselves. So that from 1689 to the present day the only persons upon whose necks this yoke of bondage has been bound turn are Episcopalians themselves. At every it meets them.

1. It has narrowed their recognitions and intensified the exclusiveness and intolerance of which it was the fitful and passionate expression. The early English Reformers recognized Presbyterian orders, partook of Presbyterian sacraments, and were contented to claim for Episcopacy only a co-ordinate ecclesiastical validity. The exclusiveness of the Act of Uniformity has specially fostered, if it has not largely generated, theories of Divine right and practical repudiation of all other forms of Church life. And this has intensified with every generation, and is more intolerant and arrogant to-day than it was forty years ago. And in many ways of Christian feeling and life the curse of intolerance is chiefly upon him who cherishes it.

2. Intended to prohibit all preaching except by men in Episcopal orders, the Act of Uniformity has hermetically sealed the pulpits of the Establishment. And now, in his paradise of liberty, the Dissenting Abraham has to say to the tormented Dives, 'Thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.' And the torment of Dives' torment is that the gulf was dug by himself.

While we sectarian Dissenters rejoice in perfect liberty, freely exchange pulpits with each other, without so much as the thought of there being any compromise in so doing, or of there being anything strange in it; while we stand on common platforms, concede to others the ecclesiastical rights we claim for ourselves, and co-operate freely for all common interests of the kingdom of Christ, the pulpits of the Establishment are closed against the ministers of all other Churches in Christendom. Her Majesty's chaplains in the sister Establishment of

Scotland are illicit ministers of Christ in England, and are forbidden the pulpits of their common ecclesiastical head. The Queen herself is a schismatic in relation to the English Establishment when she receives the Lord's Supper in the parish church of Crathie. Could the Apostle Paul reappear on earth he could not legally enter a single pulpit of the Established Church. In the year of the second Exhibition, 1862, the writer was present at a conference of Episcopal and Nonconformist ministers, for the purpose of making provision for special religious services during the Exhibition. Among intending visitors were Tholuck from Germany, D'Aubigné and Malan from Geneva, De Pressensé and Grandpierre from France. Not a single clergyman was able to offer his pulpit to one of them; and with a manifest consciousness of shame that was painful to us all, they were reduced to the ignominious necessity of suggesting that these illustrious men should be asked to preach in their schoolrooms! It was the Nemesis of the Act of Uniformity which imposed upon these brethren the disabilities and humiliations of intolerance. And, with noble exceptions, the feeling grew stronger and stronger. Clergymen shunned all possible intercourse with ministers of other Churches, refusing recognition of their character, to enter their churches, and to take part with them in common religious services. The pitiable petulance, the wild passion, the ludicrous shrieking of so many clergymen elicited by the Burials Act simply indicates the entire possession and the blind arrogance of this spirit of intolerance. The plea of conscience is not sufficient; this has been the plea of all persecutors and inquisitors, from Saul of Tarsus to the latest Anglican. There is a previous responsibility in the formation of such a conscience, and its evil fruits should be to its possessor a strong presumption that it is of antichrist rather than of Christ.

•If some bolder and more Christian clergyman ventures to take part in a Nonconformist service, the prohibition of his bishop is the general result. Vainly do catholic-hearted men like Dean Stanley chafe against the restrictions of the Act of Uniformity, and exercise their ingenuity in evasions of it. No man is more honoured by Nonconformists for his catholicity of heart, and for his entire freedom from all priestly assumptions; for his daring, too, in denunciation of intolerant pretensions, and for his repeated attempts to give practical expression to his brotherly feelings. But he must not blame us if self-respect sometimes prevents reciprocation of the expe-

dients which he devises. Hardly can we feel honoured if, when invited to dinner, we find ourselves relegated to the servants' hall, even though it be no fault of the host. His actions and ours are more than individual or private movements; they challenge public attention, and more or less involve the Churches represented. No one can blame us if we hesitate at tentative experiments which subject us to imputations of truckling desire or ill-regulated vanity. What clergymen, with any self-respect, would consent to perform a service in a Nonconformist or Roman Catholic school-room, and be excluded from the church; or in a church on the carefully emphasized condition that it was in a lay and not a clerical capacity? Greatly as Nonconformists yearn for that brotherhood with Episcopal Churches, which obtains between their own various Churches, they cannot in self-respect accept it under any conditions that imply superiority on the one hand or subserviency on the other. The only ground which they can accept is that of mutual recognition and ecclesiastical equality. They have their traditions and prerogatives of right and freedom, of which they are both proud and jealous. So far from looking with envy or desire upon Established Churches, as is often complacently imagined, the strength of the opposite feeling would surprise many who congratulate themselves on their own dignified position and emoluments. It does, moreover, excite a feeling that is not altogether resentment, that this little insular English Establishment with an arrogance and intolerance which only the Church of Rome surpasses, should virtually unchurch all the non-episcopal Churches of Christendom. The Nonconformist when so repudiated may turn on his heel and smile. He who repudiates him must have uncomfortable misgivings, and somewhat hang his head in shame. The curse of intolerance is very bitter.

3. The act of Uniformity sought to 'extinguish Nonconformist worship, by prohibiting any religious service save that of the Book of Common Prayer, which indeed is one of its schedules. Again the Toleration Act relieved Dissenters from this disability, but it left all who were not Dissenters bound under its restrictions. Prior to the Act there were various 'uses,' and a clergyman enjoyed certain liberties. Subsequently to it he was bound to its *ipsissima verba*, and to the exclusive use of its liturgy and offices, with their manifold disabilities and disastrous results as we see them to-day. When on the memorable Sunday morning in December, 1861, the sorrowful intelli-

gence of the death of Prince Albert spread through the land, almost every Nonconformist service became a funeral service, and the congregation united in earnest and special prayers for the bereaved Queen. No devotional recognition of it by a clergyman was possible, save the omission of his name from the prescribed prayers for the royal family, and the vague marginal reference of a collect.

It is not, again, any special intolerance that imposes upon a clergyman the indiscriminate use of the Burial Service. As the parochial clergyman, it is the obligation of his office to discharge clerical duties for all parishioners who claim them. It is simply preposterous for him to speak of having to bury the black sheep of Nonconformists. It is one of the duties for which he is appointed parish clergyman, and for which he receives the emoluments of his official position, that he shall bury all parishioners who may claim his services. That he is compelled, in the discharge of this duty, to use a common service, to pronounce glowing words of 'sure and certain hope' over even a parishioner of notorious wickedness, is simply the imposition, or at any rate the authoritative endorsement, of the Act of Uniformity. Every Evangelical clergyman who baptizes a child is compelled to pronounce words which declare it to be *ipso facto* regenerated, and to address God in prayers thanking Him that the regeneration has been accomplished. Every High Anglican clergyman has to recite at his induction the Thirty-nine Evangelical and Calvinistic Articles and to declare his belief in them, while he can introduce his hymns and vestments and ceremonies only by a flagrant violation of his own clerical vows.

What wonder that clerical subscription has become an intrinsic immorality and a public scandal through the contradictory teachings of that bundle of compromises which constitutes the Book of Common Prayer, interpreted by the vehement zeal of party feelings and aims? The entire range of commercial contracts would scarcely furnish a parallel to the daily violations of the obligations of clerical subscription; and the most portentous of all symptoms is the indication that this is becoming an accepted morality at which the conscience feels no qualms. Falsehood does not become truth because even the people consent to condone it. Again we say the Nemesis of intolerance is a terrible one.

Similarly it would be easy to show how every other measure of dominant intolerance—the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts, the exclusion of Dissenters from the national

Universities, the prohibition of private Dissenting Academies, the Corporation and Test Acts, Acts imposing Church rates, and distraining the goods of Dissenters in default of payment—have one and all terribly avenged themselves upon their authors, whatever triumph or advantage they might at first seem to secure.

Not only have persecutions, according to a well-known law of human nature, multiplied and strengthened those they were intended to annihilate, they have accumulated a tradition of wrong, a heritage of distrust, an instinctive resentment and antipathy, which it will take many generations and a large exercise of Christian magnanimity to eradicate on the one part; while, on the other, according to another well-known law—that we are always more bitter against those we have wronged than they against us—Churchmen have a traditional dislike to dissenters, a resentment of their Dissent, a nurtured contempt for their illicit ministry, their unblest sacraments, and their unritual worship, above all for their destitution, until latterly, of university education, of ecclesiastical wealth and splendour, of social rank, which makes them the harder of the two to be won. Their feeling of alienation is stronger than ours; which goes far to account for the continued pride, exclusiveness, and intolerance which sometimes seem as if intended to perpetuate the strife. We look in vain for either indications of a wish to atone for past wrong, or a desire for relationships of Christian brotherhood. Scarcely any event of the past generation has evoked such an outbreak of clerical fury and arrogance as the passing of the Burials Bill. The secrets of many hearts are revealed by it. We very gladly acknowledge, and very heartily reciprocate, the indications of nobler feeling in many of the clergy, who have frankly conceded this measure of social right, and have courteously facilitated its exercise. Some of the bishops, especially, have not shrunk from the odium and the bitter reproach of their fellow Churchmen in their advocacy of it, and in their generous and wise counsels to the clergy for its practical acceptance. The recent charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury, too, demands the hearty acknowledgment of Nonconformists, and of all Christian men who look beyond their own narrow Church enclosures for a larger and holier Christian brotherhood. If these were characteristic instead of exceptional instances, we might congratulate ourselves that the bitterness of this contention was well-nigh past, and that only differences of opinion remained to be discussed, with such amenities as

characterize ordinary controversies. And perhaps the exceptions are more numerous than our utmost charity will permit us to think. We can judge only from public utterances and doings. And it cannot be denied that the vast majority of these are of a sadly different character—their resentment towards their more Christian brethren, their denunciation of their bishops, their uncontrolled violence and intolerance, their foolish and audacious assumption of Divine right and of official superiority, and the emphatic, and to us strange and significant urgencies, in bishops' charges, leading articles, and correspondents' letters, that they would restrain their angry passions and obey the law, make us not very hopeful concerning the brotherhood of the future. It is the Nemesis of wrong-doing. The evil spirit of intolerance is not easily cast out. But his injuries are inflicted upon those whom he possesses; he casts them down and tears them: 'Sometimes they fall into the water and sometimes into the fire.' And so, while all other Protestant Churches are making approaches to, and largely realize a true Christian brotherhood, the English Established Church stands aloof in the hauteur of its prerogative and isolation, unblest and unblessing, an alien from the brotherhood of the Churches.

These illustrations may suffice to establish the position that national wrong-doing to any section of the community always avenges itself upon those who perpetrate it. The question of Establishments, therefore, presents itself thus:—

Is a national establishment of religion an expedient thing for a nation generally? and does it affect those who dissent from it only as the operation of an equitable and beneficial law may impose disabilities upon a selfish or impracticable class? or is a national establishment an inexpediency in itself, and an essential moral wrong to Dissenters from it; first, as affecting rights of conscience, and next, as affecting rights of citizenship?

Concerning the latter of these two questions we have not in the present paper much to say, save incidentally and subordinately. In this phase of it the question is mainly one between the two parties in the State—the privileged and the excluded, the aggressors and the aggressive; and it belongs to another branch of the discussion. Thus much, however, may be said, Nonconformists naturally resent an institution which *ipso facto* imposes disabilities upon them; whether the disabilities be the grosser and more palpable privations of money, and of social and ecclesiastical status, or the more

subtle and acute injuries which are inflicted upon sentiment. And he knows little of human nature and of the forces of social life who makes light of sentimental grievance. The national side of this strife between Conformist and Nonconformist is the moral right and the expediency of a national institution which inflicts such grievances upon any class of the nation, which so impairs the national unity and emasculates the national strength. The moral right ought to be very clear, and the expediency very great, to justify an institution which arrays one-half of the nation in irreconcilable hostility to the other half.

On this side the question, the aggrieved Nonconformist claims his national rights. As a citizen, he asks that the institution which wrongs him shall be disallowed. As a citizen he has every social and moral right to employ all legitimate means to get the institution disfranchised by the authority of the national Parliament, in virtue of which alone it exists. For the Establishment is not the Episcopal Church; it is a purely political relationship between the Episcopal Church and the governing authorities for the time being; in virtue of which the Church renders certain religious services, and the State confers certain emoluments. In its essential principles, the relationship is the same in Scotland, where the Church established is Presbyterian, and was the same in New England, where the Churches established were Congregational. The Episcopal Church as such is complete and valid, independently of its Establishment. Not even the extremest Erastian would contend otherwise. No part of the action which determines the Establishment is Church action, save as the Church accepts the relationship. The nature and conditions of the relationship, the doctrines to be taught, the worship to be performed, the discipline to be administered on the one part, and the status and endowments to be conferred on the other, are stipulations external to both the State as such and the Church as such. Neither interferes with the integrity of the other beyond the stipulated conditions.

With the Episcopal Church as such—save in insisting upon the specified conditions of Establishment—no parties external to itself have anything to do. Nonconformists have no manner of right beyond this to interfere with its internal government. And when they are urged, as sometimes they are, not to seek the Disestablishment but to help in the internal reform of the Episcopal Church—to revise the Prayer Book, purify its patronage, restore its discipline and the power of Convocation—

their necessary reply is, We have neither right nor qualification for such a function. The establishment of a Church does not give citizens, as such, rights to interfere with the internal economy of that Church, but rights only to insist upon the conditions of Establishment, in respect of doctrine, worship, and parochial services, being carried out. A Church can be reformed only by its own members. No Congregationalist would ask an Episcopalian to assist him in the reform of his Church, or tolerate his interference, or would admit the right or competence of Parliament so to interfere. Neither can an Episcopalian admit such methods of reforming his Church. As members of the national community, Nonconformists have a right to insist that the conditions of establishment shall be carried out by the Episcopal Church; beyond this they have neither right nor qualification to interfere with it. Nonconformists find the Church established by a purely political process. They deem, rightly or wrongly, that such Establishment is injurious to the nation. They find, moreover, that it has lost its hold upon the community, until it numbers less than half the church-going people of England. They seek, therefore, by a reversal of the purely political process that established it, to put an end to this wrong and anomaly. By Acts of Parliament the Church maintains its established position and prerogatives; by the repeal of those Acts only can these be abolished. Parliament is the only power that can effect this: to Parliament therefore they appeal. They seek in every legitimate way to influence the legislature to this result, they try to instruct public opinion, they vote for candidates sympathising with their views, they petition the legislature itself. If to do these things makes us 'political Dissenters' then 'political Dissenters' we are, and fallen so far from a higher grace that we feel no shame at the imputation; our only feeling is one of amusement, touched perhaps with somewhat of moral impatience, that such a charge should be possible to the lips of men whose position and relationships as established clergy are constituted and maintained solely by legislative enactments.\* We may

\* 'It is no less unjust than it is common to stigmatize those who hold it [ 'the principle which forbids the alliance of the civil power with religion in any particular form or forms' ] as 'Political Dissenters,' a phrase implying that they do not dissent on religious grounds. But if they, because they object to the union of Church and State, are political Dissenters, it follows that all who uphold it are political Churchmen.'—Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, 'Chapter of Autobiography,' sect. 71.

be 'political Dissenters,' but not more so than every bishop appointed to an ecclesiastical benefice by the Prime Minister for the time being and taking his seat in the House of Lords is a political Bishop; not more so than every Church dignitary and Rector appointed to his office and claiming its emoluments by enforcement of parliamentary law is a political Clergyman. Other action than this no Dissenter takes. Nor can the legitimacy of this be questioned by any reasonable man. For unseemly bitterness or unchristian motive in this contention we offer no excuse; but it will scarcely be said that this is an exclusive characteristic of the Nonconformist side of the controversy.

The Nonconformist finds himself suffering disabilities through the parliamentary establishment of a dominant Church. In support of it he finds a cluster of persecuting, intolerant, and disabling Acts. He may not worship God according to his conscience or preference; he may not educate his sons at the national universities; he may not conduct a private academy; he may not become a member of a municipal corporation; he may not marry, or be buried save in an Established Church. He must pay taxes in support of the parish church, or his goods must be distrained and himself imprisoned. Life in this England of ours under the dominant Church is so intolerable that he flees an exile to Holland or to New England. Gradually, and in spite of the indignant protests of the clerical holders of prerogatives, he so far wins popular sympathy and changes legislative opinion, that one barbarous disability after another is removed. Immunity for Dissenters is connived at, then the Toleration Act is passed, then the Test and Corporation Acts are repealed, then the Marriage Act is altered, then the National Universities are opened to all citizens, then Church Rates are abolished. And now the Burials Bill has become law. And at every concession the monstrousness of not being contented is urged, and astonishment is expressed at the shocking audacity which, like *Oliver Twist*, 'asks for more.'

But why should not Nonconformists ask for more? The question is not how much of a huge social wrong has been rectified, but what of it still remains unredressed? They make no bargain, they enter into no compromise, they simply win so much of religious equality as they can. If they demand anything contrary to social equity, let the demand be righteously rejected; but they would be recreant not only to their own traditions, but to every principle which

they and their fathers have maintained, if they were to compromise this wrong in any way, or to stay their hand until the last vestige of it be redressed. They are sometimes taunted with ingratitude. To all who have assisted them in their contention they owe gratitude; but they owe no gratitude, as they feel none, to those whose hand of oppression has been reluctantly and forcibly lifted from them. Gratitude is due only for unmerited favors. It is a new thing to claim gratitude for a tardy and protesting redress of wrongs.

What do Nonconformists ask? That any distinctive social privilege should be conferred on themselves? that their churches should be built or maintained by national moneys? that their clergy shall be endowed with national revenues? that seats in the House of Lords shall be transferred from Diocesan to Congregational Bishops? that any kind of prerogative whatever shall be conferred upon themselves?

Were it attempted to put upon those who have been their oppressors any such disabilities as they themselves have suffered, they would have no more resolute champions than the men who sturdily stood by their old adversaries the bishops, who in 1829 were the uniform supporters of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, their hereditary and uncompromising hatred of Popery notwithstanding, and who, true to their instincts of liberty, and at the risk of the grossest misrepresentation, have refused to accept for themselves only the liberties of the Burials Act, and have claimed, although unsuccessfully, the same social rights for every citizen, be he Jew, or Turk, or Infidel. All that the Nonconformist claims is perfect equality before the law—that every remaining distinctive prerogative and endowment conferred under other conditions and in less enlightened times be withdrawn; of course by wise methods and on equitable principles.

Believing that national establishments as such work evil rather than good under any conditions, and that in a land of divided and equally balanced ecclesiastical organizations such as England has become, the evil that the work is very great and almost unqualified, we take our stand upon the broad, intelligible, and equitable principle that the civil government of the nation shall recognize no distinction between one Church or one citizen and another, that it shall protect all Churches alike, and leave each to win such conviction and social status as its truth and goodness and methods may secure for it. Either Nonconformists must accept in perpetuity their remaining disabilities, or

they must induce the legislature to remove them, and so establish absolute religious equality in the eye of the law.

But passing from the special social grievances of Dissenters and the relation of these to national equity and well-being, let us take our stand upon the broader ground of citizenship, and test the question by considerations of common national expediency. And in vindication of this platform it may be said that others than religious Dissenters have interests in Disestablishment and strenuously contend for it. The Irish Church was not disestablished by Dissenters, or at the special instance of Dissenters. From the time of the legislative union of Ireland with England it was condemned as an essential injustice by individual statesmen of all political parties, and even Bishops joined in the condemnation. And when at length disestablishment was righteously accomplished, it was not the hand of a Dissenter that was lifted against it, nor did the parliamentary majority of either house of legislature consist of Dissenters.

In the very bosom of the Establishment itself the Liberation Society has found a sister organization, numerous and influential in its membership; clergymen themselves advocating Disestablishment as preferable to the Erastian conditions of the National Church. Many of the members of the Liberation Society itself are good Episcopalians, and from its origination such have ever been amongst its adherents. In each of the three distinctly marked schools of thought which chiefly make up the Episcopal Church, there are numerous representatives of the principles of the Liberation Society. Fewer perhaps among the Broad Church party than in either of the other two; for Erastianism is a fundamental article of the Broad Church creed; its latitude of theological belief and its imperfect recognition of the higher and more spiritual characteristics of a Church of Christ keep it from being troubled by parliamentary control of Christian theology and worship. Men of all schools, who deem the Church of Christ to have spiritual rights and liberties which only the Divine Lord can rightly control, necessarily resent parliamentary interference with creed and ritual, and claim liberty to believe and worship according to their own unfettered convictions and preferences. In this claim Congregationalists and Anglicans, Evangelicals and Sacramentarians necessarily concur. It is altogether irrespective of the direction which their preferences will take. Even Evangelical churchmen, to whose most cherished convictions the Anglican Estab-

lishment must often do violence, and whose meek acquiescence in such conditions is so often a surprise and shame, are sometimes compelled to confess that 'there are worse things than Disestablishment.' Even bishops occasionally tell us that it is inevitable sooner or later. Indeed, if presentiments foreshadow fact, never was institution more certainly foredoomed. It would be difficult to find an intelligent politician, or clergyman, or observer of any class who does not deem it impending. In the United States, as an eminent bishop of its Episcopal Church informed the writer, any suggestion of Establishment would meet with the most peremptory, and almost unanimous, opposition of the Episcopal clergy.

Then, there are men who belong to no Church, who repudiate all religious creeds, Theists, Atheists, Materialists, Agnostics, Jews, Infidels, irreligious men, with whose misbeliefs religious, Christian men can have no sympathy, but who are none the less entitled to equal rights of citizenship; and whose convictions concerning parliamentary justice and policy are entitled to as much respect as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury. And English Nonconformists have never fought the battle of liberty selfishly, they have never been contented with exceptional privileges. In contending for their own liberties they have always based their contention on grounds that include those who differ from them most widely. In doing this they have subjected themselves to the misrepresentations of bigoted and unscrupulous religionists, who too often forget that to advocate truth by wrong means is as immoral as to be unfaithful to truth itself. The civil rights which are due to the most religious Nonconformist are also due to the most blatant atheist.

There are, too, Roman Catholic Dissenters who have indefeasible rights of citizenship. That they would, if practicable, establish the exclusive and intolerant claims which are the traditions of their Church is no reason why social rights should be denied them; the function of equitable law is not to deny liberty, lest it should be abused, but to guard the community against the misuse of liberty on the part of any who possess it. The claim for Disestablishment is not, therefore, preferred by religious Dissenters alone.

Of the 34,000,000 of people inhabiting these islands, or excluding Scotland, which has an Established Church of its own, say 31,000,000, no one ventures to claim for the Established Church more 7,000,000 of adherents. This, according to 'The Guardian' newspaper of January 15, 1879, is the estimated number of sittings which it

provides. Less partial judgments estimate it at a million less. Of itself this is a disparity which simply makes ridiculous the audacious claim to nationality. Whatever it may have been once, and whatever else it may claim to be now, the Church that can by its most partial advocates claim the adhesion of less than one-fourth of the population, and of only one-half the church-going section of the community, is assuredly in no reasonable sense a national Church.

The anomaly of one of the ecclesiastical corporations of the kingdom claiming for itself this high-sounding designation, exclusive political recognition, legislative status for her bishops, the exclusive performance of all state functions of religion, the tenure of all parochial livings, and the appropriation of national property estimated at £200,000,000 sterling, is so preposterous that, if it did not exist, it could scarcely be imagined; if it were not a traditional prerogative, it could not be created.

Only in a very subordinate measure, therefore, is Disestablishment a Nonconformist question. In a higher and broader degree it is a question of national welfare. To represent it as a mere matter of sectarian jealousy, a rivalry of church and chapel, a struggle for denominational ascendancy, is as disingenuous as it is unfair. This it may be, and possibly is, but chiefly because assumptions like those of the Anglican Establishment intensify differences, engender resentments, and provoke strifes. No such warfare is waged between other Protestant Churches. Presbyterians and Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists, freely debate their differences, without either violation of Christian charities or damage to Christian brotherhood. It would be difficult to adduce just now a single serious controversy between them. Only one of the sisterhood of Protestant Churches stands resentfully aloof, arrogant, contemptuous, militant, mournfully blind to all spiritual goodness or achievement save her own. Upon her, therefore, lies the solemn responsibility of the bitterness and sectarian strife which so mars the social and religious life of England. For the guilt of disension rests not with those who resist unwarrantable claims, but with those who prefer them.

Is, then, an Established Church such as that now existing in England an expedient thing for the national life? Does it in the best way promote national religiousness? Does it conduce to the morality, equity, freedom, strength, and harmony of social life? Does it religiously control and inspire national politics and legislation? Does

it intensify the sentiment of religion in the nation, and promote its virtue, self-reliance, and unity? Is the spiritual and religious action of the Episcopal Church, and of its ministers, purer and stronger, because it is so established? These are great and far-reaching questions. Perhaps no exhaustive and conclusive answer to them is possible. They are calculations of moral influence, and admit of no exact demonstration. Judgments concerning them, moreover, will be largely influenced by prepossessions and theories. And yet an approximate answer may be given, general conclusions may be fairly reached, by adducing experiences of the past, and by dispassionately estimating characteristics and tendencies of the present.

Is, then, the action of a Church upon a nation aided or hindered by its establishment? A twofold answer may be given. First, the answer of philosophy, theory, or sentiment; and next, the answer of history and present experience. How does an establishment present itself to the judgment of philosophy? Which method of appealing to the religious sentiment of a people is most likely to secure favourable prepossessions—that of the minister who comes to it voluntarily, moved only by religious solicitudes, a missionary of the cross, impelled to seek the salvation of men by the constraints of pitying love which impelled the mission of Christ himself, and making no demand for pecuniary support save such as may commend itself to men's own sense of obligation and to their pure willingness? or that of a minister who is imposed upon a parish by the government or the patron without any reference to the preferences or feelings of the people themselves—often in notorious opposition to them—and who demands of them his support as a legal obligation, to be enforced by legal penalty in case of refusal; a support moreover often ludicrously incongruous with the service rendered, and in no case regulated by it. That the former occupies the more elevated platform, that he is exempt from much of resentful prejudice, that he appeals to by far the nobler sentiment, and that he wields the greater moral force, is so obvious as to admit of no debate. And yet these are the true conditions of religious success.

On the other hand it is urged, that in making provision for the religious necessities of an entire nation a government must proceed on the basis of a mixed feeling—the religious zeal and self-sacrifice of some, and the indifference, selfishness, and aversion of others:—that there never has been, and probably never will be, a consentaneous

feeling such as would provide means of religious instruction and worship for the whole country, and that therefore the government of the country is bound to disregard the indifference or antagonism of a large portion of its constituents whose feeling simply shows its need for the gospel, and in a purely missionary spirit to make an enforced provision, as for example in the parochial system, which provides a church for every village, and 'a cultivated gentleman for every parish.'

In reply it may be said that, waiving the enormous assumption that the civil government of a country has either the function or the fitness for teaching religion, it may for the sake of argument be admitted, that if the people of any country were so far religious in character, and agreed as to Christian doctrine, worship, and church discipline, it would theoretically be unobjectionable for them to provide for their religious necessities by a national Establishment and a parochial system, even though then the wisdom of the method might be open to grave question. Neither need it be denied that there may have been conditions of national life when a national establishment has been an instrument of much good. No Church, no condition of any Church, probably, has ever existed in which some good has not been done by it. In civil government there are conditions of peoples in which a despotism is the best form of rule.

But notoriously the conditions of national assent here assumed have never actually existed in England or anywhere else. The history of church provision in England—the history of tithe especially—is a sad caricature upon all such theories. It cannot be gone into here. We can only say generally in relation to tithe that the people have at no period had much to do with it. Bishops existed before parishes, and the dioceses were coterminous with the Saxon kingdoms. There were neither settled clergy nor territorial divisions. The Church system was congregational, not parochial. The clergy were largely aggregated in religious houses. Monarchical gifts and endowments were bestowed by the Saxon kings in the exercise of their own personal will, not only without the consent of the people, but often in spite of their almost rebellious opposition. Until the eighth century tithe was unknown in England. Prior to that, according to Professor Stubbs—

The maintenance of the clergy was provided chiefly by the offerings of the people: for the obligation of tithe in its modern sense was not yet recognized. It is true that the duty of bestowing on God's service a tenth part of

the goods was a portion of the common law of Christianity, and as such was impressed by the priest on his parishioners. But it was not possible or desirable to enforce it by spiritual penalties: nor was the actual expenditure determined except by custom, or by the will of the bishop, who usually divided it between the church, the clergy, and the poor. It was thus precarious and uncertain, and the bestowal of a little estate on the church of the township was probably the most usual way of eking out what the voluntary gifts supplied. The recognition of the legal obligation of tithe dates from the eighth century, both on the continent and in England. In A.D. 779 Charles the Great ordained that every one should pay tithe, and that the proceeds should be disposed of by the bishop; and in A.D. 787 it was made imperative by the legatine councils held in England, which being attended and confirmed by the kings and ealdormen, had the authority of witenagemots. From that time it was enforced by not unfrequent legislation.\*

In 854 Ethelwulf granted a tenth of all the lands in the kingdom to the Church, and in the following year he solemnly renewed the grant under peculiar circumstances. He had been for more than a year absent from his kingdom in Rome; Aelstan, bishop of Sherbourn, had in his absence formed a party for deposing him, and for placing Ethelbald, his eldest son, upon the throne. Ethelwulf thought that he could best induce the clergy to sustain his authority by a bribe. The result was a convention of the parliament at Winchester, and an enactment confirming the grant of a tenth of all lands to the Church. 'King Ethelwulf, for the greater force and solemnity, offered the charter upon the altar, when the bishops receiving it, ordered it to be transcribed, and sent down into their respective dioceses to be fully published.' Professor Stubbs thinks that this famous donation 'had nothing to do with tithes except as showing the sanctity of the tenth portion,' but it is the most definite act upon which we can fix for the origin of the tithe system in England. Not only is it the donation of the monarch with which the consent of the people had nothing to do, but it excited the strongest discontent and resentment, so that it had to be confirmed and renewed, and under reiterated protests, by subsequent kings—Alfred, Edward, Athelstan, Edgar, Æthelred, Canute, and Edward the Confessor—with severe penalties of fine and imprisonment, and, as Leslie says, 'with many curses and imprecations.' Thus a law of King Edgar enacts—

\* 'Constitutional History,' vol. i. chap. viii. § 88.



If any one refuse to pay his tithes in such manner as we have prescribed, then let the king's sheriff, and the bishop of the diocese, and the minister of the parish come together, and let them by force cause the tenth part to be paid to the church to which it was due, leaving only the ninth part to the owner; and for the other eight parts the lord of the manor shall have one fourth part, and the bishop of the diocese the other four.\*

A curious illustration of pious willingness.

These laws were re-enacted with similar indications of popular antagonism by William I., Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., and they are absolutely the only basis of the tithe system in England. At the Reformation, Church revenues were dealt with by Henry VIII. without much regard to the religious willingness of the people, more than half of whom remained Roman Catholics, and were despoiled of the Church property they had possessed. And this was the legislation under which tithes are secured to the present Establishment. Pious liberality is a purely mythical quality so far as the tithe system is concerned. Further, a parochial system enacted by a government, as under Theodore and his successors, demands an advanced degree of popular religious sentiment. Scarcely can such a system be justified as a mere missionary device, for this would be forcibly mulcting the people for the cost of their own conversion. The parochial system is, therefore, simply a diocesan device for utilizing religiously the civil township.

Again, therefore, the theoretic question presents itself. Which is the more natural, the more philosophical order of Christian propagation—to first create its life, according to our Lord's vital symbols of the leaven and the mustard seed, leaving the life to embody itself in churches and parochial institutions as it spreads, or to begin by constructing a parochial framework to be filled and animated with a life hereafter to be produced? Is the order, that is, to be vital or mechanical? Shall the life determine its own growth and forms, or shall the forms determine the life? Certainly all New Testament presentations of Christianity, all recorded apostolic methods, as well as all philosophy and analogy, are in favour of the former.

How far, then, does experience confirm this conclusion? We naturally turn first to the propagation of Christianity in the first three centuries of its history—a process more rapid and vital than it has ever known since, unless it be in the missions to the heathen during the last century, where pre-

cisely the same methods have been reverted to. Clearly parochial arrangements, a territorial framework to be filled up with converted men, was never thought of; the method was purely congregational, not territorial. It was to preach Christ in great centres of population—Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Athens, Ephesus, Rome—to deposit the leaven of the gospel in the densest masses of men, trusting to it to leaven the lump by its vital and diffusive properties. The life created the ecclesiasticism; the moral power of the preachers' appeal lay in the voluntariness, sympathy, and self-sacrifice of their mission. They sought men as Christ sought them; and we know with what amazing rapidity Christian life diffused itself.

When Christianity was established by Constantine this vital process of assimilation was arrested, and processes of secularization and corruption began, which rapidly developed until they culminated in the hierarchical despotism and unutterable abominations of the mediæval ages, and in the popedom of the sixteenth century. The records of spiritual aggressive Christian life soon came to be mainly those of individual missionaries, whose names are so honourably connected with the conversion of Northern Europe. The established hierarchy rapidly deteriorated into the worst forms of secular ambition and tyranny.

The religious history of the English Establishment scarcely needs exposition from this point of view. No one will give Henry VIII., its organizer, credit for either religious motive or spiritual method. A capricious, sensual tyrant and murderer, lust and rapacity were but too predominant amongst his motives; although an extended religious feeling, generated largely by Wycliffe and the Lollards, and excited by the German Reformation, and an impatience of papal corruption and tyranny, no doubt gave him his opportunity. The Reformation in England was almost exclusively, in its ecclesiastical formation, from the king, and not from the people. The enactments of Edward VI., the imperious Erastianism of Elizabeth, and the notorious Act of Uniformity of the second Charles completed the edifice. It is difficult to imagine either spiritual motive or process in this formative period of the Establishment. Down to the time of Laud, the piety of individual men notwithstanding, but one estimate can be formed of the deteriorating course and tendency of the Establishment. Its ecclesiastical tyranny and corruption were the chief elements of the explosion which resulted in the overthrow of both Church and throne, and in the ascendancy of Cromwell

\* Leslie on Tithes.

and Independency. Then, as throughout its history, the Establishment was the bane of the Commonwealth. In the austere virtues of the Commonwealth, in men like Hampden, Cromwell, and Milton, men saw how greatly piety and patriotism could inspire statesmen, purify government at home, and make it respected abroad. We need not extenuate the defects and faults either of the men or the government in order to justify the verdict of history, that in no nation have purer patriots or a more righteous government than those of the Commonwealth been seen. Whatever the violence of the outbreak, whatever the expediency of the rulers of that revolutionary time, no candid man will venture to suggest a comparison, political, religious, or moral, between it and the foul abominations of the Stuarts. Assuredly we have no cause to be ashamed of the Commonwealth, of its large-brained, godly leader and his rough virtues, of the noble band of statesmen and scholars whom he gathered round him, of his God-fearing army—who anticipated the just boast of the Americans that at the close of their civil war their soldiers returned to the occupations and virtues of private citizens—of his wise and just rule in religious affairs—which his bitterest foes can disparage only by the impotent charge of fanaticism. It was a great religious inspiration and uprising of the nation—a premature, but a glorious birth of time.

Then came the Restoration, with its carnival of licentiousness, in which the Stuarts showed that they had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. What pious Churchman will boast of either the policy or the individual representatives of his Church during this melancholy period. At once it began a repetition of the suicidal processes which had expressed its own best life. The Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, and two thousand of its most learned and godly clergy became Dissenters. The Five Mile Act, the Test and Corporation Acts rapidly followed, and only the revolution of 1688, which placed William on the throne, and which was largely the work of Nonconformists, saved the liberties and the religion of the nation. But the Revolution could not save the Church. Moral processes cannot be arrested by external change; and the Church became, by a slow but sure process of religious deterioration, what History describes the Hanoverian Church to have been. It was through a kind of moral necessity that the Church which had expelled the Nonconformists of 1662 should eject the Methodists of the next century.

Indeed, it would seem as if fervid re-

ligious life scarcely could exist under the conditions of an Establishment. In 1843 the Established Church of Scotland and its Erastian rulers repeated the same suicidal processes. Indeed, in the entire history of Established Churches it would be difficult to find an instance of an opposite tendency. Whatever may have been the incidental advantages of Establishments real or imaginary, the general tendency and course of every Establishment that Christendom has known has been to religious deterioration. This has been strikingly exhibited by Professor Geffcken in his great book on 'Church and State,' in which, after a historical survey of all the Establishments of Christendom, he is compelled, advocate of State Churches as he is, to pronounce a verdict against every one of them, and to comfort himself with an ideal of the relationship between the two, such as deluded the imagination of Coleridge and beguiled the heart of Arnold. There is not in Europe at the present moment a single national Establishment upon which the most ardent advocate of the institution could lay his fingers as a success; there is scarcely one that might not be triumphantly adduced as an absolute *fiasco*—that has not produced a condition of perplexity, strife, and weakness to both the Church and the nation. Some living can remember the English Establishment as it was fifty years ago, prior to the Oxford revival, when, it is no calumny to say, even making full allowance for the excellences of the Evangelical clergy, spiritual piety in clergymen was the exception and not the rule, and the Church well-nigh merited the characterization of the Apostle Jude, 'twice dead, plucked up by the roots.' It is not meant that the Episcopal Church has not always had its devout and faithful men—these have been found in every Church. Some of the most saintly men of Christianity have been members of the Church of Rome. In the English Establishment many such have ever been found—preachers, writers, and saintly workers, whom all religious men delight to honour. They are the product not of Church systems but of Christianity; their presence in a Church is no vindication of its system, nor is it necessarily an index of its general spiritual character. There is no cognizable causation between the Establishment and their piety. Nurturing influences there may be in a Church, scarcely in an Establishment.

We gladly again recognize the quickening of spiritual life in the Episcopal Church during the last forty years. After the wave of Evangelical life of the last century comes the equally strong wave of Anglican life in

this. However far from the doctrinal and ecclesiastical positions of men like Cardinal Newman, Mr. Keble, Dr. Pusey, and their respective followers, we may stand, we must be as thankful to God for their piety as we are for that of Bernard, Fénelon, and Pascal. Just as we thank God for hundreds of pious village priests in the Church of Rome, so we thank God for pious Anglican clergymen in English towns and villages; but it would be as great a mistake to connect the Anglican revival with the Establishment as such, as it would be so to connect the Evangelical revival under Whitefield and Wesley. For what do we see on every hand? So soon as religious life is quickened in whatever school of the English Church, it at once begins to chafe against the conditions of the Establishment. Just as Whitefield and Wesley could find liberty for their inspirations only outside the Establishment, so Anglican clergymen began to migrate in hundreds to the Church of Rome; while with those that remain, the history of the Oxford movement has been a continuous struggle to recast the Thirty-nine Articles, to modify the liturgy, and to break through the meshes of the Act of Uniformity. Whatever the dream of an ideal Establishment, the Establishment as it is is intolerable. The struggles in the law courts, the unseemly conflicts between clergymen and their bishops, the almost ribald vituperations, and actual mobbing of the latter, as of the Bishop of Rochester, four or five weeks ago, at St. Paul's, Walworth, the organization and excitement of ecclesiastical mobs, the imprisonment of one clergyman after another, at the instance of members of their own Church, the organization of hundreds of clergymen for the avowed purpose of defying the law, are only so many efforts to break down the existing conditions of Establishment. Innovations in worship in a thousand churches, simply connived at by the ecclesiastical authorities, who shrink from unseemly and profitless litigation, the open avowal of lax subscription, are simple confessions of the utter breakdown of the Establishment as it is. Every Establishment dies of life; it can survive anything but a living spiritual church. Wesley defies it and leaves it; less simple and, we think, less honest modern Anglicans defy it, and insist on remaining within it; if possible, to revolutionize and betray it. But they are alike intolerant of it as it is.

Historians like Macaulay and Froude have pronounced judgments upon the Establishment and its influence, which had they fallen from Nonconformist lips would have been declared ignorant calumny and rancor-

ous spite. There is no need to repeat them. It is enough to ask any apologist for Establishments to adduce a single instance, from either the civil or the religious history of the nation, in which the Establishment has been in the van of either liberty, reform, or evangelization. Her name does not stand connected with any of the great acts of civil emancipation or moral redress, which are the glory of our modern history, and the strength of our modern life—the abolition of the slave trade, the enfranchisement of the people, the first movements of popular education, the amelioration of criminal law, and the abolition of the corn laws. On the side of prerogative, monopoly, and aristocratic domination she has ever instinctively taken her stand. That her bishops should have given their vote for the iniquitous Afghan war is but in harmony with the dark record of her political traditions. Every measure of religious liberty won by Dissenters, from the Toleration Act to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the abolition of Church Rates, and the Burials Act, has been forced from her reluctant grasp, and defiant of her foreboding malediction. While if the inception of measures of education and evangelization at home and abroad be an adequate measure of religious inspiration, she makes a poor figure in the august series of religious societies which have sprung into existence during the last hundred years. Scarcely ever does she lead, almost always does she follow. And yet her sons are as pious, intelligent, and full of self-sacrifice as other men. Free to follow their own impulses, and subjected to ordinary conditions of religious incitement, they would be not a whit behind the most enterprising and benevolent of Christ's servants. The sole cause of difference is the repressing influences of the Establishment.

As further illustrative of the paralyzing effect upon a Church of a State connection, the relative progress of the Established and of the Free Churches of England may be adduced—the rapid spread of the latter, the enormous losses of the former. The details are too numerous for citation, and the result too palpable to be effected by finessing disputes over exact figures. The conditions which all must admit are sufficient. First, we may point to the spread of Methodism in its various branches. In some parts of the kingdom, Cornwall, for instance, it has searched out almost every hamlet; and there are few counties in which it has not spread with amazing rapidity and force. The Congregational Churches, Independent and Baptist, have in like manner chapels and preaching-rooms in almost every village. Presby-

terians and others are likewise doing their share. It would demand long travel to find an English village without one or more Dissenting meeting-houses. In Wales, which a century and a half ago was the almost exclusive possession of the Establishment, it is on all hands conceded that about 84 per cent. of the people are now Nonconformists. In our larger cities and towns, almost without exception, a larger percentage of the religious provision is made by Nonconformists than by the Establishment. Even in the eight most eastern parishes of the metropolis, and with all the church building that special Acts of Parliament and other bounties have enabled, the ascendancy is with the Nonconformists, although at the time of the last religious census the balance was the other way.\* In Scotland, the Presbyterian Establishment has been utterly distanced by the children whom she had cast out. In Ireland the Episcopal Church, prior to its disestablishment, was in a ridiculous minority. If we go to the English colonies or the United States for illustrations, not only do we find only Free Churches, but in the United States especially we find them nearly overtaking the necessities of their abnormal immigration even in the remotest and most scattered settlements.

These striking facts are more than a sufficient reply to the unworthy fear that were the Church disestablished the religious necessities of the country would not be overtaken. It may be that the voluntary Episcopal Church would not do all territorially that the Established Church now does—no one Church can do all that the entire nation needs—but the Episcopal Church is not the only Church of Christ in the land; and that there would be spiritual destitution all the experience of the past denies. If the contention be for Establishment because of the exclusive right or ascendancy of the Episcopal Church in every place, that is another question, which we will not enter upon here.

\*Much disingenuous reproach has been heaped upon Nonconformists because they have opposed a census of religious opinion. In our judgment they have righteously done so. It would, in any case, have been most defective and delusive. Opinions are not fitting matters for a census. If the wish be really to test the relative strength of religious bodies, Nonconformists will readily consent to any census of actual statistical facts—either the number of sittings provided by each Church, or the number of attendants in each place of worship on a given day. With their spacious parish churches Episcopalians have surely no reasonable cause for shrinking from a test like this. When Nonconformists do so, let it be their reproach.

We will only say that other Churches besides the Episcopal Church itself have something to say about this, and that their relative numbers in England entitle them to say it.

Another argument sometimes urged against disestablishment is that the Episcopal Church would split up into two or more Churches. We can only reply that anything is better than a deceptive, dishonest, and compulsory unity. If the Episcopal Church have not inherent vitality enough to maintain and to propagate herself, and if she be so destitute of internal cohesion as to be kept in existence only by the encircling hoop of civil law, and the external inducement of pecuniary dependence, in God's name let her perish! She has lost all that is worth preserving in a Church, and all that can make a Church wholesome and aggressive. For our part we utterly refuse to believe such timid vaticinations, natural enough in Church dignitaries, but a sad calumny on all spiritual life. We believe that the Episcopal Church would not be a whit behind the chiefest of the Free Churches in her spiritual earnestness, missionary zeal, and large liberality: she would probably be an example to them all. Even her splendid munificence at the present time sufficiently assures this. Whether she would fall asunder or not we are not so sure, but certainly with her present antagonisms of opinion she ought to do so. It would be infinitely more honest to do so, and she would spiritually be much more effective than with her present reproach of insincerity she can be. The sacrifice of truth is a far greater calamity than division. Possibly the *esprit de corps* would prove stronger than the demands of simple truth; sad indications that it would be so have not been wanting in both the extreme parties in the Church. It is easy to retort that we would fain have it so. We can only in all sincerity say that we have only feelings of regret and sorrow for the dissensions of any Church. We would fain see the Episcopal Church united heartily in faith, worship, and work, taking her just place in the sisterhood of English Churches, and doing a noble part in promoting the kingdom of Christ. But with every unsophisticated mind it will be even a greater sorrow still to see an unreal and schismatic unity maintained. Clergymen subscribing the same formularies and anathematizing each other with an emphasis and passion altogether unknown in the relations of Nonconforming Churches, vexing society and the law courts by their contention—one party in the Church prosecuting to imprisonment another—and yet all calling themselves faithful members of the one

Episcopal Church, believers in her articles and worshipping with her liturgy. This is at the present moment the greatest scandal in Christendom; and, we will venture to add, the greatest moral offence of our own social life. Honest separation is no evil compared with this dishonest and belligerent unity. It neither honours truth, glorifies God, nor benefits men.

By some advocates of the Establishment it is contended, that in the Established Church of England greater liberty for divergent theologies is to be found than in any of the Free Churches. Thus, in 'The Guardian' newspaper for December 1, Mr. Boothley writes, in reply to Mr. Bright: 'What denomination of Nonconformists is there that would embrace within its folds any such divergences—not to call them vital differences—as those that exist between these several schools in the Established Church—Ritualists, High Churchmen, Evangelicals, Low Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, and Latitudinarians? . . . left free to preach within the Church *their several Gospels*.' We trust that there is not one, although the standards of many Free Churches are far less explicit and narrow than those which every Episcopal clergyman subscribes. One excellent clergyman writes to 'The Nonconformist' newspaper to contend that Mr. Stopford Brooke need not have left the Establishment. Another strongly pronounced Evangelical declared to the writer that his doing so 'was a mistake.' What is this but a shameless proclamation of the subordination of truth to the National Establishment, and the expression of a cynical contempt for the Thirty-nine Articles and the offices of the Prayer Book, solemnly accepted by each clergyman at his ordination as his theological creed.

It is one thing to tolerate diversities of interpretation and construction, it is another to accept fundamental contradictions on points of vital doctrine. Surely truth is more than ecclesiasticism. Better a hundred different Churches than a spurious conformity, which in itself is an essential falsehood, and in its relations to the truth of Christ a shameless unfaithfulness. If Nonconformists could thus have paltered with conscience and subordinated truth, they would never have become such. Far less than this would have kept them and their fathers within the pale of the Establishment. They at this moment might have added to the unedifying and immoral controversies and litigations which make the Establishment, as it is, a byword in Christendom, a scandal to unsophisticated morality, and

certainly anything but 'the pillar and ground of the truth.'

No one, we think, will affirm that the Nonconformist population of England, that the Dissenters of Wales, that the Free Churches of Scotland, that the ten million registered Church members of the United States,\* are less moral in social life, or less devout, consistent, and self-sacrificing in Church life, than members of the Establishment. Many would even give them the palm on the ground that Dissent requires more positive conviction and determined purpose. And all this the Nonconformists of the United Kingdom have done out of the depths of their poverty. Few of the rich of the land have been found among the Wesleyans of England or the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales. There is room enough for the reproach, if any are shameless enough to utter it, that their ministers have not been men of university education; that their church buildings have not been faultless in architecture, or imposing in ritual; that their congregations have somewhat lacked so much of 'sweetness and light' as does not respect goodness, graciousness, and refined feeling. All the greater the honour due to their achievement. Every such disadvantage counts as a heroism rather than as a disparagement, and tells heavily in the balance of intrinsic moral forces. 'If these things have been done in the green tree, what would not be none in the dry.' If with the highest education of the day as their endowment, the wealth of the land at their disposal, a State provision enabling religious services without cost, a parochial system, and 'a cultured gentleman in every parish,' the Established Church has not been able to hold its own against the homely societies of peasants, artisans, and small shopkeepers, the preaching of unlettered men, the necessary support of their own worship and mission services by the poorest of the land; her condemnation is complete. Men do not take upon them such onerous conditions of expense and reproach without the most imperative of moral reasons. In spite of all it has had to offer, the parish church has been forsaken for the little chapel or preaching-room, and the sweets of religious freedom and spiritual fellowship once tasted, no inducement has sufficed to bring them back to the Church so left. Individual men, if not successful in the onerous ministry of the Free Churches, may now and then be found

\*Exclusive of 9,500,000 Roman Catholics. In the year 1800 the proportion of Evangelical church members to the population was one in fifteen, in 1880 it is one in five.

seeking the official provision of the Established Church, but no Dissenting body, scarcely any Dissenting congregation, has ever yet returned to her bosom, however reluctantly it might have left her. What is the strange fascination of Free Church life? Why do we not conform? Not because objections to Episcopacy are insuperable—with scores of Free Church ministers Episcopacy is deemed to be as legitimate, and perhaps as expedient, as Presbyterianism or Congregationalism—not because Nonconformists are enamoured of their social ban and their religious disabilities—he would simply be demented who in England continued to be a dissenter without cause—it is solely because Nonconformists deem the freedom, responsibility, and inspiration of their system, even with its reproach, greater riches than all the treasures of the Establishment.

Many other aspects of the question present themselves, but we have almost exhausted our space. There is the service rendered by English Nonconformists to national freedom and righteousness—a service which all historians from Hume to Freeman have been constrained to recognize (Hume tells us that to Nonconformists England owes the liberties she now enjoys) and which statesmen from Burke to Gladstone have generously acknowledged. In every great conflict for liberty, whether for themselves or for others; in every great contention for righteousness, from the days of the Tudors to the last general election, Nonconformists have been in the van. Their religious earnestness, the very fundamental principles of their position, and the strong instincts and sympathies of their religious life account for this.

The principle of a Church Establishment, moreover, is inimical to the genius of the English people and to the character and tendency of all their institutions. In every other department of national life the sentiment and habit of self-reliance is solicitously nurtured and instinctively asserted, and is a great cause of their individuality, their sturdy independence, and their nobility of character. In political, municipal, and economical life their self-government and local independence are increasingly asserted. Paternal government, eleemosynary provision find little favour in their eyes. In religion, this is utterly negated by the State Church; while in Free Churches their voluntary support and their congregational government are schools for the most effective nurture of the sentiment of freedom. The State provision for public worship, and the absolute negation of the congregation in Church

government, are contradictory to every other development of our national life, and inimical to its best elements in a domain the most vital and the most formative of character. Better a thousand times suffer the mistakes of freedom than avoid them by a negation of it. A State Church is in direct contradiction to the genius of our national life.

If we turn to the great question of national unity, we find that no existing institution of English society creates such social schism, fosters such social animosities, and so disables fellowship in the highest domain of social life. The caste feeling which it generates and intensifies is scarcely exceeded by that of India. Two causes produce this. First, the sacerdotalism, which seems to have special affinities with Episcopacy; and next, the prerogatives conferred by the State Establishment, which, in addition to their own normal and official influence, intensify and give impunity to priestly assumption and arrogance. It may be that between Episcopal and other Churches there can under no conditions be the recognized equality and the practical fellowship that exist among the Free Churches. The diversities of the latter are no bar to perfect brotherhood; they constitute a harmony which is both a beauty and a strength. But wherever theories of Divine right are maintained, intolerance is inevitable, and indeed imperative. I have indeed no right to tolerate what I think God has prohibited; my very sense of fealty to Him, my very conscience in the highest domain of its exercise, goes over to the side of prohibition, and even persecution. Some of the most relentless of inquisitors and persecutors, from Saul of Tarsus to the Roman inquisitors, have been most religiously conscientious, and it may be, as with Saul, even tender-hearted men. The previous question is, How came the conscience to form such judgments? 'There is,' says South, 'the erroneous as well as the rightly informed conscience; and if the conscience happens to be deluded, sin does not therefore cease to be sin because a man commit it conscientiously.' It may be, therefore—and the attitude of Episcopal Churches when not established makes it probable that it would be—that the Episcopal Church of this country would not accept a place in the sisterhood of Protestant Churches; that her assumptions would be as extravagant and haughty, and her intolerance as great or greater than it is now. All the more need that she should derive no adventitious aid or immunity from the action of public opinion from her establishment by the State. (Can there be a reason-

able doubt that if the Oxford movement had been directly amenable to the episcopal congregations of the land; if its leaders had not been artificially protected by their endowments in their disregard or defiance of their people, it would have been an abortion? As it was, they were legally secured in their parishes until they slowly indocinated their congregations. Truth, the fair debate and conflict of opinions, as between Church and Church, one school and another, is impossible under such conditions. And thus arrogant and unwarranted assumption is enabled, with all its consequent social schisms, such as English society now groans under.

There are further questions of the waste of national resources. Making the largest allowance that charity will permit for the spiritual service rendered by the Episcopal clergy, can it be doubted that the vast emoluments of the Established Church ought to have been infinitely more productive, nay, that they have not been in myriads of instances the means of introducing to bishoprics, deaneries, and benefices men utterly unfitted for their spiritual functions, and to the exclusion of men who by the natural operation of the law of supply and demand would, on the grounds of fitness, have obtained them? It would be a nice problem, whether State endowments have enabled or hindered genuine religious service the most. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a more wasteful expenditure of resources, if the end of endowment be the spiritual benefit of the people. Free Churches may fail, their ministers prove ineffective—for human judgment is fallible, and the men are but men at the best—but, to say the least, they strenuously seek religious result; and, so far as they have realized it, it has been at a cost not comparable to that of the Establishment. The history of Establishments in every country presents a sad picture of intrigue, corruption, self-seeking, and luxurious waste scarcely to be paralleled in purely civil records.

Closely allied to this is the unspeakable wickedness of political and commercial Church patronage; the appointment to bishoprics and deaneries by the political minister of the day; the gift of 'livings' by wealthy men; their sale and purchase in the commercial market—which, as practised in England just now, is a grievous violation of every spiritual right of a Church of Christ, almost the negation of its very idea and function; perhaps the grossest abuse ever tolerated in a Church of Christ. But the evil is so palpable that it has no defenders. We need not therefore debate it. But it

could never have come into existence save in a national Establishment; and it is therefore one of the corruptions of national, moral, and religious sentiment that must be laid to the charge of this institution.

Legislative and judicial obstruction and embarrassment are also part of the national penalty paid for a Church Establishment. What a place in our parliamentary history the Church has had, and almost always a disastrous one! Churches, like all other institutions, must be subject to legislative control and amenable to the courts of judicature. No Church organization may encroach upon social rights, or invade national liberties. While it is the obligation of every civil government to secure to Christian Churches the exercise of their unfettered social rights, it is their imperative duty to prohibit all encroachment by them, in the name of religion, upon the equal rights of others. Like all other societies, Church societies are inviolable in their association, their worship, their doctrine, and their evangelization, so long as they do not encroach upon the personal or social liberties of others. But legislation for the regulation of this is a very different thing from legislation for the internal doctrine and worship and discipline of a State Church, and for the appropriation of its vast revenues. Such legislation fills a formidable space in our statute book. It has seriously interfered with the business of the nation; and has been the gravest embarrassment of statesmen and of political parties. Whereas legislation demanded by the existence of Free Churches is scarcely ever heard of.

All Churches, again, as corporations making contracts and holding property, are amenable to the law courts of the realm. Like all other corporations, they are bound to fulfil the conditions of contract—as, for example, with their ministers; they are bound to observe their own laws, as towards their members; they are bound to administer property according to its declared trusts. No Free Churchman would dream of questioning the necessity and desirableness of this. It is the simple operation of law in its relation to social equity. It is not *quâ* Church that the society comes into a law court; it is on the simple grounds of social rights. And again it may be said, the infrequency and simplicity of such cases, as contrasted with the constant, protracted, and costly litigation of the various parties of the State Church, is a sufficient indication of the social order of the former, and of the waste of public time, the scandal, the judicial discredit, and the pecuniary cost of the latter. Such abuses, again, are possible only to

Established Churches, and certainly they do not conduce to the social harmony, the legislative and judicial simplicity, the moral purity, and the religious tone of the nation. Why should our English life be burdened, embarrassed, embittered, and corrupted by an institution so prolific of evil as this?

We trust that we have made it sufficiently clear that our remarks throughout have had respect solely to the Establishment as such, and not to the Episcopal Church or its clergy, save as necessarily implicated in it.

Against the Episcopal form of Church government we have nothing to say, save in a general discussion of expediencies. In our judgment it is as legitimate as Presbyterianism or Congregationalism. New Testament precedent, we think, is with the latter, and experience only proves its superior harmonies with the best culture of the spiritual life. But there is no scriptural prescription to make it or any other form of Church government imperative. The Christian life is wisely left to its own embodiments; and whatever most respects its inherent rights, and develops its spiritual perfection, is best. If therefore Christian men prefer an Episcopal Church order, no man may forbid them. For them probably it is the best. The right of preference which we claim we fully concede.

Concerning the clergy and the members of the Episcopal Church we have as much to say that is good as concerning any other servants of Christ. Sometimes their Church system has made them persecuting and intolerant; it naturally makes them arrogant and exacting; but in religious excellency they are very much like other men. For noble gifts of sanctified learning, for holy services of consecrated self-denial, for innumerable instances of ministerial sanctity, fidelity, and heroism, the English people must ever owe a large gratitude to the Episcopal clergy. So far as they and the Episcopal Church to which they belong can be distinguished from the State Establishment, we wish in all sincerity and heartiness to make the distinction. Concerning the Establishment simply as such—its principle, its working, its influence—there is in our judgment nothing to be said that is good. It is diametrically opposed to the genius of Christianity, and to every teaching of its principles and methods which we find in the New Testament. It is pernicious in almost all its influences upon social and national life; it reacts disastrously upon the spiritual life and consecration of its own members; and its history in every instance of its occurrence is a record of an enormous disproportion of intrigue, corruption, and waste.

H. A.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

*The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. KINGLAKE. Vol. IV. W. Blackwood and Sons.

In this fourth and penultimate volume of his work the author at first seems to be passing over the 'dead points' of his narrative. Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava are passed, and the storming of the Redan and Malakoff is still a long way off. Accordingly the reader is not keenly excited by the descriptions of battle and combat in which Mr. Kinglake so brilliantly excels. Further, the history of the dreary months traversed in this volume—during which the war made little progress, while the Allied army lay shivering and perishing on the storm-swept uplands of Crim Tartary—reads almost like a nightmare. But for ceaseless reinforcements, both the French and the English armies would literally have melted away and disappeared from the ravages of disease and the inclemency of a Crimean winter.

Nevertheless, this volume is in many respects more useful to the nation, more imperially instructive, than any of its predecessors. While vividly setting forth the sufferings of the army, the author dissects the causes of the great disaster which befell our troops; and this part of his work is all the more valuable as permanently instructive, because the sources of the disaster lay entirely in a grossly defective system of administration. Mr. Kinglake says that he was astonished, at the close of his most searching investigations, to find that the fault nowhere, or hardly in the least degree, rested with individuals. The officials under whom this terrible disaster befell our troops, whether these officials were military, civilian, or political, each and all did their work in a noble and self-devoting spirit. Our whole calamities during that Crimean winter were attributable to the system under which our army was governed and our Ministers forced to work. Not a few of those glaring defects as regards army administration have since been remedied, but we fear that far too much still remains to be done; and we feel assured this volume will do more than anything else to bring about the improvements which are so imperatively needed.

It is only too plain now that the public, indignant at the sufferings of our troops, and also mistakes in the strategy of the war, did gross injustice to Lord Raglan, whose noble spirit and high abilities Mr. Kinglake at length does justice to. Nothing can be finer or more touching than the quiet heroism with which Lord Raglan bore the painful and critical ordeal to which he was subjected. With a bleeding heart, and a brain all but distracted and overborne by the dire anxieties of his position, the British general maintained a calm and cheerful bearing, ever dreading lest a knowledge of the weakened strength and woful condition of the Allied host should lead



the enemy to hurl another Inkerman-like assault against the sickly and fast-thinning ranks of the besieging force. In truth, fearfully overworked as our soldiers were, the task of pushing forward the siege-works (or at least seeming to do so) was a necessity of our position. In truth, it was the Allied army that (at least for several months) was really the besieged party; and the trenches and siege-batteries were indispensable to enable us to maintain our position in front of Sebastopol.

One part of this volume was sure to call forth (as indeed it has already done) keen protest and criticism. Mr. Kinglake shows how the war-correspondent of 'The Times' actually imperilled, not merely the fortunes of the campaign, but the very existence of the Allied army, by the minute information and revelations which he sent home for publication, and which were immediately telegraphed to Sebastopol via St. Petersburg. Lord Wellington (complained Lord Raglan in one of his letters to the Government) throughout his Peninsular campaigns was never half so well informed as to the positions and conditions of the French armies as the Russians were from day to day in regard to the Allied army, and by writings actually supplied from our own camp. No spy, not a dozen of them, could possibly have obtained and supplied to the Russian generals the information which Mr. Russell daily sent to 'The Times.'

In connection with this subject Mr. Kinglake gives a graphic description of Mr. Delane and the 'interior' of 'The Times' office. Although, like all Englishmen, lovers of publicity, we must acknowledge the truthfulness of Mr. Kinglake's remarks in this chapter, which will not be the least interesting part of the volume to the general reader. The volume is a service to the nation.

*Japan: its History, Traditions, and Religions.*

With the Narrative of a Visit in 1879. By SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P., &c., &c. In Two Vols. With Illustrations. John Murray.

*Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.* An Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. In Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. John Murray.

These two volumes, which appear together, present a complete and reliable picture of Japan as it was and as it is, the one most appropriately supplementing the other. Sir Edward Reed has, we think, erred a little in his arrangement, in giving his admirably clear and concise account of the history, philosophy, and religion in the first volume, and relegating what is much more likely to attract the general reader—the account of his visit to Japan in 1879—to the second volume, thus demanding first of all an amount of interest in much that is remote and abstract, and hampering himself not a little with the sense of unnaturalness; for certainly what is

seen should be first described, and then whatever is suggested to the mind by what has been seen, or arises from it. This seems a simple rule enough, but travellers are too often inclined to set it at naught, notwithstanding their own interests, artistic considerations, and the claims of the general reader, which in such matters ought surely to be primary and paramount. Nor does our general criticism of Sir Edward Reed end here. Not only has he devoted his whole first volume professedly to early history, language, literature, and philosophy, but he interjects into his second volume, as a third chapter, a general disquisition on the language and literature, thus breaking up the narrative so well begun, and simply throwing the reader back to the very position assigned to him in the middle of the first volume. For readableness and attractiveness in this respect, then, we consider that the arrangement might have been better for all concerned. With respect to the matter, that is another thing. Sir Edward Reed has made himself master of Japanese life and history. No point of the least interest is omitted here. We estimate at the highest value the chapter on the Shinto religion and the account of the manner in which it passed into effeteness, giving place to the insurgent Buddhism, which in Japan, as in some other places, has split up into divergent lines, determined by the view taken of Nirwana: the one holding that it is total annihilation of the individual life, and the other that it is simply the entrance into rest. We are glad to see that Sir Edward Reed, in opposition to the declarations of such writers as Mr. Talboys Wheeler, is inclined to see in the Nirwana of Buddhism a suggestion of something beyond annihilation. Buddhism was a reaction against Brahmanic dogma and ritualism: it changed the centre for high action from outward to inward motives. In doing good, the reward is in the doing. In this Buddha was distinctly a practical teacher; but one remarkable point is often missed: Nirwana—complete escape from all desire and earthly longing—is possible here below; the master himself attained it, and in this lies a world of meaning; a little chink is by it opened into a world with wide horizons. Sir Edward Reed's chapter on Buddhism is one of the most suggestive we have seen on the subject. 'The Way of the Gods,' as the leading idea of the Shinto religion, is most luminously expounded, and equally so the principle that lies at the root of the worship of ancestors, which is general in Japan and in China. Not less so are the chapters on the Ancient History, the Political Development, and the possibilities that lie before Japan. The chapter on 'The Reforms of the Last Ten Years,' is sufficient to take wholly by surprise the reader who has not been attending carefully to the news from Japan month by month and week by week. Education—particularly female education—has been improved after European models (for the Japanese, unlike the Chinese, are very ready to adopt new methods of doing things); normal schools have been estab-

lished at great centres; half-barbarous laws have been repealed; a new monetary system has been adopted; the clan system, with its rivalries and recurrent outbreaks, has been abrogated; a postal system after the European model has been established; telegraphs have been effectively introduced, steamships bought and built; and the whole system of life, social and political, is speedily undergoing transformation into something higher, more civilized, more fitted to enable Japan to cope with European life. Even vote by ballot has been introduced. Sir Edward Reed's last word is suggested by that fact. Elective assemblies are being established throughout the empire. They are to deal with all questions of taxation, and may petition the central government. 'The qualifications for membership are an age not less than twenty-five years, a three years' residence in the electoral district, and the payment of a land-tax within that district of not less than £2. The qualifications for electors (males only) are an age of twenty years, inscription on the register, and payment of a land-tax of £1. The voting is by ballot, but the names of the voters are to be written by themselves on the voting papers. I cannot help thinking that by thus cautiously but steadily advancing along the approved path of political progress the emperor and the existing government of Japan are insuring a better future for their country than would be at all likely to result from a less gradual method of proceeding.'

Miss Bird plainly tells us that hers is not a 'Book on Japan,' but 'a narrative of travels in Japan, and an attempt to contribute something to the sum of knowledge of the present condition of the country;' and she adds, 'it was not till I travelled for some months in the interior of the main island and in Yezo that I decided that my materials were novel enough to render the contribution worth making. From Nikko northwards my route was altogether off the beaten track, and had never been traversed in its entirety by any European. I lived among the Japanese and saw their mode of living, in regions unaffected by European contact. As a lady travelling alone, and the first European lady who had been in several districts through which my route lay, my experiences differed more or less widely from that of preceding travellers.' Miss Bird went to Japan on account of her health, and in Japan, as in the Sandwich Islands, in the Rocky Mountains, or in Fiji, she approves herself the true traveller. She never loses temper, never fails to appreciate what is novel and strange, and lightly recovers herself amidst discomfort and unaccustomed ways. Had it not been so, we are doubtful if this book could ever have been written; certain it is, it would have been a very different book. It is delightful to see with what buoyant spirit Miss Bird goes along, finding something pleasant and profitable even amid the most adverse circumstances. Her book suffers under what we cannot help regarding as a great disadvantage. It is written in the form of letters,

which, in our judgment, is a form very ill suited for a work aiming at such exhaustiveness as Miss Bird assuredly aims at within the limits of such a design as that with which she set out. It tempts to indulgence in forms of speech which become somewhat tiresome, and we do really wish that she had taken the trouble to recast it. Miss Bird not only describes scenery and character well, she has a certain kind of dramatic power which enables her, so to say, to give impressions of the inner life and feelings of the people amongst whom she may move. This was noticeable in her former books, particularly in the 'Rocky Mountains,' and in the case of some of her companions in the risky journey described there—it is, we think, still more conspicuously present here. Letters xiii. and xiv. of the first volume, and Letters vi. and vii. of the second volume seem to us specially to justify this. In saying what we have now said, we simply mean that in addition to rare faculties of observation, and a memory well exercised on the detail of travel, she has humour and a fine sense of the disparities and contrasts of life. This is a point in which Miss Bird shows far superior to Sir Edward Reed, who scarcely seems at any point to see the individual Japanese as a person at all. This is pre-eminently what Miss Bird does, and therefore her book will have its own work to do. The description of Kenaya's house and of Kenaya in Letter x. of Volume i. might itself suffice for proof of this; it is delightful. After all, a nation is made up of men and women, each with a mind and soul and heart, and the person who can in writing make us feel this must be taken to supplement well the philosophic writer and political economist. Miss Bird's account of the savage, or half-savage, peoples of the interior is, of course, the most valuable and interesting portion of her work. There, being entirely off the beaten track, she has the merit of really making revelations. It is a world into which it is not completely pleasant to look; but we recollect that we have our own savages at home—in Bucks or Dorsetshire, as well as in the slums of Seven Dials and Kent Street—and our exultation and sense of superiority are thus speedily modified. We sincerely trust that these most graphic pictures of the miserable condition of the poor people of the outlying Nakano districts, and of Yezo, may awaken such an interest as may lead to something being by and by done in their behoof. In her care to describe the actual details that she observed as she went along from point to point, Miss Bird does not miss broadly practical and political questions. She is at one with Sir Edward Reed about the earnestness of the government in judicial reforms; and throughout her book she sets down sentences which abundantly show that she knows something of politics and of political economy, and could philosophize and speculate a little if she liked. But her strength lies in another line, and she is wise to keep to it. From her book may be got a vivid idea of present-day Japan, in its low life as well as its high life, and every-

where a most refined and kindly spirit appears. She must have given to the out-of-the-way Japanese a very favourable idea of the English lady, and in this regard has perhaps done England a greater service than can at present be estimated. We think of old Fletcher's words as we contrast in our minds these two: 'Let me make the songs, and who will may make the laws of a people;' and we lay them down gratefully together and repeat to ourselves these words.

*Young Ireland: a Fragment of Irish History, 1840-1850.* By Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

The history of the Young Ireland party is undoubtedly one of the most interesting episodes in the modern annals of the sister country; and no one is so competent to narrate this history as Sir C. Gavan Duffy. The present bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages is, however, but an instalment of the work, bringing the narrative down to the autumn of 1845. Whether the story would not have gained by compression may be a matter of individual opinion; but certainly the author cannot be complained of for a want of fulness in expanding the events of but five years into a volume of such large dimensions. In its compilation he has had a twofold object in view: first, to show what the Young Ireland party aimed to do, and what they accomplished, with their actual motives and means of action—all of which, the writer thinks, would be found worthy of study by statesmen and publicists accustomed to meditate on the affairs of Ireland; and secondly, he desires to appeal to the conscience of the best class of Englishmen. 'If they should think proper to study with reasonable pains the brief period embraced in this narrative, they will have no difficulty, I am persuaded, in understanding a problem which has sometimes perplexed them—why Irishmen not deficient in public spirit or probity were eager to break away from the Union and from all connection with England. At present they see with amazement and dismay a whole people who profess to have no confidence in their equity, who proclaim that they do not expect fair play from them, and who fall into ecstasies of triumph over some disaster abroad or embarrassment at home which endangers or humiliates the empire; and they will not take the obvious means of comprehending this phenomenon.' Now many English statesmen and English citizens will demur to this statement of Sir C. G. Duffy as being incorrect with regard to the disaffection of 'a whole people,' and they will likewise naturally affirm that, so far from not having tried to understand the phenomenon, they have done nothing else scarcely but endeavour to arrive at a conscientious solution of the problem. Certainly the author has striven, as he claims, to be fair and temperate; but he again begs the question somewhat when he remarks that 'confusion and disaster will continue to mark the relation between the islands till Englishmen con-

front the facts courageously, and with a determination to discover the spring-head from which discord flows.' Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have at least demonstrated that they are anxious to get at the roots of Irish grievances, and by every reasonable means in their power they have sought to effect an amelioration of these wrongs. One more point in regard to Sir C. Gavan Duffy's intentions in this work deserves mention. 'The thoughtful reader,' he says, 'will not fail to note that the narrative at bottom is not the history of certain men, but essentially the history of certain principles. Controversy rather than meditation is the nursing mother of popular opinion; and to the controversies and conflicts which I have undertaken to record may be traced back, for the most part, the opinions which influence the public mind of Ireland at present, or promise to influence it, in any considerable degree, among the generation now entering on public life.' The ideal which the Young Ireland party set up was no doubt a high and a worthy one, and they were anxious to redeem the Irish character from many of those faults and excrescences which were sometimes justly, and at other times unjustly, attributed to it. By an earnest and voluminous literature they worked assiduously for this object, calling in a strong poetic element to their aid. Any one who wishes to see what was accomplished in this direction need only turn to the poems of Thomas Davis and others, published in 'The Nation.' The present volume is divided into three books. In the first, the author traces how the Repeal movement began; shows who were its first notable recruits; describes the awakening of the country, the policy of the Government, and Young Ireland at work, with finally the arrest of the leaders of the movement. The second book is devoted almost entirely to O'Connell, closing with a sketch of the Irish prisoners before the House of Lords, and their deliverance. This part of the story is told at very great length, and would certainly have borne curtailment with advantage. The third book is made up of a series of miscellaneous chapters, such as the Condition of Irish Parties after O'Connell's Deliverance, the Federal Controversy, Religious Intrigues, Peel's Concessions to Ireland, the Provincial Colleges, &c.—the whole closing with a chapter on the Death of Davis. Deservedly high this able and pure-minded man stood in the estimation of his countrymen. 'The Whig and Conservative press did him generous justice. They recognized in him a man unbiassed by personal ambition, and untainted by the rancour of faction, who loved but never flattered his countrymen, and who, still in the very prime of manhood, was regarded not only with affection and confidence, but with veneration, by his associates. The first proposal for a monument came from a Tory, and Whigs and Tories rivalled his political friends in carrying the project to completion.' Davis was pre-eminently one of those men who are the salt of any movement, preserving it from corruption and decay. We

cannot linger at further length over Sir C. Gavan Duffy's narrative, which will no doubt be read with interest by men of almost every shade of politics. The volume—like all the works produced by the popular firm who are its publishers—is excellently got up; but in future editions it would be well to supplement it with a convenient index.

*History of Modern Europe.* By C. A. FYFFE. Vol. I. 1792–1814. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

A history at once brief and comprehensive, which should embrace the entire political movement of the last ninety years, from the breaking up of feudalism in Western and Central Europe before the revolutionary impulse communicated by France, to the formation (still in progress) of mighty states on the basis of free and re-united nationalities, omitting no event of consequence, but studious above all things to assign to each event its true place and significance in the chain of causation, is even now a *desideratum*. The arena is so vast, the single events, or groups of events, so startling and momentous, the desire to follow throughout some particular personage or nationality so overpowering, that even the skilled historian is apt to lose in some degree the true sense of proportion, or at most to place in clear and truthful light the movements of some one locality or period. How difficult, for instance, is it to dwell long upon Trafalgar without feeling bound to dilate at equal length on the glories of the sun of Austerlitz; or while enumerating the French acquisitions of 1809 to keep well in mind the more real value of the seemingly smaller gains of the treaties of Campo Formio or Amiens. Yet while Austerlitz was but one victory out of many—though a very famous one—and was no impediment to a disastrous Aspern and a hard-won Wagram four years later, Trafalgar made every sea for the next generation a *mare clausum* to all but English ships; and while the conquests of Vienna were hardly worth the paper they were written on, those of the earlier campaigns marked limits from which France with ordinary care need never have been called on to recede. What difference again between the currents of opinion before and after the campaign of 1806. The movement which bore Napoleon to the height of power was born of a time when patriotism in Central Europe was a plant with few and feeble roots. West indeed of the Vistula, beyond which stream the mighty empire of the Czar had not yet emerged from the simple patriarchal stage of unmeasured faith and devotion to its head, few states, except Prussia, in Germany or Italy, either had or sought to have their foundations in the people. What mattered it to the citizen of Nassau or Hesse if his ruler were called Kaiser, Elector, or Empereur, so that his burdens were made a little lighter, his daily path less clogged with arbitrary barriers? And so the armies of revolutionary France were welcomed as deliverers with no sense of shame by the

peasants of the Rhine valley or the *bourgeoisie* of the Italian towns. Nor was it till their mission had been completely changed, and Napoleon been disclosed in his true colours as a conqueror in the old bad sense, that aversion took the place of welcome, and the first echoes of defeat sustained or victories barely won, though against slight odds, by the supposed invincible soldiery of the Empire, thrilled with a sense of personal deliverance hearts that up to the very eve of Jena had beaten only in sympathy with their advance. The true nature of the struggle between France and Europe, in its earlier and in its later phases, and the real as distinguished from the supposed loss or gain to either side, are well brought out in Mr. Fyffe's first volume. We shall look with pleasurable expectation for the continuation of a work which, notwithstanding its necessarily great condensation, is scarcely less interesting for general reading than it is valuable as a book of reference for the student.

*An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time.* Compiled from Authentic Sources. By GEORGE HENRY JENNINGS. Horace Cox.

The title of a former book by the author and Mr. W. S. Johnstone, published in 1872—'A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote'—and from which much of the material of the present volume is derived, would have better described the latter. Of history there is no pretension, except the chronological arrangement of the anecdotes, although sixty-three pages are given to anecdotes illustrating the Rise and Progress of Parliamentary Institutions. These, however, are entirely miscellaneous, and attempt no connected development. The three hundred pages of Part II. are devoted to personal anecdotes, beginning with Sir Thomas More and ending with the Marquis of Hartington. A third part is entitled Miscellaneous Anecdotes concerning Elections, &c. The book is not so well put together as it might have been. It is apparently carefully compiled, but it would have been far more valuable had authorities been given so as to have enabled reference. As a commonplace book of parliamentary anecdote, well indexed, it is both amusing and useful. In the histories of assemblies like our Houses of Parliament rich exhibitions of wit and humour, of adventure and exciting incident, necessarily occur. A rich repertory of these will be found here, although some of the sentences quoted from the speeches of great men are scarcely worth the citation. More amusing reading can hardly be imagined; while to members of Parliament, and to writers in newspapers and elsewhere who comment on parliamentary proceedings, the volume will be a book of handy reference of very great value.

*The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. Longmans and Co.

Mr. Trevelyan has here written an admirable

book. He had great difficulties to contend with. First of all, his hero, though he figured effectively and picturesquely, has his repelling points, and these unfortunately force themselves most into prominence at the outset, when we have the paradox of a man receiving his training for public life in the school of personal indulgence, debauchery, and gambling. It may be that he thus sums up in himself more than would otherwise be the case the spirit of his period, when indeed patriotism could very plainly consort with bad morals; but if so, the period itself is interesting more by reason of the contradictions it unfolds than for the direct lessons that it has for us nowadays, if we have in these matters improved as much as we generally pique ourselves upon having done. Then, secondly, Mr. Trevelyan's hero, though undoubtedly great, never completely attains a standing-ground for himself above his contemporaries on any ground of personal influence, so that Mr. Trevelyan has been compelled to make his biography one of episodes or digressions. He manages these on the whole cleverly; but, do what he will, he ceases now and then to be the biographer, and becomes a kind of nondescript historian. His great claim to our praise is that he is always readable. If he has not made Fox to appear of greater stature than he had heretofore appeared to us, that may be all the greater tribute to his individual genius. For though Mr. Trevelyan in the turn of his sentences now and then recalls the grand style of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, he does not proceed in his uncle's spirit. He does not allow the fervour of picturesque partizanship to cloud the power of discrimination, so that the reader feels as if he was constantly being called on 'to look on this picture and on that.' He is skilful in the use of anecdote, and knows how to make a point without obtrusively calling the reader's attention to it. He has read so well and widely in the literature of the time that he may be said to have carried one of its conversational tricks effectively into literature. If we do not have the 'purple patches' of Lord Macaulay, we have a mellow and graceful kind of allusiveness, which is particularly piquant and is generally rememberable. It is greatly to Mr. Trevelyan's credit that, though he has evidently studied the early and formative years of Fox with enthusiasm, he should have told with such reserve the process by which Fox was initiated into many of the arts in which he afterwards excelled. That father was surely not worthy of such a son, who, however, did his best to prove himself in much worthy of his father's teachings. If it had not been for Mr. Trevelyan's reserve and delicacy, much in this would, we fear, have been somewhat coarse and repulsive to readers of the present day. The somewhat long-drawn-out episode of John Wilkes is ably written, but we think divides the interest too much; and the essential points might have been quite shortly told, and in such a manner, we believe, as would have concentrated more

successfully the interest of the reader on Fox himself. Mr. Trevelyan, of course, feels it his bounden duty to seek some relief from the otherwise inevitable reflection on his subject, by a somewhat elaborate picture of the period—certainly one of the most thorough and complete we remember to have read. But it is open to this somewhat casuistic criticism, that you do not render your central figure more effective in certain points of view by too persistently exhibiting him on a background of hues identical with his own complexion. The period was licentious, venal, corrupt to the heart. Fox had been trained in its very spirit by his father. We see his period summed up in him, and only by a very artistic grouping and setting can the desired effect be gained. Mr. Trevelyan's pictures of George II. and George III. are very powerful, and no doubt accurate; he knows how to emphasize the detail that expresses the character in such cases, and certainly does so in that of both of these. He is, to our idea, more successful, however, with George III. than with George II., and the reason it might be very curious to try to trace out had we the space, which we have not. Fox's earlier efforts in Parliament are vigorously outlined, especially the share he took in the Wilkes affair; and certainly, for a young man of twenty, his great speech was a remarkable performance. Mr. Trevelyan rightly notes the numberless instances of offences against good taste and even ordinary propriety in these speeches, and rightly insists that 'he had already an eye for the point of a debate as sure as that of a heaven-born general for the key of an enemy's position,' and 'that he chose the ground with more skill than scruple,' which, we think, is an admirable characterization. That first great speech on Wilkes secured for Fox a position in politics and in society. He became Junior Lord of the Admiralty, and presents the spectacle of a 'loose liver,' who could secure at a single step and apparently without effort the position which it has often taken men of certainly no less brilliant parts a lifetime to gain. Afterwards, on the law of libel, he pitted himself against Burke, and bore himself in that trying arena in such a manner as only to add to his laurels. Mr. Trevelyan has done full justice to Fox's impassioned oratory. And, though in Fox there lay a deep-rooted strain of Toryism, which sometimes consorted but ill with the passion of his earlier speeches, he did some notable things for liberty, having been a strenuous advocate for the Dissenters Relief Bill of 1772. Mr. Trevelyan towards the end of the present volume does full justice to him in this particular, as he was in every way well fitted to do.

On the whole the book, though in its main features deeply interesting, fails in some respects from the artistic point of view. Some of the digressions are not absolutely necessary, and occasionally it would appear as though Mr. Trevelyan were more intent on showing the great extent of his knowledge than in exhibiting the outlines of his main

subject with the perfect clearness that he might have attained. His further volumes, however, may do something in the direction of attaining this, though we presume he means this contribution to be judged in itself. We always admire, however, his point, his apt anecdote, his clear style, and his power of showing the main bearings of complicated questions.

*Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance.*  
A Biography. By RICHARD COPLEY CHRISTIE, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

Dolet was one of the group of scholars who prepared for the Reformation, and upon whom it powerfully recoiled. It was an uprising of intellectual life against the tyranny and superstition of the Church, running parallel with the uprising of the religious life. Erasmus was a representative of both, so in a less degree were the Scaligers. Dolet was unaffected by the religious impulse; his was purely an intellectual movement. He cared for neither the Romish Church nor the Reformation, save as the latter coincided with the literary struggle for freedom. It was a moot question whether or not he was an atheist. Calvin thought he was. Mr. Christie thinks it necessary to adduce detailed evidence, and decides, we think rightly, in the negative. He was a type of our modern men of intellectual and scientific but unreligious freedom. The passion for learning rivalled the passion for religion, and among other forms took that of the Ciceronian revival. Etienne was one of the most ardent of the Ciceronians. Whether his literary greatness demanded such an elaborate biography as Mr. Christie has bestowed upon him, and especially the ten years' investigation of minute and trivial biographical and bibliographical incidents, we doubt. We should decidedly think not, but for the full and careful picture of the Renaissance itself, of which he is made the central figure. Every personage with whom he came into contact is carefully studied and sketched, and almost every influence of the time is analysed and estimated. Mr. Christie is as ardent a disciple of the Renaissance as Dolet himself, and we owe to him by far the best representation of it with which we are acquainted. Dolet was a conceited, virulent man, who recklessly made enemies, and was a master of the vituperation which characterized his times. Thus he virulently assailed Erasmus for his Ciceronian heresies, and to this rather than to any other influence his death was probably owing. No doubt it was war to the knife between the Church of Rome and the literary revival, especially the great scholarly printers of the period. Probably it was to the books that he printed rather than to those he wrote, the chief of which was his '*Commentorium Linguae Latinae*'—a great philological work possible only to an accomplished and philosophical scholar, but not calculated from its own character to provoke martyrdom, its sarcastic sneers notwithstanding, save as Rome instinctively hated all learning.

Even including this great work, Dolet wrote nothing to give him a permanent reputation, like that of Joseph Scaliger, for instance. None of his works have survived. We repeat, therefore, that Mr. Christie's work is valuable as a guide to the Renaissance itself, and a picture of its turbulent life and fierce passions rather than as a biography of Dolet himself, about whom personally none would care to know the incidents which with minute and patient care Mr. Christie has collected. Excepting its somewhat slovenly style, the book is a model of scholarly care and precision.

Dolet was born at Lyons, probably of respectable parentage, although his own allusions to this are somewhat mysterious. After four or five years spent in Paris, where he seems to have studied well, he went, a student of promise, to Padua, then illustrious for its learning, where he secured the friendship of Bembo and Sadolet—the former a pagan although made a cardinal, the latter a Christian. After three years he left with a high reputation, and a decided free-thinker; for a short time he was secretary to Jean de Langeac, the French ambassador to Venice; then he went, of all places in the world, to the University of Toulouse, the very focus of superstition and intolerance. Here he inevitably came into conflict with the authorities, whom he defied and reviled in a famous oration; was imprisoned, and released through powerful intercession. He then went to Lyons, assailed Erasmus, made friends with Rabelais, became a printer, was many years in prison for his heresies, and at length was condemned to death in Paris by the infamous Liset and through the implacable hatred of the Sorbonne, and was executed in 1546 in the thirty-eighth year of his age in the Place Maubert, in one of the maddest of the spasms of persecuting passion that ever raged in France.

Mr. Christie loses no opportunity of evincing his sympathy with Dolet's free-thinking, which is a different thing from denunciation of his persecution, but his book is an admirable product of accomplished scholarship and patient research, and has been produced in a style of typographical excellence that is worthy of it.

*Mrs. Grote: a Study.* By Lady EASTLAKE.  
John Murray.

Not long ago we passed a few hours among the quaint graves in the churchyard of Shere, Surrey, and were particularly struck by the force of the scriptural words chosen for the tombstone of Mrs. Grote, the widow of the great historian. We wondered why no worthy literary memorial had been given of a woman of such strong intellect, rare character, and fine influence. We are glad that the want is now so far supplied by this little volume from the pen of Lady Eastlake. We regret that it is a sketch or study of character rather than a memoir. Lady Eastlake has indicated and has touched with affectionate grace and decision the leading characteristics of her subject, and she brings

her out from amid her circumstances and describes to us what she was as she appeared to Lady Eastlake. She has done what she professed to do, and has done it with fine taste, respectful reserve, and no little literary skill. But we confess we are not wholly satisfied, and desiderate a fuller memorial, dealing more in detail with the facts of the life. This, we fear, there is no hope of our now having. The little we have here only whets our appetite for more, and we leave the book with a feeling of gratitude, qualified, however, with the feeling that, well done as it is, it might have been yet better, and would have served a higher purpose than this outline can possibly do beyond a limited circle.

*Memorials of Robert Smith Candlish, D.D., Minister of St. George's Free Church, and Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.* By WILLIAM WILSON, D.D., Minister (Emeritus) of St. Paul's Free Church, Dundee. With Concluding Chapter by ROBERT RAINY, D.D., Principal of the New College, Edinburgh. Adam and Charles Black.

It is unfortunate for Dr. Wilson that the story of the Scottish Disruption of 1843 has been so often and so brilliantly told, and that his version of it is so cold and unrelieved. It is, perhaps, well that he has studied reserve and low tone of colouring, else he might have brought down upon himself awkward comparisons. It was inevitable that this story should form the central interest in a life of Dr. Candlish, without whose presence the impression of those stirring times would have been in many respects different. Dr. Wilson has sympathy, but it is of the abstract and wholly unavailable kind for the purposes of a biographer. It is diffused; it never gathers itself into a concentrated flame, so as to convey heat to the heart of the reader. Let him strive as he will, the question, the measure, the particular reform in view comes in between him and the man, and moves the man slowly away from us even as we read. Dr. Candlish's character and intellect were of such an order—so compacted of diverse and, what might have seemed, conflicting elements—that something very original and effective might, even at this late day, have been made of his memoir had the doing of it fallen into more imaginative and artistic hands. First of all, we have in him the union—more rare than might seem at first sight—of a keen and untiring analytic faculty along with great nervous sensibility, imagination, and restrained emotion. It was this combination that gave him his peculiar influence. One of the most impatient and, in one sense, excitable of men, he could yet completely restrain all his powers, and direct them into one channel, pursuing the most intricate arguments, stripping off all the superfluous adhesions, and showing them in their simplest principles; and, having done so, he could rise into a region of impassioned eloquence, which often gained, and only gained, in effect, from what might at first have been

regarded as mere defects in view of oratory—defects of voice, personal appearance, gesture, expression. His great speeches in the long-maintained contest between the courts of the Church of Scotland and the civil courts, which finally issued in the Disruption, admirably illustrate this; and none of them more admirably than his first great speech on the Auchterarder case, of which Dr. Wilson has done well to give a pretty full report, with its most effective and wholly popular conclusion and appeal. One of the most attractive portions of the book is Dr. Wilson's account of Dr. Candlish's boyhood, when his mother (who had been included by Robert Burns among the six 'Mauchline belles'), on the death of her husband, a 'teacher of medicine' in Edinburgh, moved to Glasgow, and by dint of hard labour and the practice of the most rigid economies (even making the clothes for her sons after they had gone to college), managed to bring up her boys and to educate them in a most superior manner. It is surely suggestive and touching to read the account given of the elder brother's anxiety that Robert should have his clothes made by a tailor that he might be freed from the ridicule of fellow students, of which he had had all too harsh an experience in his time. It gives us a very high opinion of the mother's attainments when we read that Robert was never sent to school, partly because of the fees, and partly because of his weakly health; that he was taught at home by her, and that, on entering the university, from first to last his career was highly distinguished in Arts and in Divinity. He had early to begin to teach, to help in maintaining himself; and before his course is finished we find him at Eton as a tutor to a young Scottish gentleman there—an experience which doubtless did something to widen his views. Very soon after getting licensed he became assistant minister, and by and by minister, of St. George's parish, in Edinburgh—perhaps the most important and influential parish in Scotland. He was in this position in 1843, and at that period he became pastor of Free St. George's, where his fame as a preacher attracted many strangers Sunday by Sunday to hear him. Dr. Candlish was distinctly a great preacher, though he was not a great orator. He triumphed by sheer force of intellect and elevation of character over such disadvantages as would have laid an insuperable obstacle in the path of most men; and his example remains as a model and an encouragement to men who have power, and feel a call to the ministry, in spite of physical drawbacks.

*German Life and Literature.* In a Series of Biographical Studies. By ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

Although parts of this work have been published in another form—some portions in the pages of THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW—taken as a whole, it may fairly claim to be regarded as independent and original. For it is only now that Dr. Japp has pieced

together the several 'studies' of which the book is made up, in subordination to one main object. That object is to illustrate 'German Life and Literature' by means of character-studies of some of the men and authors who have most contributed to make these what they are. It may appear to some that after all that has been learned and written of late years about German literature—about Goethe and Schiller, Novalis and Tieck, Lessing and Herder, to say nothing of the philosophers from Kant to Hegel—another book dealing with the subject was scarcely needed. Have not Carlyle's apocalyptic revelations and denunciations and hero-worshipping laudations been familiar for nearly a generation now, having formed the very meat and drink of those who are now in their intellectual manhood? Has not Goethe been written about and idolized, and eulogized by Lewes and many more till most people begin to grow weary of the subject? And quite recently have we not seen a sort of Lessing revival, in obedience to the influence of which biographies and biographical essays have been much multiplied? It is indeed so, and yet, as seems to us, a book such as this of Dr. Japp's is rendered all the more necessary on these very accounts. For calm examination will not with many who once imbibed Carlyle's estimates as the very incarnation of wisdom now support the results then regarded as absolutely true. Discriminating students who have sought to see and know German literature and its great leaders at first hand are more and more apt to grow doubtful and dissatisfied with their earlier decisions. They feel that it is necessary to unlearn much they learned long ago, to correct many misapprehensions, to set right not a few misinterpretations. Dr. Japp's book is the result of such a process honestly and thoroughly performed by one who was much in earnest about his subject, and who was resolute to entertain no results he had not been able to verify for himself after adequate research. The result has been that considerable re-writing and rectification is found to be required. It is mainly in regard to Goethe that this is the case; and the 'study'—or series of studies—devoted to the great poet is, in many respects, the most characteristic, as it is certainly the most vigorously polemical in the volume. For Dr. Japp has found it necessary, in revising his judgments of the great Germans, to dissent *toto calo* from the views to which Carlyle and Lewes, with all the hero-worshipping fraternity, led men in regard to Goethe. And in regard to his influence on German life and literature, he has been forced to the opinion that it was by no means of the elevating and wholesome order that is mostly taken for granted. That German literature received much in impulse and formative influence from Goethe is, of course, what cannot be gainsaid or questioned by any one. But there was Goethe and Goethe. The later was not the same as the earlier, and the influence of the later was by no means always of the ennobling sort. So long and so far as Goethe poured forth the

fruits of his spontaneous and uncorrupted genius he bestowed rich gifts, for which his countrymen and the world do well to be grateful. But it is the main object of Dr. Japp to prove that the time came when the great Goethe was corrupted by worldliness, by boundless selfishness and self-indulgence, and when his character was stunted and poisoned accordingly. So far as artistic genius goes he must be ever regarded as great; but there was a side of his nature which was neither great nor good; and the influence of that on German literature was, and could only be, hurtful. As Dr. Japp puts it, 'The German staunchness, manliness, and sweet domestic loyalty have nothing to gain from him. But these things are better worth pursuing and holding forth as great national inheritances than are feverish sensibility, weak indulgences, even though justified by artistic aspiration, and by artistic product, however finished and effective.' Even the art of Goethe was debased and corrupted by the degradation of character that went on within him. His best poetry is in his earlier and most honest and spontaneous writings, before he began to pose and coin his life and life-influences into materials for his 'art.' It has been too much the custom to excuse Goethe by learned talk about his Greek idealism, his paganism, and what not. When he bowed the knee to Napoleon, his adoration of patriotism is cosmopolitanism, and when he ruthlessly sacrificed woman and woman's love to his 'art,' his genius is extolled as placing him above all moral law. This wretched cant, of which there has been very much, is indignantly exposed by Dr. Japp. He strips off all the disguises which under fine names hide crass selfishness, deep-grained, and forming the warp and woof of the whole man, and reveals it to us in all its native ugliness. The great Goethe is shown to us—in 'Wilhelm Meister' and elsewhere—in some very repugnant lights, which however are, we cannot but acknowledge, disclosures of what he really was. Sometimes, indeed, we feel that Dr. Japp, in his honest wrath against the mischievous rubbish with which the worship of genius has been celebrated, goes too far. His denunciations become abusive in their virulence, and we feel that they must, for truth's sake, receive some qualification. But in the main his characterization of Goethe is both true and well-timed, and will do much good in counteraction of tendencies and judgments accepted by too many without even questioning what have come to be accepted as permanent elements and forces in the composition of German life and literature. His protest against sham hero-worship in the case of Goethe is therefore to be heartily endorsed as a necessary correction of misjudgments that must be revised if we are to know the truth in such matters.

We have dwelt thus on the Goethe study because it is central, and in a sense, dominant, and may be called the most characteristically independent portion of the work. The other studies are so far different from the one we



have been considering that in regard to the objects of them the author is relieved from the burden of the duty of protest. Towards Lessing, Herder, Novalis, Winckelmann, he can occupy the attitude of appreciation and admiration. Lessing, as the first great founder of modern German literature, may, in some sense, be called the greatest of all. And Dr. Japp has evidently devoted much time and trouble to the author of 'Nathan the Wise.' His critical discernment as to Lessing's strong points is fine and sharp, though in our view he somewhat exaggerates in his estimate of Lessing's significance as a whole. It is true, and it is well to have it brought out clearly, that Lessing was great through sheer force of native nobility. He stamped himself on Germany by his grand character, and contributed formative influences to German literature which are and will continue enduring. In this he was the very opposite of Goethe, and the worship of both together is scarcely to be conceived as honestly possible. Dr. Japp has done admirable justice to the moral elements of Lessing's influences and power, and what he says on his philosophical position is, in our view, much more correct than the conclusions of some of his recent biographers. For Herder, admiration of the enthusiastic sort is almost more than it is for Lessing. It is doubtful if German thought and literature owe so much to any of their lights and leaders as to Herder—the thinker for thinkers. Dr. Japp shows us to what extent Goethe himself was indebted to Herder, though he characteristically ignored and denied his intellectual obligations. The fruits of Herder's genius have now become the common possession of men of culture, and are no longer monopolized by Germany. In addition to Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, Dr. Japp has given in this volume studies of Moses Mendelssohn, Winckelmann, Ludwig Tieck, and Novalis, and contemplates one on Heine. In the Introduction he sketches with a firm hand the leading features of the thought-life of Germany, and of the influences determining it; and, following the biographical essays, we have two studies of a different order—one on 'The Romantic Element in German Literature,' and the other on 'German Philosophy and Political Life.'

Yet the subject in its totality is so large, and branches out in so many various ways, that the author himself would be the first to admit that he has done little more than break ground. It was impossible within the limits of even a tolerably big book both to give us a set of biographical studies and a clear sketch of the formative and moulding influences and elements of German thought and culture. The great philosophical revolutionists who have changed our intellectual standpoints are only touched, and they would need a volume to themselves. Dr. Japp has, however, made a worthy contribution to a great subject. His efforts will prove fruitful, as we believe, in correcting misjudgments and serious misestimates. And maybe there will be others following in his wake, who will make effective

contribution to some of the branches he has had to leave almost untouched.

*The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L.* Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the Possession of his Family. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAICKIE, D.D., LL.D. John Murray.

Dr. Livingstone's Journals of Travel necessarily reveal somewhat of the man; but combined with his strong self-confidence and enterprize, there were blended elements of simplicity, modesty, and spirituality that found in them but very partial expression. Simply intent upon his purpose, Livingstone utterly forgets himself, his unconsciousness of his own greatness of character being part of its true nobility. Few men have lived who combined with heroism of achievement and stubborn strength of will more perfect simplicity and tenderness of feeling, and deep sensitive religious spirituality. That he should die upon his knees is simply the parable of his entire life. His hold upon God was ever firm and inspiring. His spiritual yearnings and communings have a depth, and tenderness, and humility found only in rare natures such as Paul's, Augustine's, Luther's, and Bunyan's. So also the ethical elements of his character were simple inflexible right, trust, orderliness, and kindliness. From earliest life he was simply incapable of either untruth or selfishness. One rises from the perusal of Dr. Blaikie's memoir with a feeling of moral heroism in the man, even greater than the physical heroism of the discoverer, and the former very largely the inspiration of the latter. In all his relations with the London Missionary Society, with the English public, and with the native populations, the same simple, straightforward, unselfish, kindly nature appears—simple concerning evil, and wise to that which is good. The missionary was never permitted to merge in the discoverer. With a large conception of missionary character and work, he ever sought supremely the evangelizing ends of missionary enterprize. More than once he forbore magnanimously the assertion of his own personal rights against selfish, jealous, and far inferior brethren. He was ready to make any sacrifice of property, money, even of his family, whom he sent to England, that he might for Christ's sake do missionary work. He set himself simply, uncompromisingly, and at every peril, to oppose alike the iniquitous oppressions of the Boers and the atrocities of the slave dealers. By sheer charm of simplicity, uprightness, and kindness, he won the confidence of even the most hostile natives, proved how needless force and blood-shedding are, and secured for himself a tradition of almost divine reverence, which Central Africa will cherish for many generations. All who knew him felt the great charm of his simplicity, as conspicuous when nobles competed for the honour of honouring him as when first a preparatory student for missionary service he resided with Mr. Cecil of Ongar, and preached to the villagers of the neighbourhood.

Without therefore repeating information already given to the world in Livingstone's own books, Dr. Blaikie has abundance of material, derived from private journals, correspondence, and reminiscences, to use in the exhibition of the man, as in himself, his family, and his social relations he was. 'The Story of Livingstone' has in many ways been told. Biographies giving the data and more public incidents of his life have been frequently written; we need not therefore cite these. But here we have a portraiture of the man, the Christian, and the missionary, which could not otherwise have been drawn, and which is full of absorbing interest and great inspiration. Many who achieve brilliant things are in character sadly incongruous with their fame; but in Livingstone not only are the moral elements in perfect harmony with the physical and the intellectual, they are the greatest praise of the man, and give him a noble place in the roll of God's saintly servants and heroes of faith. This book will give Livingstone a far higher place than he has hitherto had even in the esteem of those who knew him best; for it reveals to us certain qualities which could only be generally surmised, and shows that, so far from being the mere adventurous explorer, every step that Livingstone took was the result of large faith, humble prayer, and Christ-like purpose.

*The Brothers Wiffen.* Memoirs and Miscellanies. Edited by SAMUEL ROWLES PATTISON. Hodder and Stoughton.

The brothers whose remarkable abilities are recorded in these two most interesting biographical sketches were sons of John Wiffen, a member of the Society of Friends, and an ironmonger in the little town of Woburn, Bedfordshire. Both were poets of considerable merit. The elder, Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, is best known by his graceful translation of Tasso. In 1812, in conjunction with James Baldwin Brown, of the Inner Temple, and the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, he published a volume entitled, 'Poems by Three Friends.' He set up a school at Woburn. His literary tastes and abilities attracted the attention of the then Duke of Bedford, and in 1821 he became librarian at Woburn Abbey. There he published his Tasso and compiled his 'Memoirs of the House of Russell.' He died in 1836, in his forty-third year. His brother, Benjamin Barron Wiffen, was a man of still greater attainments and powers. He became one of the best Spanish scholars of his age, and in conjunction with Don Luis de Usóz y Rio, devoted himself to the works of the Spanish Reformers. He was unwearied in his quest of Spanish books and tracts, and greatly aided Don Luis in the publication of the important work which he edited—'Reformistas Antiguos Españoles,'—which extended to twenty volumes. Especially Mr. Wiffen devoted himself to the life and works of Juan de Valdés, many of which he discovered, and some of which (the well-known 'CX. Consideraciones' and the 'Commentaries') he translated. Some of our readers

may be acquainted with his 'Life of Valdés,' which he published with the 'CX. Consideraciones' in 1866, and which was reviewed at the time in this journal with strong commendation. The two brothers were both remarkable men, and these memorials of them are very interesting. Half the volume consists of their poems.

*Men Worth Remembering.* A New Series of Popular Biographies. William Wilberforce. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Henry Martyn. By the Rev. CHARLES E. BELL, D.D., Canon of Carlisle. Hodder and Stoughton.

Following in the wake of Messrs. Black's 'Foreign Classics,' and Messrs. Macmillan's 'Men of Letters,' Messrs. Hodder have projected this series of biographies. It has a distinct aim and occupies a distinct place. It purposes to record the lives of men eminent for religious character or service, of whom a dozen are named in the prospectus. The series is well begun by Dr. Stoughton's excellent memoir of Wilberforce, which is done with equal literary skill, sound judgment, and good taste. It is admirable in feeling, and from beginning to end full of interest. With great delicacy and firmness it corrects the misrepresentations of the very clerical biography of Wilberforce's two sons, and presents to us the Catholic-hearted man as he was—a true Churchman, and increasingly so as his two sons became prominent in the Church, but a lover of all good men. Canon Bell has not succeeded so well with Henry Martyn. Sergeant's memoir left less to be done. There is less of various interest to be told, and the literary power of the biographer is not very great. But he has with much pious sympathy told clearly the story of Martyn's beautifully devout and consecrated life. The series will be valued for household Sunday reading.

*Men of 'Light and Leading.'* Thomas Moore, Samuel Lover, W. C. Bryant. By ANDREW J. SYMINGTON, F.R.S. Blackie and Son.

Another venture in the present literary fashion of handbooks, with this peculiarity, that they are all written by one author. This is scarcely compatible with so high a degree of success as special studies and affinities would give, and must necessitate more or less of mere compilation. As compilations the volumes are fairly well done, but they make no pretension to the critical biographies of Messrs. Macmillan's series. A large amount of interest lies in the illustrative extracts.

*Cervantes.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT. (Foreign Classics.) William Blackwood and Son.

Mrs. Oliphant has here found a subject that seems to have met her sympathies. The kindly shrewd insight, the naïve satire, the dramatic decision of the author of 'Don Quixote,' no less than the mingled gaiety and pathos of his story, has moved her to a more decisive as well as a more tender touch than she has sometimes exhibited. Many of the defects noticeable in the sketch of Molière in the same series are not present here; while we

have not a little of the picturesque grace and happy allusion to be found in some of her earlier sketches of the eighteenth century. We have read the book with great pleasure, and though we have noticed a few errors of fact, some misprints and misquotations, these are not of such a character as materially to lessen its real value.

*Turkey, Old and New: Historical, Geographical, and Statistical.* By SUTHERLAND MENZIES, Author of 'Royal Favourites,' &c. W. H. Allen and Co.

In this work, which is dedicated to the memory of 'the Great Eltchi,' Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Menzies endeavours to give a fairly exhaustive account of Turkey from three most important points of view. Doubtless, in the opinion of some, we are in danger of being surfeited with works upon the Ottoman Empire; but it must be remembered that many of these works are ephemeral, and when they have served their purpose, they will pass away and be forgotten. Mr. Menzies, on the contrary, has thrown so much labour into his book, that in all probability it will continue to have a permanent value. Certainly, it may be well drawn upon as a storehouse of facts by future historians. The Eastern Question, though dormant now, is by no means finally disposed of—'that were a consummation devoutly to be wished' by almost all European statesmen and peoples—and to 'thoroughly understand the facts now being accomplished from day to day, it is necessary to follow in its principal features, general results, and most important revolutions, the history of the formation, grandeur, and decadence of the Ottoman Empire.' In a clear and interesting manner, the author sets before us the institutions, manners, races, peoples, and religions of the Empire, composed of so many different elements. With regard to the statistical part of the work, Mr. Menzies states that his facts are drawn from the most trustworthy sources, and he has been especially indebted in this matter to the recent researches of M. Vladimir Jakschitz, Director of the Statistical Department of Serbia, Mr. J. W. Redhouse, the well-known Turkish scholar, and Herren Behm and Wagner. The first volume is entirely historical, bringing the chronicle of events down to the close of the seventeenth century. Over this part of the work we need not linger, beyond pointing out what is the keynote of Mr. Menzies' researches. As he remarks, the recent war between Russia and Turkey is only the latest episode in a great conflict of races which has lasted in Europe for more than five centuries, and the origin of which has to be traced back, through a good many more than a thousand years, into the obscurity of primitive and barbaric life in Central Asia. As in the far past the struggle in Asia was between the Mongols and Aryans, so the later feud in Europe is waged between their descendants the Tartars and Slavs, and it can only terminate with the utter overthrow of one or other of the races. In the second volume, the history of the Ottoman Empire is

continued, and we have moreover an account of the provinces of the Archipelago and of the Adriatic Sea, of Turkey in Asia, Asia Minor, and Syria and Arabia. In fact, nothing seems to have been left undone to give the reader an understanding of the whole subject. As is often the case, the Appendix to the work is not the least valuable. In addition to a summary of the Berlin Treaty, and an account of the constitution and government of Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia, Mr. Menzies furnishes some important statistics respecting the Turkish army and other matters. According to a calculation made by a Prussian officer, there were at the end of 1879 some 150,000 to 160,000 men under arms in Turkey and the various provinces. While well armed, the equipment of the men is miserable, though on all hands it is allowed that this has never interfered with their efficiency. With regard to the recent amicable settlement of one grave difficulty in the East, Mr. Menzies observes that 'the one question which interests the world at large in connection with Dulcigno is how far its cession removes the chances of an European War. The Hellenic question, of infinitely more gravity and consequences than the Montenegrin one, and which stands on a totally different footing, has yet to be grappled with.' We can only hope that this question may ultimately be settled without bloodshed, and settled in a manner that shall be satisfactory to the friends of Greece in this country. The present work is certainly one that from its information is well worthy of being kept at hand by those who are interested in the subjects of which it treats. Without being prolix, the author has managed to collect and put together in a readable and valuable way a mass of information respecting the Ottoman Empire and its dependencies.

*A Visit to Wazan, the Sacred City of Morocco.*  
By ROBERT SPENCE WATSON. Macmillan and Co.

Books of travel have multiplied of recent years with startling rapidity. It seems to us, however, that only two classes of such works are permissible, viz., those which derive their chief value and interest from the author's brilliant literary or descriptive style, and those which, while written in a pleasant manner, and with just sufficient literary merit, have yet a *raison d'être* from the fact that they are plain, straightforward records of travel, and likely to be helpful from their facts to succeeding travellers over the same ground. To the latter class belongs the present volume, and as little is known of Morocco by the average Englishman, it cannot in any sense be called superfluous. As Mr. Watson says, it is possible that some of his professional brethren, who long to get all the fresh life they can in the brief rest from much brain-work which is allowed them by the exigencies of modern life, may be glad to know how near at hand complete change lies. Certainly few of us are aware of the accessibility of countries which we have taught ourselves to regard as lying

far out of the reach of a tourist in the ordinary holiday which he can allow himself. Mr. Watson, for example, points out that one may be in Tangiers on the sixth day after leaving London. Nor is the country of Morocco an uninviting one. It is larger than France, and possesses much of historical interest, although it has now a somewhat evil traditional reputation. Mr. Watson remarks that 'if a man travels there as he would elsewhere, remembering that he is the stranger and that the people are at home; treating them as he would treat Europeans under similar circumstances, prepared to rough it at times and to abandon the privilege and duty of grumbling for a season, I do not doubt that he will find, as I did, the land a goodly land, the people an honest and kindly people, both alike suffering and wasting away under a miserable government.' The great Cherif of Wazan has a peculiar interest for Englishmen from the fact that he has married an English lady. Mohammedanism, as we know, is most exclusive; but as we have been brought into alliance with one of its leaders, we may hope, with our author, that this alliance, through the powerful influence of our fair countrywoman, will prove of mutual benefit to the land of her birth and that of her adoption. The climate of part of Morocco is delightful, the average winter temperature being about 56° Fahr., while the thermometer rarely rises above 83° in summer. We have to thank Mr. Watson for a very pleasant work, and one telling us much more about the country than we knew before. No portion of the narrative is tedious reading, and we may add that the volume is embellished with a map and illustrations.

*My Journey Round the World.* By Captain S. H. JONES-PARRY. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Although the feat of 'putting a girdle round the earth' is no longer the considerable achievement it was reputed to be some dozen years ago, when 'through' railway and steam-packet lines first made its execution possible within the limits of a summer holiday, and every 'globetrotter' on returning home rushed into print with the elated confidence of one who has discovered a new world, it has not yet become so stale and common as to present no temptation to a lively writer. The places to be visited—the shrines of the strolling sight-seer—have been, it is true, described too often. The persons to be met with may still prove novel, and if not admirable, at least amusing. Captain Jones-Parry writes about them with soldierly frankness and a keen eye for things which soldiers love. He makes no pretensions to instruct, but his contagious high spirits, and his constant readiness to amuse and be amused, make him a pleasant companion for an idle hour. The journey round the world, as now accomplished by scores of holiday-makers every year, may be performed in more directions than one—the chief difference being whether the traveller includes or not in his programme the *détour* to Australia and New Zealand. Captain Jones-Parry took

the latter course, returning from the Antipodes by the comparatively unfrequented mail-route through the romantic scenery of Torres Straits to Singapore, and so homewards, after a brief stay in China and Japan, across the 'five thousand miles of sea' which separates Yokohama from the Pacific terminus of the railway connecting San Francisco with New York. Jottings of light and hasty wanderings like these cannot of course so much as invite comparison with the ample descriptions and wide experiences of residents in China, say, like Archdeacon Gray, or Japanese explorers like Miss Isabella Bird, albeit the military and masculine tourist yields to none in the ease with which he makes himself at home, from the water-lanes of the Canton river to the tea-houses of Japan. But though slight, they are by no means simple gossip, but often very realistic pictures of the 'cities, where they treat of men and manners,' which the writer leaves behind him; and not seldom the freshest and most amusing places are those from which the habitual reader of books of travel is apt to recoil as hackneyed beyond all endurance. Thus even at Utah, Captain Jones finds something new to tell of the financial aspects of Mormonism, and the clever way in which converts are gradually bound hand and foot as debtors to the Church. New, too, to many will be the account of the funeral and grave of Brigham Young, and of the very general belief that the Prophet was 'helped out of the world' to avert the scandal which would have fallen on the church from his apprehended prosecution by the United States authorities for the part he took in the famous Mountain Meadow massacre. Altogether, if Captain Jones rarely tells us much of high importance, it is still more rarely that he allows us to yawn from the time we embark with him in the P. and O. for Suez, till we leave him studying the 'Personal advertisement' columns of the New York journals in the breakfast-room of his favourite 'Windsor' Hotel.

*Holland.* By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Italian by CAROLINE TILTON. W. H. Allen and Co.

This sprightly volume must not be compared too roughly with well-known standard works on Holland and the Dutch, or even with such minutely picturesque descriptions as those of the author of the 'Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee.' Signor de Amicis writes for Italians in the first instance, and in the light vein of the practised *feuilletoniste*, with an ever active sense of the perpetual contrast which man and nature in this strange country, so slowly won and so hardly guarded from the sea, present at every step to his own Italy. Nor does he seek to wander far and linger long in the remoter and less generally explored provinces where Holland melts gradually into Germany, though with no diminution up to the very frontier line of its true Dutch spirit and somewhat exclusive patriotism. The coast towns and their inhabitants are the chief objects of his investigations—Utrecht and

Leyden, with their slumbrous universities and their historic associations, memorable even in this land of famous histories; the rival capitals of commerce on the Amstel and the Rotte; the flower gardens of Haarlem; the silent luxury of the Hague; the petty prettinesses of Broek and Zaandam. The reserved, austere, and enduring temperament of the people, relaxing only (in the case of the lower classes) in those wild revels of the *Kermesse* which Van Steen and Ostade loved to paint, are a constant wonder to the emotional Italian. Of the art of Holland, whether of the old or the more modern school, whether exhibited in the galleries of Amsterdam and Haarlem or in the *ateliers* of living artists, Signor de Amicis writes with the tact and discrimination of an accomplished *connoisseur*, albeit of one nursed in a widely different æsthetic atmosphere. Of the religious aspect of the country, with the incomplete apprehension with which the native of southern Europe usually approaches the cold, rigid, reserved Protestantism of the north; of economic and solid matters; of the placid virtues of domestic life in Holland; of the patient energy which has literally created a rich pastoral and commercial country out of chaos; and of the general culture even of the peasant classes, he speaks with generous and candid appreciation. The tourist in Holland might do much worse than slip into his travelling bag this little volume, despite a few shortcomings on the part of the author, and not a few verbal errors of the press on that of the translator.

*The Land of Gilead, with Excursions in the Lebanon.* By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. William Blackwood and Sons.

This is more than a mere book of travels—it is the report of a tour of inspection undertaken for a specific purpose, which Mr. Oliphant explains at length in his preface.

The Treaty of Berlin convinced him that the Turkish Empire was in greater peril than it had ever been before, and that it could be saved only by international administrative reforms, initiated by the Sultan himself, and beginning with the official system of Constantinople; or, as an alternative, by a reform beginning at the extremities, and by 'a process of decentralization which should more or less provide for the administrative autonomy of the provinces to be reformed. As the latter was not likely to be spontaneously adopted by the Sultan, it occurred to Mr. Oliphant, that if an experiment on a small scale could be made successful, and especially to increase the revenue of the Empire, and add to its population and resources, it might have the requisite suasive influence. Mr. Oliphant looked about therefore for a fitting field of colonization, the resources of which would be likely to prove remunerative, for fitting colonists to introduce into it, and for the capital necessary for the experiment. He came to the conclusion that Palestine east of the Jordan—here designated the Land of Gilead, but including Moab and the Hauran—would furnish the requisite conditions; and that the

only practicable colonists must be Jews—to be gathered from the European nations among whom they are scattered. He put himself into communication with Lord Beaconsfield's government, obtained necessary introductions and credentials, and went to the East with the twofold purpose of inspecting the country chosen and of favourably influencing the government at Constantinople. The latter, however, does not seem to have been very successful, although Mr. Oliphant spent twelve months at Constantinople; the former has produced, at any rate, this very interesting account of a district of Palestine about which we know but little.

It is not easy to distinguish at once between true political insight and political Quixotism. Many will pronounce this individual conception and enterprise to belong to the latter. There is, however, some truth in Mr. Oliphant's contention, that in the complicate problems of the East, any European nation that allied itself with Jewish restoration to Palestine would, in securing the influence of their financial, political, and commercial importance, obtain a valuably ally; and perhaps the uneasy position of the Jews just now in Germany and elsewhere may make that which looks so Quixotic possible and practicable. An experienced traveller himself, and accompanied by Captain Phibbs, who was familiar with the languages of the country, and reducing their baggage to the most modest dimensions, they started from Beyrout, along the coast to Sidon, thence south-east to Baniyas (Cæsarea Philippi), where they entered upon the country east of the Jordan, still proceeding in a south-easterly direction through the land of Uz, until the most easterly point was reached, then, turning due west, they came to Gadara on Gennesaret, whence they proceeded in a zigzag course into the land of Moab, through Jerash, Rabbath Ammon, where Uriah met his death, and Ramoth Gilead, the fatal field of Ahab, crossing the Jordan a little above the Dead Sea, and coming to Jerusalem, and thence north through Western Palestine to Beyrout, Damascus, and Baalbek. The entire route is rich in ruins, traditions, and associations, and picturesque in its mountainous beauty. Western Palestine is almost as familiar as Yorkshire—many people, indeed, know its topography far better. The novelty of the journey is in the country east of the Jordan. Its inhabitants, its ruins, its fertility and beauty—every point tempts quotation and comment. Mr. Oliphant is a practised traveller, a keen observer, well furnished with various information, and a picturesque describer. His book is full of fresh interest, and contributes much information that is new. Apart altogether from the project which prompted the journey, it is one of the most fascinating books of travel that have recently come into our hands.

*The Ascent of the Matterhorn.* By EDWARD WHYMPER. With Maps and Illustrations. John Murray.

Mr. Whympet has here reprinted that por-

tion of his 'Scrambles amongst the Alps,' published in 1871, which relates to the Matterhorn and its ascents, condensing much of the collateral information and adding a little. The Matterhorn is worthy of its own epic; its conquests will ever stand out in the annals of mountain climbing, as one of the most sagacious, courageous, and remarkable of such achievements. And Mr. Whympers may well feel a proud satisfaction in being its hero, although his subsequent achievements in South America almost equal it. The illustrations of the former volume are reproduced in this, and on looking at them again we still think some of them exaggerated. But the volume is one of unique interest and beauty. We read it as we do the narrative of a great battle—with a throbbing excitement. It claims a high place among the gift books of the year.

*The Countries of the World.* Being a Popular Description of the Various Continents, Islands, Rivers, Seas, and Peoples of the Globe. By ROBERT BROWN, M.A. Vol. V. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

Beginning with Siberia, Dr. Brown in this volume conducts us through the Chinese Empire, Burmah, Siam, India, Afghanistan, Turkestan, Russian Central Asia, and Persia. It has the characteristics of its predecessors. It is singular how newspapers, periodicals, and even classes of books gather an unmistakable individuality. The popular publications of Messrs. Cassell, written by half a hundred different persons, may be identified every way. Among *littérateurs* Dr. Brown holds an honourable place. Added to large general knowledge, his instinct for illustrative selection rarely fails him. As a result, these five volumes, to which another completing the work is to be added, are a unique cyclopædia of cosmic knowledge, giving an adequate account of all that general readers need to know about each country—its physical characteristics, products, inhabitants, and history, and put together with intelligence, skill, and vivacity; so that, open the volumes where we will, we find something to interest us. We have dipped here and there and everywhere, and have found Dr. Brown always the same. In these days of popularized knowledge, few things have been done better than this compendium of the world's characteristics and history.

#### POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Descriptive Sociology; or, Groups of Sociological Facts.* Classified and Arranged by HERBERT SPENCER. Hebrews and Phœnicians, Compiled and Abstracted by RICHARD SCHEPPIG, Ph.D. Williams and Norgate.

The great sociological work which is being completed under Mr. Spencer's superintendence is intended to provide students of sociology with a vast repertory of facts respect-

ing races of men, their religions, laws, customs; thus enabling the study of comparative sociology, and scientific generalizations therefrom.

The three divisions of the work are, I. Uncivilized Societies, of which four parts, completing the division, have been published; II. Civilized Societies, Extinct or Decayed, of which the second part is before us; and III. Civilized Societies, Recent or Still Flourishing, of which one part, treating of English civilization, has been published.

The present instalment on Hebrew and Phœnician civilization has been entrusted to Dr. Scheppig, who has availed himself of only the works of Movers and Kenrick concerning the latter. For the former a much more extended list of authorities is given, the records of the Bible being used 'with an occasional warning as to their unhistoric character.' Dr. Scheppig further tells us concerning the chronology of the Bible that 'the Elohistic element cannot but belong to the exilic and post-exilic periods. Accordingly he made up his mind to adopt as the basis of his compilations the hypothesis called after the names of Dr. Graf and Professor Kuenen.' Accordingly we are perpetually referred to these writers for demonstrations of the untrustworthiness of the Old Testament history. Kuenen being the chief authority; authorities more or less orthodox—C. Engel, L. Herzfeld, Nöldeke, and Smith's Bible Dictionaries—being referred to with reserve. We are thus fairly and fully warned concerning the critical basis of the information given. This, of course, we cannot contest here. But notwithstanding the very serious damage which this ultra-sceptical theory of the Bible history does to the work, it is an important and valuable repertory of information.

The work consists of two parts. First a tabular summary of structural and functional characteristics, with some dozen columns under each, distinguishing political, ecclesiastical, and ceremonial elements under the former, and processes and products under the latter. These are arranged chronologically, so as to present at one glance the entire state of the people. The second, and by far the larger part of the work, extending to 120 pages, consists of illustrative extracts, with summaries arranged, first under topical heads, and then in chronological sequence. Thus under the first head, 'Division of Labour,' we have quotations illustrating the pre-Egyptian period, the Egyptian period, the periods of the Judges and Kings, &c., the extracts being taken indiscriminately from writers ancient and modern. This part of the work is full of interest, various information being made to converge on the illustration of the different topics.

We regret the critical canons of the compiler, his own satisfaction in them notwithstanding; and we think he scarcely appreciates the reaction against them that has strongly set in. Even the disciples of Ewald himself are revolting against the dogmatic scepticism of their master. But notwithstanding, we

heartily welcome this Thesaurus of information concerning these ancient peoples.

*The Aryan Village in India and Ceylon.* By Sir J. PHEAR. Macmillan and Co.

In the papers here collected into a single volume Sir J. Phear describes in minute detail those most interesting of social organizations, the primitive village communities of Bengal and Ceylon. Originally, beyond doubt, the common form which rude agricultural societies naturally assumed, among all the branches of the Indo-European races in Lower Bengal, the Aryan village is the same to-day in its essential characteristics that it was 8000 years ago. Passing westwards, we recognize the same features in the Slavonic *Mir*. Still further west we trace them chiefly in curious survivals of antique customs, or in those traditional conceptions of land rights, whose origin has so long passed out of sight that they are sometimes taken for newly invented theories. Of the three papers in the present volume, the first in date and in importance—a reprint from the 'Calcutta Review' for 1864—deal with the most perfect of existing types, the Aryan village of the Bengal plain. With a tenacity of life peculiar to the lower organisms, these simple communities have survived unhurt successive waves of foreign conquest. Not even the famous 'Permanent Settlement,' which converted the *Zamindar*—at first, in all probability, little more than a tax-collector for the Mogul governors—into a landlord, and so for the first time brought to bear on the old communistic system of land tenure the powerful solvent of individual rights, has thus far greatly changed their habits or their constitution. A quasi-feudal organization—the *Zamindar* and his official retinue at the top; the *ryot*, scarcely approachable by the stranger save through the medium of his *mandal*, or headman, at the bottom; the *mahajan*, or village capitalist (in the community, but not of it), at the side, to help the *ryot* to renew farm stock and implements, or to tide over the difficult times between one harvest and another—it still plods on in its uneventful, unimproving way, knowing few pleasures beyond the weekly market, the evening chat beneath the *pipal* trees, the occasional solemnity of some religious ceremony; ruffled by no disturbance except some outbreak of *dacoity*, or a faction fight between two unfriendly families; seeking no change until over-agglomeration of many joint-families about a single household compel at last the dispersion of the groups, from sheer inability to find any longer the scantiest subsistence. And, as in the alluvial plains of Bengal, so is it too—allowance made for slight variations in the terms of tenure and a greater number of properties, brought into absolute ownership from what was originally forest land or waste—with similar communities in the Singhalese highlands, and among a race less purely Aryan by descent. As a finished sketch of daily village-life, and of the way in which the village communities grew up out of the nucleus of the joint-family, Sir J. Phear's

volume is all that one could desire; while for those who require information even more minute, an interesting Appendix, drawn from native sources, on the various grades of *ryots*, from those who cultivate fifteen *bigas* (about five acres) to the far more numerous class who cannot cultivate more than four or five, will tell them to the last *anna* what each requires for farm stock, furniture, and general household assets.

*Principles of Property in Land.* By JOHN BOYD KINNEAR. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The writer of this work is well known as a careful and thoughtful contributor to the elucidation of some of the important practical problems of present-day politics. It may be fairly said of him that while sometimes showing tendencies towards the adoption of remedies for proved abuses that are too thorough-going for many, he has not been overborne or carried away by mere abstract theories, but has shown the practical knowledge which experience alone can fully supply. Mr. Boyd Kinnear is therefore qualified to write on land, and the Principles of Property in Land—a subject which is attracting much attention now, and is likely to attract a good deal more in the next few years. The solution of the problem of Irish Land Reform will of course be on grounds and principles that are peculiar to Ireland, for the conditions are wholly different there from those holding good in Great Britain. Nevertheless, a due comprehension of the general principles on which private property in land rests will help to clearer views regarding the Irish Land Question, which is so soon to be discussed all over the country. The work before us is thus specially seasonable, and, if intelligently read, will help to dissipate many crude superstitions, and to impart much needed clearness of view. The author takes what seems to us to be the common-sense view, avoiding extremes on either side. While he shows the futility of the arguments, by which a special sacredness is attributed to private property in land, making it plain that it rests on precisely the same foundations as property in anything else, he yet does not rush to the opposite extreme that there should be no individual appropriation, but that all land should be held by the State for the good of the community. In order to decide this question, it is necessary to examine the basis of right which serves as the foundation of the whole argument; and having established that, it is practicable then to deal with the arrangements that may be most expedient in view of the general well-being and of the rights of individuals. The reforms and innovations in the existing landed system which ought to be aimed at by legislation is the main object sought to be made clear. For it is plain that, as things are, land, and property in land, is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and few people but the lawyers and those directly interested in the present system can desire their maintenance. Our land laws and customs are a compromise between the modern spirit of free contract and the old feudal incidents and

consequences of class supremacy. Mr. Boyd Kinnear examines briefly, but sufficiently for his general purpose, the land laws of Great Britain, and the various plans and theories on the subject that have lately been under discussion; and in his last chapter he deals directly with the amendments which are seen to be required. While favourable to large changes in our existing system, Mr. Boyd Kinnear has no sympathy with impracticable suggestions like that of Mr. Mill for the appropriation of the unearned increment of land by the State. There is the same reason for the State pocketing the unearned increment of value of all other kinds of personal property as of land. But in truth it is impracticable; for it must always be impossible to distinguish what the unearned increment is. On the other hand, Mr. Kinnear shows that the law which has created private property in land is bound so far to interfere with it as to deliver it from the clogs and restrictions that have been bound round it by customs dating from the feudal times, or by the caprices of men in power. Not the restriction of individual rights, but their expansion is the true principle of reform. But the expansion must be limited to the owner's lifetime. The amplest powers of disposal of his property in life, and at death ought to be allowed him, but not after death. Consequently the law should prevent the locking up of land under conditions injurious to its productiveness or its accumulation, as a mere instrument of pride or oppression. More than that cannot be accomplished by the law; and if it tries to do more, it will fail. The attempt to prescribe any method of use, or to dictate invariable contracts will fall through or do mischief. 'Perfect freedom to buy, to sell, to use, to bequeath, and to lease land, is all that the wisest reformers will ask or suffer.'

*The Laws relating to Religious Liberty and Public Worship.* By JOHN JENKINS, Esq. Hodder and Stoughton.

A very useful little book, containing, first, a sketch of the rise and progress of religious liberty in England, then a summary of existing laws, relating to public worship, and then references to ruling cases and judgments, with legal forms for trusts, &c. It is a handbook which should be on the shelves of every Non-conformist minister, deacon, and trustee. Its information would often prevent litigations and expense.

*The Irrigation Works of India.* By ROBERT B. BUCKLEY. W. H. Allen and Co.

At the present time, when India is attracting so much general attention, and when its financial position, and the development in the future of its immense resources are subjects of primary interest, a work like the one before us is well timed. The irrigation works of our great dependency have loaded it with a heavy burden; but without them there would not have been the possibility of that growth in the trade of the country, and that advancement in its civilization, which may now be reason-

ably expected. Mr. Buckley seems to have brought to the execution of his task those necessary qualities of patience, research, and accuracy in detail, without which a book on such a subject cannot be of much value. His own training and experience as Executive Engineer of the Public Works Department of India must have stood him in good stead in what, after all, has been chiefly a work of compilation. The sources from which he has derived his information are, by acknowledgment, Government Reports and Parliamentary Papers, which have been supplemented by diligent personal inquiry among the officials of the India-Office, who are brought by their daily labours into close and constant contact with such matters. It seems there has not hitherto been any book professing to offer a comprehensive account of Indian irrigation works. In his own experience in India, the author tells us, he often had great difficulty in obtaining information concerning any other irrigation works besides those on which he was employed; and the 'wildest statements' were often heard by him, from men presumably capable of giving an opinion as to the profits or losses accruing to the Government in irrigation works. In therefore preparing a brief and succinct account, derived from the best available sources, of the irrigation works of India, Mr. Buckley has rendered special service to his brother officers of the Irrigation Department, and, beyond them, to the increasing numbers who are more and more interesting themselves in Indian affairs.

*Island Life.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. Macmillan and Co.

The title of this book will scarcely convey to the popular mind an adequate idea of its varied and comprehensive character; for there is no important question within the domain of the naturalist which it does not touch. Indeed, one is struck with nothing more than the versatility of the author, and the fresh light which he is able to throw upon every part of his many-sided subject. At the same time one is conscious here and there of an inequality of treatment; and, generally speaking, we may say at the outset, that the second part is that which will probably be regarded as the more satisfactory. Here the subject treated is that of 'Insular Faunas and Floras,' with which Mr. Wallace can claim a more wide and profound acquaintance than almost any other living writer. Nevertheless, we feel instinctively drawn rather to the first part, because in it, although the author is on less firm ground, the questions discussed are so very interesting, not only to the naturalist, but to all students of science. Two points, especially, are handled with great ability, the 'Permanence of Continents,' and the 'Causes of Glacial Epochs.' Mr. Wallace has in several previous works pronounced strongly in favour of permanence, and here he may be said to have summed up all the evidence in order to a decisive re-statement of his opinions. The old, and still generally received, theory, that our present continents and our



present ocean have changed places, seems to him untenable on various grounds. For instance, the components of the stratified rocks which are in the heart of our continents, sandstone, shales, &c., are, the author believes, such as 'must have been deposited within a comparatively short distance of a sea-shore.' Again, there is the fact of the general occurrence of fossil remains of birds, insects, and mammals, in parts of the earth which, according to the received theory, must have been formerly in the depths of the sea. These and other considerations in favour of permanence are pressed home with much skill and force. We are bound to say, however, that there are still awkward objections to his theory which are constantly presenting themselves. Even while we write, we come across a reference in the 'Geological Magazine' to the fact that 'Professor Alexander Agassiz has described the dredging up from over one thousand fathoms, fifteen miles from land, in the Gulf of Mexico, of masses of leaves, pieces of bamboo, &c., which he says would, if found fossil in rocks, be taken by geologists to indicate a shallow estuary surrounded by forests.' (Paper by Mr. M. Reade, 'Geological Magazine' for September.) Beyond and above such objection, there is also the wider one drawn from the continuity of life as seen in similar forms existing on either side of the sea.

Mr. Wallace devotes a large section of his book to the consideration of the Causes of Glacial Epochs. He gives a general assent to the theory of Dr. Croll, upon which, however, he makes several modifications; and here we note particularly the significant distinction between the influence upon climate of water, when in the form of rain, and its greater influence when in the form of snow, rain having a comparatively small modifying power. It would be impossible for us to state at length the views of Mr. Wallace upon this subject; enough to say that he finds in geographical causes the primary secret of climatic changes, while allowing also for modifications arising from astronomical causes. A brief chapter is devoted to the consideration of 'the earth's age,' and here the author renders a signal service by showing the instability of the ground upon which the most extended theories are based. He shows the readiness with which present conditions of change, climatic and other, have been founded upon, whereas there is abundant reason for thinking that, in former ages, the processes of growth and decomposition were carried out much more speedily than now.

To the second portion we have incidentally referred. It is full of interest, apart even from its bearing on the theories of which we have spoken, because of the large body of important facts which it sets forth. The part which will demand most careful study is that which deals with the New Zealand Flora, and its relations to that of Australia. Mr. Wallace believes that at a former period Eastern and Western Australia were separate islands, and upon this view he bases some important conclusions with reference to the curious anoma-

lies which are presented by a comparison of the forms of life, animal and vegetable, in New Zealand and Australia.

We can but further refer to the charming style in which the book is written: it is not indeed often that science is made so attractive as it is in these pages. The taste displayed in the binding of the volume must also be mentioned with exceptional commendation.

*The Power of Sound.* By EDMUND GURNEY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The purpose of this large volume is to treat with fulness and, at the same time, with such simplicity of style as shall be comprehensible enough to the untechnical, the various questions which revolve around the idea of music. As to arrangement, the author's plan has been to begin at the centre, asking what music essentially is, and then to work his way outwards to the study of the science in its popular bearings. The book appears to us to err in containing too much; it is too big, and the author is too slow in breaking ground. Certainly it is very interesting to read, for instance, such able discourse as he gives concerning 'Abstract Form as addressed to the Eye;' but, writing for a popular constituency, it would have been wiser for Mr. Gurney merely in a general way to indicate the contrasts between 'Abstract Form' as applied to the ear and to the eye. The same objection may be made to such a complete study as we have here of the 'Elements of a Work of Art,' which is most elaborate, but the very elaboration of which in this place seems to us a mistake. So much complaint we think it necessary to make; for, in these busy times, the sooner a writer plunges in *medias res* the better.

As to the position which Mr. Gurney maintains with regard to music, it may be characterized as being the *modern* position, with some modifications; and we are bound to say that he maintains his faith with much skill and courage. One or two points in his book only we can indicate. First of all, what may be called the 'natural history' of music, is treated early in the volume under the head of 'Association,' and still further, almost at the very end, in the chapter upon 'The Speech Theory.' There are, as is well known, two leading theories with regard to the origin of music—Mr. Darwin's and Mr. Herbert Spencer's. Mr. Darwin holds that it arose in animals in times of sexual excitement, and that 'musical notes and rhythm were first acquired by the male or female progenitors of mankind for the purpose of charming the opposite sex.' Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, holds 'that music has its essential source in the cadences of emotional speech, and that it reacts on speech by increasing the variety, complexity, and expressiveness of those cadences.' Of these two views, Mr. Gurney unhesitatingly chooses the former as carrying in it the greater probability. The 'cadence' theory, he thinks, fails in various ways: for example, in this, that emotional utterance follows no recognised rule, nor can its method

be defined. He also lays considerable stress upon the fact that 'the most definite and assignable cadences' occur 'at the end of sentences and clauses, and of unemotional rather than emotional sentences.' Mr. Darwin's theory, on the other hand, seems to him to satisfy the idea of music as '*fused and indescribable emotion*,' which is essential to the very conception of it. We think, however, that Mr. Gurney is more successful in showing the weak points of Mr. Spencer's argument than in establishing that of Mr. Darwin. Apart altogether from the hypothesis of development which underlies it, and which can be accepted only when it has some tangible evidence to support it, the latter is, we think, open to grave objections. It does not explain, for instance, the previous appreciation of melodic or rhythmic sound, which the use of music, at such seasons as those mentioned, argues; and, still further, it finds the beginnings of music somewhere within the social instinct, and fails altogether to account for purely subjective musical utterances. When Mr. Gurney turns, however, to another fundamental point, viz., 'Melodic Forms and the Ideal Motion,' we find ourselves in substantial accord with him, and we can but commend the great ability with which he vindicates the place of rhythm in all music as against what we may call the transcendental views of Schopenhauer, Wagner, and also Schumann. An Englishman instinctively—and, we think, *rationaly* also—smiles at the talk of the latter school about the 'tyranny of measure in music,' and the wild condemnation of rhythm as an 'intruder in the realm of absolute music;' nor can we conceive of any music which does not take to itself a real—if haply very irregular—rhythmic form. Perhaps the German absolutism is, however, largely due to the utter debasement of rhythm which held sway in Germany up to the time of Hans Sachs; it is, indeed, impossible to study Wagner's opera of 'The Master Singers' without feeling this.

We can only mention the very thoughtful and elaborate chapter upon Polyphony and Harmony, and that upon 'Music as Impressive and Music as Expressive,' in which he enumerates with much analytical skill the various components of impressiveness and expression. The chapter entitled 'Music in Relation to the Public' might well be pondered by even the most unmusical social reformer. Altogether this volume is a worthy and thoughtful, and withal independent, treatment of a noble subject.

*History of Painting.* From the German of the late Dr. ALFRED WOLTMANN and Dr. KARL WOERMANN. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A. Vol. I. Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediæval Painting. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

This sumptuous volume is, in type, illustration, and 'get up,' worthy of the learning, eloquence, and art-inspiration of its author; which is saying a good deal, for it justifies the claim put forth for it by the editor, that it is 'the most complete and trustworthy History of Painting yet written.' Hitherto Kugler has

been our greatest authority, and in its English translation has passed through several editions, and has been revised by highly competent editors. Woltmann's plan is more comprehensive, and includes the history of ancient painting in Egypt and Assyria, as well as in ancient Greece and Rome. In the former he was assisted by Dr. Woermann, of Dusseldorf. He writes more fully up to the present state of art-knowledge and criticism, and with a special grace and eloquence which makes his work as pleasant for general reading as it is instructive and able.

It is a work that, in a short notice, hardly lends itself to detailed criticisms. It would be difficult to impugn its accuracy of detail, and its excellency consists in the truth and skill with which the development of art is traced from the most rudimentary conceptions of pictorial representation in the earliest outlines of Egyptian figures—before even any canon of numerical proportions guided the artist, and before perspective was thought of—to the wonderful development of Greece, and the decadence almost as wonderful which followed. The author conceives his history, generally, with true artistic instinct and with ample learning, and at every step of the development which he traces, principles and technical details are admirably applied.

Professor Woltmann has devoted special attention to the various European schools of miniature painting, missal painting, and mosaic, in the early Christian and Middle Ages. These have close and obvious relations to painting proper; and a knowledge of them is essential to a true theory of development, as exhibiting both the genius of the ages themselves, and the steps by which painting advanced from its rudiments to its highest forms in the Middle Ages.

Professor Woltmann died in the early spring of this year; his coadjutor, Dr. Woermann, with the assistance of other able writers, will complete his great undertaking. Large as the volume is, we have been led on from section to section until we find ourselves having read the whole. If completed with the ability of this first volume, it will, in large conception, comprehensive details, and critical excellence, be the best authority on the history of painting that we possess.

*The Poetry of Astronomy.* A Series of Familiar Essays on the Heavenly Bodies. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Author of 'The Borderland of Science,' 'Our Place among Infinities,' &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Proctor opens a very wide question in his preface to this book. He is justifying the title he has chosen for it, and asserts that 'science does not need to be less exact though poetry underlie its teachings;' and he proceeds to say that imagination in the true scientific discoverer must have as true scope as in the poet. Here he lends his great reputation to the dissemination of looseness, and the obliteration of well-marked distinctions. If he had tried to define his terms more strictly, he would, we think, have found

cause for qualification. The imagination of the poet is creative, and exists purely for its own ends, sufficient to itself; imagination (if it be not rather mere prescience of the reasoning faculties) which distinguishes the scientific discoverer is a means to an end—a mere instrument that must at every point be held in suspense and mastered by exact experiment. In a word, in the field of science, imagination, as imagination, is pure hindrance, because it directly allies itself with simple emotion; and the emotional attitude even in contemplating Infinity as something essentially beyond the bounds of the human intellect is not scientific, if indeed the word itself, under any definition that would admit this imaginative element, is strictly scientific. For popular purposes, of course, such terms are useful in an accommodating sense, but in this aspect alone; and herein we have one of the reasons why the strictly scientific mind so decisively objects to 'popular' writing, which seeks, by appeals to the imagination and the emotions, to impress ideas of infinity, of space and time. Mr. Proctor's essays themselves are far more rigidly scientific than his profession of 'poetizing' would lead one to expect. In his first paper he very ably criticises the theories and arguments of Lyell and Geikie and Croll about the age of the earth, and makes good points, though we do not think him always conclusive; and he exhibits an extensive command of figures, showing that the age of the earth must be arrived at in connection with the age of the sun. 'When the Sea was Young' is an admirably concise essay, in which a vast deal of astronomical and geological knowledge is brought to bear for the special purpose in view. 'Is the Moon Dead?' 'A Fiery World,' 'The Planet of War,' and 'A Ring of Worlds,' are all admirable specimens of Mr. Proctor's forcible and striking manner of bringing intricate scientific questions, which would be hard and dry in most hands, into the realm of popular comprehension. He arrays his facts and figures with great art, and shows a large amount of knowledge outside his special science, which often greatly helps him. We can vouch for his book as thoroughly well-written, interesting, and instructive.

*Science for All.* Edited by ROBERT BROWN, M.A., Ph.D. Vol. III. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This volume contains some sixty papers on special subjects of scientific discovery, contributed by nearly as many writers. The first half-dozen are—Corals and their Polypes, by Professor P. M. Duncan, M.B.; Burnt-out Volcanoes, by Professor T. G. Binney, M.A.; Celestial Objects viewed with the Naked Eye, by W. Denning, F.R.A.S.; The Colour of the Sea, by John James Wild, Ph.D.; Flowering, by the Editor; Why the Clouds float, by Robert Jones Mann, M.D. Further down the list we get 'Why a Top spins,' 'The Philosophy of a Glance,' 'The Cessation of Life,' 'A Diseased Potato,' &c. To select for remark from such a miscellany, or to suggest

any general characterization of the papers, were preposterous. The only remark that we can make is that the aim is to put into the simplest and most possible forms the latest discoveries in science—each done by a specialist—the whole being illustrated by drawings and diagrams. It is a book for the schoolboy, and instructive for the adult.

*Cassell's Natural History.* Edited by P. MARTIN DUNCAN, M.B., F.R.S. Vol. IV. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This volume is devoted to Birds and Reptiles, and like the previous volumes, combines the scientific with the popular in a very effective way. The most eminent naturalists and the most graphic travellers have been laid under contribution. The illustrations are numerous and effective, and some of those of birds are very attractive pictures. We can scarcely exaggerate the value of these popular books of science.

*The Magazine of Art.* Illustrated. Vol. III. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Although 'The Magazine of Art' has its distinct specialty, it is difficult to characterize its miscellaneous contents. A dozen sketches of living artists, series of articles on the Pictures of the Year, on Sketching Grounds for the Artist, on Treasure Houses of Art, on art in its various applications, with papers on miscellaneous subjects connected with art, make up a repertory of art information and criticism, which must help to diffuse both the knowledge and the culture of art. The new volume begins an enlarged and improved series.

*The International Portrait Gallery.* Second Series. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Twenty more of the admirably rendered portraits of this series, each with an eight-page memoir. The volume begins with President Grévy and ends with John Russell Lowell. The King of Spain, Gustave Doré, Count Beust, M. de Lesseps are in the list. Five Englishmen—Sir Bartle Frere, Sir A. H. Gordon, Lord Augustus Loftus, Sir Hercules Robinson, and Sir G. F. Bowers—find places here. The biographies are done with fulness and fairness. There is a striking portrait of Père Hyacinthe, and a good memoir. The author places him first among modern preachers.

*Men of Mark.* A Gallery of Contemporary Portraits. Fifth Series. Sampson Low and Co.

Lord Beaconsfield comes first and Sir Theodore Martin last in this volume. Thirty-six portraits of representative men of all classes of society form another very attractive table-book. The likenesses are, without exception, admirable, and the artistic character of the photographs is of the highest quality. They are, however, finished a little too much. The faces are too smooth. Both the artistic and the natural effects would be better if the 'warts and all' were left on. In pose, expression, and tone they otherwise leave nothing to be desired.

*Tasty Dishes; made from Tested Receipts.*  
James Clarke and Co.

A table book for modest homes—and for breakfast and supper as well as dinner. A selection of practicable and excellent recipes, which the compiler professes to have personally tested. Books of this class are as valuable for economy as they are for luxury.

*Angels' Tears.* Coloured Carbon Print from the Picture by J. V. THOMSON. Marion and Co.

Mr. Thomson has been very successful in pictures embodying the kind of sentiment of which this is a type. *Angels' Tears* represents two angels standing upon a field of battle weeping over the dead. The battle has apparently been some time fought, for only a dead body here and there remains. The immediate object of their sorrow is a dead knight lying in armour with calm face and broken spear. The angels are singularly linked together so as to form almost one figure. The general conception of the picture is good and it is well rendered, enhancement being given to it by the grey of the early morning. It appeals effectively to a human sentiment which, touched by Christian morality, will 'make wars to cease to the end of the earth.'

#### BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION.

*The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.* Composed by MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. A New Translation from the Originals of 1605 and 1608. By ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD, with some of the Notes of the Rev. JOHN BOWLE, A.M., JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER, DON DIEGO CLEMENCIN, and other Commentators. Three Vols. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Cervantes has fared badly at the hands of his English translators. It has long been a source of regret that his work has been corrupted by coarseness and indecencies which not only have no warrant from the original, but are flagrantly at variance with the purpose and principles of its author. It is a great satisfaction that at length justice is done to the high-minded and clean-hearted author, and that at the same time the *chef d'œuvre* of his great genius can, without misgiving, be put into the hands of our boys and girls. The discredit and infamy of this interpolation has chiefly been laid to the charge of Mattheux, who did a similar unsavoury service for Rabelais, adding to it some filthy verses in praise of the Pantagruelian philosophy. Mattheux, no doubt, was deeply guilty, and Lockhart did an infinite wrong to Cervantes and to English literature in republishing his version; thereby it came to be accepted as the standard English translation. Of all the translations of *Don Quixote*, says Mr. Ford, "that of Mattheux is the worst." But the chief offender was John Philips, Milton's

reprobate nephew, who, in 1687, published a translation in folio. "It is to the hateful filthiness of this most foul production," says Mr. Duffield, "that an impression got abroad that the *Don Quixote* was an impure book."

The first and best English translation, perhaps the best translation in any language, was by Thomas Skelton, in 1612. It was limited, however, to Part I. Mr. Duffield shows that Part II., often printed as Skelton's, is clearly not his. Philips simply introduced into Skelton's translation his own ribaldry and the filthy jests of his day. Mattheux's translation was a paraphrase, after the manner of Philips, to whose work he was largely indebted. Another translation, by Jarvis, appeared in 1742, also largely indebted to Skelton. In 1775, Smollett's translation followed that of Jarvis. He avowedly tried "to retain the spirit and ideas without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original." He adds much of his own. The translation, says Mr. Duffield, "is as much of a paraphrase as that of Mattheux, and is only redeemed from the weakness of plagiarism by the occasional use of choice and special words, to which all future translators must stand indebted. But nothing can redeem it from its wilful impurity." It is a curious question how the lofty purpose of this splendid satire should have been in this way besmired by at least three of its English translators. Is it because to some natures there is no distinction between fun and foulness?

In other respects the history of the work is curious. The purpose of the author, according to Mr. Duffield, was not only to discredit the intellectual folly of the old chivalry; it was also to purge out the vileness which had so large a place in tales of chivalry; and, in doing this, the author had uncompromisingly to assail corrupt Churchmen. The effect of this was that the work was put into the Roman Index, and its sale in most Catholic countries was almost destroyed. Mr. Duffield tells us that he has spent more than twenty years over his work. He tells us that he has collected a vast body of illustrative notes, and intended to publish a selection from them, but he found that even the selection would fill "six formidable folio volumes."

Mr. Duffield gives us a general and sufficient account of Cervantes; and for those who wish for more information, Mrs. Oliphant's admirable monograph on Cervantes, just published, is accessible. The bibliographical information, too, is adequate, although Mr. Duffield, in his slightly over-conscious and pedantic preface, hints at accumulated materials to be published at a future time. His translation reads smoothly; but only a lengthened familiarity can enable us to judge whether it fulfils its high claim to be an accurate rendering of the edition of 1605; for the original MS. of *Don Quixote* is irrevocably lost. Meanwhile, we thank him very heartily for purifying this Christian and high-purposed author from the infamous uncleannesses which have been fathered upon his great genius and noble name.

*Pictures from the German Fatherland.* Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

The mantle of Dr. Manning seems, for a while to have been transferred to Dr. Green, who adds to his volume of 'French Pictures' this of 'Pictures of Germany.' It is, he tells us, the memorial of several journeys. Perhaps it does not quite equal in brilliancy of description and aptness of quotation the volumes of Dr. Manning—of the latter, indeed, there is but little; but Dr. Green's qualifications as a traveller are of a high order. He is well informed, careful, and genial. He is a traveller of broad sympathies, and knows how to describe what he sees. A quiet tone of religious feeling pervades his descriptions of the scenes connected with Luther and religious history. The author saw the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, and estimates it sensibly and sympathetically. The volume, which is profusely illustrated, is worthy its predecessors.

*Literary Fricolities.* By WILLIAM T. DOBSON. Chatto and Windus.

This is a new volume of the popular 'Mayfair Library,' and it well deserves its place. In such a book selection and arrangement are everything. Anybody can, in the course of few years, make a decent commonplace book, with collectanea of alliterations, parodies, lipograms, macaronics, poems in prose, shaped poems, echo poems, and so on; but the result will not necessarily be a book. Mr. Dobson really knows what to choose and what to reject; he also has a feeling for good arrangement, and has made a most attractive volume. In macaronics he might have referred to De Quincey's efforts, too little known as yet; and in lipograms and echo verses he might have found a rich store in the Italian writers of the Renaissance. Even Cavalcanti and Bembo did not deem it beneath them to condescend to such diversions; and the leading spirits of the poetic circles in those days wrote echo rhymes with effect and taste. But everything cannot be included in one such collection, and doubtless Mr. Dobson will be encouraged to persevere. For an odd half-hour or for a long journey we could hardly imagine anything better, and we trust the book may find the encouragement it so well deserves.

*Journals and Journalism: with Guide for Literary Beginners.* By JOHN OLDCASTLE. Field and Tuer.

Mr. John Oldcastle comes before us in quaint and beautiful guise of antique binding; and, though he does not pretend much, he has not a few useful words for a large and increasing class. He gives us a series of brief, bright essays on such subjects as 'Literary Amateurs,' 'Introductions to Editors,' 'How to Begin,' 'Declined with Thanks,' 'Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,' 'Journalism as a Career,' discussed respectively both on 'the fair side' and 'the seamy side,' 'In an Editor's Chair,' 'Literary Copyright,' 'How to

Correct Proofs,' and 'The Amateur's Directory,' which is, perhaps, the most needed chapter of the whole. Mr. Oldcastle, it is clear, has had long experience; he does not look at the matter through coloured glasses, but is judicious as well as encouraging, impressing caution as well as boldness, and giving good hints as to the proper channels and the practical ways of access to them. The book is fitted to become a *vade mecum* for the literary aspirant; and if it is refined and tasteful rather than striking in style, that should also be in its favour, as, befitting better the subject in hand. We can cordially recommend it to the expert for relief, if not for amusement and awakening of associations; and to the beginner for real and timely aid.

*Shorter Works in English Prose.* Selected, Edited, and Arranged by HENRY MORLEY. With Illustrations. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

The new volume of the Library of English Literature is, perhaps, more interesting and satisfying than its predecessors, inasmuch as it enables the quotation of entire papers as—for example, from the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' 'Guardian,' Bacon's Essays, &c. The first period, before the use of printing, begins with Mandeville's Travels in 1382 and following years, the English version of the History dating from 1356. Might not Mr. Morley have given us a little more information about the MSS. of this period, and of their history until printed? He has in a note given us such an account of the Paston Letters, 1422-1509, from which he next cites. Caxton's first printed book, 'The Game and Play of Chess,' bears date 1474. Each of the twelve periods into which he has divided our Literary History is illustrated by curious and rich quotations. Many will be sent by their excellence to the sources whence they are taken, and will, for the first time, have tasted of the qualities of writers who hitherto have been only names to them. Mr. Morley's paragraphs of introductory information and connecting history are concise and sufficient. An amusing cento of old Proverbs, Conceits, Jokes, dated 1639, is given on p. 130. These ancients stole many of our ideas. The volume is as informing as it is amusing; it has beguiled us far beyond our thought. It is especially rich in letters. One lengthy specimen of twenty pages is Mrs. Behn's entire novel of 'Oroonoko,' the earliest blow at slavery.

*Peasant Life.* By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Heath has so substantially added to this book that it may almost be considered a new work. His picturesque power, his fine sympathy with the peasant, and his desire to improve the condition of these strugglers, together with his mild poetic enthusiasm for nature everywhere appear. He writes with zest; there is an open-air feeling about his pages, and that is exactly what is wanted in these days to attract people to find in nature some subject of joy, that may make the sordid

life in towns tolerable. Mr. Heath thus aims at bringing great classes nearer to each other, in sympathy at least, and by the bonds of nature-love uniting the workers of the town and the workers of the country, while improving the material condition of both; and he deserves in such a work all success and praise.

*Pictures from Ireland.* By TERENCE McGRATH. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. McGrath gives us a series of character sketches. The Agitator, the Home Ruler, the Absentee's Agent, the Parish Priest, &c. They are drawn with graphic skill, and yet with solicitous fairness. Large knowledge and keen perception inform the book, which is a vivid presentation of the good and evil forces which make Ireland the melancholy spectacle that it is.

*The Complete Works of Bret Harte.* Collected and Revised by the Author. Vols. III. and IV. Chatto and Windus.

Vol. III. contains Tales of the Argonauts and Eastern Sketches; and Vol. IV. The Novel of Gabriel Conroy, a story of the Rocky Mountains, and of life among miners racy of the soil. Admirers of Bret Harte will value this admirable edition, which is elegant and portable.

*Ballads: and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Tennyson has not studied unity of impression in this volume nearly so much as he has lately done. It is the most miscellaneous he has published since the era of his earlier volumes. We are moved from one atmosphere to another, occasionally with a slight sense of shock. But to not a few variety will be found to compensate; and to them the book will perhaps be more acceptable than if it had been more strictly homogeneous. It contains three poems in dialect—in themselves contrasts to each other, and each exhibiting a special and peculiar range of powers. First comes 'The First Quarrel,' a love-story, with a dash of strong, coarse feeling, and of tragedy in it, softened by the lengthened vista of retrospect through which the events are viewed by the heroine. Then passing over one poem of a slightly different class, we come to the 'Northern Cobbler,' assuredly one of the very finest efforts of Mr. Tennyson in that style of strong dramatic portraiture. This poem will inevitably recall 'The Northern Farmer,' and be contrasted with it. In our idea, one element, and an important one, bears in favour of the superiority of the later poem. Without sacrificing the sense of reality, Mr. Tennyson has drawn interest from the moral and spiritual side. The cobbler, seeing the effect of his drunken passion on his wife and child, takes a resolution not again to drink; and, being braced up to self-respect by the words of his wife, becomes an abstainer and a methodist; and not content with that must show his complete victory by buying a bottle of gin, and keeping it day by

day before his eyes as he works. The methodistic piety aids him to triumph, but intensifies the realistic character of the man, even while it is mellowed by it. The last lines are admirable:

'An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass, when  
I cooms to die,  
Smash the bottle to smithers, the devil's in him,'  
said I.  
But arter I chaanged my mind, an' if Sally be  
left aloan,  
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma, an' taake 'im  
afoor the Throan.'

'The Village Wife; or, the Entail,'—the third of the dialect poems—is less tragic in foundation than the other two; but it has a realistic humour peculiar to itself, and is very complete and sustained. The ballads proper consist of 'The Revenge: a Ballad of the Fleet,' and 'The Defence of Lucknow' (which most readers will remember as having already appeared in a monthly review). The metres of both poems are perhaps a shade too artificial and elaborate for easy success in this form of composition. 'In the Children's Hospital' is very pure, very pathetic, and sweetly told; Mr. Tennyson has never treated such a subject with more unaffected strength, which is due in this case to simplicity, sincerity, and a definite, artistic self-denial. 'The Voyage of Maeldune,' which has some admirable and sterling verses, seems to fail as a whole. Then there are four poems in Mr. Tennyson's favoured idyllic blank verse; and it strikes us that to all of the themes it is not equally well suited. 'Columbus' shows knowledge as extensive and minute as is the remarkable power of rendering and casting it into dramatic moulds, though here and there the verse is too Tennysonian—if we may be allowed the term—and facilely fluent. 'Sir John Oldcastle'—a well-worn theme—is treated with not a little freshness and vigour; whilst 'The Sisters' shows once more what unexpected resources Mr. Tennyson commands in telling a story in this fashion. Ease, grace, and colloquial freedom join hands here to the attainment of a fair result—which is full of detail without losing suggestiveness, and clear and fair in portraits and in pictures as is 'The Gardener's Daughter,' and yet is in nowise without deeper under-currents than lie in a simple love-story. We have not referred to 'Rizpah,' a poem dealing with a weirdly subtle subject in a weirdly subtle way: a mother whose son has been hanged for robbing the mail, to which he was led, in part, at any rate, by the taunts of companions, and his body exposed in chains at the seaside, stealthily gathers the bones and buries them; and under the stress of a 'mind diseased' by her trouble, tells the story in a style that here and there suggests Mr. Browning. We could almost have wished that some of the smaller poems had not been reprinted, more especially the two or three more metaphysical ones, which really strike us as being in parts almost unintelligible. But, of course, every line that Mr. Tennyson writes is of value, and many

may enjoy where we have failed to find the meaning.

*Faust: a Tragedy by Goethe.* Translated into English Verse, with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Carefully revised and largely re-written. Macmillan and Co.

Professor Blackie has worked entirely in the Goethean spirit in the production of this second edition of his translation of the 'Faust.' It was said of Goethe that he left nothing unfinished, and after the long lapse of years would take up again and patiently elaborate what he had dropped or laid aside as inefficient or unsatisfactory. Professor Blackie has justified fully his recurrence to his early version of 'Faust' in this manner; and has now made it one of the most robust and reliable of versions, if not the most refined and finished. He is not equal to Theodore Martin in these respects; for literary resource and tact he is sometimes behind Bayard Taylor. But he is always distinctly individual, and not seldom by the use of a most unexpected colloquial phrase gets very near to the meaning of Goethe. In his preface he explains the process he has pursued, and in the preliminary essay imparts a deal of information about the 'Faust' which will be welcome and useful to the student. The introductory verses, and the 'Quires of Angels and of Women' are, to our thinking, most successfully rendered, but hardly so some of the songs, which demand a nicer and softer touch than Professor Blackie seems naturally to command. We think, too, that the couplet—

'The hand that plies the busy broom on Monday,  
Caressed her love the sweetest on the Sunday,'

would better read—

'The hand that plies the busy broom on Monday,  
Most sweetly can caress her love on Sunday.'

But in spite of some little faults like this, the book is a valuable and instructive addition to our library of translations from the German, and as such will doubtless be welcomed and prized by many. The publishers have certainly made it a beautiful book.

*Riquet of the Tuft.* A Love Drama. Macmillan and Co.

There is great delicacy as well as vividness of conception in this piece. Here and there it may be that the blank verse is too much framed on models to which one could easily point; but it is varied and full of fine point—musical and clear and expressive always. And the author knows how to relieve the effect of blank verse by the use of prose and by the introduction of lyrics, some of which are remarkably sweet—notably that at page 61, beginning, 'Woods are lovely in the spring,' and again, at page 83, 'Prince, the months will quickly flow.' The pathetic suggestions

inseparable from Prince Riquet, with his peculiar malformation, are emphasized by the sweetness which the dramatist has so efficiently made to express itself through his every word and act. It is very pleasant to read—very fascinating we had almost said; but it is to be remembered that it is strictly only a chamber drama, and does not submit itself to any criticism from a stage point of view. Many of the speeches are in themselves little poems, full of graceful and expressive figures, original, and mostly fitly placed also. There are many lovers of poetry in this country who will surely be delighted with this in every way beautiful volume.

*The Bacchae of Euripides.* With Critical and Explanatory Notes, and Illustrations from Ancient Art. By JOHN EDWIN SANDYS, M.A., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. University Press.

The idea successfully worked out in this elegant and interesting volume is somewhat new—the combining introduction, notes critical and explanatory (separated), the text of a Greek tragedy, and illustrations from ancient gems, vases, and sculptures interspersed through the volume. More attention is now directed to ancient art, and somewhat less, perhaps, to those verbal and grammatical minutiae in which Porson and his school delighted and excelled. But Mr. Sandys, brought up in this school of accurate linguistic knowledge, is thereby able to deal with questions of the higher textual criticism as well as to expatiate on the aspects which the Bacchic worship presented to the excitable and enthusiastic Greeks of Macedonia four centuries before our era. It was a strange mixed worship, wholly eastern in its orgiastic character—partly a pantheistic cultus of Sun and Moon as visitants of heaven and of the regions below, partly prayer and praise of the wine-god, partly a wild unreasoning devotion to the unknown powers presiding over generation, mental inspiration, and prophetic frenzy, and partly an initiation in certain 'mysteries' which have been thought to prefigure the Christian sacraments, as they have supplied the name, *mysteria*. Euripides had seen this worship in Macedonia, and in his old age composed at the court of the king, Archelaus, a play upon it, *the Bacchantes*, which he did not live to bring on the stage. Mr. Sandys has well chosen this tragedy, so remarkable at once for its picturesque beauty and for giving us a curious view of the latest developments of the rationalizing and generally incredulous mind of the poet.

One of the strangest features of this wild worship was the outbreak of the perhaps primeval tendency of man to bloodshed and even cannibalism. Euripides describes with extraordinary power the attack made by a party of frantic bacchanalian women on a herd of cattle quietly grazing in their pasture; these they rend limb from limb, and toss in quivering and gory fragments around them. The plot turns on one of the female leaders, Agave, tearing to pieces, under a mental de-

lusion, her own son Pontheus, who had rejected the worship of the god. He had gone forth as a spy to watch their proceedings, had been desecrated seated on a fir-tree, and massacred by the enraged women surrounding the tree and tearing it up by the roots. It was a celebrated story of antiquity, and more than one of the illustrations represent the act in all its horrors.

The great difficulty has always been to understand the real object of the poet in composing such a play. Mr. Sandys (Intro. p. lxxvii.) inclines to the opinion that the author in his old age had felt that 'the philosophy which attacks religion is but a poor philosophy,' and that in his later years his sceptical and inquiring mind had settled down into a 'calmer wisdom' of acquiescing, at least in part, in what he was unable to explain.

We have not space to go into any critical discussions on the notes, which are clear, sensible, to the point, and never tedious. The Introduction, perhaps, extending to 140 pages, is a little too long; but Mr. Sandys has much to say on the artistic aspects of the play, and on the illustrations he has collected from many sources. These vary considerably in merit; the best, we think, are those in pp. ix., xlii. (terra-cotta mask-heads), lxxii. (bust of faun?), 26, 42, 55 (horned Dionysus, from the Vatican), 85, 122 (very good, from a Florentine gem, a dancing bacchant with leopard-skin and *narthex*). The engravings in pp. 1, 34, 58, 61, 73, 86, 148, 238, 251, appear to us somewhat lower art, while the sleeping Bacchante with the serpent in p. 41, though not very good in the treatment of the drapery, is curious and important from its distinctly 'phallic' and symbolic character.

As a rule, Mr. Sandys adheres closely to the best MSS., and his text is therefore free from any wild and merely possible emendations. We think he might have retained the old reading in v. 1067, where a curious process is described of turning a wheel on its axis while a peg is held from a tight string to the circumference to test the accuracy of the circle. Here a conjecture of Reiske's is admitted, which, while it gives an ugly verse in a metrical point of view, assigns the somewhat doubtful epithet *ἐλικοδρόμος* to the periphery of the wheel. The MSS. reading gives a very simple sense: 'the wheel moves round while its circular form is being tested by the peg and string'—an old-fashioned representative of our *lathe*.

*T. Macci Plauti Captivi*. With Introduction and Notes. By E. A. SONNENSCHN, M.A., late Scholar of University College, Oxford. W. S. Sonnenschein and Allen.

The editor rightly remarks that 'there is probably no play of Plautus or Terence so suitable for school reading as the "Captivi." The present work is compiled principally from the edition of Dr. Julius Brix; but it contains a new collation of the 'Codex Britannicus' of the eleventh or twelfth century (a facsimile of which is given as a frontispiece), and also an

Appendix, containing unpublished notes and emendations by Dr. Richard Bentley. The Introduction also contains a brief but good explanation of the Plautine Prosody, which depended, unlike that of the hexameter and other later forms of verse, not on fixed syllabic quantity, but on pronunciation, and that rather of the popular than of the educated dialect. The clipping, dropping, or shortening of syllables enabled words to be slurred over so as to fall into a metrical beat for which they were not properly adapted. The Plautine verse, therefore, in principle resembles the English hexameter of Longfellow rather than the Virgilian. The final *s* and *m* were often wholly elided, and even dentals and liquids were so completely absorbed that the syllable containing them could be made short before a following consonant. Thus 'in words or combinations of words having the accent on the third syllable, and the second syllable long, the latter was shortened if the first syllable was short, because in the rapid pronunciation of such words the voice naturally hurried on to the accented syllable, and, while bringing it out with emphasis, neglected to give the preceding long but unaccented syllable its due weight.' Thus, for instance, *voluntate* and *juventute* had the second syllable shortened because the breath was reserved, as it were, for an emphasis or *ictus* on the third. Many dissyllabic words, as *istuc*, *quidem*, *nempe*, *illic*, were mere monosyllables in the Plautine verse, which must be scanned more on the principle of vocal stress or accent than on fixed metrical quantity.

The text of this edition is very carefully edited, with accents indicating the scansion, and various readings at the foot of each page. The notes extend to the moderate length of about fifty pages, and they are both useful and judiciously condensed. Good English editions of the more readable plays of Plautus are still wanted, and this volume supplies an excellent model for such an undertaking.

#### NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

*A Life's Atonement*. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Griffith and Farran.) There is great promise in this novel, and considerable dramatic power. The story is not, perhaps, so well kept in hand as it might be, and the reader is too quickly hurried from one scene to another, with a corresponding change of the *dramatis personæ*. But when all deductions have been made, the novel is far above the average. We get strongly interested in the outset in the career of the clever young artist, Frank Fairholt, and we can scarcely forgive the author for making his career one long and painful tragedy: and yet he might reply with truth that as such things constantly occur in real life, a writer is fully justified in dealing with them as he has done. Poor Fairholt, falling into habits of extrava-



gance, does as so many thousands have done before him, viz., commits himself to the money-lenders, and it is his evil fate to offend one of the Hebrew fraternity who live upon such as he. The consequences are terribly disastrous. Old Tasker, the usurer, gets him into his power, and poor Fairholt quits his friends for ever, as well as the lovely girl who has given him her affections, and who hopelessly sorrows for him after he has suddenly disappeared from her side. The book is full of life and individuality. There is a philanthropic doctor who is admirably drawn, and the same may be said of the vulgar millionaire, Benjamin Hartley. It is a satisfaction, too, to find that whilst the author has drunk deeply at the springs of other writers, he is no servile imitator, but has his own clear course marked out straight before him. The majesty and the saving power of duty is the chief lesson taught by this striking novel, and if for nothing else but this it would be deserving of warm commendation. Mr. Murray writes vigorously and well, and with an amount of strong self-reliance which augurs well for the future. Such faults as he has are easily cured by experience and carefulness in workmanship.—*Little Pansy*. By Mrs. RANDOLPH, Author of 'Gentianella,' &c. (Hurst and Blackett.) Mrs. Randolph will shortly be known as the 'horticultural' novelist. She has published some half-a-dozen stories, all of whose titles, so far as we remember, have been drawn from the floral world. However, it is a matter of little consequence, provided the stories themselves are good. The latest of them, the novel before us, we have found very interesting reading, and it is not without traces of power. The author is especially good in the development of character, and particularly so as regards heroines like 'Little Pansy.' This fascinating little creature, who is French on her father's side, and English on her mother's, is thus described: 'The young girl was very like her grandmother; she had the same slight, *petite*, upright figure, the same oval face and delicate features, the same bright, brown eyes; but Pensée's were larger and softer than those of the elder lady, and her clear brunette complexion had a lovely rose flush on the cheeks. Her wavy hair was turned up from her brow over a low cushion, and plaited in long loops at the back, intermingled with one or two careless curls on her neck.' When the men fall in love with her, her less fortunate young lady relatives are astonished; but it is the peculiarity of many of the sex that they are not able to see what is attractive in each other. So 'Little Pansy,' who is really an artless, sweet, and unassuming girl, is set down as forward and designing. The Misses Deveron, whose serious business in life seems to be looking out for husbands, are capitally drawn, and the same may be said of an old marquise; indeed, these characters give real life to the story. It does not close precisely as the reader will expect, but it is none the less interesting for that—perhaps rather the more so. In her own line, though we cannot say that this is a very lofty,

or a very profound one, Mrs. Randolph is certainly a clever and entertaining writer; and her last novel will not be less a favourite than any of its predecessors.—*Geraldine and her Suitors*. By Mrs. SIMPSON, Author of 'Winnie's History,' &c. (Hurst and Blackett.) We cannot conscientiously say that we think highly of this novel from any point of view. The style did not seem to us good, and it is not enlivened by either touches of humour or valuable reflection. It is the kind of thing that when once a writer, labouring under the *cacoethes scribendi*, gets pen in hand, he or she may go on writing as long as the mood lasts. Just as there was no serious reason for beginning, so there is no valid reason for ending. So far as the matter is concerned, we find ourselves asking, why not six volumes as well as three?—and then we are thankful, of course, that the author has more mercy upon us than this. But the plot, too, of Mrs. Simpson's novel does not seem satisfactory to us. Geraldine, the heroine, refuses an offer of marriage from a certain major, and there the affair should naturally come to an end; but the major becomes somewhat violent, and extracts from Geraldine (who is not drawn by any means as a weak, puny woman,) a promise that she will never marry any one else. There is no earthly reason why she should make this promise, except for the purposes of the novel, which requires that she should get into trouble and much self-reproach afterwards. Of course, we are perfectly certain at the time she is making the promise that the time will come for repenting of it, and accordingly she is not long before falling desperately in love with Arthur Wylvorn. The defeated major acts the part of a villain, and supposes he has murdered his more fortunate rival. Here, too, it is equally obvious what is coming. The happy lover is not dead, but turns up at a later period, in order that there may be general felicity all round, and true, if startling, repentance on the part of the naughty major. We wish that we could have spoken more favourably of this work, but it really belongs to that enormous class of novels which we could very well do without.—*Johnny Ludlow*. Second Series. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of 'East Lynne.' (Richard Bentley and Son.) Mrs. Henry Wood here shows precisely the same qualities as in the former series—simple realism, humour, pathos, and clear, direct rendering of character. She has now openly avowed the authorship of these stories, and certainly she was well justified in doing so. We are astonished at the dramatic power with which the image of Johnny Ludlow is held before us, while we are also kept in communication with a very large circle of Johnny's friends, who are so presented to us as to give fine effect and relief to each other. We recognize the difficulty of maintaining this double *vraisemblance*, if we may call it so. Some of the smaller sketches, we daresay, would cause Mrs. Wood little trouble save as respects truth to the medium through which she professedly speaks, but there are a few of these sketches in the second

series which show great invention as well as insight into character and humour. Special amongst these is that entitled, 'A Tale of Sin,' which is full of power and suggestiveness, besides possessing many of the elements which so excite curiosity in the reading of the ordinary novels of Mrs. Wood. 'Anne,' too, we have read with pleasure, as well as 'Seen in the Moonlight,' and 'Rose Lodge.' Altogether the book is fresh, natural, full of fine and unexpected points; Mrs. Wood's art being particularly seen in the way in which she makes her inventive machinery fit in with her imagined *alter ego*. We recommend the book cordially as a capital alternative to a course of ordinary novels.—*Matrimony*. By W. E. NORRIS, Author of 'Mademoiselle de Mersac.' (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Though we cannot say that this novel is so full of originality as the former one, it is every way smart and readable. It is clear that Mr. Norris knows 'life,' that he has travelled and observed, and can imaginatively reproduce what he has seen and heard. The only criticism we are inclined to pronounce on the work is that it runs rather too much into episodes; but many readers like this, and art must yield to necessity. Mr. Norris has much to say, and says it well, about criticism, theatres, past times of Paris, Nice, &c., and he has found in Freddy a good exponent of such matters, to maintain better the playful vein he delights to indulge. Mr. Hirsch is every way a 'noble' villain, paradoxically speaking; we could wish to meet with him again. Mr. Flem and Mrs. Flemyng are capital characters. Genevieve Gervis is also admirable; as for Mr. Gervis, it is quite true that nothing could exceed his cheerfulness and amiability. Though this is by no means a great novel, dealing in a semi-cynical way with characters generally which are far from heroic, it has the merit, we believe, of mirroring very faithfully the society it professedly depicts. It is, however, at once finished in style and amusing; and that is much more than can be said of the bulk of novels of the class which now pour week by week from the press.—*A Confidential Agent*. By JAMES PAYN, Author of 'By Proxy,' &c. (Chatto and Windus.) This is one of the best stories Mr. Pavn has yet written. It is constructed with great care, yet the writing bears no trace of labour or effort; and it is throughout free from the faults of slang, &c., which we met with in some of his earlier stories. And this is the more worthy of praise in that Mr. Pavn contrives to bring into close association (by processes some points in which have recalled little passages in one of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels, though there is no token of conscious influence) various grades of society. We have middle-class suburban life with Mr. Helston, something very different with Major Lovell and his friends, and glimpses of doubtful associations with the detectives, with Dick Dartmoor and the people in the Mews. On the whole, Mr. Pavn is at home with all, and has the power to interpret them to us without respect of persons. This novel is not only

clever, but is full of kindly insight and faithful representation. We can recommend it as a lively, sparkling picture, or rather series of pictures, of London life on various levels. Lady Pargiter, the daughter of the money-lender, is right well portrayed. She has ambitions, and has her own ways of gratifying them; and her husband, Sir Charles, is a good type of his class; for 'he hated the country till the grouse-shooting began, while she hated it at all times.' If this cannot be called a great novel, it is in all ways a clever and an entertaining one.—*The Rebel of the Family*. By E. LYNN LINTON, Author of 'Patricia Kemball,' &c. In Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) Though this novel does not show the sustained strength of Mrs. Lynn Linton's first novel, or the 'Atonement of Leam Dundas,' it is in several respects an advance on her last one, 'under which Lord.' This story is well constructed; and if it does not aim high, it realizes pretty well that at which it aims; and it goes without saying that it is full of Mrs. Linn Linton's satiric reference and reflection, which sometimes imparts piquancy and is sometimes wearisome and a little harsh. In this respect she does not always observe the French rule of not too much. The 'Rebel of the Family' is Perdita, the daughter of Mrs. Winstanley, 'the widow of a major who had nothing but his pay, and the daughter of a bishop who had died as poor as if he had been an archaic fisherman.' Mrs. Winstanley's great aim in life is to move in good society and not to acknowledge her struggles and poverty, and she has brought up her daughters to regard working for a living as entirely beneath them. The effect on this family may be imagined when Perdita—honest, awkward Perdita, the plain one of the family, who makes herself a bugbear through inattention to punctilios of dress, &c.—declares her resolution to compete for a clerkship in the post-office, and secures the approbation and help of Mr. Brocklebank, a rich iron merchant, on whom Mrs. Winstanley has set eyes for one or other of her daughters—even Perdita, if nothing else will do. Perdita succeeds, and finally leaves home, and, to the regret of the reader, offends Mr. Brocklebank, who washes his hands of her (to the reader's disappointment) and marries one of the fine-lady daughters, to Mrs. Winstanley's delight. Perdita finds her haven at last, too, but the reader must in fairness find that out, if he so wishes, from the book itself. Mrs. or rather Bell Blount, the women's rights heroine, with whom Perdita comes into contact, is admirably done; and the various personages whose society Mrs. Winstanley seeks, lead us sufficiently into 'high life' to allow Mrs. Lynn Linton room for the play of her cynical turn. On the whole, the story is clever, readable, and reveals some tendency to study pressing present-day social questions, and to play with them rather than to treat them seriously.—*The Trumpet-Major*. A Tale. By THOMAS HARDY. In Three Volumes. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This story cannot be considered by any means the most successful of

Mr. Hardy's novels. It is full of observation, knowledge of human nature, and a kind of subdued satire, which here and there comes near to cynicism, but relieves itself through a vein of genial humour. Were it not for this, Mr. Hardy's writing would sometimes seem hard. None of the characters rise above the level on which this strange mixture of humour and semi-cynicism so strangely plays; so that we really have a novel without a hero, and, in fact, without a heroine; for, if Mr. Hardy, as it really appears, does not care to encourage high ideals of manhood, he almost seems to aim at robbing us of the little ideal of woman-kind that may be left to us. All his women here are very weak and silly—he is constantly sniggering at them himself—and surely they do not show their best sides to us. The miller himself, honest and plain, and yet with a characteristic vein of canniness, is by far the best character. The Trumpet-Major is weak, and Bob is a soft-headed fellow for a sailor, though really he does well the almost impossible escape from the press-gang. The cross-purposes about that very doubtful 'actress'—who carries sensation twice to the quiet Love-day Mill—is a little *mal-a-propos*, to our mind; but she serves as a foil of one kind, Anne Garland being able to resent even the fascinations of the fine yeoman, Festus Derriman, who finally falls into the 'actress's' trap. 'Uncle Benjy' is well done: Mr. Hardy must have met with and studied this exact type of miser. Indeed, he must have carefully studied the cripplestraws, and Burdens, and Tullidges; and he has certainly succeeded in reviving to us the excitement and the turmoil of those days when Napoleon's name was everywhere a terror to Englishmen. In this respect the picture doubtless has its real and historical side, and may have a value of its own. The story is admirably planned; the author seems to have completely realized what he intended; which is, in one respect, a drawback, since, as we have seen, he proscribes ideals to a considerable extent, and from one point of view, does not aim high. So far is he from this, indeed, that we can anticipate a peculiar taste left in the mouths of many readers of a certain type, who naturally expect in a novel what he is not likely to give them. Though, then, we have read and admired much in the story—its keen but somewhat restricted insight, its satire, its humour, its oddity and fun—we have missed something in it, such as, we think, we had a right to expect—a lack of elevation, a prosaic and almost self-assertive realism, and a dislike to look high in the field of motive-elements from which the loftiest workers in the creative field have always drawn the materials for their best and most influential effects. Even as to dramatic picture there is nothing to equal the wonderful scene in the malt-house, which most readers will remember.—*Lord Brackenbury*. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) The story of 'Lord Brackenbury' is well wrought out, and is made to develop a somewhat Quixotic feeling of self-sacrifice. In a prefa-

tory note, Miss Edwards intimates that she has simply sifted multitudinous scraps of family papers, newspapers, reports, &c., concerning the 'Mysterious Case of Lord Brackenbury,' with which, some years ago, all England and Europe rang. So that we are given to understand the strange story is founded on fact. However this may be, it is romantic enough, cleverly constructed, vigorously written, and its portraiture in admirable keeping. To hint the course of the story when so much of the interest turns upon it were unpardonable. Truth is often stranger than fiction. We will only, therefore, instance Miss Edwards's remarkable power of graphic and vivid description. By, what she tells us is, an anachronism, she introduces the great eruption of Vesuvius of 1872, and gives us a very fine word-picture of its phenomena. The novel is a clever one, and may be heartily commended.—*Strictly Tied Up*. A Novel. Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) It would be interesting to know the conception and aim of the writer of a novel like this. One is tempted to think that instead of such, she had sat down to write hoping that something would come. It is a chronicle, not a story. Nothing comes out of anything else. Three or four situations are sketched: the marriage and disappointment of a pinchbeck earl and his wife, the marriage of his disreputable brother, the marriage of the daughter of the latter by an old reprobate fortune-hunting baronet, and the marriage of the son of this baronet to the mother of his wife. The three volumes are episodes without any causative connection. While page after page is spun out with dreary dribblings of trifles, as if the writer, like certain speakers, were spinning sentences until some idea should turn up. Altogether it is one of the most empty and inconsequential novels that for a long time we have read.—*Dimplethorpe*. By the Author of 'St. Olave's.' Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) *Dimplethorpe* is a novel that in its charming touches, delicate discriminations, and subtle evolution of motives and feelings, only a woman could have written. It is an idyl of English country life, in which character is much more prominent than incident. And yet it works its spell upon the reader with remarkable power. *Dimplethorpe* is a decayed little town, about twenty miles from London, which the old coaches have forsaken and the railway has missed, after a futile attempt to hit it. The *dramatis personæ* are a quiet, thoughtful, dreamy Independent minister, somewhat out of harmony with his surroundings, and his broadly contrasted wife and her three daughters; Audley, the heroine, however, inheriting from her father rather than from her mother, and developing into a very finely conceived character, full of womanly grace and dignity. The hero, Phil Hathaway, is the grandson of an old basket-maker, whom the minister discovers to have artistic gifts. These he develops, and then obtains for him an art-training. The love of Phil for Audley grows unconsciously from childhood: the interest of the story lies in his develop-

ment. Always true and worthy, he yet indulges a little conceit of superiority, and comes under the influence of Mrs. Haythorne, wife of a major, a returned Indian coquette, who working upon his weaknesses makes mischief, out of which, however, he comes at length humbled enough. The fine delineation of his character, of Mrs. Haythorne's coquetry, and of Audley's true womanliness, is the great charm of the story: it is done with consummate literary art—changes are wrought as subtly as by an atmosphere, and scarcely a false note is to be detected. Altogether the story is, we think, the best that this very charming writer has written yet.—

*Ellice Quentin, and other Stories.* By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Two Volumes. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Julian Hawthorne excites the expectation of greatness more than any writer of modern fiction. He attains to a large degree of success, but somehow leaves his readers with a feeling of shortcoming and disappointment. Every one of these stories is powerfully written; all, perhaps, a little too dramatically constructed. They are intended to be tragic, and are somewhat sensational; the story which gives its title to the volume perhaps the most so. Ellice Quentin rejects Geoffrey Herne for subtle reasons; marries another man, whom she learns to hate; meets her old lover, who is about to be married to another lady; gets the two together, persuades them to take wine—one of the three glasses is poisoned, it falls to her own lot, and so she dies. Well as this is told, is it worth the telling? The best story of the five is Kildhurm's Oak, in which a weird story of destiny is fulfilled by successive generations. Mr. Hawthorne can write tersely and graphically, his characters are vividly conceived and well developed; but should he not try to combine lofty purpose and noble structure in his stories with this cleverness of writing? Accepting these as parlour dramas of great cleverness and ability, we may fairly look for larger and better work from his pen.—

*Mehalah: a Story of the Salt Marshes.* Two Vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This is a story of remarkable power. Tragically conceived and wrought out, it is, both in dialogue, character, drawing, and *motif*, the product, if of a new writer, then of one of whom we shall hear more. It is a psychological drama, wrought out in passion and crime on the one hand, and in strenuous but helpless struggling against destiny on the other. Mehalah, a girl of great strength and nobleness of character, is strangely loved by Elijah Rebow, a very incarnation of the genius of brutal romantic passion—a man of iron will and unscrupulous purpose, and of weird intellectual power. At the very outset the vows to rule her hate, make her his wife, and compel her love, and this to accomplish an inevitable destiny, which he affirms with great subtlety, passion, and power. With great and subtle skill the story develops the working out of this issue. Rebow is a kind of Æschylean fate which, do what she will, Mehalah cannot escape. He hesitates at no means to ac-

complish his purpose—he works upon her filial affection, steals her sheep, burns her house, shoots at her lover, and carries him off, boldly telling her all the while that he is her fate, and that she cannot escape him, and he effectually ensnares her in his toils. The fate is fulfilled in a way as romantic and tragic and pitiless as a play of Æschylus. The story is written with great force of language and strength of thought. The writer is as philosophical and sententious as George Meredith, and as rich in humour, aphorism, and cynical apothegm as Mrs. Poyser. From almost every page rich sentences, piercing deeply into human life and motive, might be cited. The dialogue is perhaps not always congruous with the characters. We can form no guess as to the authorship. If a first work, it is more full of promise than any novel that has recently come into our hands.—

*The Leaden Casket.* By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT, Author of 'Thornicroft's Model,' &c. (Chatto and Windus.) This is by far the best piece of work we have yet had from Mrs. Hunt's hand. Here, in addition to a well-worked plot, circling round the perjury of a certain person in regard to the first wife of Chesterfield Brooke, who is wrongfully divorced and condemned to languish in a madhouse, we have some admirable studies of character, which are conceived originally, and with not a little boldness and independence. Olive Brooke, the premature child, who would seem unnaturally precocious were it not for the union of a peculiar nature with peculiar circumstances, is, as the young lady, opposed effectively to the second Lady Brooke. We recognize the power that could sustain the individuality of Olive so well over that long period. The studies of Morrison, the artist, and Ardrossan, the philanthropist, are excellent, and do much to heighten the interest. In a word, for careful writing, for high motive, for skill in delineation, and for the mixed interests of refined picturesque description, well-drawn characters, and a good plot, we have not recently read anything that has given us more pleasure.—

*Half-hours with Foreign Novelists.* By H. and A. ZIMMERN. (Remington and Co.) The Misses Zimmermann have hit upon and have here carried out with not a little skill, a very good idea. It is to give, in short compass, a fair impression of the most distinguished and accessible of foreign novelists, by means of translations from their works. In most instances they have succeeded admirably, showing not only extensive knowledge, but rare art and ready tact in their work. When we say that France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Galicia, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, and Russia are represented, some faint idea may be formed of the value of the work for the general public, though only a careful and critical survey and comparison would avail to exhibit the skill in selection, the delicacy and the tact which have gone to produce the volume.—*Prince Fortune and Prince Fatal.* By Mrs. CARRINGTON. (Sampson Low and Co.) Mrs. Carrington has

shown not a little ingenuity and power of contrasting characters in this novel; and though not always so strong in point of plot as in other things, she is generally interesting. She has extensive knowledge, and occasionally uses it effectively. The heroine of this novel, Lady Laura, an earl's daughter, is painted with all the care that the author can bestow, and in her dealings with her two lovers, who are great contrasts to each other, and yet have points of likeness, she is gradually brought before us with not a little effect. We feel as if we had met her. The one lover is shallow, heartless, strong-headed, and yet frivolous; the other is wayward and proud. We think the only error in the novel is in the way it ends, and in the reward which seems to us to be given to the less worthy; but Mrs. Carrington, perhaps, would answer, 'such is life!'—*Queen Cophetua*. By R. E. FRANCHILLON. Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) Truth is stranger than fiction, else we should pronounce impossible the elaborate combinations upon which this story turns. A Quixotic American, hunting after ancestral estates and discovering his delusion, the coincident death of their owner, the opportune testimony of a rogue, the mother's preposterous idea for making a man of her son, and the uninquiring acceptance by the son of what he is told, and no accidental light breaking in anywhere upon the precarious delusion; the further combination of chivalrous magnanimity in the American, calculating villainy in his companion, and superlative heroics in Alan—all together make a much greater demand than usual upon the reader's credulity, as upon the ingenuity of the author. Poor Helen, too, ought to have been saved from the fate to which such a tissue of improbabilities consigned her. For the rest, the story is well and vigorously written. But why should good writing clothe such extravagant incident? Surely the art of plot-making need not sin so greatly against probability. The feeling of rebellion against gratuitous and unlikely circumstance is with the reader throughout.

#### JUVENILE BOOKS.

We have received from JOHN F. SHAW & Co.

*Marian Scatterthwaite*. By MAGGIE SYMINGTON. A clever, interesting, and wholesome story of a young girl who in artistic work finds the corrective of disappointment and trouble. Poetical justice, however, is, as it should be, done at last.—*Ida Vane*. A Tale of the Restoration. By REV. ANDREW REED, B.A. Encouraged by the success of 'Alice the Bridge,' Mr. Reed gives us another story of early Protestant times, taking for his hero the Rev. Thomas Vincent, a Nonconformist minister of London, who, when the clergy by hundreds fled from the plague, consecrated himself to the suffering and dying, and of course showed a like heroic faith under his

own cruel persecution. The interest of the story is very great. Among other personages, Andrew Marvell, Pepys, Dr. Busby, and John Bunyan are introduced; and of course the great Fire of London is a prominent incident. Mr. Reed has arranged his materials well, and has cleverly interwoven with fiction historical facts. He has thrown a new interest into familiar incidents.—*Elisie Gordon*, by EMILY BRODIE, is a story of difficulties, and of the strength and faith by which they may be overcome. It is tender and touching.—*Nobody's Lad*. By LESLIE KEITH. A story of a City Arab, and of the need and rewards of philanthropy in seeking out and wisely helping such.—*In the Sunlight and Out of It*. A Year of my Life-story. By CATHERINE SHAW. A young girl of fifteen prints her diary for a year, and tells us her thoughts and feelings. It is fairly well written, but not very natural.—*In the City*. A Story of Old Paris. By the Author of 'The Spanish Brothers.' A picture of Paris in the eighteenth century, and of faithful witness for God in the midst of its infidelity and sin.—*In the Desert*. Same Author. A story of the martyr age of French Protestantism, and of the sufferings of the Cevennes. Full of religious interest and romance.—*Wilfred*. By A. T. WINTHROP. A story of a castaway French boy in London in whom a gentleman interests himself, and who proves to be a well-born lad. It is well told.—*Earl Hubert's Daughter*. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. A well told story of the nineteenth century, and of the religious life of England therein. Miss Holt's series of stories illustrating early English life are carefully studied and well written.—*Greek Hero Stories*. By BARTHOLOMEW GEORG NIEBUHR. Translated by BENJAMIN HOPPEN. Greek legends written by the great historian for his son Marcus. While strictly children's stories, they have a value beyond this, as embodying the historian's conceptions of the beginnings of Greek history. It is an exceptionally interesting book.—*Jack*. A Chapter in a Boy's Life. By YOTTY OSBORN.—*The Chevalier's Daughter*. By LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.—*A Six Years' Darling; or, Triz in Town*. By ISMAEL THORN.

From THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

*The Boy who Sailed with Blake, and the Orphans*. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. The last story of this prince of writers for boys, the character of which is sufficiently indicated by its title.—*Caught in the Toils*. A story of a convent school. By EMMA LESLIE. An anti-Ritualistic story, the moral of which is only too much needed. It is told with commendable fairness of representation.

From MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND Co.

*Beatrice Morton's Discipline*. By MAUDE JEANNE FANE. A religious tale of Australian Life. Beatrice, a clergyman's daughter, left fatherless, takes three children, whose mother had been intemperate, to educate in her own mother's house, and out of this charge and her relations to the father her discipline comes. It ends as such things generally end

in novels. The story is a little too 'goody,' and needlessly sombre.—*Jack and Gill*. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Miss Alcott's stories need no commendation to English readers. This is a pleasant and wholesome picture of child-life in an American village, and interesting as indicating the precocity of American children. The children get thrown from a snow sledge, and are both seriously injured—Jack broke his leg, and Gill injured her spine, and they are kept together for some months. The development of character constitutes the interest. We hope, however, English children will not be captivated by their American English.

FROM MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN AND CO.

*The Fisherman of Rhava*. By C. E. BOURNE. A kind of allegorical inculcation of the virtues of fidelity and self-sacrifice, and of their sure rewards. Etlan is an unknown land, which Djalmah, a young fisherman, accidentally discovers, but is not permitted to enter upon until after the probation of a life which brings the qualification of seeing it from Rhava.—*Grandmamma's Recollections*. By GRANDMAMMA PARKER. Grandmamma tells a number of stories of her earlier days, intended to inculcate good habits, and to inspire love for truthfulness, obedience, &c. They are simply and effectively told.—*Fabled Stories from the Zoo*. By ALBERT ALBERY. Stories told to a little visitor by the animals themselves. A good conception, very fairly realized.—*Asgard and the Gods*. Tales and Translations of our Northern Ancestors. Adapted from the Work of Dr. WÄGNER, by M. W. MACDOWALL, and Edited by W. S. W. ANSON. This is more than a mere story-book, it is a complete and popular account of the religious beliefs and superstitious customs of the old Norsemen, adapted to young readers. It is therefore a chapter of a very remarkable system of mythology, which obtained as late as A.D. 800. Many of these traditions of our forefathers are preserved amongst us still. The romance is as great as the instructiveness. These legends will be eagerly read. It is one of the best and most attractive juvenile gift-books of the season.—*Woodland Notes*. From the Swedish of RICHARD GUSTAFSSON. By ALBERT ALBERY. Nine short and picturesque sketches having the flavour of their foreign nationality; full of natural feeling and charm.—*The Captain's Dog*. By LOUIS ENAULT. A second edition of Zero's story. Zero gets into trouble through his antipathy to his master's wife, but, as with many complications in stories, all comes right at last, and Zero is happy.

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*The Family Circle Picture Book*. Containing One Hundred and Eighty Illustrations. A nursery miscellany of fun, wit, and wisdom. The illustrations are effective, and some of them very comical, although not of a very high class of art. Some instructive papers are interspersed with the rhymes and facetiæ. Some of the pieces seem of American origin, and will be new to English readers.

FROM MESSRS. NISBET AND CO.

*The Lonely Island; or, The Refuge of the Mutineers*. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. A retelling of the story of the Mutineers of the *Bounty* and their settlement on Pitcairn Island, which, often as it has been told in prose and poetry, never loses the charm of its romance. Mr. Ballantyne has adhered closely to facts.—*Philosopher Jack*. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. A capital story of the South Seas.—*Heather and Harebells*, by EMILY MARSHALL, is a tale for children of two boys of contrasted characters, and of the home influences by which the good in them was nurtured and the evil counteracted.—*Roger Willoughby*. By W. H. E. KINGSTON. A story of sea-fights under old Benbow, and of the rebellion under Monmouth; a chapter of English history to be learnt as Shakespeare and Scott have taught it, under the guise of fiction. It is needless to say of one of Mr. Kingston's books that it is well done. The preface is very touching.

FROM MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

*The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde, and other Stories*. By MARY DE MORGAN, Author of 'On a Pincushion.' With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. There is a quaint simplicity, fine fancy, and, above all, an obtaining unity in these stories, which profess nothing more than to be imaginatively true and self-consistent. Miss de Morgan realizes her purpose clearly, and advances to it apparently without effort, with an easy grace and freedom which bespeaks the gracious instinct. But we really do not think that she has put her best foot foremost. 'Princess Fiorimonde,' in these respects, does not so highly please us as 'The Wanderings of Arasmen,' which follows, and which is touched with a fine ideal glow from first to last; and the concluding story we should rank next to it. Others, however, may judge differently. It is, at all events, a book over which both young and old may have much pleasure, for it has rich lessons wrapt up in its light fancies and fantasies. The drawings, quaint and pure in outline, admirably match the text, and the book is beautiful.—*Pansie's Flour-bin*. By the Author of *St. Olave's*. A fancy story, after the manner of 'Alice in Wonderland,' full of odd conceits, quaint sayings, and gentle wisdom. Pansie herself is the most charming of the fairies. We bespeak for it a special welcome.—*The White Rat, and some other Stories*. By Lady Barker. Few writers of children's stories are more successful than Lady Barker. This pretty little volume contains seven or eight stories, which may be as strongly commended as they will be eagerly read.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

*Friendly Greetings*. Illustrated Readings for the People. A Series of eight-page sketches and miscellanies, profusely illustrated, popularly and healthily written. Admirable for young people or cottage reading.—*My Own Picture Book*. Full of single-page subjects. The letterpress descriptive of some really excellent engravings.—*Illustrated Letters to My Children from the Holy*

*Land.* By HENRY A. HARPER. A very charming book for children. The descriptions of selected incidents are simple and graphic, the illustrations truthful and well executed.—*The Last First.* By ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON, B.A. The title is intended to indicate the adjustment of moral honours. Under it are sketched some of the less noted characters of Scripture history, such as Onesimus, Onesiphorus, &c.—*Children's Daily Bread: a Picture, Text, and Verse for every Day in the Year.* A day book for children, sufficiently indicated in its character by its title.—*Vignettes of the Great Revival of the Eighteenth Century.* By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Under this modest title Mr. Hood has contributed some vivid and able studies of the Evangelical movement originated by Whitefield and Wesley. They are the result of extensive reading and long familiarity, and are full of acute characterizations and interesting anecdotes.

From MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

*The Wooing of the Waterwiche: a Northern Oddity.* By J. MAYER SMITH. We are a little puzzled with this enigmatical book. Is it parody on old Norse Sagas? Is it satire? Is it allegory? Is it modern politics in Runic form? Is it Lord Beaconsfield who looks at us in the features of Gringab, and who fights with Vingolf (Mr. Gladstone), who also kills the giant Kamarachandhu, and marries the sea nymph? Who is Balderdaesh? Who is Suckard? Who is Æverfayre? We must leave it for private interpretation, or for simple enjoyment of the story, and of its very effective illustrations.

From MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

*Andrew Harvey's Wife.* By L. T. MEADE. Andrew Harvey is the son of a baronet; marries beneath him; and his wife, the nobler character, is faithful to her people. A good deal of the interest of the story lies in her efforts to be true to them in very difficult circumstances of sin and guilt on the part of her father. Miss Meade writes admirably, but the rescue at the last is a superfluous bit of sensationalism.—*Stepping-stones: a Story of our Inner Life.* By SARAH DOUDNEY. Miss Doudney seeks in the characters of her story to develop each into a higher excellence, and her incidents are the 'stepping-stones' by which this is achieved. We wish we could think that this was true of any given circle of life. But Miss Doudney always writes well.—*A Dweller in Tents.* By L. T. MEADE. A kind of parable of human life, not very probable in its incidents, and somewhat below Miss Meade's level of thoughtful and discriminating excellence.

From MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

*The Two Miss Davsons.* By the author of 'The Bairns,' etc. We gladly welcome a new book by the author of 'The Bairns.' That charming Canadian story opened a new field for readers of fiction. The present story is limited to Eastern Scotland. It is a family picture and chronicle, settling down chiefly to the experiences of a charming old maiden

aunt—a most admirable delineation, and an equally charming niece. It is, as we have said, a chronicle rather than a plot, and it is touched throughout with a fine discriminating hand and a gentle goodness that are both interesting and wholesome. Miss Alcott might have written it had she known Scotland well enough.—*Songs for Little Singers in the Sunday School and House.* Composed by HENRY KING LEWIS. Forty hymn tunes set to as many hymns—some selected, some original—for children. They are for the most part congruous in conception and melodious in feeling, and they sing well. A distinct addition to juvenile sacred song.—*Our Daughters: their Lives Here and Hereafter.* By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. Wise counsels concerning the virtues and the foibles of girl-life—Dress, Flirting, Religious Doubts, Salvation, Christian Work, Ministries of Life, Recreation, Wifehood, &c. A graceful and attractive handbook that mothers will do well to put into the hands of their children.

From MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN, AND CO.

*Adventures of Working Men.* From the Note-book of a Working Surgeon. By G. MANVILLE FENN. A score of stories about working men. Mr. Fenn forms a high estimate of the British artisan. His stories justify it and are admirably told.—*The Chip Boy, and other Stories.* A reprint of eight stories from 'Little Folks' and 'The Quiver.' *Deepdale Vicarage.* By the author of 'Mark Warren.' A story of the development of a stiff, pedantic young vicar, who is compelled to shelter a lady falsely accused of a crime. He becomes humanized and marries her. The story involves the fortunes of an Irish countess and her family. It is fairly constructed and written.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN have issued a new and cheaper edition of Robert Bloomfield's 'The Bird and Insect Post-Office.' They have also provided for the very little ones a dozen each of pictorial booklets, entitled respectively 'Our Boys' Little Library' and 'Our Girls' Little Library,' also 'Seven Stories about Old Folks and Young Ones.' By A. R. HOPE.

#### YEARLY VOLUMES.

For the most part these run in pairs—one volume of general reading and another of more religious reading for Sundays. It is almost impossible to speak distinctively of eight or ten thick volumes of miscellanies, and yet each magazine has a decided character or tone of its own.

We are disposed to place at the head of all magazines of their class *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister and Co.). The chief attractions of 'Good Words' for 1880 are Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'Trumpet Major,' a vivid and realistic picture of the time of the

great war with Napoleon—of which we have spoken elsewhere—and Jean Ingelow's 'Sarah de Berenger.' Two stories like these in a seven-and-sixpenny volume are worth its cost. In addition we have papers on 'Health at Home,' by Dr. W. B. Richardson; 'Art in Daily Life,' by J. B. Atkinson; a new series of 'Sermons out of Church,' by the author of 'John Halifax,' and papers on travel, biography, science, &c., by eminent writers.

The stories in 'The Sunday Magazine' are 'Andrew Harvey's Wife,' by L. P. Meade; 'Thy Heart's Desire,' by Sarah Doudney; 'Corliestanes,' by Mrs. Garnett; short stories by Hesba Stretton and others, and popular papers by Dr. Butler, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, and a dozen other writers. The spirit, variety, and excellence of the magazines are admirably sustained, and the promise of the new year seems even better still.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* and *The Quiver* come next. Each contains a little of everything. In addition to three capital stories—'Horace Maclean,' 'Hidden Gold,' by Frank Barrett; and 'How Vickerscraft was Won,' by the author of 'But for Ilion'—the Magazine is enriched by a dozen songs set to music, all original, with one exception by Franz Abt. These will be a welcome addition to the repertory of home music. The 'Quiver' admirably caters for the Sunday reading of households, and tries to redeem 'good' reading from its proverbial dullness; while the Magazine caters for a wholesome supply of fiction, history, biography, anecdote, and *facétie*. The lists of contributors are a sufficient assurance of able work and of the unresting enterprise of the publishers. The stories in 'The Quiver' are, 'A Heroine of Home,' 'Our New Neighbour,' 'Our Nell.' An attractive feature of 'The Quiver,' also, is an original hymn-tune each month by some of our best living composers. Sermons and religious papers are of exceptional excellence. The volume does much to realize Arnold's wish to have religious reading made attractive.

*The Leisure Hour* for 1880. (Religious Tract Society.) As full as ever of popular papers of great variety in prose and verse, making a huge volume of 880 pages. There are three stories—'Nine-tenths of the Law,' by Mr. Millington; 'Idonea,' by Annie Beale; 'The Troubles of a Chinaman,' by Jules Verne, and a dozen illustrations on toned paper. *The Sunday at Home* for 1880. (Religious Tract Society.) The Sunday pendant to 'The Leisure Hour,' and of the same bulk. Compiled and edited with the same instinct for ordinary household reading. The stories are 'Anna Cavaye,' by Sarah Doudney; 'Old Mrs. Barron,' by the author of 'Christie Redfern's Troubles,' 'Cousin Mabel's Experiences,' by E. J. Whately, and a miscellany of papers on all sorts of subjects, impossible to describe; also a dozen beautifully coloured whole-page engravings.

*The Union Jack*. Tales for British Boys. (Griffith and Farran.) Consists entirely of stories of war, travel, adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and tragedies of all kinds. The ob-

jection is that the sensational not only predominates, but pervades the whole, especially in the war stories, tending to create both tastes and habits of mind not very desirable for boys. Peace has its victories and romances as well as war, and should certainly be presented as more attractive. The first editor, Mr. Kingston, the present editor, Mr. Henty, Jules Verne, and other popular writers contribute the stories, which are illustrated in a spirited way.

*Little Folks*, Vol. XII. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.), not only holds its own against an increasing host of competitors, but, in our judgment, is as yet unapproached in its excellences as the magazine for the nursery. There are here, too, half-a-dozen songs with music. It caters for children with an unerring instinct.

*Excelsior*. Helps to Progress in Action and Thought. Vol. II. (Sunday School Union.) A miscellany for young folk; bright, instructive, varied, and sympathetic. Good without being 'goody.'

*The Expositor*. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Vol. II. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This volume, which completes the first series, contains the conclusion of Dr. Fairbairn's 'Studies in the Life of Christ' and of the editor's 'Exposition of the Book of Job.' There are also papers by the Dean of Peterborough, Professor A. B. Davidson, Canon Farrar, Drs. Matthews, Morrison, Plumptre, Sanday, &c. For the new series the editor promises us contributions from Mr. R. H. Hutton and Mr. Wace. The work is an invaluable repertory of high Biblical scholarship.

*The American Art Review*. A Journal devoted to the Practice, Theory, History, and Archaeology of Art. (Boston: Estes and Lauriat. London: Sampson Low and Co.) This new journal marks a decided step in advance in the art culture of the United States. It is superior to any similar publication in this country. No cost or pains seems to be spared to make the engravings and the letterpress as good as they can be made. By a review of art throughout its entire history and in all countries it seeks specially to instruct and develop American art. A list of fifty contributors is given, mostly, of course, American, but among them are Castellani of Rome, Mr. Stillman of Florence, Dr. Falke of Vienna, Mr. Pinches of London. In addition to a series of original etchings by American artists, engravings of classical and modern works are given, articles on various topics connected with art, and in each number there is a department of art information, American and foreign. The whole is very able. We most heartily wish it success.

*The South Kensington Museum*. (Sampson Low and Co.) A periodical of which the first six numbers have reached us, which has for its purpose the exposition of works of art in the South Kensington Museum. It is marvellously cheap, each monthly part containing eight pages of illustrations with accompanying descriptions. The plates are



etchings, with one woodcut in each number, and are well executed on Japanese tinted paper. The publication is under the sanction of the Science and Art Department.

#### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

*Studies in the Life of Christ.* By the Rev. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It scarcely needs be said that these studies from Dr. Fairbairn's pen are full of spiritual penetration, profound philosophy of moral life, and literary beauty. Devout in feeling, and evangelical in theological view, they are yet characterized by great freedom and independence of thought. They touch everywhere great questions of modern controversy, and establish their evangelical positions on the broad basis of historical evidence and true religious philosophy. We do not know where to look, save perhaps in Pressensé's 'Jesus Christ,' for a like combination of reverent belief and broad independent thinking. Dr. Fairbairn entitles his chapters 'Studies.' Originally sermons, they have appeared in 'The Expositor' as essays, and from it are now reprinted. They do not claim, that is, to be a complete biography of our Lord, but only to treat the salient points of his history. Dr. Fairbairn promises a return to these studies in a more critical and comprehensive spirit. No man is better qualified. Even amid the multitudinous works on this great theme, a study in the spirit and manner of these sketches would be an important contribution to theological thought and devout exposition.

*Jesus Christ; His Life and His Work.* By the Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M.A. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Mr. Malleeson thinks that there is room for a connected life of Christ, which, eschewing all sceptical difficulties, and even critical exegesis, and assuming 'the full and plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures,' shall on the basis of faith present a continuous history. The volume, therefore, does not touch existing controversies, but is devout, interesting, and edifying reading. It will be valued by many simple, religious hearts.

*The Church of the Future.* By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Archbishop of Canterbury. Macmillan and Co.

The cordial appreciation of the Archbishop of Canterbury's charge by Nonconformists should vindicate them from the lack of 'sweet reasonableness' wherewith they are often charged. Let but a man speak as man to men, forego unseemly and unwarrantable assumptions, appeal to reason and conscience, show respect for the opinions of others, while firmly maintaining his own, and he will find no men more disposed to do him justice than, from principle and training, Nonconformists are. They at once recognized these qualities in Dr.

Tait's charge, and they have accorded to him an unstinted praise. The volume, for a volume it is, is in many ways remarkable. Its broad conceptions of the Church of Christ, its spiritual sympathies, its candid dealing with rejectors of Christianity, and its reasonable tone of contention against other forms of Church life, are notable. If these do not constitute a new point of departure in Church controversy, they ought to do so. Certainly such courtesy of judgment and manner towards those who differ will command a like tone in opponents.

*The Manifold Witness for Christ.* Part I. Christianity and Natural Theology. Part II. The Positive Evidences of Christianity. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1877 and 1878. By ALFRED BARRY, D.D., D.C.L., Principal of King's Coll., London. John Murray.

It is marvellous what freshness of thought can be imparted to the subject of the Christian evidences in the hands of a really competent thinker, and the fact that there is no diminution of that interest, however often the kaleidoscope has been turned in the last 200 years or more, is itself a distinct proof of the Divine character of the thing to be proved. Nothing is everlasting but the true and the Divine. We thank the accomplished writer of this book for the decisive evidence he has furnished that the theme given him to handle is not even yet threadbare, nor is likely ever to fail in yielding rich supplies of instruction and benefit to those who love to dig in God's field of truth. In this volume we have a masterly performance by a mind of the highest culture and the broadest grasp. The argument throughout is conducted with an elevation of tone and a dignity of manner worthy of the long line of literary *patries conscripti* to whom we owe the Boyle series. Every topic which he touches he irradiates with a new beauty, his conceptions having such fulness of meaning and exactness of proportions as to impart a charm of novelty to whatever he delineates. He writes especially for those disciplined minds that are accustomed to move in the higher latitudes of thought on this subject; and those who look for a work of classical refinement, with purity and elegance of diction, will not be disappointed.

Possibly some may feel that a slight shadow of obscurity is cast on the argument at the outset, from the apparent want of symmetry in the line of proof—the first half of the book consisting of inferential evidence, and the latter half of that which is more direct. An important point is undoubtedly made when it is proved that the conclusions of natural theology are verified and added to by the light which Christianity sheds on them; but it is not according to classical rule to put that department of proof in the same line with the positive evidences, except in the sense of being preliminary and clearing the way. Following in the wake of Butler and, we might say, Hooker, the author has struck on an important vein in taking up the position that Christianity as supernatural is not pre-

ternatural; and he has conclusively shown that so far is Christianity from being in conflict with the knowledge of God we have from the natural constitution of things, and from our own constitution, that it exhibits that same knowledge in the most perfect form; that, in fact, it is the crown and perfection of the natural. The danger to be avoided here is not to regard Christianity as *merely natural*, though in the highest sense it is so. It is in itself essentially supernatural, though in harmony with the natural, and it comes in, not to complete the natural system of things, but to meet a special emergency which has occurred. He traces the intimations of Christianity in the various sections of Scripture history, in the Messianic idea, and in the mediation of Christ, and shows how these support the conclusions of natural theology regarding the personality of God and the spirituality of man. He also discusses at length the positive evidences, showing that what we want at this period is not so much miracles and prophecy—these were more suited to the early ages; and what is now wanted specially is history and the living power of Christianity. Why not say we need all these? We regard his volume as another noble contribution to the long line of defences of our common Christianity.

*The New Truth and the Old Faith.* By a SCIENTIFIC LAYMAN. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

This book is the production of an able thinker, a ripe scholar, and an accomplished scientist. The author is evidently abreast of the higher scientific knowledge of the day, and seems to be familiar with the companionship of those distinguished explorers who have scaled the heavens and ransacked the earth to find out the secrets which nature has locked up in so many cabinets, the keys of which are so hard to find. This work is superior to most of its class, as the cedar rises above the moss or the fern.

We wish we could pronounce with equal satisfaction on the manner in which the author accomplishes his task. He felt the air to be full of scepticism, and realized for himself the void of a soul that was robbed of its creed. Hence he wished to become the exponent of the doubts of the time, and if possible to furnish the antidote. In this book he presents a detail of many points on which materialistic men of science are in hard conflict with the doctrines of Revealed Truth, and compares the new *Truth*, as he terms it, with the Old Faith. It would be more accurate to say the new *theories* or speculations, for it is a large assumption to call that an established truth which is little else than an ingenious conjecture, and for which there is certainly no conclusive evidence.

In a style marked by lucidity of thought and felicity of diction, he carries forward his argument on the lines of the two great principles of science which have been called its latest conquests, and, perhaps, for that reason, its favourite doctrines, namely Evolution and

the Conservation of Energy. But it is quite too soon to speak of conquests while the roll of battle continues, and in the swaying to and fro the tendencies are rather to defeat than victory. Without committing himself to the theory of evolution, he sets forth its points in full detail, beginning with a description of the nebular theory, and going on to the vast geological periods, and the gradual development of life, from the inorganic stage to the vital, the sentient, and in due time the rational. The pedigree of man is traced as first a blob of living jelly; then by slow degrees a worm; from the worm comes a fish; from the fish an ape; later on the ape loses his tail, then his hair, and his brain-pan enlarges, until at some happy moment he leaves off his howling, and becomes a talking reasonable man. And so the manipulation ends! The interesting questions about the origin and progress of life through the protracted geological periods are discussed, and much ingenious speculation is thrown around them. But it is disappointing to find no correspondingly careful representation given of the scriptural side of the question. In fact, Scripture is scarcely allowed to speak unless in so far as it echoes the utterances of science. It is forgotten that the Old and New Testament Scriptures have an independent evidence of their own, even stronger than science can plead for its later affirmations, and it is a violation of all fairness of dealing to leave this fact out of the account.

He regards the account given in the first chapter of Genesis as a cosmogony to be interpreted by scientific rules, overlooking the well-known fact that revelation never intends to touch the province of science at all, but professes only to give an account of man's dwelling-place, and that in the language of every-day life, suited to the conceptions of those who draw their knowledge from common observation, and not according to the laws of science. It is quite beside the mark to speak of Moses as being silent on the earlier formations of life, the simple moneras and flowerless plants of the Palæozoic age, and to attribute this silence to his ignorance of the elementary organisms which have only been discovered by modern science. He also regards the Mosaic account as giving a childish view of works of awful grandeur, in saying that the 'great lights' were set merely to rule the day and the night, not reflecting that the writer is speaking of the fitting up of man's world for his particular use, and is silent on other points. The position of Moses is really loftier than that of our scientific discoverers. They tell about the nails and the fastenings of the platform, while he begins the story of what was done upon it.

We regret that the author should allow so much shadow to rest of the peculiar truth of revelation, out of deference to the arrogant attitude of the advocates of positive science, especially on the Incarnation and Miracles. And the crucial question of human guilt is all but passed over, man being assumed to be still in his normal state. But the fact of all

facts, which Christianity cannot leave out in any basis of reconciliation between it and science, is that of the God-man hanging on a cross in testimony of the gravity of this question of guilt, and the depth of the Divine compassion for the guilty. Harmony will at no distant date be established between Christianity and science properly so called, but it cannot be by asking the former to surrender that in which its real glory consists—the supernatural element.

*A Talmudic Miscellany; or, One Thousand and One Extracts from the Talmud, the Midrashim, and the Kabbalah.* Compiled and Translated by PAUL ISAAC HERSHON. With Introductory Preface by the Rev. F. M. FARRAR, D.D., Canon of Westminster. With Notes and Copious Indexes. Trübner and Co.

This is a new volume of the Oriental series, and its peculiar and popular character will make it attractive to general readers. The Talmud fills twelve large folio volumes and represents the main literature of the Jewish people for several hundred years. Dr. Deutsch, by his celebrated article in 'The Quarterly Review' filled with citations from it, excited an enthusiasm kindred to his own. People thought that the bricks were specimens of the house, and that in glowing wisdom and noble morality the literature of the Talmud stood next to the Bible. Canon Farrar enters a caveat against this conclusion—'I venture to say that it would be impossible to find less wisdom, less eloquence, and less high morality, imbedded in a vaster bulk of what is utterly valueless to mankind—to say nothing of those parts of it which are indelicate and obscene—in any other national literature of the world. Most that is excellent has been anticipated in the scriptures.'

The Talmud has never yet been translated in its entirety, although there is now promise of a French translation. If accomplished, Canon Farrar thinks that it will disenchant intelligent and thoughtful Jews, and that it will afford many side-lights for the interpretation of the Old and New Testaments.

Mr. Hershon is a very competent scholar. He thinks, however, that if the translation of the whole were made into English 'not one in a thousand would have patience to read consecutively the first twelve pages.'

The present selection contains samples of the good, bad, and indifferent, and especially extracts that throw light upon the scriptures. The extracts have been all derived word for word and made at first hand, and references are carefully given. They are made according to the prominence in them of particular numbers. The introduction gives bibliographical information. The extracts are curious and interesting and will speak for themselves.

*Canonicity.* A Collection of Early Testimonies to the Canonical Books of the New Testament, based on Kirchhofer's 'Quellen-sammlung.' By A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D., University of Edinburgh. W. Blackwood and Sons.

This goodly volume is more than a collec-

tion of documents. The useful work of Kirchhofer has long been out of print. These Collectanea are more numerous and abundant than those of the German prototype. Dr. Charteris has devoted nearly 200 pages to a succinct and scholarly sketch of the documents and sources from which our ideas of a New Testament Canon are derived. These range from the Epistle of Barnabas to the writings of Origen, including a sketch of the special evidence for the Fourth Gospel. The documents which follow range from the earliest mention of a canon, and the earliest list of sacred books, down to Roman, Greek, Lutheran, and Reformed Confessions on this subject. Our author then furnishes the student with all the documents he needs to determine the authorship of every book in the New Testament. The testimony of heretics is given separately, and so is all the evidence that exists to prove the character and date of the canonical Gospels. Useful literary notes are appended to the quotations. The volume will be a useful companion to any student who wishes to test for himself the ambitious theories which have been in vogue for some years on these themes. It will also help him to estimate the comparative value of the apostolic writings and the apocryphal literature with which they have been most perversely mixed up. As far as we have yet been able to test the workmanship, it is scholarly and sound, and is abreast of the latest literature of the subject.

*The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel.* External Evidences. By EZRA ABBOTT, D.D., LL.D., Harvard University. Trübner and Co.

We are not aware that Dr. Abbott has added anything to our knowledge of the external evidences for the existence and authorship of the Fourth Gospel, but he has summed up the present state of the controversy with conspicuous fairness and personal research. One of his best points is the crushing refutation of the inferences drawn by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' from the inaccuracy of the supposed quotations from the Gospels made by Justin Martyr. He takes every deviation from the acknowledged text, and brings ample and abundant proof, from every period down to the present day, of identically inaccurate quotation of the very same passages by Christian writers, who were without doubt intending to quote the Gospel of John. Considerable space is given to those quotations made by Hippolytus from Basileides, which include that heresiarch's mention and use of the Fourth Gospel. There is much humour and ingenuity manifested in Dr. Abbott's reply to the objections of certain opponents that, even granting Justin's quotation from the Gospel, he ought, if he believed it to have been apostolic, to have quoted more than he did. Dr. Abbott is clearly master of the whole controversy and assault upon the Fourth Gospel, and this lecture has the character of a judicial summing up of the case dead against the plaintiff by an historical critic and learned judge.

*Suggestive Thoughts on Religious Subjects.* A Dictionary of Quotations and Selected Passages from the best Writers Ancient and Modern. By HENRY SOUTHGATE. Charles Griffin and Co.

*Treasure-Book of Consolation for all in Sorrow and Suffering.* Compiled and Edited by BENJAMIN ORME, M.A. Marshall and Japp.

*The Cup of Consolation.* By an INVALID. With an Introduction by G. R. Macduff, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

*Out of the Deep: Words for the Sorrowful.* From the Writings of CHARLES KINGSLEY. Macmillan and Co.

Four volumes of quotations similar in purpose. Mr. Southgate's, as it is the largest and most costly book of the three, so its range is larger and more miscellaneous. Under an alphabetical arrangement he classifies quotations from writers of almost every age and school.

Mr. Orme provides specifically for the sorrowful, and brings together under general heads an admirably selected volume of passages on suffering and its consolations. It is not only beautifully catholic—for suffering is no sectarian experience—but the selections are made with a fine literary instinct and spiritual insight, so that the book is much more than a compilation of passages, it is a selection as well. The volume which Dr. Macduff edits is a diary of consolation—a scripture text for every day in the year, with an illustrative quotation in prose or poetry from some religious author. Here the selection is more restricted to one school, and to favourite authors; but it is a charming little companion for the sick-room.

'Out of the Deep' consists of extracts entirely from Charles Kingsley's writings. There are many depths out of which human souls cry—depths of Sorrow, of Sin, of Fear, of Loneliness, of Darkness, of Death. Under these heads the compiler of this little volume has arranged passages from Mr. Kingsley's writings. Out of the sensitiveness of his own impassioned nature, and the sorrowful experiences of conflict and suffering of his own life, Mr. Kingsley speaks with instinctive appreciation and tender sympathy. He was a man of true heart and strong faith, and every word therefore goes down to men in the depths. It is a *vade mecum* of great beauty and tenderness for sufferers.

*A Popular Commentary on the New Testament.* By English and American Scholars of Various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. In Four Vols. Vol. II.: The Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

The Gospel of John has been done by Professor Milligan, of Aberdeen, and Professor William F. Moulton, of Cambridge; the Acts of the Apostles by Dean Howson and Canon Spence. The entire volume, therefore, is by English scholars, whose names will abundantly guarantee their work. In the able introduction to John's Gospel, at the authorship of which, as also of that to the Acts, we are left

to guess, the writer wisely proceeds in a positive and affirmative rather than in a defensive way. Recent apologetics have, it appears to us, conceded too much in standing mainly on the defensive, even though they have turned the battle upon the assailants. The Gospels do not need defending as if their very existence was at stake. Much of the adverse criticism directed against them falls away of its own incoherence and baselessness. We are glad, therefore, to see the affirmative position here taken so strongly and successfully. It is scarcely too much to say that the attack upon John's Gospel—like that upon the Divine Christ led by Strauss forty years ago—has finally failed. Its foes may fight, skirmishing, but they are palpably retreating with the usual result—of having, by testing the defences, left the gospel more assured and established in reasonable historic and religious faith than it was before.

The notes are, of course, fully abreast of the latest critical scholarship. Thus, the narrative of the woman taken in adultery is relegated to the end of the gospel, as being, according to the almost unanimous conclusion of modern scholars, wanting in the oldest and most authoritative MSS., and as having other marks of spuriousness. It is, however, regarded as in itself a true incident, and in circulation from the earliest times. For thoroughness, fullness, and explicitness the annotations leave nothing to be desired.

The characteristics of 'The Acts' are well discriminated in the Introduction. The authorship by Luke under the guidance of Paul, during the long imprisonment at Caesarea, is maintained. Its record of the laying of the foundation-stones of the Gentile churches is its chief purpose. We think that, in however affirmative a way, the theories of men like Baur and Zeller should have had some notice.

Among the popular commentaries which are so characteristic of our day this may fairly claim a high and equal place. For ordinary readers, teachers, and preachers its scholarship, exegetical acumen, and thoroughness are a sufficient and satisfactory provision.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. 1 *Samuel*. Expositions by Very Rev. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D.; Homiletics by Rev. Prof. C. CHAPMAN, M.A.; Homilies by Various Authors—Rev. D. FRASER, D.D., Rev. B. DALE, M.A. *Genesis*. Introductions by Rev. Canon F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. Exposition and Homiletics by Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. Homilies by Various Authors. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The Dean of Canterbury's monograph on Samuel and his times is very ably done. Its scholarship is what we might have anticipated from the Dean's learning, but its breadth and humanity, its vigorous grasp of the period of Samuel and of his mission in it, and his liberal construction of the questions involved, are as unexpected as they are welcome. The Dean is quite abreast of the

criticism of the day, and deals with the questions that it raises in a thorough scholarly and unprejudiced way. Only good can come of such honest and fearless literary criticism as applied to the historical books of the Old Testament—all the more weighty in this instance as coming from a writer whose evangelical orthodoxy and devoutness are beyond all praise. He thinks that the books of Samuel are so called not because written by him, but because they describe his work for Israel. He thinks the reign of Jehoshaphat a probable date for their authorship. The chief interest of the Introduction, however, centres in its vigorous conception of the mission and work of Samuel in Israel, as developing the idea of the prophet and the idea of the king.

Professor Chapman sums up homiletically the characteristics of each section, and Dr. Donald Fraser and Mr. Bryan Dale supply homilies on the principal ideas and verses. Those of Mr. Dale especially are happy and vigorous, and will be very useful to preachers. The work so far worthily justifies its title.

The Introductions of the volume on Genesis are specially able and complete. Canon Farrar contributes a General Introduction to the Old Testament—setting forth the way in which for homiletical purposes it is to be interpreted and used—full of scholarly and common-sense canons and suggestions; Bishop Cotterill an elaborate dissertation on the development of the idea of law, from its beginning in human consciousness to its culmination in the revelation of God; Mr. Whitelaw a defence of the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch, dealing in detail with objections. Mr. Whitelaw is also the author of the Exposition of Genesis and of its Homiletics. The Homilies are by Dr. Montgomery, Professor Redford, Rev. W. Roberts, and Rev. F. Hastings. The volume is throughout a very able and important exposition of this first and seminal book of the Bible.

*Commentary on the Poetical Books of the Old Testament.* Vol. I.: The Psalms. By the Late Dr. G. HEINRICH A. V. EWALD. Translated by the Rev. E. JOHNSON, M.A. Williams and Norgate.

*The Book of Psalms, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.* By G. H. S. JOHNSON, M.A., Dean of Wells; G. J. ELLICOTT, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christchurch, Oxford; F. C. COOK, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New and Revised Edition. John Murray.

*The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews.* Translated and Critically Examined by MICHAEL HEILPRIN. Vol. II. New York: Appleton and Co.

Ewald is the glory and the despair of exegesis. His insight is as profound as his dogmatism is rash. His *ipse dixit* is the supreme reason of his conclusions. If his penetration were not so remarkable, his exegetical edifice would tumble like a house of cards, as it is, nothing but infallibility could establish it; and as he is not infallible, it is for students, as they may, to discriminate between his dicta—accept such as commend themselves to a reasonable judgment, and discard such

as are sublimely regardless of facts. Some of his best work, and some of his most untenable positions, are found in his treatment of the Psalms. He undertakes to pronounce upon the authorship, age, *motif*, and inner consciousness of each Psalm. With amazing self-sufficiency, he is never doubtful, never inquiring. His conclusions are imperative. His Davidic Psalms are dogmatically discriminated; with, it must be said, a larger and more fervent eulogy on David, as poet and pious man, than is common to his school. There is a vast amount of keen and suggestive criticism and characterization, of spiritual insight, of historical sagacity, and of human sympathy, which make his work absolutely indispensable to every student of Hebrew poetry.

Perhaps the Commentary on the Book of Psalms is about the very best work in the Speaker's Commentary. It has met with so much commendation that the publisher has been induced to print it in a separate volume. This will be a welcome boon to many. As a distinct contribution to the increasing literature of the Psalms, we spoke of it with commendation when published as part of the commentary, we need not, therefore, speak of it here.

We have already informed our readers that Mr. Heilprin is a rationalistic interpreter of the extremest school, going beyond not only Ewald but Kuenen. In this volume, which deals with the Song of Solomon, and the Minor Prophets, Micah, Amos, and Hosea, but which is without Preface or Index, the author gives us a new translation, and a critical historical setting. Concerning the former we can scarcely speak in a short notice like this; and concerning the latter we can only indicate what we must think its superficial and dogmatic character. Jewish literature is mystical until the time of the prophet Samuel. The author deals with perfect freedom and ease with the records, judging them historical or mythical, adjusting their chronology and modifying their statements, as his critical instinct may prompt. They are, he thinks, greatly corrupted, not merely by transmission, but through pious frauds. Probably David did not write one of the Psalms, nor did Moses write the one attributed to him, or much of the five books that bear his name. Miracle is an absurdity; the Old Testament is simply a literary expression of the imaginations of its authors. Serious dealing with work of this character is impossible. It is constructed not from outward facts but from the writer's inner consciousness. Evidence is not attempted, it cannot therefore be accepted. Critical insight is all, and its results here seems to us as preposterous and impossible as they are regardless of facts.

*A Commentary on the Book of Job.* With a Translation. By SAMUEL COX, Editor of the Expositor. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

This work has long been appearing in separate parts in 'The Expositor,' and the author has done well to present it to the general

public in a complete form. We hail it as a welcome accession to the too small list of select guides we have to help us to thread our way through the intricacies of a somewhat perplexing book of Old Testament scripture. The author entered on his task in the best possible way. He found at a happy moment that the subject had a charm for him; and having once plunged into the stream of the argument, he was fairly carried away by it. For fourteen years it has been more or less looming before his mind, and the greater part of it has been many times under the file, so that now we have a production wrought out under the influence of a strong enthusiasm, and corrected by oft-repeated exercises of judgment in different moods of thought. It is no easy matter to throw a fascination round a book of such an inflexible cast of thought as the Book of Job undoubtedly is; yet to Mr. Cox this merit certainly belongs. The writing is eminently fresh, and the themes are handled in a lively way. There is warmth both in the current of thought and in the colours of the description; nor does the vital heat cool down at the end. This constitutes a great excellence of the performance. The author sets himself to redeem the work of Job from being practically a book written in cypher, and to make it a readable and even an enjoyable book, by entering into the spirit of its great argument and making it glow on the page in a life-like way.

He gives a new translation, with annotations on the text, and he articulates the process of thought. But we are not presented with an exhaustive criticism, nor with the usual treasury of Biblical literature connected with the Exposition. The work is however marked by adequate scholarship, and is especially valuable for its suggestiveness. Where the author does not lead his reader to form settled convictions, he surrounds the subject with an interesting environment, and sets him a thinking it out for himself. Perhaps his enthusiastic endeavour to invest his subject with novelty somewhat tends to disturb the needle of the judgment, and to prevent it from pointing with exact accuracy to the pole of truth. The reliable character of the commentary is somewhat lessened by the fanciful nature of some of the suggestions thrown out: as when he regards Satan to have a right to sit in the celestial cabinet, and when he supposes the hint to be given to him to consider Job's case, with a view to reconsidering his own ways, if there might after all be repentance. The crucial text in chap. xix. 25-27, notwithstanding his interesting discussion of it, still seems to read best by supposing Goel to mean Vindicator, who would appear at last to undo what Satan had done—the body so corrupted would be raised up again from its state of dust, and in that same organized body he would see God, though now his reins were consumed, &c. We cannot unhesitatingly endorse some of the author's suggestions, such as his supposing that the date of the book belonged to the time of Solomon, and that the real author was a poet of that period. This is pure conjecture. There is, we think, greater reason for

assigning it to some point of pre-Abrahamic history. We also decidedly object to the view he gives of the problem to be solved by this remarkable book. It was not to settle any question of universalism about man as man, or what Job was as a specimen of the race, but to show that in the case of some men, at least, there is such a thing as genuine piety, in opposition to Satan's lie and the world's sarcastic judgment, that all profession of religion is a mockery: also that the miseries of human life are to be interpreted not as meaning that they are needed as a discipline, though that is true also, but that God's ways are incomprehensible to us, and that it is not for man to sit in judgment on God, but to trust that all things are being ordered in wisdom and righteousness and love.

*Spinoza: his Life and Philosophy.* By FREDERICK POLLOCK. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The subscription instituted in England a few years ago, on the initiative of the author of 'The Secret of Hegel,' for a statue to Spinoza, doubtless had the effect of attracting attention anew to the works of that great thinker. It has been Spinoza's fate since his death, as it was during his life, to be utterly neglected for long periods of time, so that two centuries passed after he departed this life before there was any memorial of him in his native country. He has been peculiarly unfortunate in this country in his biographers; for although abundantly attacked and contradicted, and sometimes extravagantly eulogized, there has not hitherto been any independent English account of him and his philosophical writings which was worthy of the subject and the man. Mr. Pollock has therefore supplied a decided blank in the philosophical literature of his country; and he may be accounted happy in having had the opportunity of doing so. He has come to his work imbued with plentiful enthusiasm for both the man and the thinker, but he has not depended upon enthusiasm alone in producing the volume before us. He has been mindful of the necessity there always is for 'taking trouble' in literary labour, and in none so much as in philosophy. To Mr. Pollock must be awarded the credit of having dug very deep in the mine of Spinozan literature. He has not spared research in any direction, and he has the happy faculty of putting what he has to say in a clear and direct style. The literary faculty is not by any means so common among philosophers that its possession and exercise is to be regarded as a matter of course; and it is doubly gratifying therefore to find it gracefully illustrated when so hard a nut as Spinoza and his philosophy has to be cracked. But though Mr. Pollock has showed himself a master of form, he is not, on that account, less versed in the subject-matter of his studies. He has read much before venturing to write, and, what is still better, he has thought deeply and clearly while and after he was reading. The outcome of all labour, research, and cogitation is this volume, which (as we have said, for we know no higher praise) is worthy of Spinoza. It is

thoroughly well done throughout. In the Introduction we have an exhaustive account of the various sources of information regarding, and the diverse authorities upon, the philosopher and his writings and career. Then follows an admirably written life, after which we have an interesting chapter on Spinoza's correspondence. This ends the purely biographical part. The sources of Spinoza's philosophy are next considered, and the next eight chapters are devoted to the philosophy itself. This is the most important part of the work, and the same stamp of thoroughness is here as elsewhere in the book. The subject is opened by a careful discussion of 'The Doctrine of Method,' and then we plunge into 'The Nature of Things,' 'Body and Mind,' 'The Nature of Man,' 'The Burden of Man,' 'The Deliverance of Man,' in which the successive phases of Spinozism are tracked out. In a chapter on 'The Citizen and the State,' we have the philosophy in its political bearings and issues, and this is followed by a chapter on 'Spinoza and Theology,' and the volume is fitly brought to a close by a thoughtful and able discussion of the relations of Spinoza and his main lines of philosophical thought to, and their influence upon, 'Modern Thought.'

Even from this necessarily meagre outline of Mr. Pollock's plan, it will be seen with what methodical thoroughness and earnestness he has done the work he undertook. We cannot, in the limits at our disposal, attempt to discuss even one phase or aspect of Spinozism as here presented to us. But after the fullest testimony we can bear to Mr. Pollock's conscientious and zealous labours, and in spite of what we acknowledge as to his many merits, we are forced to dispute his claim to be regarded as either an adequate or an accurate interpreter of Spinoza's philosophy. He has in this book been guilty of the too prevalent fault—to which men of his philosophical tendencies seem specially prone—of reading his own peculiar views into the writer whom he chiefly admires. What these views (in the region of metaphysics) are may best be suggested by recalling the adhesion given elsewhere by Mr. Pollock to the views of the late Professor Clifford, to the memory of whom, by the way, this work on Spinoza is dedicated. Clifford, as is known, got rid of 'God, Freedom, and Immortality,' and by a strange agglomeration of materialism and idealism, suggested that the universe may have been developed through infinite time from what he called 'mind-stuff.' This strange fancy, which made an Absolute out of the union of subject and object, in what was, nevertheless, contrary to all canons of thought, posited as pure object, evidently attracts Mr. Pollock, who tries hard to make out that Spinoza came very near to holding something like it philosophically. The attempt to read Cliffordism into Spinoza is as absurd as Mr. Sime's attempt to make out that Lessing was an agnostic. Mr. Pollock holds that the identity of knowing and being—the position that *esse* is *percipi*, has been 'conclusively established' by Berkeley; and that this position is 'implicitly contained in Spinoza's defini-

tions.' 'I think there can hardly be a reasonable doubt' (he says, p. 163), 'that for Spinoza to exist and to be intelligible were all one.' The Spinozistic 'substance' was, therefore, no unknown and unthinkable *Ding an sich*. We know this substance under attributes, the attributes of extension and thought, which are neither forms of substance nor forms imposed on substance by the human mind, but '*aspects*.' But extension and thought are equally real, so that Spinoza was neither a materialist nor a purely subjective idealist, 'who turns the universe into a phantom.' 'Reduced,' by analysis, 'to its simplest terms,' Spinoza's doctrine 'is that nothing exists but thought and its modifications;' and all the attributes except thought are superfluous. But thought itself is by analysis reduced to feeling, which remains 'the only unit and measure of reality,' and the ultimate elements of thought, or feelings, are the very elements of things themselves. The only Noumenon—if we must have a support for our phenomenal experiences—is of the nature of mind, and may be defined in the words of Kant (here quoted with approval) as 'the same thing which as an outward phenomenon is extended,' and 'is inwardly or in itself the subject.' But this same 'thing' is not a monad or single point, but a multitude of points, the inward and outward parts corresponding together, because they are really not two, but one and the same world under different aspects. And thus, though Mr. Pollock does not say so in as many words, we arrive at the Cliffordian hypothesis of 'mind-stuff.'

All which, if most ingenious, is as far as possible from Spinozism as ordinary people, or as all other philosophers, have heretofore understood him. In 'stripping' away the 'brilliant but dangerous ornaments,' Mr. Pollock has got rid of the substance as well as the attributes, and left only feeling, in union with an unintelligible object that must for ever remain inconceivable, and which in the attempt to construe it to thought 'explodes in contradictories.' Fichte's subjective idealism we can understand, and Hegel's objective idealism is not unintelligible to us; but this curious compound of the two—with the thought which is their essence left out, and clumps of protoplasm substituted for it—seems to us to be the veriest phantom of a diseased imagination, an incogitability, and a contradiction both to thought and the conditions of possible existence. Pity that the attempt to Cliffordize Spinoza should have led to such a tragic result! But the attempt was hopeless from the first. Spinoza, historically, and in the line of genetic philosophical thought, was prior to the idealism of the transcendental school, and to try to bring him within its borders in any way whatever ends only in hopeless muddle.

*Wish and Will: an Introduction to the Psychology of Desire and Volition.* By GEORGE LYON TURNER, M.A. Longmans, Green, and Co.

We cannot attempt in our limited space a discussion of the contents of this thoughtful



volume, in which the author handles many of the greatest problems of psychology, and indicates the bearing of his solution of them upon some of the most serious questions of theology. Suffice it to say that Professor Turner lays a good foundation for his speculation in a careful analysis of mental phenomena. The most original portion of the work is the contrast that he institutes between wish and will. He vindicates by a thorough-going induction a distinct place for 'desire' between 'feeling' and 'volition,' and shows with much acuteness that desire does not necessarily or immediately and uniformly issue in volition. He makes a good use of his philosophical analysis in vindicating the Biblical doctrine of human responsibility for personal tastes and bias, as well as for cherished desires. We think he might have made more use of his whole doctrine of 'desire' when dealing subsequently with the thorny and tangled subjects of the autonomy of the will. He discusses very ably the relation of the 'volitions' to law in its various senses, and discriminates those senses, showing how the laws of life differ from the laws of nature in their scientific interpretation, by introducing the element of 'ought' and of 'individuality.' He shows much originality in his discussion of two kinds of individuality which conscious agents possess—the one objective, by which they are akin to all individual things which have special notes or marks by which they may be distinguished from other things—and the other subjective, a vast realm of phenomena, or rather Noumena, treated, as he shows, unfairly by the school of Bain, Mill, and Spencer. The relations of individuality to law, to motives and to character, lead our author on to the great controversy as to the freedom or necessity of the will, in which with considerable force and close concatenation of argument, he takes his stand with the opponents of Edwards, Mill, and Bain, and maintains that the essence of freedom and the special mark of volition is alternativity. He admits the inadequacy and confusion of thought involved in the phrase 'freedom of will,' and substitutes for it the 'Ego in willing is shut up to no one course by the limitations of Law.' 'I can will in any one of many different ways; I can issue any one of many different volitions in precisely the same circumstances.' He urges what we believe is profoundly true, that the idea of 'cause' is acquired in the exercise of our voluntary processes and not from observation of antecedents and consequences. This philosophy enables him to posit very clearly the fundamental credibility of miracle, and to meet many though not all the difficulties arising out of the foreknowledge and forewilling of God. The treatise bears throughout the marks of prolonged and patient thought and acquaintance with the principal modern English literature of the subject. The style is adapted to the lecture-room, and often condescends—we had almost said descends—to the necessity of retaining attention by colloquialism and illustrations drawn from very unphilosophical regions. In this doubtless

he has only followed great exemplars. We trust we may meet him again in the arena where philosophy and theology blend. The old problems are handled with fine temper, with conspicuous fairness, and with considerable teaching power.

*The Emotions.* By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., &c. Macmillan and Co.

Professor McCosh has been long known as a careful thinker of the Scottish school of philosophy, and his patient analysis of psychological facts shows that he has inherited some of the spirit of Reid and Stewart. His works have won considerable favour among students, and he has signalized himself by not a few skilful and effective arguments against the agnostic and Positivist thinkers of our age. In the volume now before us he is wholly psychological. He has not been satisfied with the account given in our books of mental science of the feelings and emotions. Emotion, he maintains, begins with a mental act, and is throughout essentially an operation of the mind. It is to be viewed in a fourfold aspect—as an affection or appetite; as derived from an idea that stirs the appetite; as associated with, or giving rise to, a conscious feeling; and, lastly, as conjoined with, or resulting in, an organic affection. Dr. McCosh is of opinion that while each of these aspects has been noticed in works written in both ancient and modern times—by Aristotle, by the Scottish school, and by modern physiologists—there has been no attempt to exhibit them in their combination and mutual relations. This is the work he has endeavoured to accomplish. Accordingly, in the first book we have an analysis of the four elements alluded to. In the second he passes on to a classification and description of emotions; while a third book is devoted to what he calls complex emotions. It would take us too far afield to enter upon a detailed criticism of this psychological essay. We may, however, remark that the analysis of elements by Dr. McCosh does not seem to us to be very felicitous. To say that in all feeling there is thought or mental action is as old as Plato, and takes us a very little way in an inquiry into such a subject. But this would seem to be the cardinal principle on which the author justifies his claim to give the world a new book on Emotion. Those whom it is designed to controvert—for it is written in an obviously anti-materialist interest—will of course deny the starting-point from which Dr. McCosh sets out. Assuming that the conscious soul is the unit, he develops his views in subordination to that truth. It is, as we believe, a vital truth; but it is a questionable procedure to start with it as an assumption, and to have the assumption running through the volume. Apart from this, we fail to find much that is new in the results arrived at. While the author's facility of writing often leads him to expand over fields of what we fear must be called commonplaces, he rarely inspires us with happy thoughts such as in philosophy are suggested by the original thinker. He is careful, plodding, industrious;



and has produced a book that is altogether respectable as a literary performance; but we do not feel that either philosophy or psychology is greatly enriched by the gift.

*Evolution and Involution.* By GEORGE THOMSON, Author of 'The World of Being,' &c. Trübner and Co.

Mr. Thomson is hard to understand. We have no doubt we shall provoke his pity, and possibly his contempt, by saying so, but we confess we have found it impossible to follow him. We might have attributed the fault to ourselves had we not remembered Mr. Thomson's earlier work, 'The World of Being,' which was equally hard to understand, and which seemed to affirm things contradictory. We think he has hold of a true idea in his 'Evolution and Involution,' but we are not sure, because we may have mistaken him. If we read him aright, however, the place of any being in the scale of existence depends, in his view, upon its power of involving by taking up into itself—in ideal representation—the things that are external to it. Anything that is absolutely without that power—as a stone—is not only on the lowest ground of existence, but has no capacity of evolution or development. All higher being, then, depends in some measure upon consciousness, or the power of taking in what is outward, and to the highest being existence and consciousness—knowing and being—must be one. As a corrective to onesided theories the truth to which Mr. Thomson thus bears testimony is of the highest moment; but why could he not express himself more simply? All through this little volume he goes on groping, hammering, refining, and piling up epithets until we get utterly bewildered, yet when we try to arrive at the substance of what he really means, we can find nothing beyond the doctrine of the necessity of the subjective factor in all knowledge, and therefore its necessity in existence. Perhaps Mr. Thomson's words have distinct meanings to himself; but what ordinary reader will apprehend the following sentence, and there are hundreds like it: 'It (the universe) is the mode in which we see God; but if we were absolute and complete personalities, we would be as God and would not be God; and yet would be God; and the universe, in its actuality and potentiality, in accordance with the principles of the Law of Evolution and Involution, would be ourselves, and we would be the universe.' This may be profound philosophy, but it reads very much like sheer nonsense. The unity of contradictories in the philosophy of Hegel is bad enough, but it is nothing to Mr. George Thomson's assertions and denials of absolute opposites in relation to the same subjects. Mr. Thomson is great on personality, which he regards—rightly we think—as the only explanation of reality; but we are utterly baffled by this: 'Personality is the substratum wherein the idea of existence and being *originates*, and of necessity *terminates* if in keeping with reason; for man's idea of existence and being, when fully matured, and when in keeping

with reason, *has its bounds* in personality; that is, existence and being originate in personality, and are of necessity contained in personality, either latently or fully exposed to view in their reality and totality.' We give it up. Mr. Thomson must write more plainly or he will never find readers. Either he talks nonsense and does not understand himself, or by living long among his own abstractions he has grown to regard them as realities, and has lost the key by which he might have translated them into common thought and plain language.

*The Story of Philosophy.* By ASTON LEIGH. Trübner and Co.

This is a brilliantly written book, and tells the 'Story of Philosophy' after a thoroughly picturesque and attractive fashion. We presume the author means to continue it in other volumes; for this one only takes us down to the brightest period of Greek philosophy. Commencing with Thales, the successors of that first thinker and father of philosophers are made to pass before us, more effort being expended upon the men themselves, and in trying to make clear before us their character and probable appearance, than in analyzing their lines of thought. Dealing in this way with Socrates, we have pages that are almost as captivating as the pages of a refined romance. The treatment is possible when we have as many details about the personality of the philosopher as we are able to get out of Plato and Xenophon in regard to Socrates. It is different with Pythagoras and the thinkers who are little better to us than names. But the great object of the writer is to evoke interest and excite sympathy, and he has succeeded in producing a book that will do both. Therefore, although it contains little that is new or instructive in regard to the philosophies, we accord to the book a hearty welcome for the pleasant and graceful way in which it makes us familiar with the philosophers of ancient Greece. We hope the author will perform a like office for modern philosophers by and by.

*Ancient Philosophers for Modern Readers.*

*Stoicism.* By REV. W. W. CAPES. *Epicureanism.* By William Wallace, M.A. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*Diocesan Histories. Canterbury.* By ROBERT C. JENKINS, M.A. Canon of Canterbury. Same Publishers.

We cannot speak too highly of the course pursued by this society in its various series of manuals. Scholarly men are employed to prepare handbooks which are at once both popular, instructive, and reliable. Instead of writing down to the level of general readers—which is much higher than is sometimes supposed—they write so as to lift them still higher. These two manuals are of the higher class of such works; they are admirably adapted to give general readers information concerning the philosophical systems that they treat. They are excellently arranged and very clearly written.

Equal praise is due to the series of Diocesan Histories. 'Canterbury,' by Robert C. Jen-

kins, M.A., is written with much antiquarian and scholarly care, which in Canterbury finds a rich field, and yet with admirable lucidity. The history of the See is traced from the Roman period to the present day.

*The Academica of Cicero.* Translated by JAMES S. REID, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Caius College, Cambridge, &c. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Reid's well-known reputation as an eminent Latinist, the editor of the 'Academica' and other classical works, is in itself a guaranty that this work, a sequel to the Latin text with notes, is carefully and thoughtfully executed. The author's wish is that his translation should be useful to students of philosophy rather than of classics. 'The vast historical importance,' he says, 'of the post-Aristotelian systems entitles them to more attention than they have hitherto received.' 'The struggle between philosophic scepticism and philosophic dogmatism,' he adds, 'still exists, and holds a still larger share in modern than it did in ancient thought.'

Cicero himself, as a follower of the New Academy, was a sceptic or anti-dogmatist by the very tenets of his profession. A voluminous writer on the contemporary schools of thought, he 'never professed to perform any other function but that of an *interpreter* to Roman readers of the Greek systems with which he deals.' As an expositor of Greek doctrine, Mr. Reid 'does not hesitate to say that he has had great injustice done to him in this matter,' viz., in respect of his trustworthiness as such.

Cicero's object in writing the 'Academica,' of which rather more than a quarter is now lost, was 'to justify the sceptical criticism of the New Academy.' The impossibility of arriving at any certain knowledge had been affirmed by Plato, the founder of the Old Academy. The *senses*, he argued, which the earlier thinkers regarded as the sole test of *is* or *is not*, often mislead us; and the question, whether abstract truth is attainable by any process of dialectics, was touched upon, but not finally determined, by him in the 'Philebus' and 'Theatetus.' What is known as 'Pyrrhonism' took its origin about B.C. 300, and was a definite assertion, practically, that the attainment of any positive and uniform truth is impossible.

Experience proves that human intellect, in its feeble phase, inclines to dogmatism; in its more powerful development, to scepticism. This is why sceptics are generally clever and original men, and this is why *scepticism* (which merely means consideration and inquiry) has unjustly got such a bad name. Men are impatient of a process in others which they are unable or unwilling to prosecute of themselves; they had rather believe on trust than investigate the grounds of their belief.

The great difference, says Mr. Reid, between ancient and modern scepticism lies in the fact that the ancients never went the length of denying the permanence and reality of the external world. All the disputants were convinced that 'things in themselves' do exist; the question was, how far our

faculties can comprehend things external to it. The Stoics, who undoubtedly prepared the pagan world for the reception of Christianity, divided sensations into fallible and infallible; the sceptics tried to show that the mere *conviction* of infallibility was worthless.

Mr. Reid's translation has all the grace and accuracy of refined scholarship. There is, on the one hand, no effort after Saxon purism, and on the other, an absence of all pedantry of style. The subject-matter throughout is anything but light reading; it is aided, however, by a few pages of learned and judicious notes at the end of the volume.

*An Outline of Rede-craft (Logic) with English Wording.* By WILLIAM BARNES, B.D. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

This small volume is an attempt to establish, for the expression of the processes of reasoning, old English (Saxon) phraseology instead of the scientific terms which have now obtained universal acceptance, as derived from the classical languages. The author has a hope, he says, that some 'homely men' who have not had a learned education 'may seek an insight into rede-craft outshewn in English with English lore-words (terms of science).' However ingenious and novel is this new application of the early forms of our mother-tongue, one thing is absolutely certain, that the suggestion to return to it will not be adopted. Language, we know, follows an inexorable law of progress; it is in a perpetual state of flux, but it no more goes backwards than a river can flow up from the sea.

Saxon is a very interesting old language, and well deserving of much more general study. Some neat and simple compounds might well be used, e.g., gold-hord for *treasury*, boc-lar (book-lore) for *learning*, laece-craeft (leech-craft) for *medicine*, &c. But such terms as *unmatchsoomeness*, *foreclearenings*, and *forsunderings*, will never come into vogue. *Overthwartings* is not so neat as *opposites*, nor *two-horned redeship* so convenient as *dilemma*. The mere trouble of writing or pronouncing such words as *withstandsoomeness* of *thought-puttings*, or *underthwartsoome*, is alone fatal to their general acceptance. Greek, as the language of thought, is able to render in a much better way all the 'out-comings' of reasoning on abstractions, and the vocabulary of logic is now too securely in possession to be easily ejected through the claims of a semi-barbarous rival.

The author has a note on *Superstition* in pp. 46-1. Like *Religion*, this is a word of obscure etymology. The latter was most probably a term adopted by the Roman augurs, a *religendo*, from the frequent consulting of their sacred books, and not a *religando*, from binding. The former belongs, we believe, to the same class of words; it denoted the awe with which people *stood over* and viewed some sacred object or relic which was exposed to their gaze. Such objects were supposed to be hidden under *putealia* in the Roman Fora. This feeling is well expressed by a verse of Propertius—

'Cum tremeret patrio pendula turba sacro.'

Mr. Barnes, however, says, very thoughtfully, that 'it is not very easy to gather the primary meaning of *superstition* from the Latin name of it.' He thinks it may mean a 'standing on scruples,' or little points of conscience. We are rather sorry to read in page 48 that 'a traveller of a Christian land has laughed at the so-taken superstition of some Mohammedans in their prayers to God in a storm at sea.' We can only say, 'We hope not.' And the context seems to show that the author is one with us in this.

#### SERMONS.

Some volumes of Sermons of more than ordinary interest are upon our table. First, a posthumous volume—*The Way to the City, and other Sermons*. By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) Edited, with a tender and touching Prefatory Note, by his widow, the sermons are selected from Dr. Raleigh's MSS., but in accordance with a wish expressed by him on the last day of his life. They have not therefore been prepared for the press by their author. While this may have deprived some of them, or some parts of them, of that almost fastidious literary finish which Dr. Raleigh bestowed upon everything that he printed, they have other characteristics which are better. Even as literary productions, they have that essential freshness of thought, beauty of form, and felicity of words which were an instinct of Dr. Raleigh, and which characterized almost every sentence that he wrote. The gain is in the freedom and colloquial force and directness of the preacher's speech. Here and there they suggest openings left for spontaneous words in the pulpit. They have a unique charm. Dr. Raleigh can scarcely be compared with any eminent preacher of our day. His characteristics were distinctively his own—a quiet meditateness; a restful realization of the life in Christ; a tender spirituality suffusing the thought of the preacher, and almost unconsciously imbuing the estimates and feelings of his hearers; a directness and practicalness of religious purpose which touched common life at all points; a distinct individuality and freshness of thinking—not strikingly original, but sufficiently so for the satisfaction of the most intellectual, entirely unconventional, and, in virtue of its simplicity, laying hold of the least cultured as well as of the most—an oratory not highly wrought, climacteric, or rhetorical, not having any of the rush or logical compulsion or brilliancy of some preachers, but instinct with beauty, suaveness, and penetrating power; a teaching rather than an impetuous declamation; a broad humanity, too, that had sympathies with manifold forms of human life and thought, error and sin and sorrow—these were the salient characteristics of a preaching that, on the whole, approached the very best preaching of this generation; if, that is, preaching be, as we think it is, the practical application of Christian theology to human

life. In reading this volume we feel the charm, the fascination of the preacher's moral earnestness, spiritual penetration, and literary beauty. There is always hazard to a preacher's reputation in the posthumous publication of his sermons; but the successive volumes of Robertson's sermons show how valuable even fragmentary notes may be. Dr. Raleigh must have left MSS. more than sufficient for another volume like this, and we earnestly hope that Mrs. Raleigh may be induced to select from them again. Both for devotional reading and for ministerial study such a volume as this is too precious for contentment, if others be possible.

*The Evangelical Revival, and other Sermons*. By R. W. DALE, Birmingham. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Of quite another order as a preacher, and yet equally eminent, is Mr. Dale. As lucid as Dr. Raleigh, and as instinct with nervous simplicity and practical force, he yet moves in quite another domain of pulpit thought. Great movements and developments of theological thought have a special fascination for him. All his teaching is conceived in a theological form; its practical religious urgencies are developed out of exact ideas, and are the precise application of them. We see in some preachers an illogical practicalness, a strength of instinctive religious sympathy, a spiritual sensibility that is but little affected by scientific thought. We cannot conceive of Mr. Dale preaching out of the line of exact perceptions and convictions—haziness of thought would to him make preaching impossible; error of thought would express itself in every word he uttered. We intend this for very high praise; only preaching of this kind can ultimately hold its own in this critical age. The instinct of religion does much, but that instinct, well instructed in the revelation of God, does more. The bulk of this volume is an insistence upon the ethical side of the Christian life. Mr. Dale thinks that the Evangelical Revival failed somewhat in this, and that defective morals have been its characteristic tradition. There is some truth in this, but we think not quite so much as Mr. Dale assumes. Whitefield and Wesley were necessarily intent on producing spiritual life, and they wisely confided in that life for all practical religious fruits. We think they were not only necessitated to do this, but that it is the surest guarantee and almost the sufficient guide of ethical life. 'Make the tree good, and its fruit will be good.' Certainly whatever Antinomianism there has been in the Church, it has not characterized the followers of Whitefield and Wesley. If the aim of the Evangelical Revival had been anything but spiritual life, we should have said that the ethical inculcation of its preaching was formally defective. Nor do the practical ethical shortcomings of religious men necessarily or probably flow from defective ethical preaching, but from imperfect religious life and impulse. Perhaps, more distinctively than anything else, 'perfect sanctification' has been the practical striving of the disciples of the Evangelical Revival. At the same time there is abundant

need of the noble vindication of practical holiness which Mr. Dale gives us in this volume. In the spirit of his sermons on the Decalogue, it is an uncompromising insistence on lofty morality—the loftiest in every domain of the Christian life—all the more powerful because a tender spirituality, a tendency to that kind of apprehension of God and communion with God, which in exaggeration we know as mysticism, underlies these intense practical urgencies. No man combines more strikingly the highest spirituality with the most practical religiousness. Mr. Dale's ecclesiastical polemics are as deeply imbued with intense spiritual feeling as his loftiest preaching. He realizes thus what we think to be well-nigh the ideal of Christian life, and carries religious principle, duty, and feeling into the entire range of human things. These sermons are full of robust strength. Mr. Dale does not seem to ask whether any part of truth or any form of it be fitting for any particular audience. He simply sets it forth, clearly conceived, logically presented, popularly illustrated, and in a style of admirable lucidity and beauty. He speaks out of the fulness of his own convictions—a man to men—and proves the fitness of his method by his great popular success. Supremely reverent of truth, strong in his grasp of God's immutable and eternal laws, passionate in his tender and holy love for God and Christ, steadfast in his large convictions of God's yearning love for men, his preaching is a great power, and this volume is a noble record of it.

*The Human Race, and other Sermons.* Preached at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton. By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) It is quite superfluous to say anything about the characteristics of Mr. Robertson's sermons. Throughout the English-speaking world they are familiar, and have established for him the reputation of the greatest English preacher of this generation—in the combination, that is, of lofty, fearless, penetrating thought, and forcible and cultured expression. Mr. Robertson was one of the pioneers of the more human and religious theology, which is now characteristic of the best pulpit teaching. His 'heresies' are almost the conservative orthodoxy of the present day. The marvel is that such a preacher should have been left to posthumous fame. These sermons have been compiled from various sources by his son. To a couple of the sermons there is prefixed an intimation that they are taken from 'Autograph MSS.:' some others are from 'Autograph Notes;' while several are without any such indications; but 'Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?' The volume is as fresh and striking and suggestive as any of its predecessors. For unconventional and spiritual conceptions of Bible teaching; for unexpected, penetrating, and practical applications of them, and for general spiritual truth and force, these sermons and notes of sermons are as noble as their predecessors.

*Ephphatha; or, the Amelioration of the World.*

By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. (Macmillan and Co.) Canon Farrar's rich rhetorical style lends itself specially to preaching, and he justly takes his place among the foremost of the preachers of the day. His breadth of theological view, and of human sympathy too, are qualifications for the pulpit which enable the preacher to touch human nature at many of its points. Whether or not we agree with the specific conclusions which he reaches, a preacher of this order of mind and heart is specially to be welcomed. Broad charities are more than narrow orthodoxy, although there is no need for orthodoxy to be narrow. Seven of these sermons are on Christian Service to the Sinful and Sorrowful, and on the Methods and Spirit of Service—suggested by our Lord's healing of the blind man (Mark vii.). They are long, eloquent, practical, and urgent. To these two sermons are added 'Legislative Duties,' and 'Statesmanship,' preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster—the church of the House of Commons—at the opening of the Parliaments of 1879 and 1880. Both are broadly conceived; principles of righteousness are uncompromisingly asserted; and the application of religion to the practical things of the life of nations is insisted upon. The sermons are as noble in sentiment as they are eloquent in expression.

*The Incarnation of God and other Sermons.* By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Mr. Batchelor's sermons are acute, vigorous, and practical, and combine often in a very happy way the textual and topical methods of preaching. While the textual exposition is close—sometimes unnecessarily minute—the sermons consist of a series of observations, suggested by it and growing out of it. In this, these discourses seem to us to be happier and better than most of the sermons that come into our hands. This, however, gives them a character sometimes a little mechanical, and deprives them of that feeling of growth and free life which is a great charm in preaching. They adhere somewhat too closely to the conventional sermon plan of the last generation, and produce a feeling of things collected and put together in paragraphs; occasionally, too, they lack precision in the congruities of metaphor and the choice of epithets. But they have a very distinct individuality, and impress one as the work of a strong man who thinks for himself. As examples of the defects to which the methods lead we may instance the first on the Incarnation, and the fourth, on the Three Crosses. As the former scarcely touches the doctrine of the Incarnation, but consists of practical remarks about it, so the latter does not enter upon the Atonement, which the central cross symbolizes, and is, we think, illogical in placing it last. As examples of very successful treatment, we may mention the sermons on Vanity in Life, Life in Christ, and Beginnings and Ends. These are very fine sermons. We get, too, passages now and then of fine descriptive eloquence. It need not be added that Mr. Batchelor is distinctively Evangelical. We thank him very heartily for a volume of vigorous and useful sermons.

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ART. I.—*Congregationalism.*

‘THE Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one in a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away.’ \*

Six-and-thirty years have passed away since the great critic, historian, and moralist whom we have recently lost wrote these words; and it is more than doubtful whether in the interval Puritanism has become at all more ‘intelligible’ to most Englishmen. The Puritan conceptions of God and of the universe, of the life and destiny of man, of the Christian Church, of worship, of national government, of the true ends for which Churches and nations exist, are still ‘incredible’ to us. Those conceptions can indeed never, in their old form, recover their old supremacy over the hearts and lives of men; but Mr. Carlyle is right when he says that the ‘soul’ of Puritanism is immortal; the energetic faith of those great times will return, and then very much of the Puritan controversy that seems to us frivolous will be recognized as having, at least for the Puritan age, an immense importance, and very much of what seems sheer fanaticism and madness will be recognized as ‘truth and soberness.’

Festus was incompetent to judge whether Paul was mad or not; we ought to be very cautious when we attempt to judge how much was rational, how much was irrational, in the contention of the Puritans.

But there were Puritans and Puritans. The early Separatists, Robert Browne, Henry Barrowe, John Greenwood, and their allies, assaulted Cartwright and the Presbyterians with a vehemence as fierce as that with which Cartwright and the Presbyterians assaulted Whitgift and the High Commission. Looking back upon the controversies of the Elizabethan times, we are able to see that the Presbyterians and Separatists were really fighting under the same flag, that at heart they held the same principles; but these principles received in the writings and ‘gathered Churches’ of the Separatists so intense and audacious an expression that the moderate men were filled with dismay and horror. If, as Mr. Carlyle says, the main movement of Puritanism has become ‘unintelligible,’ ‘incredible,’ ‘delirious,’ it may be assumed that Congregationalism, which is one of the extreme developments of Puritan principles, must be separated by impassable gulfs from modern thought and modern faith.

The root-principle of Congregationalism, which I endeavoured to illustrate in a former paper,\* ought not, indeed, to be remote from the modern Christian mind, for it has a place in the recognized theology of all Evangelical Churches. The religious communities which were originated by the Evangelical Revival of the last century, and the religious communities which received from the Revival fresh inspiration and vigour, have, during the last hundred years, re-

\* ‘Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches,’ vol. i. p. 7.  
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\* BRITISH QUARTERLY, JANUARY, 1881.

asserted with great seriousness and awe the infinite contrast between those who are loyal to Christ and those who are not, between the lost and the saved. The emphasis with which Congregationalism maintains that the members of Christian Churches should be Christians is, therefore, intelligible to all Evangelicals; and the struggle in which Congregationalists have been engaged for three hundred years, in their endeavour to express in the constitution of the Church the infinite significance of conversion, of faith in Christ, of regeneration, ought to secure for them the hearty sympathy of all who care for Evangelical theology. Indeed this polemic involves something of even greater importance than Evangelical theology. It is a declaration that the religious difference between those who submit to the authority of Christ and those who revolt against it is immeasurable; it is an endeavour to bring home to men the reality of sin and of righteousness; and, to say everything in a word, it is the translation into polity of the great spiritual law, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' The Idea of the Church—that 'august society of saints'—is outraged when the dead and the living, the lost and the saved, those who are living in the light of the Divine joy, and those on whom 'the wrath of God' abides, are received into communion together.

And—passing from the Idea of the Church to its Functions,—these also require that, as far as this can be secured, all that are in the Church should be loyal to Christ's authority, and should have received the illumination of the Spirit of Christ. It is at this point that Congregationalism breaks openly with more moderate Puritanism. Henry Barrowe expresses one of the decisive and characteristic elements of the Congregational theory in the following words—

It is manifest that all the members of the Church have a like interest in Christ, in His Word, in the Faith; that they altogether make one body unto Him; that all the affairs of the Church belong to that body together. All the actions of the Church, as prayers, censures, sacraments, faith, &c., be the actions of them all jointly, and of every one of them severally; although the Body, unto diverse actions, use such members as it knoweth most fit to the same.\*

The essence of the whole controversy between Congregationalism and those forms of Church polity with which it is most fre-

quently brought into collision, lies in what is affirmed in this passage.

Every Christian Church is a living organism. Its separate members have their separate functions. Some are appointed to teach; some may be appointed to exhort; some to take charge of the temporal affairs of the community. It has its rulers, and its rulers claim obedience. But if it is true that 'all the members of the Church have a like interest in Christ, in His Word, in the Faith;' if it is true that all the affairs of the Church are the affairs of all its members, then Barrowe is right in the inference which he draws from this principle later on, when he says—

Now, then, seeing every member hath interest in the public actions of the Church, and together shall bear blame for the defaults of the same; and seeing all our communion must be in the truth, and that we are not to be drawn by any into any willing or known transgression of God's law; who can deny but every particular member hath power, yea and ought, to examine the manner of administering the sacraments, as also the estate, disorder, or transgressions of the whole Church, yea, and not to join in any known transgression with them, but rather to call them all to repentance, &c., and if he find them obstinate and hardened in their sin, rather to leave their fellowship than to partake with them in wickedness.

With words like these before us, it is not difficult to understand the alarm, the indignation, the terror, created by the early Congregationalists. Their theory seemed to menace the Church with universal anarchy. And it must be acknowledged that the form in which the responsibilities and duties of private members of the Church was sometimes stated justified grave apprehension. Every individual Christian seemed to be invested with the attributes of an infallible critic of doctrine, polity, and administration. It seemed as if it were every man's duty to insist that his own judgment should be a law to the Church. The duty of recognizing in others the same access to the mind and will of Christ that a man claims for himself was not stated with sufficient clearness and force. Nor was it remembered that, though Christian men 'have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things,' moral idiosyncrasies, and differences of intellectual power and of intellectual discipline will always affect the manner in which different men who are equally loyal to Christ will suppose that the law of Christ is to be fulfilled in practice.

But to make any impression on sluggish and hostile minds, it is necessary to say one thing at a time, and to say it without sur-

\* Barrowe's 'Brief Discovery of the False Church,' p. 85. 1590.

rounding it with the limitations which would obscure its meaning and fetter its force. The issue which was raised by Congregationalism is of supreme importance: Has Christ placed the affairs of His Church in charge of Church officers or in charge of all Christians? It was the contention of the Congregationalists that the corruptions of Christendom had arisen from the surrender and suppression of the functions of the Christian commonalty.

The people, upon a superstitious reverence and preposterous estimation unto their teachers and elders, resigned up all things, even their duty, interest, liberty, prerogative into their hands; suffering them to alter and dispose of all things after their own lusts, without inquiry or controlment. Whereupon the true pattern of Christ's Testament, so highly and with so great charge incommended by the apostles unto the fidelity of the whole Church, was soon neglected and cast aside, especially by these evil workmen, these governors, who some of them affecting the pre-eminence sought to draw an absolute power into their own hands, perverting those offices of more labour and care into swelling titles of fleshly pomp and worldly dignity.\*

To effect a complete and permanent Reformation, it was necessary to recall the Christian commonalty to the discharge of the duties which they had at first neglected through their own indifference, and which, according to Barrowe, they had afterwards lost through the ambition of the priesthood. It was of the *duties* rather than the *rights* of the Christian commonalty that the early Congregationalists were thinking. It was necessary to recover 'rights' in order to discharge 'duties;' about the 'rights' apart from the 'duties' they were very indifferent. The whole method and tone of the controversy differed widely from very much that we have become familiar with in recent times. Men were not invited to become Congregationalists, because Congregationalism gave them the power to choose their own ministers, and to control, according to their own tastes and wishes, the conduct of worship and all the affairs of the Church. Nobody would have cared enough for Congregationalism to be imprisoned for it, to be hung for it, if this had been the meaning of the movement. Men were told that Christ had trusted His truth and His laws to the fidelity of all who loved Him; that no Christian man could escape the responsibility which this trust imposed; and that at whatever cost and in the face of whatever peril the responsibility must be discharged. They were invited to separate themselves from the

national Establishment that they might be loyal to the trust they had received from Christ, and that they might so escape His final condemnation. Only in 'gathered Churches,' consisting of devout and spiritual members, could the Christian commonalty fulfil the functions to which they were divinely called. That these Churches should have 'rulers' was part of the will of Christ, and both Browne and Barrowe insisted on the duty of honouring and obeying them; that they should have 'teachers' was also part of the will of Christ, and it is the duty of the taught to listen with respect and consideration to those who teach them; but the ultimate responsibility for the whole life of the Church lies with the Church itself, not with the ministers alone. Whatever powers may be entrusted to pastor, teacher, elders, deacons, the Church can never surrender its own supreme authority, for the retention of this authority is necessary to the discharge of its duties. It must take guarantees that those whom it appoints to office shall be loyal to their trust; if they are persistently disloyal it must have the power of removing them. The Church—the whole Church—is responsible for the persons who are received into membership and retained in membership; for the order of worship; for the substance, at least, of the teaching which is given to the Church itself, and which is given in the name of the Church to people outside.

In this region, as many will think, Congregationalism becomes 'unintelligible,' 'incredible,' 'delirious.' That tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, ploughmen, and serving-men, women harassed with household cares, or earning their living as household servants, or in workshops and factories, should be charged with such responsibilities, and should be regarded as having any competence to meet them, will to many people seem preposterous. What can such persons know of the deep mysteries of theology? How can they be expected to form an intelligent judgment on conflicting doctrines of the Trinity and of the person of Christ, on conflicting theories of the atonement, on the controversies concerning Augustinianism, controversies extending over fourteen centuries, and dividing saints from saints, theologians from theologians? What can they know about the researches and the principles which must determine questions relating to the canon and to the inspiration of the sacred books? How can they be trusted to arrive at just conclusions concerning the sacraments, concerning the true polity of the Church, concerning the modes of worship which are most in harmony with the

\* 'Brief Discovery,' p. 3.

genius of the Christian revelation and most conducive to the spiritual strength of the Christian Church? In the administration of discipline, is it reasonable to expect that such persons will have an adequate knowledge of the ethical principles of Christ, will be competent to discern the true application of those principles to the complex affairs of human life, will be able to escape from the personal antipathies and personal prejudices which would disturb their impartiality and destroy the moral authority of their decisions? Can such persons be even trusted with the election of their own religious teachers and rulers? Are they competent to judge of the intellectual and spiritual qualifications of a pastor or preacher? Will they not think very little of the sagacity, of the knowledge, of the just discrimination, of the steadfast integrity, of the deep devoutness necessary to the office, and will they not be caught by the charm of a pleasant manner, by vivacity, by fluency, by many other superficial attractions which are quite separable from the real elements of efficiency? Is it not certain that a Church polity which assumes in the ordinary members of a Church intellectual and moral resources which very few of them can possess, will lead to confusion, scandal, and disaster?

Our principal reply to these objections is a very simple one. We take the New Testament seriously. We believe that those whom Christ redeems from 'this present evil world' and translates into His kingdom receive a Divine life and a Divine light, and are taught of God. The measures of spiritual illumination and of spiritual strength given to different men vary. Shining in the same heaven, 'star differeth from star in glory.' But a man's rank in the Divine kingdom is not determined by his social obscurity or distinction, or by the extent of his secular knowledge, or by the degree of his general intellectual culture. The serving-man may know more of the mind of God than the scholar; the man who works at the forge than the man who fills a professor's chair; and the maid may have a keener and truer spiritual vision than the mistress. It is often said that the Christian Church is a perpetual witness for democracy, and that in the presence of the harsh and often iniquitous gradations of rank in secular society, it illustrates the true equality of mankind. There is truth in this assertion, but not the whole truth. The Church does not merely refuse to recognize and confirm the inequalities of the world; it often reverses them. There are gradations of rank in the Divine kingdom as well as in secular states, but it often happens that, in passing from

the inferior to the nobler order, 'the first become last and the last first.'

Congregationalism affirms that any system of Church polity that does not recognize the wonderful endowments conferred on the Christian commonalty must be contrary to the mind of Christ. The early advocates of our theory often failed to make the real meaning of their position clear. They pleaded apostolic precedents as though all apostolic precedents had the authority of a formal law. They appealed to 'texts' when they should have appealed to principles. They seemed to fetter the Church to the customs of the primitive age when they were really claiming the very largest freedom. But we must judge them by the spirit of their writings rather than the letter; we must remember what were the methods of controversy in their times; we must let the profound and far-reaching principles asserted on one page control the formal argument developed on the next. If we sweep away what may have seemed to themselves the strongest supports of their position, dismiss all their curious appeals to Jewish history, reject their quotations from Jewish prophets as exegetically unsound, and, if exegetically sound, wholly irrelevant, refuse to acknowledge that the organization of the Churches of Galatia and the Church at Corinth is the type to which modern Churches are bound to conform, their contention loses nothing of its real strength. Their main plea becomes stronger when separated from the ingenuities and subtleties which divert attention from the real issue.

Are we to take the New Testament seriously? This is the question which settles a large part of the controversy. What account are we to give of those who have believed in Christ and who are regenerate of the Holy Ghost? About the blessedness and dignity which they are all to possess on the other side of death, we can say little. For it doth not yet appear what they will be, when through one millennium after another, their power, wisdom, and righteousness will receive perpetual development under the kindlier conditions of the world to come; and the immense possibilities of their wonderful destiny should make us regard with reverence and awe the obscurest of men who have received the life of God. But are they *now* the sons of God? Is it true that they dwell in Christ and that Christ dwells in them, that they have 'the mind of Christ,' that they have received the 'spirit of wisdom and revelation,' that they are confederate with Christ in His prolonged contest with the sins and sufferings of mankind? Is it true that every Christian man



—not priests alone, not ministers alone, but every Christian man, whether peasant or prince, gentle or simple, whether rich in secular learning or destitute of it—is charged to defend and perpetuate ‘the faith once delivered to the saints,’ and to do his best to get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven? Congregationalism answers these questions in the affirmative, attributes to every Christian man amazing prerogatives and powers, insists that these are the ground of grave duties, requires the polity of the Church to be so constructed that every Christian man shall be charged with the responsibility of taking part in the maintenance and defence of the truth of Christ and in the assertion of His authority. In other words, according to the Congregational theory, the affairs of the Church are the affairs of every member of the Church; and to entrust the exclusive charge of doctrine, discipline, and worship to a sacerdotal or ministerial order is to suppress the functions and to paralyze the strength of the Christian commonalty.

The direct illumination of the Holy Spirit does not release men from the duty of learning the will of Christ from the discourses delivered by Him during His earthly life and from the writings of His apostles; nor does it release them from the duty of availing themselves of those permanent ministries which He has instituted for the increase of the spiritual knowledge of His people and the discipline of their righteousness. It is obvious that in a Congregational Church it is of the first importance to secure for all the members the amplest instruction in Christian faith and duty. It is not enough that they know the rudiments of the gospel. They have something more to do than to save their own souls. In Churches which entrust the clergy with all the functions of government, it may be sufficient if the Christian intelligence of the clergy is adequately disciplined. In Churches which divide these functions between the clergy and representative laymen, it may be sufficient if, in addition to the clergy, a fair number of laymen have acquired a considerable knowledge of the contents of the Christian revelation; for the ordinary members of the Church, though comparatively uninstructed, may have the sense to recognize and to elect the men who are competent to discharge duties which are beyond their own strength. But Congregationalism makes heavy demands on the Christian commonalty, and these demands will never be met unless all the members of a Church are well taught. The Evangelical Revival of the last century, while it conferred on Congregational Churches blessings

of immeasurable value, disturbed the true Congregational tradition; it led us to think that our work was done when we had prevailed upon men to repent of sin and to trust in the mercy of God revealed through Christ for eternal redemption. Our wiser fathers thought that when this Divine triumph was achieved their own work had only begun. It would be an exaggeration of the truth to say that we have reversed the parts which in their judgment belong to God and to the Church in the salvation of mankind; but it might be almost said that the early Congregationalists left the conversion of men very much in God’s hands, and made it the chief duty of the Church to discipline and perfect the Christian life of those who were already Christians; we have thought that for the conversion of men the Church is largely responsible, and we have left them in God’s hands for the development of Christian power and righteousness.

One of Robert Browne’s books is an illustration of the importance which he attached to full and exact Christian knowledge. He calls it ‘A Book which sheweth the Life and Manners of all true Christians; and, how unlike they are unto Turks and Papists and Heathen folk. Also, the Points and Parts of all Divinity, that is, of the revealed Will and Word of God are declared by their several Definitions and Divisions, in order as followeth.’ It is something very different from the brief and simple ‘Manuals’ of Congregational principles which some ministers are in the habit of placing in the hands of all candidates for Church fellowship. Browne’s treatise contains a system of divinity, of ethics, and of ecclesiastical polity; and from point to point he carries on a polemic with Romish and Anglican error and corruption. He begins with the doctrine of the Trinity, the glorious perfections of God, and His authority; goes on to the fall of man and its consequences; then passes to the divinity of our Lord, His atonement and the doctrine of redemption. He then states the doctrines of grace, election, and effectual calling; then discusses the constitution of the Church, and the doctrine of the sacraments; and then the standing and privileges of Christians. After a brief account of Jewish ceremonies, he defines and illustrates what he describes as the general duties of religion and holiness—repentance, faith, the honouring of God, obedience to God. Then he gives an account of ‘special duties’ to be discharged for the name and kingdom of God—public worship and the keeping of the sabbath. He then passes to social duties, states what he conceives to be the

duties and qualifications of rulers—including those who hold office in the Church, civil governors, husbands, parents; he discusses the grounds of their authority and the obligations which their authority imposes on them. He further states what he conceives to be the duties of 'inferiors,' and insists with great resoluteness on the esteem, honour, and submission which are due to those who 'have the rule over them.' He then deals with our obligations to persons to whom we are not bound by definite relations—to good men, to the miserable. The book closes with an account of what he describes as strictly personal duties, and he treats of chastity, industry, providence, justice, fidelity, equity, truth, simplicity, and 'secrecy';\* he denounces slander and covetousness.

What is specially interesting about this curious book is the arrangement of the matter. As the book lies open before you, the column which occupies the left half of the left-hand page consists of questions and answers on the subjects I have enumerated. These are given in plain language, and printed in a bold, clear type. In the right-hand column of the same page there are questions and answers, exhibiting the errors or corruptions which are opposed to the truths and virtues which are stated in the first column. The questions and answers in the first column are to be studied and mastered by all. The questions and answers in the second column 'simple people may pass over;' they are intended to arm those who are fairly intelligent but uneducated, against the erroneous doctrines and the erroneous ethics of 'Turks and Papists and Heathen Folk.' On the right-hand page, in small type, Browne develops his system scholastically, in formal definitions. The treatise was obviously meant to be a textbook for the Congregational Churches, and it is very certain that those who mastered it would have a fulness and definiteness of religious and ethical thought which are not very common in our days. The book brings vividly home to us the judgment of the early Congregationalists on the kind and extent of knowledge which should be acquired by every member of a Christian Church.

I have not yet exhausted the illustration of the spiritual audacity of Congregationalism. In Robert Browne's book, of which I have just given an account, there are two

definitions which are worth considering. He says—

The Church planted or gathered is a company or number of Christians or believers, which by a willing covenant made with their God are under the government of God and Christ, and keep His laws in one holy communion. . . . The Kingdom of Christ is His office of government whereby He useth the obedience of His people to keep His laws and commandments to their salvation and welfare.

In the passages which precede and follow those which I have quoted, there is a mystical identification of Christ with the Church, and with all the acts of the Church. His theory is that by 'a willing covenant made with their God' the members of a Christian Church accept the Divine will as their absolute law. In worship, faith, polity, and administration they acknowledge no other authority than the law of Christ. And through them the authority of Christ is to be visibly maintained. The union between Christ and them is so intimate that, to use the technical language of the times, the Church has part in the prophetic, the priestly and the regal offices of its Head. Christ teaches through the lips of the doctors of the Church; intercedes in the intercession of all its members; and when the assembled Church pronounces its solemn decisions, its acts of government are the acts of its Lord. What is bound on earth is bound in heaven, and what is loosed on earth is loosed in heaven.

In other words, every Christian Church is a supernatural society. It is the permanent home of God. It is consecrated by the 'Real Presence' of Christ. The awful splendour which dwelt in the Holy of Holies was but the symbol and prophecy of a more august manifestation of God in the Church. When its members are assembled together in Christ's name they have not merely the written records of His earthly ministry to guide, instruct, console, and animate them; Christ Himself is among them. Nor does He stand apart from them, isolated in His Divine majesty. The decisions of the Church are sanctioned by His authority. Its prayers are made His own, 'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

It was for this lofty conception of the functions of the Church that the early Congregationalists endured imprisonment, exile, and death. Poor men and poor women were inspired by it with the courage of heroes and the endurance of martyrs. They, too, had seen 'the holy city, the new Jeru-

\* He dwells on the duty of keeping 'secret things' secret. I suppose that even in the Congregational Churches of the heroic times, trouble sometimes came from thoughtless gossip and the betrayal of confidence.

salem coming down from God out of heaven,' with its gates of pearl, its foundations of precious stones, and the nations of the saved walking in its golden streets. It was a glorious vision, worth suffering for, worth dying for.

Yes, it may be said, but only a vision, and a vision which, to use Mr. Carlyle's language again, was 'incredible' and 'delirious.' It is well for the human race, however, that there are men to whom visions, seen in the diviner hours of life, are truer than all the common experiences of common days. Congregationalism, as conceived by its founders, was an ideal polity. Those of us who inherit their principles and traditions are willing to acknowledge that it remains an ideal polity. It can become actual only when the members of Christian Churches touch the height of that perfection to which the Divine will calls them, and achieve that perfect union with Christ which is the final triumph of faith and the ultimate condition of righteousness. Other systems of polity recognize and provide for the infirmities and follies and perversities of Christian men. Congregationalism assumes that they are altogether loyal to the thought and will of Christ; it trusts with a complete and unreserved confidence to the power and supremacy of the Spirit of Christ in the Church of Christ. In the actual condition of Christendom systems which take guarantees against human passion and human error may 'work' better; but to some of us the idealism of Congregationalism has a fascination and charm. The way is left open for the perfect fulfilment of the Divine idea. Guarantees which repress the outbreak of evil passions may also repress the free movement of the divinest forces. A 'strong' government may be necessary to curb and check revolt, but it is likely to impair the energy which is possible to only a free people.

As a matter of fact, where the true conception of Christian life and fellowship is seriously violated, Congregationalism often shows itself capable of providing informal remedies for evils which its principles and ideal constitution decline to recognize as possible. Just as under the freest secular governments the usual guarantees of liberty are formally suspended in times of national disturbance, so there are informal modifications introduced into the actual administration of Congregational Churches when the members are unfaithful to the ideal of saintliness; and the natural results of their unfaithfulness are, to some extent, averted. The organization adjusts itself to the life. But the main lines of the polity are preserved,

and when better days come, the Church is able to resume all its functions. Sometimes, indeed, violent explosions occur; but they do not seem to me either more violent or more destructive than the catastrophes which occasionally occur in Churches which are more careful to provide against the perils which arise from the imperfection of human nature.

It is usual for Congregationalists to claim for their ecclesiastical ancestors a chief place in that protracted and complicated struggle which has secured for the English people their civil and religious freedom, and which will never be brought to a close until it has secured for them complete religious equality. The claim can be sustained by decisive proofs. But we make a grave mistake if we attribute to the Elizabethan Congregationalists the theory of individual rights which underlies most of the modern arguments against the interference of the State with religious faith and worship. Nor does this theory appear to have been discovered by the Congregationalists of the first half of the seventeenth century.

The real character of the early Congregational struggle against the Crown cannot be understood unless we remember the Congregational conception of the Church. As we have seen, Browne, Barrowe, Greenwood, Penry, and their brethren believed that a Church is a society instituted by the authority of Christ and actually governed by His will. Christ alone has the right to determine who shall be received into the society, and who shall be excluded from it. Christ alone has the right to determine its polity and its modes of worship. When 'by one blast of Queen Elizabeth's trumpet' all Englishmen were made members of the national Church, and were required under penalty to attend its services, the complaint of the Congregationalists was not that the queen had trampled on the personal rights and violated the freedom of the English people, but that she had usurped the authority of Christ. 'No prince can make any a member of the Church.' When she imposed on the nation a system of Church government and a form of worship, still they did not complain that she interfered with their personal freedom. They maintained that she was interfering with the prerogatives of Christ, who alone had the right to settle the government of the Church, and the modes in which it should conduct its worship. It was their contention that Christ did not use queens and parliaments as the organs of His will in these high matters, but those 'Christians or believers who,' to quote words I have quoted

before, 'by a willing covenant made with their God, are under the government of God and Christ,' and whose 'obedience' Christ 'useth . . . to keep His laws and commandments.'

They confessed that by God's appointment Cæsar—the civil magistrate—had authority 'to rule the commonwealth in all outward justice, and to maintain the right, welfare and honour thereof, with outward power, bodily punishments, and civil forcing of men.' Some of them were extravagant in their concessions to the Crown, and went so far as practically to surrender all the securities of personal liberty. But while as a religious duty they rendered to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, they were equally resolute in refusing to render to Cæsar the things which are God's.

In more recent times the struggle with the Crown and the Church took a new form. It became a contest for individual rights—for what we call 'civil and religious liberty.' The later contest, if it takes for its motto the words of Christ which I have just quoted, must read then as though they were written, 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but keep for yourselves the things which are your own.' The question as to the limits of the authority of the State over individual citizens is plainly a very different question from that which interested the founders of English Congregationalism. They were not contending for the rights of men, but for the rights of Christ.

The controversy in its more recent form is sometimes described in another way, a way which approximates more closely to the original character of the struggle. It is described as a movement for the separation of Church and State. The description is not very exact and is open to some objections; but, speaking roughly, it is a fairly true account of the object of the early English Congregationalists as well as of our own. We want the State to keep within its own province, and to leave the Church to govern itself.

But it is contended that a complete separation of the two powers is impossible, that there are points at which their respective jurisdictions necessarily touch each other; this we may admit, and the questions raised by the conflict of authorities are sometimes intricate and extremely difficult to solve. It is also contended that Congregational Churches, in their doctrine, discipline, and worship, are just as really under the control of the State as the Anglican clergy; and a case recently decided in the Court of Vice-Chancellor Hall is quoted in support of this contention. In discussing the Huddersfield

Chapel case there will be an opportunity for considering some questions which may seem of more immediate interest than the lofty principles which I have endeavoured to illustrate in this paper.

In 1873 Mr. Stannard became assistant to Mr. Skinner, the pastor of the Church meeting in Ramsden Street chapel, Huddersfield. In January, 1875, he became co-pastor. At that time a majority of the trustees of the building were not satisfied that Mr. Stannard's preaching was in harmony with the doctrines defined in a schedule to the trust-deed. Mr. Skinner resigned in April, 1877, and then Mr. Stannard was retained to supply the pulpit, although on account of difficulties arising out of the terms of the trust-deed he was not appointed to the pastorate. In January of last year some of these difficulties had been removed and he was elected pastor. A majority of the trustees were still confident that his preaching was not in harmony with the doctrinal schedule of the deed, and instituted legal proceedings to eject him from the use of the building. In the suit they relied principally on a letter written by Mr. Stannard on his election to the pastorate, in which he stated the qualifications with which he received the several articles of the schedule. In the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor the action of the majority of the trustees was sustained by the provisions of the deed, and Mr. Stannard was therefore declared to be no longer minister of Ramsden Street chapel.

The judgment has given occasion to some very wild, incoherent, and unintelligent writing. In an article on the case in a provincial Conservative newspaper there is the following amusing passage—

Very disagreeable is it for high-souled Non-conformists that certain religious doctrines and forms of worship should be enforced among them by the strong secular arm of the law of the land. Fain would they deny that such is the case, and represent that such is the fate only of enthralled Churchmen. But unfortunately instances are of continual occurrence when the law interferes in the religious affairs of even the most stalwart Liberationists, and prescribes or prohibits, directs or deprives, in a manner wholly at variance with the volumes of Liberationist tall talk. Denominational organs may strive to suppress reports of the frequent law-suits concerning Dissenting chapels and doctrines and trust-deeds; but there are many Dissenters who read some better journal than the sectarian paper, and they become painfully aware that their leaders and instructors who profess to enlighten them are sedulously endeavouring to keep them in the dark and to deceive and mislead them. The Dissenters of Huddersfield have just been taught that they are un-

der law, and that their chapel and its affairs are under 'State patronage and control,' from which the Liberation Society has never yet made any effort to liberate them, as all its energies have been directed to meddling with the private affairs of the Church instead.

The *Times* had an article—less extravagant, of course—but betraying in the very terms it uses a very natural misconception of the facts and principles involved in the suit. It began with these sentences—

It seems to be supposed by some ardent Ritualists that, if only the Church were disestablished, they would be able to live in perfect peace, and could for all time do exactly as each one liked, without having the fear of Lord Penzance or any secular authority before their eyes. We would advise those who harbour this delusion to study a decision by Vice-Chancellor Hall which we report to-day. It will show that a religious body may have not the remotest connexion with the State, may embody the very dissidence of Dissent, and yet not escape interference at the hands of the law. No section of Nonconformists probably more desired to hold aloof from contact with secular Courts than the body of 'Protestant Dissenters of the Congregational denomination, otherwise called Independents,' whose doctrines have been the subject of discussion for seven days in Vice-Chancellor Hall's Court. The early fathers of that Church would have marvelled much had they been told that they would one day find it necessary to resort to a court of equity for aid, and invite the judges of the land to construe their articles or say what were their true doctrines. The force of circumstances, however, has brought about this strange result.

It was certain that the suit would give occasion to a great deal of writing of this sort. The prosecution and imprisonment of Mr. Pelham Dale and Mr. Enraght had produced a very restless feeling in many Churchmen. The prosecutions appeared, at least, to be vivid illustrations of the fact that the State has charge of the doctrine, ritual, and discipline of the Anglican Church, and it was to be expected that when the trustees of Ramsden Street chapel appealed to the Vice-Chancellor to eject Mr. Stannard, we should be told that Nonconformists are in precisely the same position as Churchmen, and that the State has charge of the doctrine, ritual, and discipline of Congregationalists. A very few minutes' reflection will enable any one to discover that there are the widest possible differences between the case of the ejected Nonconformist minister and the case of the two imprisoned clergymen.

The issue raised by the Huddersfield suit was extremely simple. Rather more than thirty years ago certain persons in Huddersfield secured a piece of ground with the

intention of erecting a chapel upon it. A chapel was erected. The people who subscribed the money, or the committee appointed to carry out their wishes, placed the building in trust. Thirty years ago, as I have heard, there was a great dread in Huddersfield of the movement which has received its name from the venerable James Morison of Glasgow. The vehement antagonism to Calvinistic theology and the eager evangelistic zeal of the Morisonians had created a considerable number of congregations in Scotland, and from time to time adventurous representatives of the movement made raids across the border. Yorkshire Congregationalists, or some of them, regarded the creed of the zealous Scotchmen with dismay. And so it happened that the founders of the Ramsden Street chapel resolved that to the end of time no Arminian heresy should be preached in its pulpit. In a schedule to the trust-deed the chief doctrines of the Calvinistic theology were defined with a rigour unusual among Congregationalists in recent years, and the pastor of the Church assembling in the building was required, on his appointment, to state in writing his acceptance of these definitions.

Whether it is expedient or just that such definitions of doctrine should be introduced into the schedule of a trust-deed and the acceptance of them by the minister made the condition of his use of the building, whether a deed so constructed is in harmony with the principles and genius of Congregationalism, are questions which I will consider later in this paper; but it is notorious that most people who give money for the erection of a place of worship suppose that they are acting within their rights when they ask for securities of this kind. They argue that, since the building is erected by their money, they have a moral right to prevent it from being used for the propagation of religious opinions which they abhor; and they think that the best way to secure it for the purposes they want to promote is to define a set of doctrines in the trust-deed.

English law sanctions this claim; and the question which the Vice-Chancellor had to determine was whether Mr. Stannard had satisfied the conditions which the builders of the chapel had insisted should be fulfilled by every minister that used it. This was the only question which the Vice-Chancellor would touch. It was the only question which he had a right to touch. There was a natural endeavour on the part of Mr. Stannard's counsel to raise other issues. He referred to what Dr. Allon is alleged to believe on one doctrine, and to what Mr. Baldwin Brown is alleged to believe on another.

My own departures from Calvinistic traditions were not forgotten. It was also argued that Congregationalists were unfriendly to the imposition of definite creeds either on ministers or Churches. The whole speech was an attempt to attribute to the Vice-Chancellor the functions of an ecclesiastical judge. He was asked to determine the limits of Congregational orthodoxy. But he very properly declined to assume any such responsibility. He put all these topics aside. He was not an ecclesiastical judge, but a judge in Chancery. He declared that he had not to determine any question affecting Congregational doctrine, but only to interpret the provisions of a deed. He said virtually that certain persons had contributed their money to erect a building in Ramsden Street, that the law allowed them to settle the terms on which it should be used, that they had agreed that before any minister was appointed to be the regular and legal occupant of the pulpit he should declare in writing his assent to certain doctrines, that the letter which Mr. Stannard wrote did not satisfy the conditions imposed by the persons who erected the building, and that, therefore, Mr. Stannard must retire. Whether the doctrines of Mr. Stannard were true or false, consistent or inconsistent with his position as a Congregational minister, were questions in which the Court of Chancery had no concern.

In two important respects the case of Mr. Stannard is wholly different from the case of Mr. Pelham Dale and Mr. Enraght.

It is clear, in the first place, that the State had nothing to do with settling the doctrines to be preached by the minister of Ramsden Street chapel. Those doctrines were never submitted to the approval of Parliament or the Crown. It was not the law of the land which laid down the creed for the minister at Huddersfield. The law has simply said that when people build a chapel they are at liberty to determine what use should be made of it; and a civil court has enforced the use which they agreed upon.

The articles which have troubled Mr. Stannard were contained in a schedule to a trust-deed drawn up by private persons to determine the uses of property created by themselves. But the doctrine, the ritual, and the discipline of the Church of England have been settled by the schedule of an Act of Parliament. Mr. Stannard is told that he cannot use a certain building unless he fulfils the conditions imposed by the persons who voluntarily contributed money to erect it. But Mr. Enraght and Mr. Pelham Dale are told that they must obey certain regulations which the Crown and Parliament have

resolved shall control the conduct of public worship in the national Church.

There is another and, perhaps, still more striking difference between the two cases. Under the Public Worship Regulation Act Mr. Pelham Dale and Mr. Enraght will be deprived of their benefices at the end of three years if they do not discontinue the ritual which has been pronounced illegal. If they receive other appointments the law will still require them to abstain from those acts which the Courts have condemned. If the members of Mr. Enraght's congregation built him a new church they would have no power—if he and they remained in the national Establishment—to give Mr. Enraght liberty to conduct the worship as he and they might desire. Convocation cannot give him this liberty. All the bishops on the bench cannot give it him. We contend that he and his people are in bondage to the civil power; for only the Crown and Parliament can give them freedom to worship according to their own convictions of how God ought to be worshipped. He and his congregation might worship as they pleased if they became Nonconformists. This is surely a decisive proof that while in the national Church they are in fetters, and that only by leaving it can they become free. Mr. Stannard and his friends are not in chains. All that the Vice-Chancellor has determined is that Mr. Stannard cannot use, to propagate one set of doctrines, a particular building which was erected by private persons for the use of men who would propagate another set of doctrines. Mr. Stannard and his friends can build another chapel and, if they please, can so frame the trust-deed that not only shall Mr. Stannard be perfectly free, but that thirty years hence the building may be used by a Comtist, a Buddhist, or a Mormon. Mr. Stannard will be just as truly a Congregational minister in the new building as he was in the old building. I say 'just as truly,' for it is no part of my present business to determine whether his alleged divergences from Congregational traditions are sufficiently grave to render it improper to describe him as a Congregationalist. The Vice-Chancellor took care to make it clear that he had no authority to determine what doctrines might be taught by a Congregational minister; but it has been the special business of Lord Penzance, since he was removed from the Divorce Court, to determine what ritual may be celebrated by an English clergyman.

The *Times*, in the article I have quoted, says—

The majority of the trustees wished the Rev. Mr. Stannard to resign or retire, inas-

much as he had ceased to conform to the creed of *the Church*. He resisted on the ground that he had not exceeded the bounds of lawful freedom, and that he had the approbation of the bulk of his congregation; and a *Vice-Chancellor had to be called in to settle the difference*.

Nothing could be more inaccurate. The Vice-Chancellor was not called in to decide whether Mr. Stannard conformed to the creed of the Church or whether he had kept within the lawful bounds of freedom. There is every reason to believe that when the action was raised, the creed of Mr. Stannard was perfectly satisfactory to the great majority of the Church—that is, of the society of communicants meeting in Ramsden Street. What the Church believed, and whether Mr. Stannard conformed to that belief, were not the subjects in dispute. The whole question was about the theological articles in a trust-deed which settled the uses to be made of a particular building erected by private funds, and about Mr. Stannard's acceptance or rejection of these articles. In the case of the ritualistic clergymen, the question turned on the law of the Church itself—the way in which Mr. Pelham Dale and Mr. Enraght are required by the Crown and Parliament to celebrate their worship. Their position is a very difficult one. With their views of the Episcopal Church, which in this country permits supreme authority in matters of faith, ritual, and discipline to be exerted by the civil power, they cannot separate from the Church without being guilty of schism; they cannot remain in it without being bound by their consciences to break the law.

The Ramsden Street suit may be of some service to Nonconformists if it compels them to re-consider their recent customs in relation to trust-deeds. That men have a right to control and limit the uses of property for ten thousand years after their death—if the world should last so long—is a very curious yet very common hallucination. What greater right has one generation than another to declare how anything that the world contains shall be used to the end of time? The world belongs to the living, not to the dead. The men who lived three hundred years ago, two hundred years ago, a hundred years ago, had no more exclusive property in the world than their predecessors; they had no more exclusive property in it than their posterity.

If some devout old heathen living in Saxon times had built a temple to Woden, and settled the rents of two hundred acres of land to maintain perpetual worship in honour of his idol, does any sane person imagine that

his settlement would receive or deserve the slightest respect? We should say that he had had his turn, but that ours had come now. While he was alive he could build a temple for any god that he chose to serve, and use the rents of his estate to maintain the priests; but the piece of land on which the temple was built, and the estate which was settled to maintain the worship, could not belong to him after he was dead. And when the land ceased to belong to him his right to control it ceased. For the encouragement of foundations intended to promote the public benefit, it is expedient to empower men to determine for a brief period how property shall be used which they devote to public purposes; but an indefinite power of settlement for public uses is as inexpedient as an indefinite power of settlement for private uses; it is as inconsistent with the rights of every fresh generation; it should never be conceded. The powers granted to the Education Commissioners and the Charity Commissioners to revise and modify trusts are in harmony with justice and the true interests of the nation. For men to claim the right to determine that a building which they erect for religious purposes should be used to the end of time for the maintenance of a particular system of theology, is to claim that one generation has the right to bar the free use of the world by the generations which follow it.

But further: doctrinal schedules to trust-deeds are inconsistent with the traditions of the best times of Congregationalism, and with one of the fundamental principles of the Congregational polity. A very competent authority on the historical question has stated that—

As far as published accounts go, the Trust-deeds of the Independent chapels built within the twenty years following the passing of the Toleration Act, did not contain any provisions as to the doctrines to be preached in them; and what is more singular, the Trinitarian seceders from Presbyterian congregations were not more precise and careful with reference to the chapels which they founded.\*

The Church of which I am minister was founded in the middle of the last century by a Trinitarian secession from a congregation which had elected an Arian minister; but the seceders made no attempt to secure by a doctrinal schedule the permanent use of their new building for Trinitarian purposes. Mr. James thinks this 'singular.' It seems to me that any other course would have been an apostasy from the principles and tradi-

\* T. S. James, 'Presbyterian Chapels and Charities,' p. 62.

tions of Independency. It was not till the end of the last century and the beginning of this, when the traditions of Independency had been almost submerged under the flood of the Evangelical Revival, that doctrinal schedules began to be common. The 'Revival' was eager to save individual men. It knew little or nothing about the dignity, the power, the sacredness of the Church.

The Congregational theory is that the living Church of every generation is in union with the living Christ, the Lord and Teacher of men; is the organ of His thought and the instrument of His will; that it receives the illumination of His Spirit; that it is the perpetual trustee and defender of His truth. A doctrinal trust-deed is an attempt to protect by the guarantee of secular law that truth which, according to Congregationalism, is entrusted to the keeping of the Christian Church.

Theological definitions—and a doctrinal schedule must consist of theological definitions—are the product of the human intellect exercising its faculties on the contents of Holy Scripture and of the spiritual life of the Church. These definitions vary from age to age, even when the truths which they are intended to express remain the same; and it is impossible to review the history of Christendom without seeing that in different Churches and in different centuries devout and saintly men have greatly differed in the measures of their knowledge of the mind of Christ. Provinces of truth which were the home of Christian thought in one century have been deserted in the next. Regions almost unknown in one age, except to adventurous travellers, have been occupied and settled by whole communities in another. There is no reason for us to suppose that we have completely mastered the whole territory of Divine laws and facts accessible to the Church through Christ. There is no reason for us to suppose that our definitions of the truth which we have mastered are so perfect that they will be tolerable to Christian men a hundred years hence. We know Christ; His righteousness, power, and love have been revealed to us; but the accuracy of our intellectual account of Him is not guaranteed by the clearness of our spiritual vision and the depth and fulness of our spiritual joy.

The Church is not infallible; but, if loyal to Christ, its knowledge of Him will become richer and deeper from century to century; and it is the theory of Congregationalism that the Church should be left absolutely free to listen to Christ's teaching and to accept it. With fresh discoveries of the Divine thought, the mere scientific definitions of

truths long known to the Church may require modification.

In the preface to the well-known Declaration of Faith and Order, agreed upon by about two hundred delegates at the Savoy in 1658, there is a passage which shows the true spirit of the Congregationalists of the Commonwealth—of Owen, Caryl, Greenhill, Nye, Bridge; all of whom were on the committee which drew up the document—

Confessions when made by a company of professors of Christianity jointly meeting to that end—the most genuine and natural use of such is that under the same form of words they express the substance of the same common salvation or unity of their faith, whereby speaking the same things they show themselves 'perfectly joined in the same mind and in the same judgment.' *And accordingly such a transaction is to be looked upon but as a meet or fit medium or means whereby to express that their 'common faith and salvation;' and no way to be made use of as an imposition upon any. Whatever is of force or constraint in matters of this nature, causeth them to degenerate from the name and nature of confessions; and turns them, from being Confessions of Faith, into exactions and impositions of Faith.*

The imposition of a doctrinal system as a condition of Church communion or ministerial office is, therefore, altogether abhorrent to the genius of Congregationalism; and even a doctrinal schedule limiting the use of a particular building to those who could accept the recited articles would have seemed to our ecclesiastical ancestors a presumptuous and perilous attempt to limit the prerogatives of the living Church. Or rather, they would have regarded it as a disloyal, and even profane, attempt to prevent the Church from listening to the voice of Christ.

It may be urged, no doubt, that when a Church has come to the conclusion that the doctrines imposed upon its minister by the provisions of a trust-deed are inconsistent with the mind of Christ, it can easily relinquish the use of the building in which it has been accustomed to meet and erect another. But in many cases this would involve grave injustice; for the Church which is called to this duty may have spent very much more in enlarging and improving the building than was spent in its original erection by those who drew up the trust-deed. In many cases the erection of a new building would involve the gravest waste and inconvenience; for the existing place of worship may be enough to meet the necessities of the population, and to build another would be to incur a useless expenditure. In all cases there will be pain in forsaking the familiar walls consecrated by the pathetic and sacred asso-



ciations which make the rudest building, within which a Church has been accustomed to meet, dear to its members. I contend that those who erect buildings for worship have no right to inflict these evils upon their children or their children's children. And any Church which accepts the use of a building erected by persons without faith in the Living Presence of Christ with His people, or who suppose that this presence is not so sure a guarantee that the Church will continue loyal to the truth as they can construct for themselves in a doctrinal schedule to a trust-deed, must not be surprised if, sooner or later, it gets into trouble.\*

R. W. DALE.

#### ART. II.—Our Salmon Fisheries.

- (1) *Annual Reports of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, England and Wales.* London. 1877, '78, and '79.
- (2) *Report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland (various years).* Dublin.
- (3) *Salmon Fisheries.* By ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries. London, 1877.
- (4) *The Stormontfield Piscicultural Experiments, 1853—1866.* By ROBERT BUIST. Edinburgh, 1866.
- (5) *Report of the Disease which has recently prevailed among the Salmon in the Tweed, Eden, and other Rivers in England and Scotland, 1880.*

It is very much to be regretted that no authoritative figures denoting the salmon wealth of the three kingdoms are accessible to the political or fishery economist; and that, in consequence, there is just now, as there has occasionally been before, much 'popular ignorance' on the subject: greatly exaggerated accounts of the value of our salmon fisheries—especially of such as are private property—being always in circulation.

The chief sources from which thoroughly reliable information may be obtained as to the present condition and future prospects of the salmon fisheries of England and Ireland are the voluminous annual reports of the inspectors of the English and Irish rivers. As regards the salmon streams of Scotland, which are nearly all private property, infor-

mation must be sought from such sources as present themselves, no reports of a public nature being issued—if we except those given of the half-yearly meetings of the Tweed proprietors. Of the many annual reports published by the inspectors of the English salmon fisheries, that for the year 1879 deserves special mention, as from the varied nature of its contents it is undoubtedly by far the most interesting of the long series which has been issued, although it deals less directly with the economy (in detail) of our salmon rivers than some previous issues. The portion of the report in particular compiled by Mr. Buckland—now, alas! no more—is mainly devoted to what may not inaptly be termed 'generalities' of the salmon question—to a well-timed exposition of several important points more or less connected with the natural history of the salmon; as, for instance, the anatomy of the fish, which is discussed at considerable length: the food of the salmon, as well as notes of a chemical analysis of its flesh, likewise form a portion of the report. The 'migration' and the 'nesting' of salmon are also ably discussed; whilst the essays on the 'Connection of Public Health with Salmon Fisheries,' and the 'Cultivation of Spawning Grounds,' each contain information of importance. The leaves appropriated to a disquisition on the 'Nomenclature of British Salmonidæ' are also of interest, and the brief page or two which treat of the 'diseases of salmon' make an *apropos* addition to our knowledge of the natural history of the fish. The 'Fry of Salmon' is the title of another contribution to this blue book, and affords us much interesting information regarding the growth of this valuable animal. Mr. Walpole's contribution to the report of 1879 is sufficiently brief, but not unimportant. He devotes the space assigned to him to a 'View of the Condition of our [Salmon] Fisheries in the Year 1879.' We have been impelled to note the contents of the present report in this detailed fashion, because the joint work of the inspectors, not only in the present, but in former communications to the Home Secretary as well, affords an excellent cue from which to speak of the past and present condition of the salmon fisheries of the United Kingdom, and more especially of their progress during the last twenty years.

No authentic statistics are ever collected of the weight of salmon coming to market, or of the sums which are annually derived by individuals or associations, in name of rent, from salmon waters; but although no official statements are published of the annual capture of salmon or of the rentals of

\* The question of Doctrinal Trusts for charities, colleges, and other institutions which are without the guarantee of a church would have to be discussed on other grounds than those relied upon in this article.—(R. W. D.)

rivers, sufficient evidence is at hand of a more or less reliable kind, by means of which it is possible to arrive at a tolerably fair estimate of the salmon wealth of the three kingdoms. Even taking the quantities which in the course of a season pass through our chief piscatorial bourse as a basis, it is quite possible to form by such means a good idea of the national power of salmon production, as also, generally, to gauge the state of our various fisheries year by year, for Billingsgate may aptly enough be termed the fish thermometer of the United Kingdom, the daily supplies sent to that great piscine mart being a constant although fluctuating percentage of the varied fish captured in British waters. Thus in the year 1874 over 2,000 tons of salmon were consigned to Billingsgate for distribution, the greatest amount of weight being represented by Scottish fish; salmon from Scotland being sent every season to London in large quantities: consignments to Billingsgate from the Irish fisheries are second in importance, Irish salmon, as a rule, being forwarded direct to their places of consumption, chiefly English manufacturing towns, Birmingham, Manchester, and Bradford being good customers to the salmon fisheries of the Emerald Isle. It will probably come in the nature of a surprise to many persons to learn that the salmon fisheries of Ireland yield a larger revenue than those of Scotland. Selecting a year at random, we find from the report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries that in 1877 over 47,000 boxes of salmon, each containing 150 lbs. of fish, were exported from Ireland to England. The salmon consumption of the Irish people, or the weight of fish sent direct from Irish fisheries to Glasgow and other parts of Scotland, can only be guessed; but, judging from the statistics given by the inspectors of the quantities of salmon carried by the local railways, the quantity of salmon consumed annually by the Irish people must be considerable. It is probably within the mark to say that the value of the salmon caught in Ireland is much more than the value of what is taken in England and Scotland added together.

The annual value of the salmon captured in the three kingdoms has been estimated by Mr. Young and others at £750,000, divided as follows: England £100,000, Ireland £400,000, Scotland £250,000. In 1878 the Irish fishery inspectors valued the salmon despatched to England only at £418,476 11s. 3d. As has been already said, no official means exist of arriving at any reliable conclusion, but it would be no extravagant estimate to fix the money value of our salmon fisheries at a sum of, say, one million

sterling per annum; certainly a large amount to derive from this fish in the face of the difficulties which surround its growth, arising not only from the continued pollution of rivers, but also from the determination of poachers to exact tribute from every stream, and that, too, at a time when the fish are of more than ordinary value, namely, when they are about to spawn. It has been more than once suggested in the course of controversy that Government should purchase the rights of salmon fishing throughout the three kingdoms. Computing the value as above—which, however, includes the cost of capture and the interest on the fishing plant, or, in other words, the difference between rental paid and prices realized—and taking the money question only into account, discarding entirely, let us say, any claims for the loss of amenity, it will be apparent that a large sum would be required for such a purpose.

The failure of England to play a distinguished part in the supply of salmon, considering the number and magnitude of its streams—and the late Mr. Buckland in his report for 1878 gives a *catalogue raisonné* of 129 rivers that might all be populous with these fish—is altogether remarkable. The Severn alone, with its vast area of water and its numerous affluents, it is but reasonable to conclude, ought to produce as many and as heavy salmon as the Tay and Tweed and their numerous tributaries united; but, as a matter of fact, the Severn, once famed at least for the quality of its fish, yields but a very scanty supply. As for the river Thames, which at one time enjoyed considerable reputation as a salmon stream, and has been talked of again and again by enthusiastic fishery economists as a future home of the 'venison of the waters,' it is too much of a highway for steamboats, and an easy passage for city sewage, we fear, ever again to become a productive salmon river. 'Of late years not a salmon has been seen.' It is noteworthy that at the present time the source of the chief supply of these fine fish in England is the 'coaly Tyne,' one of England's most northern streams. In the report of the inspectors for 1878, the statistics of the capture from 1870 to 1878 inclusive are given, which, for the purpose of comparing with the capture on the river Severn for the same period, we have computed at their money value, assuming each fish to be of the average weight of 12 lbs., and to bring 1s. 3d. per lb. The numbers taken in the Tyne in the years 1870 to 1878 inclusive, were as follow: 1870, 36,450; 1871, 120,600; 1872, 120,100; 1873, 86,792; 1874, 21,746; 1875, 23,290; 1876, 24,840; 1877, 41,300; 1878,

48,150. The numbers of the fish taken in the Severn are not given in the report, only the values are stated, and the figures of the two rivers, assuming the fact of prices being the same, are now placed side by side:

Year.	Tyne.	Severn.
1870.....	£27,337	£13,000
1871.....	90,450	11,200
1872.....	96,825	8,000
1873.....	65,094	10,000
1874.....	16,309	10,500
1875.....	17,467	10,590
1876.....	18,630	14,560
1877.....	30,975	12,880
1878.....	36,112	8,978
Totals, £399,199		£99,708

being an average of £44,355 per annum for the Tyne, and of £11,078 for the Severn. These figures being sufficiently eloquent of themselves, require no commentary.

As has been stated, Mr. Buckland enumerates and sums up the condition of 129 English rivers, which either already yield salmon or might be made to do so. As the stories of these streams are so much alike, it would only occupy space to very little purpose to give even the briefest possible summary of what the inspector says about each of them; it will be quite sufficient, therefore, to select at random some half-dozen, in order to show either why they do not yield salmon, or why they yield so few. We have seen what the Tyne does in the way of salmon production, but we have no statistics of the salmon yield of the river Wye, which is a half larger than the Tyne; that the take of these fish ought, however, to be considerable in that river, may reasonably be assumed from the fact that 'in 1878 there were licensed in this district, 84 nets, 1,747 putchers, and 139 rods.' The bane of the Wye is poaching.

The sewer pollutions from Hereford and elsewhere, the unfortunate destruction of fish in the summer of 1878, by some naptha run accidentally into the Wye, and the mischief done to the upper waters by the lead mines, by netting, &c., are all as nothing compared to the terrible poaching that takes place in the winter time in the head waters of the Wye. The vital interests of the river depend on a stop being put to the poaching, and bye-laws may be made and remade in vain, if there are no salmon to be caught; for salmon cannot be caught unless they are bred, and upon the protection of the breeding fish in the upper waters depends the prosperity of all interests in the Wye, whether they be lower, middle, or upper.—Page 96 of 18th Report.

In the Ribble district, licenses have been granted for 64 nets and 147 rods.\* The

Ribble itself is 'much polluted' by the sewage of Preston and other places, which of course does mischief to the fisheries. The Hampshire Avon, says Mr. Buckland, is 'one of the most important salmon rivers in the South of England;' and according to the same authority, a Christchurch salmon is highly esteemed for dinner parties in the London season, and will fetch as much as 3s. a pound. This river is one of the earliest in England.

The estuary fishing begins early in the year, and goes on to June and July. The large fish have all passed by the middle of June, and then the grilse begin to run. The present close season for nets on the Avon is from 15th August to 1st February, so that it will be seen that this river is one of the earliest in England. The close season for rods is from the 2nd October to the 1st February. In 1878 there were caught in the Avon, exclusive of the Royalty Fishery, about 393 salmon. The salmon in the Avon have several difficulties to meet: firstly, weirs; secondly, weeds in the summer time; and thirdly, water meadows. There are two fishing mill dams in the Avon, one about a mile above the reach of the tide at Knapp Mill, the other about two miles above that of Winkton. The mode of fishing these weirs is very peculiar. It appears that the owners of these fishing mill dams have a right to place a series of 'racks,' i.e., wood gratings, so as to prevent the fish ascending even when the hatchways are open. In 1869 it was calculated that about 1,300 salmon were taken immediately below Knapp, and in the next 30 miles only 50. There are nine weirs on the river, besides those at Knapp and Winkton.—Pages 8 and 9, Report for 1878.

The river Camel, in Cornwall, may be next referred to. It is naturally a salmon river, but its prosperity is considerably affected by the upper waters being polluted by china clay works, and the progress of the river is much impeded by a steep weir at Dunmere, near the town of Bodmin. 'The Camel now fishes with nets till the end of September, the close time for nets being

*Lune, Wyre, Keer, and Cocker District:* 87 salmon taken by net, 357 by rod and line.

*Ribble District:* 2,619 salmon, weighing 31,428 lbs., by net; 2,805 salmon by rod.

*Sciort District:* About 400 salmon, 300 by net, 100 by rod and line.

*Urk and Ebbw District:* About 3,550 salmon by rod and line, weighing 35,590 lbs. No particulars of netted fish.

*Severn District:* With net and fixed engines, 9,885 salmon, weighing 70½ tons; with rod, 145 salmon, weighing 2,000 lbs.

*Eze District:* 1,000 salmon, weighing 7,700 lbs., were taken by rod.

*Trent District:* 'Practically no take at all!'

In 1879 there were employed salmon fishing in England 6,416 men, 3,099 of these being net fishermen.

\* The following statistics of the catch in one or two English rivers have been gleaned from the appendices to the report of 1879:

from the 1st October to the 30th April, and for rods from the 15th November to 30th April.' The Clwyd and Elwy afford a small portion of the English salmon supply. In 1878 there were caught 1,190 salmon, weighing 4,640 lbs., for the capture of which 10 draft nets and 34 rods were licensed. The Clwyd is 25 miles in length, the Elwy 18 miles in length, and they drain together 319 square miles. These streams are greatly subject to droughts, the consequence being that salmon do not run up till late in the year; but according to the inspector, the Clwyd and Elwy, the latter particularly, are excellent breeding rivers. 'Formerly a very large number of smolts were destroyed and brought into market in clothes-baskets; they were also caught in very large numbers when resting in shoals before going into the salt water. Large numbers of salmon fry are also destroyed at the end of March and April by getting on to the meadows through irrigation sluices.' On the river Dart there is one fishery which now yields a clear profit of £800 per annum, and salmon in the Dart have greatly increased since the passing of the Act of 1861, which is pleasant to know. In the river Exe, in 1877 about 1,000 salmon, weighing 9,000 lbs., were caught in tidal waters; and with rod 70 salmon, weighing 450 lbs. 'The fisheries of the Exe,' we are told, 'suffer very much from pollutions, especially from the paper mill at Trews weir, and from the paper works on the Culm.' About the Trent, which might be made an important salmon river, the report contains the following information—

In spite of all the difficulties under which the Trent labours as a salmon river, it certainly has been greatly benefited by the Salmon Fishery Acts. In 1863 Messrs. Ffennel and Eden reported that the whole produce of the tidal portion of the Trent which extends above Gainsborough, did not exceed 40 fish per annum! In his report for 1875 (p. 40) my colleague Mr. Walpole gives from the Conservator's annual returns the following numbers: 1867, 750 fish; 1868, 1,200 fish; 1869, 1,100 fish; 1873, 2,000 fish; 1874, 2,000 fish. Following up these statistics, we find the number taken in 1876 was 1,000 salmon, weighing 14,000 lbs; in 1877 about the same number; and in 1878 only 500.—*Report 1878*, p. 80.

Speaking generally of the condition of the English salmon fisheries and their yield of salmon, Mr. Inspector Walpole says that the season of 1879 was in every sense exceptional, the summer being unusually wet and cold, with the result of rendering salmon scarcer and dearer than in any previous recent season. 'In reviewing the condition of the salmon fisheries of England and Wales

during 1879,' says the inspector mentioned, 'I have to describe the results of an unfavourable fishing season—of the worst fishing season, indeed, so far as some rivers are concerned, which has occurred since I have been officially connected with the salmon fisheries of England and Wales.'

It has to be regretted also that the salmon fisheries of Scotland proved to be even less productive in proportion than those of England and Wales. Judging by the figures obtained of the sale at Billingsgate, the supply of Scottish salmon was less by some 12,000 boxes than in the preceding year, the relative figures being for 1878, 27,660 boxes, against the 15,564 boxes of 1879. The supply of English salmon passing through the same market was as follows in the same years: 4,273 boxes in 1878, compared with 5,762 boxes in 1879. The most productive salmon year that has been known in Scotland was that of 1874, during which 32,180 boxes were received in the great London fish mart.

Before speaking of the Scottish salmon rivers or their produce, it will be as well to explain that there is a difference in the laws of the two countries as to the rights and practice of salmon fishing. This difference may be described in the words of Mr. Young, who is an advocate of the Scottish Bar, and likewise a commissioner of Scotch salmon fisheries. He says—

There is no such thing as a public right of salmon fishing known to the law of Scotland; and all the salmon fishings in the country, not only in rivers, but also in estuaries and in the narrow seas, to at least one mile seaward from low water mark, belong either to the Crown or the grantees of the Crown. Riparian ownership by itself confers no title to salmon fishings—not even to rod fishing; and it sometimes happens that one person possesses the land on both sides of a river and the subjacent soil, whilst another has the right to the salmon fishings. A charter with an express grant of salmon fishings is required to constitute a valid right, or a charter with a general grant of fishings, followed by forty years' prescription of salmon fishings, or a Barony title, fortified by a similar prescription.—*Ibid.* p. 228.

As will be obvious from the foregoing extract, the salmon in Scotland is what may be called a 'property' fish, which persons are not entitled to capture as a matter of course. The salmon in a given river, or part of a river, are as much the property of the owner or leasee of that portion of water (as a rule dependent on the grant of a right of fishing to the superior) as the oxen grazing on a farm. Some rivers in Scotland, as regards salmon, possess a rather extensive proprie-

tary, as the Tay and Tweed; others, again, are as nearly as possible the property of one person. The river Spey, for instance, with perhaps the exception of one fishery, is the property of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the portion of which his Grace is not himself the owner, he very shrewdly leases, so that he obtains command of the whole water, and is thus enabled to work it, as regards the fishing, pretty much as he pleases; and if we are not mistaken his Grace still keeps the fisheries in his own hands. The Duke of Sutherland is another nobleman who is able to do as he pleases in the matter of his salmon fisheries.

In most questions connected with the economy of our salmon fisheries, or the natural history of the salmon, Scotland must be awarded the place of honour. All the chief battles connected with the growth and distinguishing features of the fish have been fought in Scotland, notably the 'par question,' which gave rise to a wonderful amount of controversy till finally settled by a series of experiments conducted at the salmon breeding-ponds on the estate of the Earl of Mansfield at Stormontfield, near Perth. Not only has it been established in Scotland that a 'par' is the young of *salmo salar* and becomes a smolt, but it has also been conclusively settled, by the experiments of the late Duke of Athole and others, that grilse become salmon, a fact which was at one time hotly denied. Another battle which has been fought in connection with the Scottish salmon rivers is of equal importance, namely, the establishment of a weekly and annual close time, so as to enable the fish to make at certain times an unmolested ascent from the sea to their spawning beds. The salmon are unmolested for a period of twenty-four hours in each week, and for several months of autumn and winter net-fishing entirely ceases; but these periods of grace were the subject of much contention before they were granted; and even now, when the value of a close time has been confirmed by the continued prosperity of the Scottish salmon fisheries, there are not wanting persons who would find a good excuse for disturbing present arrangements.

As has been already hinted, the salmon fisheries of Scotland have not been so prosperous as usual during the last three or four fishing seasons, and that fact coupled with the outbreak of a mysterious disease has created a sort of *scare* both among lairds and lessees; but that there is nothing radically wrong with the Scottish salmon fisheries will by and by be shown, and probably this year (1881) the rivers will be as productive, or perhaps more productive, than

they were in the good salmon year of 1874. Not that it will ever be possible to please the lessees of any of our Scottish salmon fishing stations, it would be a hopeless task to attempt to do so; for if a 'tacksman' should prove satisfied with his take of fish, he is certain not to be pleased with the price obtained, because in good seasons when salmon have become plentiful the returns from the fish factors are voted to be unsatisfactory, prices ranging low in consequence of frequent gluts of the market. The fishing stations of rivers in Scotland are usually let every year by public auction, so that persons desirous of entering upon the business of salmon fishing have an opportunity of becoming tenants, the competition being open to all comers. Salmon-fishing as now pursued is therefore somewhat of a lottery. A man who offers £500 for a fishery has no certainty that he will capture a sufficient number of fish to pay rent and working expenses, and, after doing so, leave himself a profit on the outlay of his capital and remuneration for his own enterprise and labour. And in years in which a great fishing occurs, the owner of the fishing obtains no higher rent than he has probably obtained in worse seasons—his rents are supposed to 'average;' but it is quite certain that salmon rents have a tendency to fall quicker in bad times than they rise when there ensues a run of good seasons. It may be said that the plan of letting the fishings openly by auction is sufficient to prevent monopoly and to ensure a fair rent, but that is not always the case. It would be better both for lairds and tenants if salmon fishery rentals were fixed on some other principle than that now in use; if the owners of fisheries were paid, for instance, by a percentage of the sums derived from the sale of the salmon by the fish factors, it would be more equitable than the present plan. The market price of salmon is known to all who like to take the trouble to inquire during the season, and nothing could well be easier than to arrange for and obtain such a percentage of the receipts as would be fair between the contracting parties. The advantages of arranging salmon rental on this principle are too obvious to require argument: in good years the owner of a fishery would obtain an increased rent; in bad years the tenant would not be asked to pay more money than he had earned.

Some lessees of Scottish salmon fisheries have of late begun to advocate as a remedy for bad seasons an alteration of the close time in so far as to suggest that ten days' grace might be given on all rivers in which, from causes over which the lessees had no control, the fish could not make their run to

the spawning grounds about the usual time. In the case, for example, of a bad catching season on the River Tay, lessees would like that net fishing should not close before the last day of August, instead of, as at present arranged, on the 20th of that month; but in order to balance the close time, the lessees would agree, when such a concession was granted, that the borrowed days should be restored at the beginning of the following fishing season, which, in the case of the Tay, would be timed to begin on the 15th instead of the 5th of February. This proposition, it is contended, would not be at all unreasonable, provided the proprietary of the river were unanimous, which, however, is exceedingly unlikely, seeing that the men who supply the breeding grounds and the men who own the commercial fisheries are usually, speaking in a figurative sense, at what may be called 'daggers drawn' with each other. All the reward which, as a rule, the upper proprietors obtain for affording a procreant cradle to the fish is a few weeks' angling—rod fishing closing on the Tay on the 10th of October. And as the upper men put the case 'without our breeding grounds, which we could easily destroy, if we pleased to adopt "a dog in the manger" policy, you could not draw your hundreds or thousands per annum from your tacksman; we ought to have a much higher percentage of your profits, therefore, than about one salmon for each thirty which you capture.' The upper proprietors, it must be admitted, have never yet been dealt with in a really liberal spirit, and under the circumstances suggested, they would undoubtedly be jealous of any extension of the time allowed for commercial fishing. Besides, there is not in existence, so far as we know, any machinery by which the close time could be annually regulated in accordance with the exigencies of the fishery; and, moreover, the question would naturally arise, 'At what point shall the line be drawn? how many salmon would require to be captured to constitute a successful season? and, in the event of such number being caught in some years—say by the end of July—would all the lessees then agree to close the water and cease fishing?' \*

\* It has also been suggested that, as salmon are taken alive in small quantities at a time—in threes and fours as a general rule—and can thus be handled 'individually,' fishing might in consequence be permitted all the year over, it being a fact of salmon fishing economy that absolutely clean fish can be obtained at all seasons. Fish in spawn, or which had newly spawned, might therefore be returned to the water by their captors, the fisherman being as a rule well able to distinguish between a prime healthy fish and a 'bagot' or 'weel-mended kelt.' One answer

The only circumstances in which it would be safe to conduct a salmon fishery on such a method would be for any particular river to be worked jointly for behoof of all interested on a *pro rata* scale; to be converted, in fact, into a joint-stock company, in which the rights of all the proprietors would be severally and justly respected. This idea of fishing a salmon river by means of joint-stock enterprise is not a new one, as it has been mooted before; but so far as can be at present foreseen, there are no impractical difficulties in existence to prevent such a scheme from being at once carried into effect, and the river we have in our mind's eye as the seat of such an experiment is the Tay, which is *par excellence* the salmon river of Scotland, having a sufficiency of fine tributary streams, in which the breeding fish find shelter and spawning places, and having likewise, as if to overawe the upper proprietors, at Stormontfield a nursery on the piscicultural plan, which is in good working order, and by means of which the salmon population of the river has been annually augmented for a period of a quarter of a century by about half a million well-grown smolts. The advantages which would accrue to the proprietors of a salmon stream by working it on what may be termed 'the mutual advantage system' are at once obvious. Under the present competitive system of fishing each of the tacksmen fights for his own hand; it is the daily object of each of them to prevent, if possible, the ascent of a single fish to any station above them. On the river Tay there are at present 132 fishing stations, namely 38 above the bridge of Perth, 49 between the bridge of Perth and Newburgh, and from that place to the mouth of the river there are 45 stations, or fisheries. These fisheries are worked by, or from, 178 'shots,' or nets. The 'shots' on the Tay average two for each station; one fishery is worked with four, but very few have more than three, and it may also be mentioned that, although the whole of the fisheries are not continuously worked, some of them being leased merely to keep away competition, and one or two shots are only netted on the Monday mornings, taking the chance of a fish having come up on the Sunday, yet a large number of persons are employed during the fishing season; over 30 men are engaged on one station, while employment will probably be given on the Tay to some 850 persons in the working of the various 'shots,' and in other

made to this scheme by gentlemen well versed in the economy of our salmon rivers was, 'Terribly dangerous, and not for a moment to be thought of.'

ways; so that probably there will be expended in the course of the fishing season a sum of £22,000 for wages, fully a half of which sum could probably be dispensed with were the proprietors of the fisheries to unite in a scheme of general working. The best way of putting the case is to say that the present rental of the River Tay, as assessed for police purposes, is £21,750 (both classes of fisheries are included in that sum, angling waters and commercial fisheries). That is the sum derived from the river by the owners from fisheries which are let to tenants or kept in hand. To pay such a rental, the wages of the persons employed, and admit of the tacksmen receiving an interest on their capital, expended on fishing gear, and proper payment for their enterprise and personal exertion in conducting their fishing stations, a very large number of salmon must be caught, as wages, interest, &c., cannot be calculated at less than twice the amount paid for rent, and the river must pay for all; in the case of the Tay, say a total sum of 65,250, which would necessitate the capture of at least 65,250 fish, each 16 lbs. in weight, to sell at the average of 1s. 3d. per lb. By means of the co-operative plan now hinted at, it is not too much to say that fewer fish would be required to produce their present incomes to the lairds; or if the same number, or a still greater number, were to be captured, the profit would be from a quarter to a third more; so that the Mugdrum fishery might yield to its owner £2,200 instead of £1,700 as at present, whilst Rash, Bush, and Cairney might bring in an annual sum of £3,000, the present rental of these combined stations being eight hundred pounds less, whilst the thousand per annum derived from 'Flookie' might also be largely increased, and other stations likewise be made more valuable. By forming the river into a joint-stock company, all the fish required could probably be taken at some twelve, or at the most twenty, shots, and the river could be closed as soon as the agreed upon number of fish had been obtained; and, writing in the interests of the proprietary, fish need only be caught when the price likely to be obtained was a high one; at present it is of course the interest of competing lessees to capture and have promptly sent to market every salmon that will enter their nets. It might be also arranged in the event of such a scheme being entered upon, that the capture of salmon should only embrace fish of a given size or weight, say 20 lbs., except in the case of grilse; and that only a given and very small percentage of the number of grilse taken, should be sent to market, it being pretty certain that a 6-lb. grilse, if

allowed to remain in the river, will one day become a 20-lb. salmon of the value of probably thirty shillings, whereas if disposed of as a grilse it might not have brought more than three or four half-crowns. Such a scheme could not of course be matured in a day, but the plan of fishing thus indicated is undoubtedly practical and quite worthy of being considered; taking the average rentals of a period of years, there should be no difficulty in fixing the respective shares of the owners.\*

As has been stated, Scottish salmon lairds, and lessees of fisheries as well, have during the past two years been rather alarmed by the outbreak of an epidemic disease in some of the Scottish salmon streams, just as the grouse lairds have been more than once terribly scared by 'the grouse disease,' and yet these birds, according to all accounts, were last season (1880) nearly as plentiful as ever they have been. A prolonged official inquiry was conducted last year into the causes of the malady which had affected the health of the salmon (*Saprolegnia Ferax*), and an elaborate report on the subject has recently been issued. This document, however, is somewhat disappointing, inasmuch as it leaves the question of the salmon plague as nearly as possible where it was found by the commissioners; in other words, it fails to assign the disease to any definite cause, nor does it provide a remedy. The industry of the reporters (Messrs. Buckland, Walpole, and Young) in collecting evidence is sufficiently evident, and that the evidence is valuable as an exposition of what has taken place among the salmon stock of certain rivers no one will be found to deny. In summing up this report the commissioners remark that 'increased observations by naturalists, microscopists, and other scientific persons, prolonged over many seasons, may possibly be

\* Were the Tay to be converted into a joint-stock salmon fishery, such questions as 'the falls of Tummel removal' might then be entered upon with great hopes of a favourable issue, the rights of the laird of Faskally being recognized by the requisite number of shares in the joint enterprise. The falls of Tummel in the meantime arrest the progress of the fish, and keep them out of four lochs, Tummel, Rannoch, Ericht, and Lydoch, and prevent them from having the use of a run of about one hundred miles of river. It is thought that for the sum of £2,000 the salmon could be introduced into these upper waters by the erection of a sufficient pass or fish stair, and that, as a consequence of such opening up of new spawning and feeding ground, the rental of the River Tay might be augmented by some £1,500 per annum. It has been more than once proposed to deal with the falls of Tummel, but each successive scheme has hitherto been abandoned.

necessary in order to enable us to arrive at a complete knowledge of the cause of the recent outbreak of *Saprolegnia*, and of the remedies which are applicable to this disease.' In that we agree, although plenty of time has elapsed since this fungoid growth was first observed; indeed, it was strangely overlooked during the period of alarm which recently prevailed, that this disease is no new thing, but has been frequently observed in the Tweed and its tributaries at intervals during the last sixty years, and is very well known in connection with fish kept in aquaria, and to persons who have been in the habit of hatching fish eggs on the piscicultural plan. We shall not venture in these pages to set up any theory of our own on the present phase of the salmon disease, but that the pollution of the water inhabited by affected fish has something to do with the spread of the fungus is more than probable. Pure water is an essential element in the health and increase of salmon, and it remains to be seen, as regards several Scottish salmon streams, whether or not the refuse of all kinds of manufactories is still to be drained into them, seeing that such matter might very likely be otherwise profitably utilized. The reports with regard to the English salmon streams teem with illustrations of the injury done to the fish. The following extract places the matter of pollution in its true light, as affecting the salmon supply—

In England and Wales, as well as in Scotland, manufacturers of all kinds of materials, from paper down to stockings, seem to think that rivers are convenient channels kindly given them by nature to carry away at little or no cost the refuse of their works. The owners of mines do even worse than this, for in many cases they cut off the pure mountain streams at the very sources of the rivers, and convert that which is naturally an emblem of purity into mud-containing streams, which, moreover, often contain no small proportion of mineral poisons that are fatal to birds, beasts, and fishes, and which would (if they had not sufficient intelligence to know better than to drink the water) prove noxious even to men, women, and children. The mine owners do more mischief than the manufacturers, for the dyes, chloride of lime, refuse, and other matters placed into the river by the latter may possibly get so diluted that in time they may become innocuous. The mines, on the contrary, by the pounded and powdered rock they put in the river, cover over the fine natural gravel of the river bed, where the fish would spawn if they could. Should perchance a fish deposit its eggs, this *débris* covers over the delicate ova and infant fish, and also destroys the weeds which breed the insects on which the fry would exist during their stay in fresh water. If the above-men-

tioned pollutions were by law kept out of the rivers within her Majesty's realms, I feel sure—and write it most advisedly—that the fisheries would vastly increase in their salmon producing powers in a very few years.—Page 12 of *Twelfth Annual Report*.

Another drawback to the prosperity of our salmon fisheries in some districts is poaching. It is an evil of great magnitude, and is an important factor in the economy of a salmon stream. A salmon is never more valuable than when it is intent on repeating 'the story of its birth.' If a salmon on the counter of a Bond Street fish merchant in the height of the London season be worth seven shillings a pound weight, a fish on its spawning bed about the middle of November is certainly worth as much per ounce, seeing that it is about to multiply its kind by tens of thousands! Yet that is the period usually selected by the poacher for carrying on his nefarious occupation; the time suits him, the nights are long and dark, and the fish being on the shallows are accessible to his rude devices. It matters not to the poacher that the salmon at the time selected for capture are in the worst possible condition for food. They are ruthlessly destroyed; and should the river flow past some small manufacturing town, the chances are that they will be destroyed throughout the close season in literal thousands. Spinners and weavers, especially in the border districts of Scotland, seem imbued with a passion for the killing of fish as well as for miscellaneous poaching of many kinds. A band of poachers from a manufacturing town have been known to sweep off the spawning beds in the course of a night a cart-load of gravid salmon, most of which would, in all likelihood, be found totally unfit for human food! At one period poaching in rural districts—but in saying so we are looking far back—was simply a recreation, more especially as regarded a 'burning of the water;' but nowadays poaching has become a 'business' of the most sordid nature. Forty years ago a peasant would, when opportunity offered, kill a hare or snare a rabbit or two for the benefit of his own soup pot, and after the same fashion the village shoemaker or blacksmith would spear a salmon, but not for sale. Now men bag our pheasants, snare our hares, and lift the spawning salmon off its procreant bed in order to obtain an occasional five or ten pound note by the sale of the animals to dealers. The game laws have been held up to public opprobrium by soft-hearted legislators as a clamant source of social evil, and their abolition has been often demanded in conse-



quence. We might as well demand the abolition of five-pound notes because rogues have been known to forge them, and have been punished in consequence. It must never be forgotten that the poacher of the period is a purely voluntary criminal, who chooses to commit an offence of the consequences of which he is not ignorant. There can be no property in game, say some of our philanthropists: certainly not, so far as the poacher is concerned, for he neither gives breeding ground nor feeding ground to beast or bird of any description. The 'business' poacher has no soul for sport, he will kill the hare on its *form*, or lift away a sitting pheasant, eggs and all; he is, as a rule, a truculent scoundrel, who, having an abhorrence of honest labour, settles down as a candidate for the distinction of the treadmill. In some of our salmon fishery districts—we allude specially to Scotland—poaching is far more virulent and sustained than in others. On the River Tay, for instance, there is, comparatively speaking, very little poaching; in season 1879-80 only fifty-seven men were prosecuted for illegal fishing, and fines exacted from them ranging from 10s. to £20. On the River Tweed and its tributaries poaching is a passion. On that classic stream poaching seems to be hereditary. Not long since three generations of one family stood before the sheriff charged with the crime; surely they must have been descendants of some of the old border reivers! It is perhaps not too much to say that over two hundred and fifty persons will, on the average, be prosecuted for poaching in the Tweed or its tributaries in the course of a year; and for one of the picturesque scoundrels who is found out and brought to justice ten will doubtless escape.\* The late Mr. Russel, author of 'The Salmon,' used to assert that there were at least one thousand men on the Tweed, each of whom in the course of a year would bag two or three salmon, most of them, of course, being 'black fish' (*i.e.*, foul fish). Think of that, and run up the account—probably three thousand spawning fish abstracted at the wrong time from one river and its tributaries! Say these fish averaged sixteen pounds' weight, and that

each in the legitimate way of trade would have brought to the tacksmen £1, we have thus a sum of £3,000, of which the lairds and their lessees have been despoiled: roughly speaking, it is a sum that would add a third to the present rental of the river. Counted up after another fashion, it may well be taken for granted that the killing of so many 'spawners' would exercise an appreciable effect on the productive power of the river; as it must ultimately become, if such wholesale poaching cannot be stopped, much less productive than it is at present.

It can be gleaned from the annual reports of the inspectors that poaching also prevails very extensively on all the English rivers in which there is salmon; unfortunately, there are very few. Of late some of the rivers have, we believe, been harried by organized gangs, who, setting the authorities at defiance, have openly taken and sold the fish. The effect of such wholesale spoliation on rivers which only produce salmon in tens, instead of, as in Scotland, by hundreds, must in time result in the total extinction of our finest fish. It requires a very populous river indeed to withstand the raids of the poacher, and the run upon it of the natural enemies of the salmon as well. Nature keeps up a severe balance, the ova of the fish are devoured in the hatching season by a number of enemies, whilst the young salmon have to pay tribute to the greedy pike and other piscine foes at all stages of their growth. When man, in the guise of a poacher, constitutes himself a factor in the account and robs the waters of their breeding fish, especially those rivers in which the salmon are scarce, it is no wonder that the fish disappear and streams become barren. The fishery inspectors, for the sake of the good work they are trying so hard to achieve, deserve the greatest possible encouragement. We are not of those enthusiasts, however, that expect a miracle to be worked; we shall not venture to say we shall ever obtain, far less within four or five years, as some enthusiasts hope, one million of choice salmon from our English streams and estuaries; less will serve us, and if the present supply even could be doubled, we would then look upon the future with greater hopes of success. Even to double the supply of salmon at present obtained from English rivers will involve several years of hard and continuous inspection. It is proverbial that what is reputed to be everybody's business is nobody's business, and with so many varied rights and interests to be reconciled, it will never be an easy task to render an English salmon river very productive. It is not

\* The report of the Tweed Commissioners for 1877-78, which may be selected as a fair sample of the others, says, as regards cases of poaching tried criminally under the Tweed Acts, the number of persons involved was—Berwick-on-Tweed 12, Dunse 8, Coldstream 4, Roxburgh 79, Selkirk 83, Peebles 86, total 272. Of these, 126 persons paid fines, 56 were imprisoned, 34 absconded, 51 were acquitted, and in five cases the proceedings were withdrawn or not enforced.

too much to assert that a much better rental could be derived from the salmon fisheries of some of the English rivers than from the mill races which in many instances still retard the ascent of the spawning fish to their natural breeding-grounds. The value of a salmon fishery depends chiefly, or indeed altogether, on the breeding streams to which the fish can obtain access, because nothing is more certain than that, if there are no proper breeding tributaries, there cannot be a large supply of salmon. Speaking generally, and with a knowledge that much good work of the kind has been done by the inspectors, we must counsel a still greater hewing down of the obstacles which hinder the ascent of salmon to the upper waters.

Mr. Buckland was a keen advocate of pisciculture, and no doubt much can be done by artificial breeding to stock rivers which are barren of fish. But it is discouraging to stock rivers for the benefit of poachers or to have the fish untimely killed by refuse from mines and chemical works. The place of pisciculture is undoubtedly on streams or stretches of water communicating with the sea, the salmon of which are largely excluded by natural obstructions from the upper shallows where they could find suitable breeding places. The most sustained and most successful artificial salmon breeding experiment known in this country has been conducted in connection with the River Tay. Salmon spawning and artificial hatching was commenced there in the year 1853, and has been continued annually ever since, and in the twenty-six years which have elapsed since that time about nine millions of eggs have probably been hatched and restored to the Tay as well-grown smolts. The expense of doing so has been trifling, it has scarcely exceeded £50 per annum, and it would be well if similar operations could be devised for one or two of our more likely English salmon waters.\* Another reform much wanted in salmon fishing for commercial purposes is a uniform plan of taking the fish. We advocate the abolition of every kind of fixed machinery of capture; every salmon fishery should be placed on the same footing, if that can be done. In Scottish rivers salmon are captured by means of net and coble, the latter being a small boat which contains the net; it is rowed out well

into the river, the net falling out as it progresses and encircling any salmon that it may encounter; when the boat, after describing a considerable curve, reaches the shore, the net is hauled in by men in waiting, and any fish it contains at once secured, the process being repeated two or three times, just as the tide may bring up the fish. This is a phase of salmon fishing economy about which much might be said, as it is thought by some economists that the net and coble 'shaves too close,' and does not allow the fish any chance of escaping; it is, however, the usual mode of fishing on Tay and Tweed, and is a consequence of the competitive system adopted by rival lessees who play the game of 'beggar my neighbour' with great industry, it being the sole object of each lessee to prevent, if possible, the escape of a single fish to the stations above his own.

One gratifying fact has now become prominent in connection with the economy of our salmon rivers; it is briefly stated, that salmon of the period all over are fully a pound and a half heavier than they were some twenty years ago. About that time the weight per fish had begun to decline in a rather alarming fashion, and was progressing 'downwards,' as we may say, at the rate of about six or eight ounces per annum, showing conclusively enough that, at the time referred to, the lessees of some salmon fisheries having a long catching season had broken upon the capital stock, and were gradually but surely exterminating the salmon. Had it not been that sounds of alarm were vigorously raised, and that such action was speedily taken as induced wise legislation, the salmon might probably by this time have been relegated to the catalogue of extinct animals. This is said in all seriousness. Although fish, and the salmon among others, are wonderfully prolific, it is quite possible to capture such a percentage of them as must affect the breeding stock, if the depletion be only continued long enough. Practical men, both lairds and lessees, will doubtless remember the agitation which arose, and the pamphlets and articles which were evoked, besides the continual letters in the newspapers of men who had much to say on the subject of the marked falling off which was taking place in the size of salmon. That danger has, however, been surmounted. We have but to look in the windows of our fish merchants' shops, or on the marble slabs which serve as counters, to see a surpassing display of fine large fish, fish ranging in weight from 15 to 35 lbs. and even 40 lbs. A dozen salmon, each above 20 lbs., may any day be seen in a well-patronized fish-merchant's place of business, and in all pro-

\* The rental of the Tay when the piscicultural operations were begun was (1854) £9,269; in 1857 the rent had risen to £10,722; in 1860 it had reached £13,827; in 1864 the proprietors were assessed on a rental of £16,742; in 1866 on £17,465; in 1872 the rental had fallen to £15,162, but had risen again in 1873 to £18,941. The present rental is given elsewhere.

bability he will have quite as many beyond the range of vision, stored perhaps in his cellar. Salmon ranging in weight from 20 to 35 lbs. are now abundant, but besides these some very large fish are frequently caught. The capture, indeed, of a pair of shapely salmon, twins perhaps, was recently announced, each fish weighing 48 lbs., and in the course of the season several larger giants of the deep were taken; notably, a 61-lb. fish was consigned last year to a London salesman which realized at the rate of 1s. 9d. per lb. to its captor for the whole fish; another of the same sort, the largest of the season, was taken at a fishing station on the Tay three miles below Perth, that fish was credited to Mr. Pourie, the lessee of the fishery, by his London agent at 63 lbs. and produced 3s. per lb. Seven or eight fish were last season taken on the Tay, ranging in weight from 48 lbs. to 53 lbs.; salmon below 48 lbs. are seldom marked. Of the salmon caught by the anglers who frequent Loch Tay, the average weight last season (spring, 1880) was  $21\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., the heaviest fish taken being one of 49 lbs., a pound less than the heaviest salmon taken on Loch Tay in 1854. The average weights of the Loch Tay fish, from the opening day in February to the end of May, has been in 1873,  $22\frac{3}{4}$  lbs.; 1874,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; 1875,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; 1876,  $20\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; 1877, the same; 1878,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; 1879, 23 lbs. There can be no doubt of the fact that the weight of our salmon, taking the fisheries all round, is now steadily on the increase. Mr. Speedie, of Perth, who has in his day had a vast amount of experience in commercial salmon fishing, gives the average weight per fish—having weighed a very large number, probably as many as five thousand, to arrive at a correct result—as a fraction over 17 lbs. for both spring and summer salmon.

Many gentlemen interested in salmon as property became somewhat alarmed two years ago at the large importations of 'canned' salmon from the Columbia, the McLeod, and other great rivers of America; but notwithstanding the fact of really considerable quantities having been received, the prices of home-caught fish have not been in the least affected by the supply, and now we hear that the American rivers are suffering from over-fishing, and that pisciculture is being already resorted to, to keep up the stock of breeding fish. 'Frozen salmon,' caught in Canadian waters, have also, by way of experiment, reached the London market, and it is, we believe, intended to continue the supply, so that these fish may be on sale at a period when our own rivers are closed, thus enabling the public to obtain fresh salmon

all the year round. 'This,' said Mr. Buckland, 'will necessarily very much affect the price of Dutch fish, and it is possible that in the course of time it may also affect the British salmon fisheries.' It will be a long time, we suspect, judging from what has taken place in the case of the importation of American beef, before the price of salmon will fall in our markets from the plentifulness of the Canadian supply. Although the present (1880) has been, comparatively speaking, a productive year, we have not observed that the price of salmon has in consequence, as compared with the seasons of 1878 and 1879, been at all favourably affected in the direction of consumers. We take the following quotations of the prices at Billingsgate, from the market reports of the *Field* newspaper—Billingsgate, May 7th: Fresh salmon, 1s. 8d. to 1s. 9d.; Grilse, 1s. 11d. to 2s.; Trout, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. June 11th, Salmon, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d.; Grilse, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.; Trout, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. August 13th: Large Scotch salmon, 1s. to 1s. 3d.; Grilse, 1s. to 1s. 1d.; Trout, 10d. to 11d. These of course are dealers' prices, and for whole fish only; traced to the West-end fish shops the quotations per lb. for fine table cuts would be found ranging from probably half-a-crown to five, and on occasion seven shillings. The early salmon which reach London, 'the firstlings of the flock,' are sold at quite 'fancy' prices; fish which may in Billingsgate yield whole at the rate of three shillings and sixpence, cannot be bought in the West-end of London at less than from eight to ten shillings per pound. Mr. Buckland once promised that we should all be able to purchase fine, fresh, home-grown salmon at less than sixpence per pound; but that kindly gentleman was far too sanguine, although in his day and generation, it must be owned, he worked with all his might to produce such a result.

As regards the present condition of the Scottish salmon fisheries, it may be safely enough asserted that they will speedily improve as compared with the last two seasons.

It may be safely predicted that at the present time (January, 1881) all the Scottish salmon rivers are well filled with fine fish. In some seasons, as during 1879, salmon have not the chance of 'running' at the exact time lessees of fisheries would select; but when the chance of ascending occurs, the fish in some seasons may be seen in literal hundreds seeking instinctively to reach their spawning places. It is impossible to take a census of the salmon population of such a river as the Tay, but we know it contains a vast number of salmon of all ages and sizes,

from the tiny *par* a few months old and two or three inches in length, to the giants of the tribe weighing from forty to fifty-five pounds. A female salmon of the weight of 30 lbs., it has been calculated, will yield nearly twenty-five thousand eggs, and that being so, it is sufficiently obvious that two hundred such fish would give five millions of ova; and if each egg were in due season to become a fish the Tay in the course of three years would become overstocked with salmon. As a hard matter of fact, probably one-half of the eggs alluded to would escape the act of fructification by the milt of the male salmon, whilst of those which might be impregnated with the quickening matter, many would fall an easy prey to a countless horde of enemies. The tiny *par*, as young salmon are called in the first stage of their growth, are devoured in tens of thousands, or die from hunger; and even the *smolts*, better able as they are to protect themselves, must prove active indeed if they can escape the foes constantly lying in wait for them as they journey from the place of their birth to the sea. It has been calculated that only about five salmon eggs in each thousand ever reach the dining-room as sixteen-pound salmon. From the size and appearance of the fish taken throughout the season of 1880, it looked as if the rivers were just about properly filled, for, when a stream is over-populated, the fish degenerate in condition, becoming small and lean. To keep rivers in fettle, the close times must be adhered to, so that a proper percentage of the salmon population may be permitted to reach their breeding places. Fishery lairds, and fishery lessees likewise, must have seen ere this that it is impossible to get more out of a river than Nature intended; if one year yields an abnormally prolific salmon harvest, there must necessarily follow a series of comparatively unfruitful years; for a river being of a given extent, it can only breed and feed a given number of fish.

J. G. BERTRAM.

### ART. III.—*The Masora.*

- (1) Buxtorf, *Tiberias*. Basilaë. 1620.
- (2) Walton's *Polyglot*. The Eighth Dissertation. London. 1657.
- (3) Pfeiffer, *Opera philologica*. Ultrajecti. 1704.
- (4) *The Tagmical Art*. By WALTER CROSS. London. 1698.
- (5) Wolfius, *Bibliotheca Hebræa*. Hamburgi. 1721.
- (6) Kennicott's *Dissertations*. Oxford. 1759.

(7) *The Hebrew Bible*. London. 1861.

(8) *The Masora*. By CHRISTIAN GINSBURG. Vol. I. London. 1880.

THE anxiety of the Jews for the preservation of the sacred text of the Old Testament manifested itself in the labours of the Masorets, which extended through a long series of years. Although in some cases trifling and foolish, and dealing with subjects of little utility, the great work, which has survived the lapse of time, is an enduring memorial of their diligence, and of the care with which they entered into the most minute details of critical research. Whatever be the value of it, they at least deserve the credit of having employed in their undertaking an amount of labour such as has probably never been bestowed upon any other book. Nothing in the text escaped their scrutiny, but the object aimed at was not fully accomplished, for various readings and other difficulties of different kinds still exist, testifying to the impossibility of transmitting to posterity ancient MSS., absolutely free from error. Some of the Jews said that the Masora was intended to be a fence to Holy Scripture, preventing mistakes from creeping into it, and hindering even a letter from going astray, just as the Pharisees invented a hedge or margin for the law, so as to obviate the possibility of infringing it even in the minutest point. If such were really the original intention, the failure led Houbigant to conjecture, that the term was subsequently employed, because the Masoretic criticisms were written at the beginning and end of MSS., and around the text in each page, and that they were called a fence, on account of the shape, rather than from any supposed efficacy in preserving it from corruption. The Rabbis were divided in opinion as to the value of this laborious work, and the same difference of view exists among Christians. To some it appeared that the labours of the Masorets were little better than trifling, and that counting the verses of the Bible, was of about the same practical utility, as numbering the leaves of a medical book would be with the view of curing diseases. Others were of opinion that they did not always succeed in removing obscurities from the text, that they frequently confused the elaborate system of punctuation, instead of rendering it more perspicuous, and that so far from clearing away obvious anomalies, they merely pointed them out, leaving the correction of them to others. Kennicott depreciated and probably undervalued the labours of the Masorets, but it ought not to be forgotten that they were the originators of textual criticism, and that,

if their work had never been carried on, it is probable that the text would have been more seriously corrupted, during the confusion which ensued, as the consequence of national disasters. The Masora itself has reached posterity in an imperfect form, and, from various causes, it has become in some places so obscure, that the discovery of the true meaning is next to impossible. This consideration alone should to some extent disarm hostile criticism. Still, after making due allowance for injuries caused by careless transcribers, and by neglect, it must be admitted that while, in some respects, affording invaluable assistance toward a correct understanding of Scripture, it contains much that is foolish, trifling, useless, and superstitious.

The degree of importance to be attached to the Masora must be determined by the estimate which may be formed of its authority. If Ezra and the prophets who came after him were the authors of any portion of it, whether by restoring correct readings, or by inventing the points and accents, this part of the work, if it could be separated from the rest, would carry with it superior, if not Divine sanction. In the absence of direct scriptural or other historical evidence as to the share which they actually took in the compilation, the distinction cannot be made, nor is it possible to determine what variations may have crept into the text, before and during the Babylonish captivity, nor how many of them they deemed it necessary to correct. That the earlier members of the Great Synagogue did make emendations may be regarded as probable, but beyond this, nothing is definitely known about their method of dealing with the sacred text. All other portions of the Masora, such as the enumeration of verses, the shape and position of particular letters, the number of the Kerieth, and the elaborate system of accentuation, must be regarded as the work of the later Rabbis, and destitute of all Divine authority.

Masora and Cabala are correlative terms, the former signifying tradition in the sense of that which has been handed down from one to another, and the latter, tradition in the sense of that which has been received, after being so transmitted. Ultimately each came to have a more restricted meaning. The latter is the expression used to describe the mystical or theosophic teaching of the Rabbis, after the destruction of the temple, while the former signifies the traditional criticism of the sacred text. The Masora does not concern itself with interpretation, except indirectly, in those cases where the compilers supposed that there were ellipses,

and in the accentuation, which is in itself a complete system of exegesis of the whole of the printed text of the Old Testament. It deals critically with verses, words, and letters, and with the changes which occur in particular passages. All the anomalies of the two latter, as well as those of the punctuation, including both vowels and accents, are carefully examined and noted. The number of each is reckoned up, and the middle verse of every book of Scripture is pointed out, the object of the work being to preserve the text from the possibility of interpolation, either by the omission or addition of a single letter. Although this great undertaking is believed never to have been completed, yet the Masora as it now appears, is a remarkable memorial of the persevering labours of learned Jews in different ages.

The original authors of it were called *Sopherim*, enumerators or scribes, because they counted the verses, words, and letters, and reviewed the text. Who they were, at what time they lived, and where they flourished cannot be determined with any degree of certainty, because there is no historical evidence which can be relied on. That they were not limited to any one period or generation is evident, but who were the first Masorets and with whom the order ended, are questions involved in hopeless obscurity. Aben Ezra, who lived about the middle of the twelfth century, said that the sages who flourished in the Rabbinic school of Tiberias about and subsequent to A.D. 500, were the authors of the Masora, in opposition to the opinion of other Jews, some of whom assigned to them a much earlier, and some a much later date. That they lived before this period can be shown conclusively, from passages in the Talmud, where their work is spoken of or referred to as already in existence. In the treatise entitled *Megilla* (the Roll), which contains an explanation of Neh. viii. 8, there is express mention of the Masora, and of the verses and accents. The treatise *Nedarim* (Vows) speaks of the *Keri* and *Cethib*, of the method of reading the text appointed by the Scribes, and of other departments of their critical labours. In *Kiddushim* (Espousals) the Masorets are called 'ancient,' and mention is made of their special work of numbering the verses, and fixing which was the middle one in each book. The Talmud differs also in many places from the Masora and contradicts it, from which it is evident that the latter must have been in existence before the former. These references are found in the Jerusalem and Babylonian Gemaras. In the Mishna, which was redacted in Palestine about A.D. 190, in the treatise on the Roll, there is a clear

reference to the verses into which the law and the prophets were then divided, showing that the arrangement must have been made at an earlier date. The Rabbis of Tiberias could not have invented the points and accents, because they notice their anomalies, which would scarcely have been the case, if they had themselves been the inventors of them.

Others take an entirely different view, and affirm that, like the oral law, the Masora was a collection of traditions handed down by Moses from Mount Sinai, that, passing from hand to hand, it came to Ezra and the men of the Great Synagogue, and that by them it was delivered to their successors, through whom it finally came to the Rabbis of Tiberias. The meaning of this has been explained to be, not that the various readings and the punctuation were actually originated by the lawgiver, and were coeval with the law itself, but that they were as certain and possessed of as much authority, as if he had actually appointed them. It must also be limited to the Pentateuch, because it cannot be supposed that traditional criticism could have come into existence in reference to books which had not been written.

In an age when copies of the Scriptures were only in MS., it was not possible that they could be multiplied without risk of error, and hence variations would necessarily arise. As long as the inspired authors of particular books were living, difficulties could be authoritatively removed, and true readings settled, but after their decease, an element of uncertainty would arise. However careful the Scribes might be, their work would be liable to mistakes, and in times of disaster and confusion, MSS. would be lost, and the text would run serious risk of being corrupted. In the general reformation carried out by Ezra and Nehemiah, after the return from the captivity, they gave special attention to the sacred books, and adopted whatever means they judged most effectual, both for their preservation, and for facilitating the general use of them by the people (Ezra vii.; Neh. viii.) In carrying out this great work, the men of the Great Synagogue were aided by the prophets Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, and whatever was definitely settled while they lived, must be regarded as bearing the stamp of Divine authority. After deciding what were the canonical books, and dividing them into the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, they proceeded to revise the text, and to arrange it in verses as they now appear. That many of the Keri'oth date from this period cannot be doubted. Jewish tradition further affirms that they invented both

vowels and accents, in order to facilitate reading and interpretation alike, but it is impossible to decide whether they were the authors of them, or only revisionists of the work of their predecessors. That Ezra and his colleagues were the first of the order of the Masorets was believed by many learned Jews, including Rabbi Assaria, Rabbi Gedaliah, Isaac Abarbanel, Ephodæus, and others.

The work of criticism having been set on foot, was prosecuted with unflinching energy by succeeding Rabbis. As MSS. multiplied, various readings tended to increase, and errors began to creep into the sacred text, which afforded abundant material for the critical acumen of the Masorets to work upon. When a vast body of criticism had been accumulated, the disasters which overtook the nation at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, put an end to their labours, and the Masora being forgotten, was in danger of being lost. Four centuries and a half after the overthrow and dispersion of the nation, according to Elias Levita, a council of learned Jews was summoned to meet at Tiberias, for the purpose of consulting about various religious questions. Delegates came from distant countries, and as one result of their deliberations, it is supposed that the critical labours of the Masorets were revived. Aben Ezra thought that this was the occasion on which the points and accents were invented by the united ingenuity of the assembled Rabbis. From henceforward the work of criticism was carried on, till all traces of it are lost amid the darkness of the middle ages.

The language and form of the Masora are peculiar. The former is Chaldee, and the style is both intricate and difficult to master. If the abbreviations and mnemonic signs be also taken into account, the whole will not be a subject of study likely to prove attractive to many. In the first instance, the Masora was written on sheets, separate from the sacred text. This was the shape in which it appeared when it was studied by Elias Levita, with a view to the preparation of his work entitled, 'Masoreth Hammasoreth.' His labours were aided by a compendium in MS. called, 'Achla veachla' (Food and food), without which he said he could never have mastered its voluminous details. In the course of time, in order to furnish tangible assistance for the study of the sacred text, extracts were inserted in the margin, and with the view of crowding as much information as possible into the limited space, abbreviations, numeral letters, and symbolical terms were employed, instead of the more extended method of writing. This was called the Masora parva, and, for

obvious reasons, is unintelligible to all except those who have mastered the symbols, of which a full explanation is provided by Buxtorf in his '*Clavis Masoræ*.' In the course of time it was deemed expedient to insert upon each page more copious extracts, and in consequence, partly from a desire to magnify the learning of the Rabbis, partly to increase the value of the MSS., and partly to furnish additional assistance toward understanding the text, the Masora was written around it on each side. Instead of following the ordinary style of calligraphy, the Scribes adopted the fantastic method of ornamenting each page by carving their writing into the shape of animals, such as lions and tigers, and various other ingenious figures. This practice became a fruitful source of error and confusion, because, in order to preserve the symmetry, words were omitted from one clause, or added from another, regard being had to the figure, rather than to the sense. The corruption consequently became so great, that the utmost ingenuity of those who have attempted to decipher the meaning, has frequently been attended with but indifferent success. This is called the Masora textualia. All that could not be written around the text on each page was placed at the end of the MS., and became the Masora finalis, both together constituting the Masora magna. At the beginning of each book there was also placed a short Masora preliminaris. The first part of the Masora finalis consists of words arranged in alphabetical order, and after this comes a catalogue of terms, about the reading of which there was a difference of opinion between Rabbi Asher and Rabbi Naphtali, who were famous rectors of academies, the former in Palestine, and the latter in Babylonia, about the first half of the eleventh century. There is then a list of words in regard to which there was a similar divergence of views between the Eastern and Western Jews, and the whole closes with a short introductory treatise on the system of accentuation.

The scarcity of MSS., and the difficulty of understanding them, proved to be formidable obstacles in the way of Christian scholars obtaining an accurate knowledge of the Masora. When Daniel Bomberg was preparing the Hebrew Bible for publication, he conceived the idea of printing the Masoretic commentary along with it. The story of the way in which he came to employ Jacob ben Chajim, a Tunisian Jew, to prepare the text, has been told by the latter in a lengthy preface, of which there is a Latin translation in Kennicott. MSS. were sought for in every place, no expense was spared in procuring

them, and all available materials were provided, with the view of bringing out an edition as correct as possible. After great labour had been expended in collating and correcting them, wherever it seemed to be necessary, the first printed copy of the Masora was printed at Venice in 1526. The work proved, as might have been expected, not free from errors, and in the beginning of the next century, Buxtorf determined to bring out another and more correct edition, along with his Rabbinic Bible. This was published at Basle in 1618, and was a great improvement upon the labours of Ben Chajim. In the preface to his Tiberias, he said that it was not his intention to remove every error from the text, but only to deal with such as presented themselves more prominently to his notice. Walton says that his success in correcting many of the errors overlooked by his predecessor was great. Notwithstanding the efforts to secure a correct text, the Masora as then printed was, in the opinion of Jablonski, mutilated, in many places obviously erroneous, in many more suspected, and frequently both self-contradictory, and at variance with extant MSS. He thought its condition to be so unsatisfactory, that it would require the labours of a Hercules to clear out the Angean stable. Although spasmodic efforts have been made by subsequent scholars to correct portions of the text, little or nothing has been accomplished since the time of Buxtorf. What was to have been a complete recension of the Masora, accompanied by a Latin translation, was begun by Abichtius, but the design seems to have been abandoned, owing to the pressure of other duties. The want which was long felt by students has been met by Dr. Ginsburg, who has given the labours of many years to the preparation of an edition cleared of errors, as far as may be possible. What success has attended his efforts will only be appreciated by a limited number of scholars. The first volume of an edition of the Masora, by the late Dr. Freusdorff, was published in Germany some years ago, and a second is expected to appear shortly, but the work cannot be continued, owing to the MS. being left unfinished at his death.

The Masoretic criticism of the verses of Holy Scripture consisted in numbering them, and in pointing out certain peculiarities, the utility of which may be considered to be doubtful. If the intention was to prevent the possibility of addition or diminution, the success scarcely corresponds to the effort, because the computations differ widely, and the earlier and later Masorets do not always agree in points of detail. The

total number was stated to be 23,206, but this cannot be relied on as absolutely accurate, because it supposes that all available MSS. were exactly the same, which is improbable, and because, in reckoning the verses of the Pentateuch alone, there is an irreconcilable diversity. The Talmudic treatise Kiddushin fixes the number of the latter at 5,888, and the Masora in Buxtorf's Bible at 5,245, so that the difference between the earlier and later Masorets on this point is 643. In his Tiberias, Buxtorf said that another computation which he deemed erroneous, made them to be 5,845, while Elias Levita, in his 'Masoreth Hammasoreth,' thought that there were 5,842. The work of the Masorets in pointing out the middle verse of each book is equally unreliable. The latter said that the middle verse of the Pentateuch was Lev. xiii. 33, while the earlier fixed it at Lev. viii. 8, which shows considerable diversity. The number of verses in the book of Joshua is stated in the Masora to be 656, and the middle one to be chap. xiii. 26, but both calculations are erroneous, because vers. 36 and 37 of chap. 21, which now appear in the English version, were not taken into account, being regarded as spurious. The effect of this ancient opinion is still seen in their being placed unpointed in the margin of the Masoretic text.

The labours of the Masorets also appear in their notation of the peculiarities of particular verses, which Kennicott stigmatizes as *difficiles nugæ*. They noted that one verse, Jer. xxi. 7, contained 42 words and 160 letters, that three had each 80 letters, as the Masora observes at Num. xxxvi. 8, that in five there were 5 consecutive words of 2 letters each, of which 1 Kings iii. 26 is one, that three began and ended with the word Jehovah, as Deut. xxxi. 3, which the Rabbis said was intended to symbolize the eternal essence of God, that twenty-six contained each all the letters of the alphabet, of which one, Zeph. iii. 8, had also 5 final letters, and many other similar details, equally important or valueless.

Connected with the Masoretic recension of verses are *Pesik* or pause, *Ittur Sopherim*, the collation or rejection of the Scribes, and *Tikkun Sopherim*, the restoration of the Scribes. The first, which is also called *Piska*, when used as an accent, signified that there was to be a stop in the cantillation. When it appeared as a stroke or a circle in the body of the text, the Masorets intended it to mean, that there was a pause or ellipsis in the sense, but not a hiatus. The illustration furnished, is Gen. iv. 8, where a supposed deficiency in the meaning has been

supplemented in different ways, but, according to their views, without any necessity. *Pesik* has disappeared from the passage in the present Hebrew text. They said that there were twenty-five other cases, but Buxtorf was not able to discover them in the Masora, or to fix with certainty upon any passages in the sacred text, to which the criticism applied, except the one already specified. The *Ittur Sopherim* is mentioned as a tradition from Moses on Mount Sinai in the Talmudic treatise Nedarim, where five passages are pointed out, to which it had reference. In each of these there was a word to which it was the common practice to prefix the letter *vav* in reading the text, although not found in it. Ben Chajim, in his preface, specified only four, of which one does not occur in Nedarim.\* The Masorets said that the edition being unauthorized, ought not to be made, and hence the criticism was called the rejection of the Scribes, because they discountenanced the usage. No trace of the superfluous copula is found in the English version in any of these places, or in the present Masoretic text. The *Tikkun Sopherim*, correction, or rather appointment, of the Scribes, had reference to passages mentioned in the Masora on Num. i. and Psalm cvi., in which it was supposed that there were erroneous readings. Some, thinking that the original text contained certain anthropomorphic statements derogatory to the Divine majesty, or that the context required a different form of expression than that which actually appeared, had introduced alterations, in order to remove the supposed difficulty. In all such cases, the Masorets said that the original reading was to be retained, because it had the sanction of Divine authority, which precluded alterations. This rule applied to eighteen passages, including Gen. xviii. 22, and Num. xi. 15, but only seventeen are given in the Masora, Lam. iii. 20 being supposed by some to be the verse omitted. In the first it was thought that the correct reading ought to have been, 'and the Lord stood before Abraham,' which had been altered into the present form, and in the second that it should have been, 'let me not see thy wretchedness,' which was changed into my 'wretchedness.' Some think that the *Tikkun Sopherim* was nothing but an invention of the later Jews, and that it never had any existence in fact, because the

\* The passages in Nedarim are, Gen. xviii. 5; xxiv. 55; Num. xxxi. 2; Ps. xxxvi. 6; lxviii. 26. Of these Ben Chajim omits the second, and instead of the third gives Exod. xxiii. 18. He seems to have followed the Masora on Ps. xxxvi. 6, where only four are specified.



present readings are found in all the ancient versions, and in the oldest MSS., while the others never appear. Walton's opinion is, that when Ezra, after the return from the captivity, compared the MSS. together, he really found in some the erroneous readings, and that he corrected them on the authority of other copies. This is only conjecture.

A large amount of labour was bestowed by the Masorets on the words of Scripture, which they viewed in a variety of aspects. No account of the number of them is to be found in the Masora, but, since they counted the letters, and ascertained how often each occurred, it is not probable that they omitted to make the calculation. They mentioned, yet not in all cases, how often a particular word occurred, and thus laid the foundation of the system of concordances. The place in sentences of certain words was also noted. They counted the particles in each book, in order to prevent the possibility of any alteration in the beginning of verses. They observed the words which occurred in the middle, and in certain combinations of them, where the accents remained unchanged, and where they varied. They observed how often certain terms were construed together, of which illustrations are to be found in Buxtorf, and prosecuted other researches of which it is difficult to discern the practical utility.

Of greater importance were their labours in pointing out words of which the signification was different in different places. The Masora indicates that the term rendered 'leaf' in Gen. viii. 11, in six other places means 'ascend.' In Gen. xxvi. 12, the Hebrew term rendered 'fold' (measures) is in all other places rendered 'gates.' In ver. 21 'Titnah' is a proper name (marg. 'hatred'), but the Masora points out that it is never again used as such, elsewhere meaning 'accusation,' as in Ezra iv. 6. The Masoretic criticism of Psa. xxii. 17 is, that, while both there and in Isa. xxxviii. 13, כָּאֵרִי has the same punctuation, in the latter case it means 'as a lion,' although in the former it must receive a different interpretation.\*

To this class of criticisms belong the *Sevirin*, or places where at first sight some other reading or form than that found in the text might seem to be required. At Gen. xix. 23, the Hebrew verb rendered 'risen' is in the masculine gender, where it might have

been supposed that the feminine form was required to agree with the nominative, but the Masora parva notes that, although the construction seems to violate the ordinary rule, the reading ought not to be changed, because the noun is epicene. At Exod. iv. 19 the Hebrew term translated 'into Egypt' does not appear with the final ך, which, when added to certain words, signifies motion to a place, yet the Masorets said that no alteration ought to be made, because there are other places where a similar form occurs. Although other anomalies frequently occur in the text, which does not always strictly observe grammatical rules, still they did not consider that there was sufficient reason for correcting them, so that in all cases they were allowed to remain unchanged. Words written defectively, or with a *scriptio plena*, were not noted in every instance. Whenever a particular term was found more frequently defective than otherwise, the latter cases, being the exceptions, were enumerated, and whenever the former were the exceptions, they were counted, the others being omitted. These criticisms applied principally to words written with ך and ך, and more rarely to those with ך and ך. In Gen. ii. 7 the Hebrew verb rendered 'formed' has a double ך, and the Masora notes that elsewhere the superfluous letter is not found. In Num. xiv. 37 the term translated 'did bring up' does not occur in any other place written defectively. Other examples may be found in Buxtorf.

In the margin of the Masoretic text are placed Keri'oth, about the origin of which there is great difference of opinion. The text contains the Cethib, while the vowels placed beneath belong not to it, but to the Keri, from which it might be inferred that the latter was always to be read. These various readings are found in every book of the Bible except Malachi, but there is no agreement as to the exact number of them. Elias Levita reckoned up 848 passages in which the reading in the text differed from that in the margin, which he called *Karian vecathban*, because the numerical value of the letters of these words is the same. Others largely increase the number, and Buxtorf says that in the printed copies alone, many more are to be found, as might be expected. Neither is there any unanimity of opinion as to the time at which the Keri'oth began. It has been confidently inferred by Walton and others, that they could not have been in existence in the time of Jerome, because no mention is made of them in any of his writings, and it has been thought incredible that terms which materially affect the sense in numerous passages, if then known, should

\* כָּאֵרִי stands in the present Masoretic text of Psa. xxii. 17, but the English version, following the Septuagint, has translated as if the Hebrew were כָּרִי, which is supposed to have been the original reading, and to have been altered by the Jews. The difficulties of the passage seem to be insuperable.

have been neglected by him in his commentary. After his time, the first distinct mention of Keri'oth is found in the Jerusalem Talmud, which refers to a few various readings, showing that textual criticism was not altogether unknown in that age. Elias Levita and other Jews said that they originated with Moses, that they were a tradition from Sinai, and that after being handed down orally, they were ultimately reduced to writing by the men of the Great Synagogue. Buxtorf thought that Ezra was really the originator of them, because, when collating MSS. with a view to the preparation of a correct text, he found variations, some of which were of sufficient value to be placed in the margin, and that thus a system began which was afterwards more fully developed. It was a conjecture of Michaelis that, because no Keri'oth are found attached to the Hebrew text of the prophet Malachi, the collation was first made in his time, and that variations then began to be recognized. That they must be long prior to the age when the Talmud was redacted, and to that of the men of Tiberias, is clear, because the Septuagint, the Targums, and the Vulgate follow the Keri in some cases, which can only be explained by supposing either that the authors used MSS. with marginal readings, or else that the words then in the text in these places are now the Keri'oth. The view of Kennicott, with which Wolfius agrees, is, that they were extracted from a few copies in different ages, some being ancient and others comparatively modern, that they were of gradual growth, and that the work of collecting them, which had been begun at a time which cannot be determined, was continued and developed by the Masorets of Tiberias.

Both among Jews and Christians, there is also great diversity of opinion as to the way in which the Keri'oth originated. Some of the former said that they arose from the mistakes of the sacred writers, who were either imperfectly acquainted with the grammar and genius of the Hebrew language, or were careless in their style of writing. This view, which shows that those who held it would have dissented from the doctrine of verbal inspiration, was rejected by Elias Levita and Ben Chajim. Others held that they were only various readings, arising from the diversity of MSS. which had not been transcribed with sufficient care during the Babylonish captivity, and that, whether the Cethib or the Keri ought to be preferred, should be decided by the context. This was the opinion of Kimchi, which is supported by the Jerusalem Talmud and by the ancient Levitical treatise Siphri. A third view is

that they were inserted in the margin by the sacred writers themselves to denote mysteries, but Morinus ridicules it, by observing that if the number of the Keri'oth was 848, the former must have been very numerous. Other Jews, agreeing with Ben Chajim, refrained from expressing any opinion, and contented themselves by saying vaguely that they were a tradition of Moses from Mount Sinai.

Christian scholars likewise disagree as to the manner of the origin of the Keri'oth. Some are of opinion that they arose from the diversity of MSS., those who hold this view being divided into two classes. The former includes the scholars who maintain that they originated from the mistakes of the copyists, and the latter those who say that they are the various readings of the MSS. of high authority, which revisionists did not venture to reject, preferring to retain one in the text and the other in the margin. This last was the opinion of Lightfoot, Buxtorf and Pfeiffer, and it follows from it, if of any value, as a necessary corollary, that the Keri is not always to be preferred to the Cethib. Others think that they are not variations of MSS., but emendations inserted by the Masorets in the margin, as the result of a critical examination of the text, and others, as Walton, that they originated from both sources. Vitringa and Prideaux believed that they arose partly from the mistakes of the copyists, and partly from the superstition and critical labours of the Masorets. The Abbé Hiller, rejecting the foregoing theories, propounded an opinion which had at least the merit of novelty. He thought that both the Cethib and the Keri should be regarded as being of Divine origin. When Ezra was engaged in multiplying copies of the Scriptures, he did not always employ exactly the same words, and being an inspired man, the variations could not be attributed to human imperfection. Hence arose diversities, which were perpetuated by subsequent copyists, who did not venture to reject any of them. The autographs of Ezra were regarded as of absolute authority, and whatever differences were in them, appeared in all subsequent copies. In support of this view, Hiller appealed to a passage in the Talmud, without providing any reference. It is found in the treatise Taanah (Fasting), in the Jerusalem Gemara, of which Morinus furnished a translation. The purport of it is, that three Esdrine MSS. were discovered, which were collated by the Rabbis. In several passages they were found to differ, and where two were agreed, the reading in the third was rejected. This passage, if nothing else, shows that at the time when the Jerusalem

Talmud was compiled, the Masorets were accustomed to determine readings on the evidence of the majority of copies. It is doubtful, however, whether these MSS. were so ancient, because the Talmudic term which Morinus rendered 'Ezra,' also means 'court,' and then the sense would be, that three were found in the court of the temple, no time being specified. Lightfoot thought that one had been used by the Jews who remained in the Holy Land, another by those who had been carried to Babylon, and a third by those who had settled in Egypt, that each was of high authority, and that the agreement of any two of them decided the reading. Others, rejecting the authority of the Keri, held that the Cethib was always to be preferred, because it was found in the inspired text. Danzius thought that the former were originally inserted in the margin as explanatory terms, and that in the course of time they came to be regarded as alternative readings, contrary to the original intention. Walton mentions that this view was held by Neotericus. Amid such a conflict of opinion, it is difficult to determine which ought to be followed, but the view which will probably commend itself to general acceptance is, that the Keri arose partly from the variations of MSS. caused by the mistakes of transcribers, and partly from the critical labours of the Masorets, who wished to correct the text where they supposed that it had been corrupted.

Although attempts were made by Hiller and others to arrange the Kerieth in classes without much success, nevertheless there are two sets of them deserving of notice. There are places, such as Deut. xxviii. 30, 2 Kings vi. 25 and x. 27, Isaiah xlii. 16, and Zechariah xiv. 2, where the Masorets inserted in the margin alternative readings, which they supposed to be less offensive to modesty. This innovation was displeasing to the Karaites, who censured it in the Talmudic treatise *Chilluk*, or the controversy of the Karaites with the Rabbis. Their principal objection was, that if in these cases liberties might be taken with the sacred text, it was impossible to say where they were to stop. The reason assigned by the Masorets for the substitution of euphemisms was, that certain words were not at first used in the sense which was afterwards attached to them, but this view cannot be maintained, because the prophet Zechariah employed such terms to express the same meaning as that which had been attached to them in the earlier Scriptures. It was the opinion of Pfeiffer, that Ezra and the Great Synagogue first added these Kerieth, because he thought it improbable that the cause which originated them,

was the mock modesty, which was supposed to be offended in later times by the excessive naturalism. In these cases the English version invariably follows the Cethib.

There is another class of Kerieth which substitutes the negative particle *ל* for *ל* 'to him,' or the contrary, which must be considered of some importance, because the meaning is seriously altered. The Masora magna reckons up fifteen places, including Exod. xxi. 8 and Lev. xi. 21, where one or other term is found in the margin. Buxtorf, in his '*Lexicon Rabbinicum*,' on the same authority, added two more, that is, Isa. xlix. 5 and 1 Kings xi. 20, but the latter is not now found in the margin of the ordinary Hebrew Bibles. Hiller raised the number to eighteen, from which others differ, both in the total, and in the particular passages specified. As to the cause of this diversity of reading, there is little agreement among scholars. Vitringa supposed that it arose partly from the carelessness of copyists, partly from the superstition of the Rabbis, and partly from the critical examination of the text. The Septuagint, the Targums, and the Vulgate sometimes follow the Cethib, and sometimes the Keri, and in the English version the practice is not uniform. Whether one or the other should be followed must be decided by the context, and by the accents, which in some cases help to determine the reading.

The Talmudic treatise *Nedarim* mentions words which were to be read although not written in the text, and others which, although written, were not to be read. In the Hebrew Bible the vowels of the former only appear, leaving the consonants to be supplied from the Keri. Ben Chajim produced from the Talmud seven examples of the former, including 2 Sam. viii. 3 and Jer. xxxi. 38, and of the latter five, including 2 Kings v. 18 and Jer. li. 3. These words stand in the body of the text without punctuation, and are noted in the margin. Each class is reviewed in the Masora, and the instances are pointed out, but authorities differ as to the number of the former. The Gemara noted seven, Elias Levita eight, Avenarius twelve, Capellus and Walton thirteen, while the Masorets reckoned ten. Pfeiffer collected twenty-seven examples, including vowels for entire words and for syllables only.

From the criticism of words the Masorets passed to that of the letters of the sacred text. They counted them all, and found that in the entire Bible the number was 815,208. This calculation is certainly erroneous, because Shickhard said that there were upwards of 1,236,000, while Dr.

Gregory Sharpe reckoned them at 1,167,280. They noted how often each was used, and the middle letter in every book. Whether such calculations, although an undoubted proof of their industry, and of their desire that the sacred text should be preserved inviolate, were of any practical utility, may be considered as at least doubtful.

Questions also arose connected with the size, shape, position, and punctuation of letters which deserve notice, because they serve to illustrate to some extent the superstitious tendencies of the Rabbinic mind. They were enlarged, diminished, inverted, suspended, distinguished by peculiar marks, as when a final letter appears in a few cases in the middle of a word, and transposed. As to the meaning of these peculiarities there are various opinions. Buxtorf thought that such diversities were not introduced into the text without sufficient reasons, which were well known to those who originated them. In the course of time, as the consequence of national troubles and confusion, the knowledge of them was lost, and their place was supplied by supposed mysteries and similar fictions. At first these peculiarities may have contributed to the preservation of the text, and they probably indicated a secret meaning, which was preserved in the schools by oral tradition. When the seminaries of learning were broken up, and scholars and teachers were dispersed, this department of knowledge, not having been committed to writing, entirely perished, while the letters were still preserved in their former shape, serving at least as perpetual memorials of the elder Rabbis. Another view was held by some, who thought that the diminished letters were intended to indicate a limit within which, reckoning from the last enlarged form, a certain number was included. Thus, between  $\beth$  enlarged in Gen. i. 1 and  $\daleth$  diminished in Gen. ii. 4 there are 1,112 letters. The diminished  $\beth$  in the last word of Gen. xxiii. 2 was supposed to have been the limit of a certain number formerly known, but now forgotten. This uncertainty seems to be inconsistent with the theory. Hiller conjectured that the changes of vowels, which could not be expressed by any other symbols, were indicated by these peculiarities in the letters, so that those which were enlarged or diminished, signified that long were used instead of short, or the contrary, as he thought would be evident by comparing good MSS. Suspended letters showed that the words in which they occurred had been transposed with those standing immediately before them in other copies. A fourth opinion is, that these peculiarities originated with the Masorets, who used them simply

as critical marks. This was the view of Wolfius, who gave as an illustration the letter  $\gamma$ , which appears suspended in Ps. lxxx. 14, to indicate that it was the middle letter of the book of Psalms, although others have assigned to it a different meaning. Here again the conflict of opinion shows that the real meaning of these peculiarities cannot be determined with certainty.

In the sacred text there are examples of the enlargement of every letter of the alphabet. This peculiarity could not have been invented by the Masorets of Tiberias, because it is mentioned in the Talmudic treatise *Sopherim*, which speaks of the enlarged  $\beth$  in Deut. xxix. 27, as it now appears in the text. Buxtorf explains it to signify mystically the terrible nature of the expulsion of the people from the promised land, as the punishment of their sins, and its perpetuity, unless followed by national repentance. The enlarged  $\beth$  in Levit. xiii. 33 is supposed to mean, in the same way, that three persons were shaved, the boy who had reached his fourteenth year, the Nazarite who had accidentally touched a dead body, and the Levite, this being the numerical value of the letter. The  $\beth$  in Ps. lxxx. 16 was used to symbolize the perpetual greatness of the vine, which, having been transplanted from Egypt as an offshoot, had, under the fostering care of the Almighty, grown up strong and magnificent. It was also said that the curves of the letter were signs indicative of the depression of it, under the calamities which would overtake the nation. It was supposed that the enlarged  $\gamma$  in Deut. vi. 4 was intended for emphasis, and to awaken attention to the importance of the declaration contained in the passage. Others thought, that, as the numerical value of the letter was seventy, it pointed to the seventy nations, into which the Rabbis supposed mankind to be divided, who, if the Jews should prove disobedient, would listen to the Divine call (Isa. xxxiv. 1). In Lev. xi. 42 the enlarged  $\beth$  was undoubtedly a critical mark, intended to point out that it was the middle letter of the Pentateuch.

The same principle of explanation has been applied to the letters which appear in many places in the text smaller than the others. This peculiarity is also alluded to in the treatise *Sopherim*. In the Masoretic preface to Leviticus, and at the beginning of the Masora finalis attached to the same book, there is a review of the thirty-three passages where they are found. In both the list is incomplete, some cases being mentioned in one which are not found in the other. These letters are supposed in particular cases to express contempt for persons

referred to in the context. The diminished  $\text{p}$  does not appear in the ordinary Hebrew Bible at Exod. xxxii. 25, nor  $\text{q}$  in Deut. xxxi. 27, although in both passages the Masorets marked them as reduced in size, to express indignation at the conduct of the rebellious Israelites, and the ignominy which would in consequence certainly overtake them. In Esther ix. 7, 9, where the diminished  $\text{r}$  and  $\text{w}$  occur in the names of two of the ten sons of Haman, who were slain by the Jews, it is supposed that the alteration was intended to signify contempt. Why Parshandatha and Parmashta should have been singled out for this special mark of scorn, while the others are not noticed, does not, however, distinctly appear. In Vajeza-tha, the last name in the list,  $\text{r}$  is enlarged and  $\text{y}$  diminished in the Masoretic text. Both peculiarities are accounted for by Buxtorf in the same way, by supposing that although he was the youngest, he was equal to his brothers in wickedness, the latter letter signifying his youth, and the former his criminality. The diminished  $\text{r}$  in Prov. xxviii. 17 was supposed to express the real misery of him who had incurred the guilt of shedding innocent blood, and who was in consequence not even deserving of being called a man.

The only inverted letter in the Old Testament is  $\text{y}$ , which assumes this form in eight passages, having in each a mystical signification. In Num. x. 35 and xi. 1, in the ordinary text, the peculiarity does not appear, while immediately before each verse in the open space, the inverted letter is inserted. In the former example it was supposed to mean, that when the ark moved forward, all the enemies of Israel would be driven backward, and in the latter, that it was a symbol of the perversity of the people, when they complained of their hard lot, and of their ingratitude for the many favours they had received from God. The Masora parva on Exod. iii. 19, speaks of the  $\text{y}$  in the first word as being turned obliquely, no trace of this peculiarity being now found in the ordinary Hebrew Bibles. It was explained to mean, that the heart of Pharaoh had been turned aside, so that he would not allow the Israelites to depart until forced by extreme pressure.

The Masora notes that there are only four words in which suspended letters appear elevated above the others. These are  $\text{y}$  and  $\text{y}$ , of which, the former occurs only once, and the latter three times, and in each case the explanation is difficult. The first is found with this peculiarity in the Hebrew of the term Manasseh, in Judges xviii. 30, where Gershom is said to be his son. In the Tal-

mudic treatise Bava Bathra (Last Gate), it is said that the letter was suspended to show that the latter, although really the son of Moses, had Manasseh assigned to him as his parent, because he did the works of the wicked king. A later rabbi explained the anomaly to mean, that the sacred writer was unwilling to call Gershom the son of Moses, because it was discreditable to the lawgiver to have such a child, and that the  $\text{y}$  was suspended to show that it might be either read or omitted, so as to leave it ambiguous who was the parent, the term in the former case remaining unchanged, and in the latter, becoming Moses. The suspension of  $\text{y}$  in Psa. lxxx. 14 has been already referred to. Rabbi Solomon and others, explained it in a mystical sense. They said its elevation meant that it might be either read or omitted, in the former case, the sense being, that the wild boar of the forest would cause devastation, and in the latter, that it would be like a fish of the sea, which could not come out of the water, and which would die, even if it could reach the dry ground. If the Israelites should prove themselves worthy, their enemies would be as powerless to injure them as a marine animal, while, if they should turn out unworthy, they would be as destructive to them as a boar destroying everything in its course. Rabbi Bechai said that the  $\text{y}$  suspended was a symbol of Jesus crucified by the Romans with his head downwards, and an expression of the Jewish contempt for His followers, because they caused the destruction of the vine of Israel, that is, the temple at Jerusalem. Here, as in many other places, the Romans were alluded to under the name of Christians. The second example is found in Job xxxviii. 13, where the  $\text{y}$  of the Hebrew term for 'wicked' appears in the text suspended, to show that they shall perish like dust cast upward toward heaven, so that their place shall know them no more. The third case occurs in the 15th verse of the same chapter, and in the same word. The Talmudic treatise Sanhedrim explained the meaning to be, that when a wicked man, on account of his wickedness, becomes hateful to the righteous in this lower world, he also loses the favour of God in the upper, and that the heavenly light is taken from him, in which the pious walk and shall rejoice for ever. As the suspended letters are mentioned in the Talmud, it is evident that the peculiarity must have existed previously, and that it was not invented by the Masorets of Tiberias.

In the text of the Old Testament there are fifteen places noted by the Masorets, where marks which are neither vowels nor accents stand over particular letters. The Jews here

find mysteries, but the real design of those who affixed them is only a matter of conjecture. Their antiquity cannot be doubted, because they are mentioned by Jerome in his Questions on Genesis, in the book Zohar (Light), supposed by some to be older than the Talmud, and in the Talmud itself. When the Masorets were reviewing the text, they found them in certain places, and allowed them to remain, although in their time all knowledge of the purpose they were intended to serve had been lost. Of these passages, there are ten in the Pentateuch, four in the Prophets, and one in the Psalms, each of which is marked in the Masoretic text. One of these is Gen. xvi. 5, where the mark appears over the second *v* in the Hebrew term rendered 'and (between) thee,' the preposition being unwarrantably omitted in the English version. This is the only place in the Pentateuch where it is found with a *scriptio plena*, that is, with a double *v*, over the latter of which the mark now stands. The explanation given is, that the letter was not inserted contrary to the usual practice without a cause. This the Rabbis found in the conduct of Sarah, who, when she said to Abraham, 'The Lord judge between me and thee,' at the same time cast an envious eye on Hagar, who was then pregnant, and said in her heart, 'The Lord judge between me and the child which thou shalt bear.' The *scriptio plena*, to which attention was called by the mark, was intended to show that she had a double intention. Another example is found in Genesis xviii. 19, where the marks appear over three of the letters of the Hebrew term rendered 'where.' The Rabbinic interpretation of this is, that the three angels not only asked Abraham where his wife was, but also inquired of Sarah where Abraham was, although nothing of the latter appears in the text. In Genesis xxxvii. 12, these diacritic marks appear over each of the letters of the Hebrew sign of the accusative, before the word translated 'flock.' The explanation of the Rabbis is that the sons of Joseph went forth, not so much with the intention of pasturing their flocks, as of gratifying their own evil inclinations by killing their brother.

The labours of the Masorets were also directed to a critical examination of the punctuation, including both the vowel system and the accents, neither of which can they be believed to have originated. That their work in this department was arduous will be evident, if it be remembered how numerous, and frequently how minute, are the points attached to the entire text of the Old Testament. Some have supposed that

they are of little use as aids to interpretation, and the Hebrew has frequently been printed without them. Nevertheless no scholar will despise the assistance they afford for arriving at the true meaning of Scripture, if, for no other reason, than that they embody the views of the Masorets, collected from the traditions of a long series of years.

The origin of the system of vowel points is involved in great obscurity, and in consequence there is wide diversity of opinion among scholars as to the inventors of it. Rabbi Assaria, in Meor Enajim, said that they were attached to the text by Adam, that when the Jews became well acquainted with the Scriptures, they were omitted by them in reading as unnecessary, that they were restored by Ezra after the Babylonian captivity, that they were subsequently depraved in the confusion consequent upon national calamities, and that the Masorets of Tiberias finally corrected and restored them to their primitive state. This view has been ridiculed by many subsequent writers, but all that Assaria probably meant was, that when the Scriptures were committed to writing, the points were attached, which was also the opinion of Hottinger, who thought that at no time was the sacred text actually without punctuation. Other Jews thought that they were originated by Moses, who received them at the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and that they were even then committed to writing, or were transmitted by oral tradition to Ezra. This view is found in the books Zohar and Cosri, and was held by Kimchi and Bechai. It is also mentioned by Eusebius and Origen as being entertained by several persons in their times. Another opinion, which has found more general acceptance, is, that the vowel system was first invented by Ezra and the men of the Great Synagogue, or else that they restored it, after it had become depraved or forgotten. Pfeiffer thought that each inspired man attached the points to his own writings, and that when the meaning of Holy Scripture had in many places become obscure, owing to their having fallen into disuse, they were restored by Ezra, but whether by Divine inspiration, or in his capacity of an ordinary person, did not distinctly appear. Lightfoot ridiculed the notion that they could have been invented by the Rabbis, whose tendencies to trifling and superstition, as they appear in the Talmud, show that they were wholly unfitted for originating and carrying out so important a work. He thought that the system of Biblical punctuation must be traced to an inspired source.

The view of Prideaux was, that the vowels

were invented by the Masorets soon after the age of Ezra. When reading in the synagogues, the Jews did not use pointed MSS., because they believed that the punctuation was of human origin, and when the Hebrew language began to be disused in common life, it became necessary to attach the vowels in order to preserve its true pronunciation. The Masorets and grammarians instructed their pupils in the details of the system, which was for a long time kept secret, and handed down by oral tradition only, but after the completion of the Talmud, it was judged expedient that all MSS. should be pointed, so that the sacred text then assumed the form in which it now appears. By this theory Prideaux sought to account for the silence of Jerome, by which many have been perplexed, while others have thought that there are passages in his commentary, from which it may be inferred that the punctuation was known to him. He interprets Gen. xlvii. 31 according to the points as they now appear in the text, in opposition to the Septuagint, which conveys the idea that Jacob worshipped the top of the staff, that is, the sceptre of Joseph, as an acknowledgment of his authority. According to Jerome, Jacob worshipped, bowing towards the bed's head. The translation given by the former has been regarded as a proof that the text was not pointed in their time. Vitringa held that the points were invented immediately after the destruction of the temple, but it is not likely that so complicated a system could have been originated in times of great public confusion. Others say they were invented and elaborated by the Masorets of Tiberias in the fifth and sixth centuries after Christ. Buxtorf, while hesitating about giving an opinion as to the time when the system originated, has shown conclusively that this view cannot be sustained. The anomalies of the punctuation noted by the Masorets is evidence, that it must have been in existence before their time, because, as they believed that it was not permitted to alter a single letter or point, if this had not been the case, they would have introduced corrections in order to render the system uniform. If they had themselves invented and elaborated it, there is little probability that they would have left it encumbered with the defects which now appear. From this the only possible conclusion is, that, in whatever age the school of Masorets began, they found the punctuation already developed and complete. Wolfius adopted the theory that the points were attached to the text by the sacred writers themselves, or by Ezra, that they were preserved by the Rabbis, and that ulti-

mately they reached the Masorets, who took precautions to prevent them from being corrupted in subsequent ages. He made this opinion to rest upon the almost unanimous consent of the Jews as to their antiquity, and upon the references to them as already existing, found in the Talmud and Masora itself. He also supported it by arguing that the meaning of the text, if unpointed, would, in many places, have been involved in an uncertainty, which could not have been sufficiently guarded against by the *matres lectionum* alone, by appealing with Lightfoot to the minute and subtle details of the system, which is so well suited to bring out the meaning of the sacred text, and which could not have been invented by frivolous and superstitious Rabbis, and, as the Scriptures were intended for all, both the well instructed and the illiterate, by asserting that, if there were no points, the difficulties of the latter, in guessing at the meaning, would have been insuperable. In the last argument there is considerable force, as will be evident from examples of words which have different meanings corresponding to the altered punctuation. *יָרַח* is susceptible of six interpretations, according as it is pointed. It may mean 'a word,' 'a saying,' 'say thou,' 'saying,' 'he said,' and 'to say.' *לִבְנָה* may mean 'the moon,' 'a brick or pavement,' 'incense,' and 'the poplar tree.' While many others agree with Wolfius in asserting the antiquity of the system, no author has attempted to fix the time at which it was invented, or to furnish reasons for supposing that the sacred writers attached the points to their own MSS., or even that Ezra originated them. There is no allusion, direct or indirect, to the punctuation of the Hebrew text anywhere in Scripture. Nothing can be really gathered from Matt. v. 18 to prove the antiquity of it, where, notwithstanding what has been written on the passage, there does not seem to be any allusion either to the points or accents.

The difference of opinion as to the origin of the accents is equally great, some attributing both to them and to the vowel system the same antiquity, while others affirm that they are alike of recent origin. Of those who hold that the vowels are ancient, some, arguing from the Chaldee names of the accents, say that they must have been originated in a later age. Capellus and Walton denied their antiquity, and Clericus, in his commentary on Genesis, thought them of so little value, that in many places he paid no attention to them. Among the Jews, Elias Levita held that they were invented by the Masorets of Tiberias, but Wolfius was of

opinion that the post-Talmudic Rabbis were wholly incapable of originating so elaborate a system, which, if rightly understood, shows a degree of ingenuity and skill, which could not possibly have been possessed by such men. The antiquity and Divine origin of the accents, although based on no satisfactory evidence, have been maintained by others. This was the view of Pfeiffer, Joseph Cooper, and Cross, although the last hesitated as to whether their hermeneutical character was of superhuman authority. He believed that they were already in existence in the time of Ezra, and that their antiquity was established by the allusions to them in the Talmud, and in the book Zohar, which he thought was as early as B.C. 40. The appeal to the latter work is vain, because, the date of it is uncertain, and other Jewish authorities cannot be relied on, because, as Capellus suggests, the passages which are used to support the theory, may have been intentionally interpolated. Nothing can be affirmed with certainty as to the antiquity of the accents, except that they are earlier than the Masora and the Talmud, in both of which they are spoken of in such a way as to show that they were already known and recognized. The assertion of their Divine origin carries with it consequences of too much importance to allow of its being accepted. In one sense they are a complete system of interpretation of the Old Testament, and if they were invested with such authority, this would put an authoritative end to all doubts as to the grammatical construction of every sentence in the Hebrew text, and leave no room for any difference of opinion. Such a view has never been accepted by any scholar, and never been acted on by any translator. The English version, while generally following the accents, in many places disregards them.

The Talmudic treatise Megilla contains a comment on Neh. viii. 8, where, 'giving the sense' is explained to mean, 'according to the accents,' from which, if the Talmud of Jerusalem were of any value as evidence of the usage in an age so remote, it would appear that they were in use in the time of Ezra, but it is only the embodiment of a tradition of uncertain origin, and therefore of no real utility. Jerome makes no allusion to them in any of his writings, an omission which it would be difficult to understand, if they were in use in his time as a complete system of interpretation. In the ninth and tenth centuries after Christ, all knowledge of the powers of the accents appears to have been lost among the Jews, and even the famous Rabbi Saadia, who was president of the school of Sora in that age, seems to

have known nothing of them. A work on the accents, attributed to Ben Asher, president of the academy at Tiberias, and which was attached to the first Bibles printed at Venice, contributed to revive the study of them, with the view of ascertaining the purposes they were intended to serve. At a later period attention was given to the subject by Bibliander, Schindler, Helvicus, and many more, by whose labours much was effected toward the elucidation of it. About the middle of the seventeenth century two works on the accents were published by Samuel Bohlius, containing remarkable explanations of the punctuation of several passages, which had either escaped the notice of previous writers, or which they had been unable to understand. Cross learned from him the Tagmical art, which he expounded with some degree of success in an English treatise, published about the latter end of the same century. Many scholars have since laboured in the same field, some contending for the value and importance of the accents, and others doubting whether they were of any practical utility. In the present day, they are printed in all Hebrew Bibles, although the knowledge of the rules by which they are governed, and of their hermeneutical value, seems to be confined within very narrow limits.

Without going into any of the controversies on the following points, it may be stated generally that the accents were intended to serve grammatical, rhetorical, musical, and hermeneutical purposes, of which the last must be regarded as the most important. The grammatical use indicated the tone-syllable of each word, and preserved the euphony. The emphasis of particular words and expressions, parentheses, interrogations, and exclamations, were pointed out by the rhetorical purpose of the accents, which, in this respect, are the same as the stops which appear in ordinary printed books. *Sophasuk*, *Silluk*, and *Athnak* may be taken as illustrations. Viewed in their musical character, they regulated the cantillation or peculiar chant, employed by the Jews in reading Scripture in the synagogues. In this respect they were called *Neginoth*, because they indicated the musical notation. The editors of the Complutensian Polyglota, believing that this was the only purpose of the accents, and that it was of very little value, omitted them altogether from the text. On the other hand, Bohlius said that it was an insinuation of Satan, when he persuaded some to believe that they had no other than a musical purpose. Abichtius thought they were not to be regarded as the same with the notes in a



score of music, but that they merely indicated tone and emphasis, and pointed out the division and ending of sentences, where pauses were to be made, as in ordinary reading, the musical notation being still retained. The hermeneutical use is by far the most important, because, when rightly understood, it furnishes material assistance towards the interpretation of Scripture. The Jews called it *taham*, 'reason' or 'sense,' since it enabled the reader to arrive at a knowledge of the true meaning. It provides no help towards determining the correct translation of words into other languages, which could obviously have been no part of the design of the original inventors, but it points out the grammatical connection of the terms in every sentence of the pointed text, and both solves difficulties, and removes ambiguities, which frequently appear in the English and other versions. It shows in many cases, that the more modern Jewish interpretation of controverted passages is at variance with that of the elder Rabbis, and confirms the views of them taken by Christians.

Throughout the Old Testament two systems of accentuation prevail, one adapted to prose writings, the other to poetry. In the Psalms, Proverbs, and Job, it is not the same as that found in other books. A remarkable example of this difference may be seen by comparing *Psa. xviii.* and *2 Sam. xxii.*, where, although the text is the same in both places, the accentuation does not agree.

The double system of the accents of the Decalogue in *Exod. xx.* and *Deut. v.* is a peculiarity which was first pointed out by Bohlus. One catena of accentuation has reference to the commandment, showing where it begins and ends, according to the views of those who invented the punctuation, and the second to the verses as divided from each other in the text. When some commandments, such as the first, which included the first and second as now commonly understood, and third, were too long to be included in a single period, they were divided into verses by one accentuation, while by another, the unity of each was pointed out and preserved. When others, such as the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, were too short to form a single verse, they were arranged in one period, so as to preserve the symmetry of the paragraphs, and the distinction of both was in like manner preserved by a double series of accents. When, therefore, a word is found with two accents, one has reference to the catena which embraces the period, and the other to the commandment. In the case of a third set, this peculiarity does

not appear, because the commandment and the verse coinciding, there was no need for a double accentuation. This applies to the second and fourth only. The ninth and tenth commandments, which together make the tenth as now understood, were distinguished by the accents, yet united in one period, because of the unity of the prohibition in each, because together they formed a period proportionate in length to the others, and because eight having been distinguished, it was necessary that two should be constructed, in order to complete the number ten. A similar use of the accents appears at *Gen. xxxv. 22*, where the first Athnak clearly points out the middle of the verse, and the second a sudden break in the sense. If the punctuation could be proved to have been invented by, or to have been in use in the time of Ezra, this arrangement of the commandments would show infallibly the proper method of dividing the Decalogue, and solve a difficulty which has proved perplexing to scholars. The Lutherans follow the Masoretic punctuation. The view of Bohlus has been denied by Buxtorf, Hackspanius, and others, but an examination of the sacred text will show that the double system of accentuation exists, whatever may have been the design with which it was affixed. Cross thought that the first series of accents dividing the commandments, originated with the inspired writers themselves, and the second, distinguishing the verses, about two centuries before Christ, during the domination of the Syro-Grecian kings. In any case they were probably the work of different authors.

A knowledge of the hermeneutical value of the accents will frequently remove difficulties of interpretation, and explain ambiguities in the English version. At *Gen. x. 21* there is uncertainty as to whether Shem or Japhet was the elder of the sons of Noah, the Hebrew being capable of being rendered either 'the elder brother of Japhet,' or, 'the brother of Japhet the elder,' but the accents show that the latter is the correct interpretation. The difficulty in *Deut. xx. 19* is supposed to be removed by the use of the accents, which point out where a parenthesis is to be inserted. Instead of translating as in the English text, Cross proposes to render, 'O man, there are trees of the field (wild and fruitless), let them be brought before thee for the siege,' which is virtually the same as the translation in the margin. In this case, the translators disregarded the accents in one version, and followed them in another. *Deut. xxxiii. 28* appears in the English version as follows: 'Israel then shall dwell in safety alone; the fountain of

Jacob (shall be) upon a land of corn and wine,' disregarding the accent *Zakeph Katon* on Jacob in the Hebrew text, which always ends a proposition. The translation ought therefore to have been, 'Israel shall dwell securely alone, by the fountain of Jacob, upon a land of corn and wine.' The English version of 1 Sam. iii. 3 leaves it doubtful whether Samuel slept in the temple where the ark of God was, or not, the impression produced by it being rather that he did, but the difficulty is removed by observing the *Athnak*. The clause, 'Samuel being laid down,' must be regarded as parenthetical. Having been removed in the translation from its proper place in the Hebrew text, it should be inserted after 'went out,' and then the version will be, 'ere the lamp of God went out, Samuel being laid down in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was,' &c., nothing being said of the exact place where the child was asleep. The great difficulty in 2 Kings v. 18, 19 is, in the opinion of Cross, entirely removed by attending to the accents. Instead of Naaman asking pardon from the prophet beforehand for sanctioning idolatrous worship, when his office required him to enter the temple of Rimmon, which could not have been granted, and which, if granted, would have been inconsistent with the parting salutation of Elisha, which always in Scripture implies favourable consideration, they make it evident according to him that the version ought to have been framed in such a way as to show that it had reference to what was past, and not to the future. The Hebrew is susceptible of the following interpretation, which the accents are thought to confirm: 'In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant. When my master came into the house of Rimmon he leaned upon my hand, and then I bowed myself in the name of Rimmon. In that I did bow down myself in the name of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.' Naaman asked forgiveness for his past idolatry, saying nothing whatever about his future conduct. This view removes a difficulty which nothing that has been written upon the text as it now stands, has explained in a satisfactory manner. The translation of Judges vi. 24 in the English version is, 'and Gideon built an altar there, and called it *Jehovah-Shalom*.' From this the Socinians have argued that the Deity of Christ cannot necessarily be proved from the application to Him of the name *Jehovah*, because it is here employed as the name of an altar. The argument cannot be sustained, for the accents show that the version is erroneous. According to them it ought to have been, 'and Gideon built an altar there, and the

Lord called it peace.' In *Psa. x. 15* the present translation is hopelessly obscure, owing to the neglect of the accents. The rendering, 'Break thou the arm of the wicked, and the evil man, seek out his wickedness till thou find none,' does not in the latter clause convey any clear meaning. In the Hebrew text *Athnak* stands under 'wicked,' showing that the word ends a proposition, while the accent on 'evil' shows that it is to be separated from what follows. The meaning, then, will be, 'Break thou the arm of the wicked; as for the evil man, thou shalt seek out his wickedness. Thou shalt not find it,' that is, as long as unrighteous men have the means of following out their nefarious purposes, they will never abandon them. The great difference of opinion as to the meaning of *Psa. cx. 7*, 'he shall drink of the brook in the way,' is removed by attending to the accentuation. The ordinary version leaves it doubtful whether 'drink' is to be construed with 'brook' or with 'way,' that is, whether the reference is to the time or place of the drinking. The elder commentators were also divided as to what the brook signified, of which Christ was to drink on his way to the kingdom, whether the Kedron, or his sufferings, or his consolations. The accents determine nothing as to the latter question, but they point out that the construction of the sentence ought to be, 'of the brook in the way he shall drink,' showing that the reference is to the time of the drinking, that is, to the period of humiliation through which Christ passed to His glory. At *Isa. xvi. 1* there is confusion in the present translation, 'Send ye the lamb to the ruler of the land, from Sela (the rock) to the wilderness, unto the mount of the daughter of Zion,' from which the inference might be, either that it was to be sent to two different places, to Mount Zion and the wilderness, or else that they were both the same. The accents show that the correct version ought to be, 'Send ye the lamb belonging to the ruler of the land, from the rock, from the wilderness, to the mountain of the daughter of Zion,' which is also the literal rendering of the Hebrew, even if they were not taken into account. The Jews have laboured hard to get rid of the Messianic interpretation of *Isa. ix. 5*. The Targum of Jonathan paraphrases, 'His name shall be called from before Him that is the Wonderful Counsellor, God, a man enduring for ever. Kimchi proposed to render, 'The God who is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, calls his name the Prince of peace,' but neither version can be sustained, because the accents show that the English translation is

correct. Rabbi Saadiah on Jer. xxiii. 6, said that the rendering ought to be, 'and the Lord shall call him our righteousness,' in order to destroy the Messianic reference. Even Aben Ezra is against him, and the accents are in favour of the common acceptance.

The accentuation is frequently of considerable importance in determining whether the Keri or the Cethib ought to be followed. At Joshua xv. 47 the English version translates according to the former, neglecting the latter, which, if rendered, would have been, 'unto the river of Egypt, and the sea its border, even border,' but the Keri agrees with the accents. The English version of 1 Sam. iv. 13 is, 'And when he came, lo, Eli sat upon a seat, by the wayside watching;' again according to the Keri, where the Cethib is, 'And Eli sat upon a seat, and smote himself, by the way, watching.' The former version is supported by the accentuation. At Isa. ix. 3 the translation follows the Cethib, while the Keri, 'thou hast multiplied the nation, and for it increased the joy,' is according to the accents. At chap. xlix. 5 the Cethib is, 'though Israel be not gathered,' but the Keri, 'to him shall Israel be gathered,' is supported both by them and by parallel places in the New Testament, such as Matt. xv. 24, John xi. 54, and Romans xv. 18. At chap. lxiii. 9 the translators followed the Keri, while other versions have adopted the Cethib, which is, 'he was not afflicted.' The former agrees with the accentuation, and is favoured by Zech. ii. 8 and Acts ix. 4. The English version of Job xiii. 15 follows the Keri, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' but the Cethib would be 'if he slay me, I will not trust him,' against the accents, which are in favour of the former.

The labours of the Masorets in noting the peculiarities of the vowels and accents were as great as in other departments of their work. In all cases where the punctuation varies from the ordinary rules without any grammatical reason, they noted the anomaly, and the number of other places where it occurred in a similar form. If an irregular punctuation appeared only once, as in Gen. xvi. 13, and Exod. xxxii. 6, it was marked in each instance, no correction being attempted. In the second example, the last word in the sentence in the ordinary Hebrew Bibles is regularly pointed, contrary to the Masoretic note. No attempt was made to explain how the variations arose, it being however in some cases noted that they were only apparent and not real. These criticisms extend to almost every chapter of the Old Testament, and if they had been known and properly understood, they would have saved commen-

tators a considerable amount of useless labour in the vain attempt to explain the anomalies of the vowel system, or relieved them from the discredit of leaving difficulties wholly unnoticed. The Masorets found them in the text, and left them unchanged.

The same observations will apply to the use of Dagesh and Mappik with their variations, and to the accents. That the latter existed before the Masora is evident, because otherwise there could not have been any criticisms of them. These are not so numerous as the Masoretic notes upon the vowels, partly because they furnish no help in ascertaining the meaning of terms, partly because they were supposed to be principally for cantillation, and possibly also, because at that time the knowledge of their power in connecting together the members of sentences had begun to drop out of mind. Nevertheless these criticisms extended to a variety of minute details. The Masorets noted the effect of certain accents in changing vowels, and the anomalies which frequently occur, at variance with ordinary usage. When a word was found generally with the same accent, and when the exceptions were rare, the latter were always noted. An illustration of this is found in the accentuation of the Hebrew term rendered 'and he lived,' which occurs so frequently in Gen. v. In the chapter it is sometimes followed by a proper name standing separate, and in other cases united to it by Makkaph, with the accents Zakeph Gadol, or Rebia. To prevent any change being made, the Masorets observed that there were five examples of the former method of connecting the terms, which in the note on Gen. v. vi. are comprehended in the mnemonic symbol *Shilnag*, each letter of which is the first of the proper names, Sheth, Jared, Lamech, Noah, and Eber, which last in the Hebrew begins with y. The last name does not occur in this genealogical list, but at chap. xi. 16, where there is another catalogue of the patriarchs. In cases where a term received punctuation different from what was required by the accent, the Masorets noted both the latter and the vowel, lest any alteration should be introduced into the text. Athnak had the power of changing Pathak and Segol into Kamets, and wherever the change did not take place, the anomaly was duly marked. Words which were Millel sometimes appeared as Milra, and the contrary, all such cases being classified and pointed out, showing how particular accents altered the tone-syllable. At Gen. ix. 26 the Hebrew term rendered 'God,' and in two other places is Millel, while elsewhere it is uniformly Milra, as the Masorets observed on the first passage.

These may be taken as illustrations of the minute criticism to which the accents were subjected, and are a further proof of the extraordinary care used in examining the punctuation of the sacred text.

What MSS. were used by the Masorets cannot be determined, and all conjectures concerning them are useless. Nor is it likely that any of them were among those which were brought by the Jews into Europe in the eleventh century, although possibly some of the latter may have been transcripts. It is entirely from these that all subsequent copies have been derived, and upon them the present Masoretic text ultimately depends. The codex of Hillel dates from the latter end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. The Egyptian and Babylonian, otherwise called the codices of Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali respectively, cannot be earlier than the middle of the eleventh century, about which time both these distinguished Rabbis flourished. The codex of Jericho, of which the age is uncertain, included only the Pentateuch, and was highly valued by Elias Levita, as the most correct extant in his time. He also speaks of the codex of Sinai, which in like manner contained only the five books of Moses, by an unknown transcriber. The peculiarity of it consists in some variations of the accentuation from that found in other copies.

The publication of Dr. Ginsburg's Masora is an event which will be memorable in the history of Jewish literature, because no edition of the work has ever before been brought out in England. Two hundred and eighty copies only have been printed, which are intended for libraries and subscribers. The part which has now appeared is merely an index of terms, without any introductory dissertation, translation, or notes, these being reserved for the third volume. Many years were expended on the work of preparing the MS. for the press, and so valuable was it considered to be, that, in order to avoid risks, it was deemed necessary to send it in the custody of a messenger of the Foreign Office to Vienna, where the printing has been going on since the summer of 1877. That such an undertaking should have been allowed to pass into the hands of foreigners reflects little credit upon English qualifications and enterprise. Of the only two sentences in the book not Chaldee or Hebrew, one is disfigured by an error, 'thrid' being printed for 'third.' Dr. Ginsburg may be congratulated on the completion of one part of his great work, but the real value and importance of the Masora will not be fully understood till the whole of it comes into the hands of scholars.

J. B. COURTENAY.

#### ART. IV.—Mr. Hardy's Novels.

- (1) *Desperate Remedies*. 1871. (2) *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. 1873. (3) *Far from the Madding Crowd*. 1874. (4) *The Hand of Ethelberta*. 1876. (5) *The Return of the Native*. 1878. (6) *The Distracted Young Preacher*. 1879. (7) *Fellow Townsmen*. 1880. (8) *The Trumpet Major*. 1880.

WHEN George Eliot died it was not unnatural that men should at once ask themselves if she who had been confessedly the greatest living English novelist had left any successor in the true province of literature. The question, floating in so many minds, was answered promptly and decidedly by one journal, not without influence on opinion, which claimed the falling mantle for Mr. Thomas Hardy. It was a surprise to many who read the words that such a claim should have been made; the English public, greedy for amusement, careless about good, finished, and subtle literary work, is very slow to understand that of stories which have charmed a leisure hour some are destined to pass into complete forgetfulness, having merely served to waste a part of the season, while others become a part of the literature of the country, to be read and re-read, and to place their characters as living beings among the viewless companions of our thoughts.

The power of creating personages which live, and become even more real than many historic phantasms is rarer than we may think. Most people who make pretensions to the study of literature have read not only Shakspeare, but Ben Jonson and Dryden, to say nothing of Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar. Yet while the mere titles, the plot, and many isolated passages remain in the memory, how few there are who could name more than the title-character of any one play, who could be sure that they would not give to one author or to one play the *dramatis personæ* of another, while they no more confuse Shakspeare's plays than they mentally assign the children or the wife of one friend to another, or travel into the Midland Counties to visit one who lives in Devonshire.

Now if we ask ourselves who in English fiction have made their brain children our familiar friends, whom not to know is to be wanting in acquaintance with letters, and with the thought of the past and present, we shall find they are but few, Shakspeare, Fielding, Richardson, Miss Burney, perhaps—though her king, princes, and royal household are, for a wonder, more real than her fictitious characters—Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot,

and for those who have once become imbued with the spirit of his works, Hardy.

We shall see the difference between any of these and their fellows by taking authors whose works ran side by side—Miss Ferrier with Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Brunton with Miss Austen. In Miss Ferrier's work Miss Pratt stands out with exceeding vividness, but we believe that many would find it difficult to say in which novel she found her place; and who can recall a single character in Mrs. Brunton's very clever novels, 'Self Controul' and 'Discipline'? In the creation of living persons, not mere lay figures round whom dress, furniture, scenery are to be arranged, we believe that the author we are now to study is the successor of George Eliot. The test is one any reader can apply, and to those who do so we have every confidence that Fancy Day and Dick Dewey, Ethelberta Petherwin, Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye, Parson Swancourt, and all the host of minor persons, each with its own distinctive mark, will become to their minds and memories as real and indestructible, say, as Adam Bede or Romola, and even as those drawn by Shakspeare's mighty hand, though they lack his perfect art.

Another test is one which is not so sure, since there is not, in spite of Mr. Matthew Arnold, any definite standard of literary excellence. There are those who imagine that Mrs. Henry Wood writes English, and that Onida knows the value of the words she uses; they are wholly unable to distinguish between the faculty which is amused by an intricate if impossible plot, and that which tries and weighs style, plot, characters, the thought and learning involved in rather than displayed upon the book, against the masterpieces of fiction which the criticism of time has already tested and pronounced genuine. This test is that of literary style, wholly neglected by the majority of our novelists, whose name is Legion. The most part aim at telling their story, and depend on the story only for any value the book may possess. Some who are agreeable narrators, and who give a picture of the time in which we live fairly enough in its superficial aspects, write in a style which we feel to be simply abominable the moment we pause to consider the words in which the story is conveyed. Perhaps no writers of the non-enduring, merely ephemeral, yet pleasant kind, have ever written more or been more widely read than Mr. Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant. We doubt if there is in all their writings one single passage on which any reader has ever dwelt for its own sake, for the thought conveyed in the given sentence, for the music of the words, or for the de-

scription of scenery apart from the context. We should be surprised to find that any intelligent person who keeps a book of extracts, no mean test of the beautiful in literature, has ever taken the trouble to copy into it a passage from either of these writers. To hurry through the mere story and see what is done with the puppets is the aim of the reader; none dwell on the page as they dwell on the words of Scott, some of whose prose chapters are little more difficult to learn by heart than is his ordered verse, or on scenes like that at the Rainbow in 'Silas Marner,' or Dinah's preaching, or Hetty's dreadful pilgrimage in 'Adam Bede,' or as now and then they lingered leisurely over Kingsley in his rich word-painting of a South American forest, or of the blazing solitude of the African desert. A really great novelist has always chapters that are quotable and readable apart from the context, for the pleasure which they give of themselves, just as scenes of a dramatist, or a chapter in the Bible can be read detached: it is in fact a note of true literature. The abdication of Mary Stuart in 'The Abbot,' the interview between Jeannie Deans and Queen Caroline in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' are types of chapters to be found in the works of all really great writers; but who ever cared to read a solitary chapter of more than two or three persons within our own memory?

But more is wanted than the power of creating characters and a good literary style. The first-rate workman rarely writes with set purpose to draw a moral. It is inconceivable that Shakspeare should have called one play 'Jealousy, or the Moor of Venice,' or another, 'God's Revenge against Murder.' He thinks of a man, Othello or Macbeth, and exhibits his qualities, he does not think of qualities and the consequences of qualities, and invent men and incidents for them. Perhaps the only exception to this among really great writers is Dickens. He, no doubt, set himself in one book to demolish Yorkshire schools, in another to reform sick nursing, and so on, but in so far as he is didactic he is tedious. Smike is a bore, and the case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce could scarcely be more wearisome in the Court of Chancery itself than it is in 'Bleak House.'

Again, a writer must strike some deep human interest which shall be quite independent of the circumstances of the time in which the scene is laid. Garrick probably moved men as much, or more, playing Hamlet or Macbeth in the wig of the period than a modern actor in a costume studiously archæological, in conformity with some

feigned but definite period in Denmark's history, or the most recognized Celtic traditions. It is by his intensely human sympathy that Scott triumphs, in spite of the fetters which he imposes on himself by his archaeological details; and Romola because she is so true a woman makes us forget the somewhat too elaborate though very clever 'cram' with which the story of her life is overlaid. In her other works George Eliot has for the most part taken a society which changes little—homely people with homely lives. It has been remarked that a boundless sympathy was her characteristic, but on a somewhat low level. Mr. Hardy, in the same way, but even to a greater extent, takes life where it changes least, and considers it in its most simply human aspects.

It is because there is in another remarkable writer of our day little sympathy with humanity, as such, that we do not mention him as the literary successor of George Eliot. Mr. George Meredith has no feeling of toleration for a fool. He is an accomplished literary artist; limited by this, that the only men and women worth writing about at all are those who speak in epigrams as brilliant as his own writing which describes them. When he introduces a fool and a bore the things he makes them say are often excellent; it is difficult to tell by what stroke of genius it is that the man who says so good things is yet so intolerable. Mr. Meredith is a delightful study to the diligent reader, but he is a study; he is laboured and affected, difficult sometimes as the chorus of a Greek play, always, we fear, caviare to the general, whereas the true novelist should, like the true dramatist, appeal to the many. Men must be amused, and they come to the novel as the relaxation from work. The 'Lustige Person' and the Manager in the Prologue to Faust have reason on their side against the high-flown arguments of the poet. The most broadly human is the truest artist after all.

All great writers are autobiographical; at least, have drawn largely from their own experiences; where we do not know that they are so, as in the case of Shakspeare, it is probably because we know so little about them. The true artist must use up what has come to him, and the highest originality is the transmutation in the alembic of the brain of the material accumulated by the worker, or by others who have gone before. Originality which is not based in a large degree on personal experience is a making of bricks not only without straw, but with very little clay.

Few men have used their own experiences so much as Mr. Hardy, to whom we defi-

nately turn after this somewhat long exordium, yet few have ever seemed so original to those who are in sympathy with the life which he describes. That he is less known than some far inferior people, arises from the fact that a certain country training, and somewhat of his own wide sympathy with nature, and with the simpler forms of country life, is needed before he is read and understood. In these days of overgrown towns men only take short rushes into country life, and know but little intimately of what they see; yet more than ever, and increasingly is it the case, that the readers of books are in towns and not in the country. We do not pretend to be wholly ignorant of some personal details of the author's life, but are sure that even one who was so would construct without difficulty a theory which would not fail widely when it came to be verified. That Mr. Hardy, like Mr. Barnes the Dorset poet, is sprung of a race of labouring men in a county where the real old families are attached to the soil, and the county aristocracy, except perhaps in Purbeck, are comparatively new comers; that he is not 'too proud to care from whence he came,' that, on the contrary, he regards his stock as reason for exceeding pride on two grounds—one the dignity of labour, the other that the country working-man is of nearer kin to that nature which he idealizes and personifies, till it has all the characteristics of some great supra-natural human being;—that he is thus anthropomorphic, but not in a theological sense, is apparent on the face of what he writes.

A closer observer might go further, and find autobiographic hints in the account of a young architect's life in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' and in 'A Laodicean,' now publishing in 'Harper's Magazine,' yet more in the minute touches whenever a building of any kind occurs in the course of his story; in the relations, apart from those of rivalry in love, existing between the same young architect and his friend Henry Knight; in other family revelations wherein it were impertinent to follow; especially as we must always remember that only the simplest basis of fact is used for the embroidery of fiction.

Mr. Hardy's first novel scarcely gave promise of the great merit of his later work. 'Desperate Remedies' is in the wildest style of extravagant romance. The hint of the *dénouement* is given, and the *dénouement* itself hangs on, not a lock of hair, but a single hair, a thread so minute that in real life no one would see it, much less would it play the part it here plays. The only thing to be said for the story, considered as litera-

ture, is that it is better than the sensational fictions, as they are called, which the writer took for his model. We remember an argument many years ago, in which Charles Kingsley was one of the disputants, on the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus.' Kingsley claimed the play for Shakspeare, not basing the claim on the well-known lines, 'The hunt is up,' &c., nor on Tamora's speech to Aaron in the same hunt, but simply on the bloody murders and mutilations which strew their horror over the dreary acts. He considered it Shakspeare's first play, in which the young writer, imitative, as all such are, before he found his true style, simply outdid the raw-head-and-bloody-bones tragedies which he found all around him, and having beaten the purveyors of horrors on their own ground, turned to that which was his natural field.

The publication of 'Under the Greenwood Tree' not only at once stamped its author as an original and excellent writer, but has since attained that fatal gift of popularity which makes the book inaccessible in a decent cover. It is apparently now to be procured only in a vile binding of red and yellow, with advertisements of patent medicines on the back. But the book itself is a most delightful idyll, in the true sense of that much-suffering word, though composed of the very simplest elements. The scene shifts only from a country village to a game-keeper's lodge in a wood, with the merest hint of the externals of town life. The *dramatis personæ* are the parson, churchwarden, schoolmistress, and ordinary villagers of a hamlet. The young people revolve round the pretty schoolmistress as moths round a candle, even the grave bachelor vicar sings his wings; and Fancy Day, the girl in question, makes a homely but suitable marriage with the carrier's son. But the book is delightful because all the sweet and liberal air of Dorset blows through it, because a county little known to the world beyond it, but loved well by those who are Dorset born, or have made it their home, is lovingly presented in all its pleasant aspects, its rough frank life, its genuine English language, the fair scenery of its woods and wolds.

In it Mr. Hardy has laid down the lines of his work, so to speak, and we may therefore examine some of his special excellences before proceeding further. First, Mr. Hardy has interpreted for us the village life which is so difficult to understand. The dweller in towns thinks the country labourer a lout because his speech differs greatly from his own, the real fact being that the dialect is far less debased than the clipped and smooth language

of educated people, which tends more and more to reduce all the vowels to one sound. The townsman thinks his country brother stupid because he often is unable to read and write, forgetting the compensating memory which is cultivated to its highest point because verbal memoranda are lacking; and finding that the countryman is ignorant of some terms of town use, jumps to the conclusion that the whole vocabulary of the labourer is extremely slender. But says Mr. Barnes—

If a man would walk with me through our village, I could show him many things of which we want to speak every day, and for which we have words of which Johnson knew nothing.\*

And again—

There came out in print some time ago a statement wonderful to me, that it had been found that the poor land folk of one of our shires had only about two hundred words in their vocabulary, with a hint that Dorset rustics were not likely to be more fully worded. There can be shown to any writer two hundred thing-names known to every man and woman of our own village for things of the body and dress of a labourer, without any mark-words [adjectives], or time-words [verbs], and without leaving the man for his house, or garden, or the field, or his work.†

And the fact that the countryman has not the town speech in full measure, and uses words and accent which are strange to the town, leads to the mistake that the language is radically different, that the labourers never talk like their employers and chance visitors, and if shown at all in fiction should always employ few words and a quite unintelligible tongue. Shakspeare should have taught us otherwise, though he only introduces his countrymen incidentally, and usually in his more comic scenes: he was bound to amuse his town audience, but he never did so at the expense of truth.

Now Mr. Hardy gives us always sufficient indication of dialect to produce the impression he wishes. One who knows the country of which he speaks catches the keynote and has the tune always in his ear; but the outsider is not puzzled by too much dialect and many strange words; the author has the true sense of what is needed for his art, and the strength of reserve.

Here, for instance, is a scene at the village shoemaker's, when the choir are criticising the parson, who will not stand by them, and wishes to introduce a harmonium to lead the services—

\* 'English Speech-Craft,' p. v.

† Ibid. p. 89.

His visitors now stood on the outside of his window, sometimes leaning against the sill, sometimes moving a pace or two backwards and forwards in front of it. They talked with deliberate gesticulations to Mr. Penny, enthroned in the shadow of the interior.

'I do like a man to stick to men who be in the same line o' life—o' Sundays, any way—that I do so.'

'Tis like all the doings of folk who don't know what a day's work is, that's what I say.'

'My belief is, the man's not to blame; 'tis *she* [the schoolmistress]—she's the bitter weed.'

'No, not altogether. He's a poor gawk-hammer. Look at his sermon yesterday.'

'His sermon was well enough, a very excellent sermon enough, only he couldn't put it into words and speak it. That's all was the matter wi' the sermon. He hadn't been able to get it past his pen.'

'Well—ay, the sermon might be good enough; for, ye see, the sermon of Old Ecclesiastes himself lay in Old Ecclesiastes's ink bottle before he got it out.'

Mr. Penny, being in the act of drawing the last stitch tight, could afford time to look up and throw in a word at this point.

'He's no spouter—that must be said, 'a b'lieve.'

'Tis a terrible muddle sometimes with the man, as far as that goes,' said Spinks.

'Well, well say nothing about that,' the tranter [carrier] answered; 'for I don't believe 'twill make a penneth o' difference to we poor martels here or hereafter whether his sermons be good or bad, my sonnies.'

Mr. Penny made another hole with his awl, pushed in the thread, and looked up and spoke again at the extension of arms.

'Tis his goings-on, souls, that's what it is.' He clenched his features for an Herculean addition to the ordinary pull, and went on: 'The first thing he do when he cam here was to be hot and strong about church business.'

'Trew,' said Spinks; 'that was the very first thing he do.'

'The next thing he do is to think about altering the church, until he found 'twould be a matter o' cost and what not, and then not to think no more about it.'

'Trew: that was the very first thing he do.'

'And the next thing was to tell the young chaps that they were not on no account to put their hats in the font during service.'

'Trew.'

'And then 'twas this, and then 'twas that, and now 'tis—'

'Now 'tis to turn us out of the quire neck and crop,' said the tranter, after a silent interval of half a minute, not at all by way of explaining the pause, which had been quite understood, but simply as a means of keeping the subject well before the meeting.

Mr. Hardy's books are full of such passages, some far better, such as the scene in the vault, in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' the 'Sunday hair-cutting at Egdon,' in 'The Return of the Native,' the conversation in

the barn, in 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' But we have taken his earlier work because in it he first showed that here was a man who could put before us the life of English peasants, so wholly unknown to the great mass of English readers. And having lived among West country folk from childhood, the writer of these lines believes there is not in all Mr. Hardy's works one exaggerated or untrue word in his descriptions of those whom he knows so well.

And next he is an interpreter of the simpler aspects of nature to many who have no time to commune with her, and learn her secrets at first hand. Year by year masses of our people, and they our chief readers, see less and less of simple quiet country scenes. Brick and mortar swallow up our lives, and when we escape from them, it is to the sea or to the mountains, not to lose ourselves in English woods, or wander over the downs and in the green lanes which exist only here, and date from British days, older still than the great Roman roads still to be traced in the west in unexpected places, green across hill and dale. Only a few days since we spoke to a young clerk who had escaped from London on Sunday into one of the loveliest districts of Surrey, and we asked if he had walked through a certain yew-tree grove, the wonder of the neighbourhood. To one country-bred there was something pathetic in the avowal that he did not know a yew-tree, nor indeed any one tree from another. To such an one it would be a revelation, to many another a sweet memory, to hear that—

To dwellers in a wood, almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze, the fir-trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall; and winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality.\*

Or again, take and analyze this description of the wind blowing over a great heath.

The wind, indeed, seemed made for the scene, as the scene seemed made for the hour. Part of its tone was quite special; what was heard there could be heard nowhere else. Gusts in innumerable series followed each other from the north-west, and when each of them raced past, the sound of its progress resolved into three. Treble, tenor, and bass notes were to be found therein. The general *ricochet* of the whole over pits and prominences had the gravest pitch of the chime. Next there could be heard the baritone buzz of a

\* 'Under the Greenwood Tree.'



holly tree. Below these in force, above them in pitch, a dwindled voice strove hard at a husky tune, which was the peculiar local sound alluded to. Thinner and less immediately traceable than the other two, it was far more impressive than either. In it lay what may be called the linguistic peculiarity of the heath; and is audible nowhere on earth off a heath.

Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain to the throat of fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiae in which it originated could be realized as by touch. It was the united product of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and there were neither stems nor twigs, neither leaves nor fruit, neither blades nor prickles, neither lichen nor moss.

They were the minimized heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colourless by Michaelmas rains and dried to dead skins by October suns. So low was an individual sound from these that a combination of hundreds only just emerged from silence. One inwardly saw the infinity of those combined multitudes: one perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured, and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater.\*

That is admirable. Only those who do not know the country, or whose ears are somewhat hard of hearing, will think it overstrained, and they, perhaps, to a less degree if they remember how Keble, cradled among the Gloucestershire hills, where winds blow less strongly than in the wild west, spoke of a somewhat analogous sound—

Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,  
And round us and beneath  
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep  
Of winds across the steep  
Through withered bents—romantic note and  
Meet for a hermit's ear. [clear,

In all his books, without any effort, Mr. Hardy brings in nature as a personality, now aiding, now at war with man, now subdued, now triumphant, but always as living and in relation to human life. There is something of the relic of old paganism in his way of viewing her, as indeed there is so much of it in his own county. And he likes to take us where we see her moods—with the keeper into the heart of the wood; with Gabriel Oak the shepherd, to the wild hill-side and the chalk-pit; with the reddleman across lanes and commons known to but few even of the country folk; to the brow of the cliff beetling over the sea, where 'it rained up-

wards instead of down, the strong ascending current of air carried the rain-drops with it in its race up the escarpment.' He has learned many of the multitudinous languages in which nature speaks, both with tongues and looks, as truly as the king in the 'Arabian Nights' had learned the speech of beast and bird.

In his second novel—'A Pair of Blue Eyes'—Mr. Hardy showed that he had made a great advance in his power of drawing character and in the construction of a story. The first was a clever sketch; here was a finished and excellent study. It is needless to tell the story, and unfair to those who have not read it. But in it was given a hint of one of the writer's limitations. Elfrida Swancourt, though in a higher station, is own spiritual sister to Fanny Day, and, with one exception, all Mr. Hardy's women have a family likeness. They are all charming; they are all flirts from their cradle; they are all in love with more than one man at once; they seldom, if they marry at all, marry the right man; and while well conducted for the most part, are somewhat lacking in moral sense, and have only rudimentary souls. Undines of the earth, the thought of death scarce occurs in connection with them, and the pathos is all the deeper when Elfrida dies, like the Lady of Burleigh, 'with the burden of an honour unto which she was not born,' and the blight of three men's lives as an added weight.

The funeral of Elfrida, Lady Luxellian, is one of two scenes connected with death in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' and in each of them there is a whimsicality of treatment which is strange, but neither jarring nor irreverent. Dealing as he does with life in its purely human and temporal aspect, leaving to the preacher all which may be asserted or conjectured about the great issues to which it leads, he has only to do with the terrible irony of the fact of the rigid and impenetrable veil which shuts suddenly like a portcullis behind the retreating figure. To deal with this in the great tragic style would be quite alien to Mr. Hardy's temperament and purpose; to deal with it as a theologian would be perhaps impossible, certainly incongruous; he softens the thought of it by those gleams of humour inseparable from what we have called the irony of death. 'I should have gone mad in my sorrow,' said a believing Christian, who was for a time stunned, as it were, to all religious comfort, 'if I had not been sustained by my sense of humour.'

The labourers are enlarging the vault for the first Lady Luxellian, Elfrida's predecessor. One says—

\* 'The Return of the Native.'

'She must know by this time whether she's to go up or down, poor woman!'

'What was her age?'

'Not more than seven or eight and twenty by candlelight. But Lord! by day 'a was forty if 'a were an hour.'

'Ay, night time or day time makes a difference of twenty years to rich feyrieies,' observed Martin.

'I seed her, poor soul,' said a labourer from behind some removed coffins, 'only but last Valentine's-day of all the world. 'A was arm in crook wi' my lord. I says to myself, You be ticketed Churchyard, my noble lady, although you don't dream on't.'

'I see a bundle of letters go off an hour after the death. Sich wonderful black rims as they letters had—half-an-inch wide, at the very least.'

'Too much,' observed Martin. 'In short, 'tis out of the question that a human being can be so sorrowful as black edges half-an-inch wide. I'm sure people don't feel more than a very narrow border when they feels most of all.'

So, again, in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' young Dick Dewey is coming home from a friend's funeral, and passes the house of the girl to whom he is engaged.

'O Dick, how wet you are!' she said. 'Why your coat shines as if it had been varnished, and your hat—my goodness, there's a streaming hat!'

'O, I don't mind, darling!' said Dick, cheerfully. 'Wet never hurts me, though I am rather sorry for my best clothes. However, it couldn't be helped; they lent all the umbrellas to the women.'

'And look, there's a nasty patch of something just on your shoulder.'

'Ah, that's japanning; it's rubbed off the clamps of poor Jack's coffin, when we lowered him from our shoulders upon the bier. I don't care for that, for 'twas the last deed I could do for him; and 'tis hard if you can't afford a coat to an old friend.'

What Mr. Hardy does in reference to death he does also in reference to the other ills attendant on life—disease, sorrow, superstition. He could not bear the tragedy, or help us to bear it, unless he showed the strand of comedy interwoven; he is ironical in the deepest sense.

In 'Far from the Madding Crowd' he touched deeper notes, but we do not think the book so great a success as his earlier or his later work. The heroine, who as usual plays fast and loose with her lovers, a young farmeress and heiress in one, is a less womanly woman, with all her coquettish ways, than are his other fantastic creations. The tragedy of Bold's suicide, and of the death of the girl Bathsheba's husband has betrayed, is somewhat too deep for its surroundings. Not that such subjects are unfit

for fiction; to assert they were so would be to be unlearned to Shakspeare and Scott; but in 'Far from the Madding Crowd' the character of the piece, so to speak, is melodramatic rather than tragical, while the incidents, or some of them, require a more harmonious setting. Still there are great merits in the book, the same love of nature, the same subtle analysis of motive, unexpected yet true complications of plot, as in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' What is especially new in the work is not of any very deep interest.

In 'The Hand of Ethelberta' the writer has taken a fresh departure, and produced one of the most striking works of English fiction. It is throughout comedy, even approximating to farce, yet in it was put forth one side of the author's view of duty as the moving principle of life, to be worked out grandly and seriously in a yet maturer work. We have to admit, as in witnessing a comedy, unlikely though not wholly impossible premisses. Ethelberta Petherwin has sprung of very refined parents, though in humble life—both domestic servants. She has passed, by the time she is eighteen, through the stages of pupil-teacher in a good school, nursery governess, a clandestine marriage to a rich youth, widowhood, and recognition by her husband's mother. She is launched on society, clever, beautiful, brave, with unknown antecedents, and, by an accident, almost penniless. A less able artist with this conception in his brain would scarcely have avoided imitation of a great model; he would have drawn an adventuress of the Becky Sharpe type. Ethelberta is saved from this, and from all temptation to this, by her complete unselfishness. Her moving principle is love for her family, the desire to advance them in such ways as they, not she, consider best. It is a first step in the conception of a great unselfish love for mankind to be brought out hereafter. We rise to the thought of an abstract humanity to which each has his duties, to which each owes a true unselfish love, through the idea of a family. How this is worked out—through coquetries, of course, otherwise Ethelberta were none of Mr. Hardy's heroines; through difficulties which might well perplex a braver spirit, and seriously embarrass one with any real conscience or more than embryonic soul—we need not here tell. What we have said is enough to give the key to the work when read.

Though the scene is laid partly in London, the whole country portion of it is pure Dorset; but in his treatment of the scenery we could wish that Mr. Hardy had either been less minute or more accurate. To a non-native it does not matter, but to those

who know it is perplexing to find Swanage made forty miles instead of twenty by road from Bournemouth, and that the trees of Lulworth can be seen in a gap of the hills from Corfe Castle. But the breeze of the Purbeck down, and the wash of the Purbeck sea are felt and heard through the book as though we rode with Ethelberta to Corfe, or waited for the steamer on Swanage pier.

In 'The Return of the Native' Mr. Hardy has touched his highest level, and we doubt if he will ever surpass it. Not that he has not many years of good work in him—he is still a young man—but because there is in it a sustained philosophy, a grasp of the problems of life, a clear conception of human duty which a man rarely put into words twice and under more than one form. The leading thought is man's duty to man under discouragement, under the loss of love and health, and of hope for self. We scarcely know where in the range of English fiction to look for a more noble, more pathetic figure than that of Clym Yeobright, the itinerant open-air lecturer, who, after his life was shattered, still 'went about doing good.'

He left alone set creeds and systems of philosophy, finding enough, and more than enough, to occupy his tongue in the opinions and actions common to all good men. Some believed him, and some believed him not; some said that his words were common-place, others complained of his want of spiritual doctrine; while others again remarked that it was well enough for a man to take to preaching who could not see to do anything else. But everywhere he was kindly received, for the story of his life had become generally known.

The scene of the story, the great Dorset heathland, is little known. We remember hearing Mr. Hardy say that, when he was writing it, he thought to himself that only Mr. — among all his probable readers in London would know accurately the district of his story. But without effort it has all the charm of the revelation of a new land, the customs and thoughts of a very peculiar and conservative people are wonderfully brought before us, and we are made to feel that, with all their unusual surroundings, they are of the same land and race as we are, moved by the same passions, hopes, and fears.

For 'The Trumpet Major' we care less; the mere novel-reader will probably like it better. But to us it labours under the defect of dealing with a time rather different from our own; the author has had to cram or be crammed for it, and the effort to reproduce that which is not a part of his own life is apparent. We are aware it

shares this disadvantage with some very great works—with 'Romola,' with 'Esmond,' with 'The Fortunes of Nigel,'—and to say Mr. Hardy has not wholly failed where Scott has only partially succeeded, is to give high praise. The time is that of the alarm of a French invasion during the First Empire, and no doubt all is carefully studied from tradition, but the costumes of the day give somewhat the effect of a stage revival.

Of the story now publishing in the pages of 'Harper's Magazine' it is obviously impossible to speak, nor have we space to do more than name two admirable stories contributed to the now defunct 'New Quarterly Magazine,' 'The Distracted Young Preacher,' and 'Fellow Townsmen.' In these there is no disguising of distances, no confusion of place. The village in the one, the town in the other are as much Ower Moyne and Bridport as St. Oggs in the 'Mill on the Floss' is Gainsborough, and the incidents in the former tale are true, transfigured and in some degree softened by an able artist hand.

In reviewing the whole series of Mr. Hardy's works—not at all too great in quantity to be admirable in quality during a period of ten years—the first general fact that strikes us, assuming him to be an accurate observer, is the unchanging character of the country side and the country folk. The old features of the landscape remain more perhaps in Dorset than in any other county, the road for instance from Wareham to Corfe Castle is the same, and over the same unenclosed heath as it was when the murdered Edward was dragged by the stirrup along the wild four miles; the speech, the dress in many parts—smock and long leather greaves—is the same; the food the same as when Wamba and Gurth discovered that bacon was the only real English word for cooked meat. Twice only, as far as we remember, does Mr. Hardy speak of the flesh food of the peasantry, and in both cases it is pig's liver. We take from, Under the Greenwood Tree'—

'Once I was sitting in the little kitchen of the "Three Choughs" at Casterbridge, having a bit of dinner, and a brass band struck up in the street. Such a beautiful band as that were! I was sitting eating fried liver and lights, I well can mind—ah I was! and to save my life I couldn't help chawing to the tune. Band played six-eight time; six-eight chaws I, willynilly. Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere! Ah, I shall never forget that there band.'

And in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes'—

'Owing to your coming a day sooner than we first expected,' said John, 'you'll find us in a turk of a mess, sir'—'sir' says I to my son!—'but ye've gone up so, Stephen—we've killed the pig this morning for ye, thinking ye'd be hungry, and glad of a morsel of fresh mate. And 'a won't be cut up till to-night. However, we can make ye a good supper of fry, which will chaw up well wi' a dab o' mustard and a few nice new taters, and a drop of shilling ale to wash it down.'

Perhaps nothing is more surprising to those who have only known English country life from such novels as Miss Yonge's, than to see the extraordinarily small part played by the clergy in Mr. Hardy's books. In truth, the ordinances of religion summed up in the parson have but scant influence on the life of the English labourer, and of the country folk generally. He is not the all-pervading spiritual presence which the religious spinster of the upper class supposes; he is a gentleman who touches their lives at sundry points, but is to keep within his own limits, and intrude on them no more than they intrude on him. Of dogmatic differences in the Church they are wholly ignorant. We have known a succession of clergymen in the same country parish within five years, varying from the extremest Calvinism, through a phase of High Churchism scarcely to be distinguished from Popery, to a liberalism differing in nothing but name from Unitarianism. All were accepted by the parishioners, the differences of doctrine were never distinguished except so far as they implied differences in practice, or interfered with any of the habits of an unchanging people.

The Church in Wessex has not eradicated superstition (how, indeed, should it do so?), has only affected morals to an unappreciable extent, while even education has waited for the day of School Boards and modern Acts affecting labour. Were it to be objected to Mr. Hardy's books that there is about them here and there a kind of frank paganism, an acceptance, without moral blame, of superstition, no hasty scouting of the possibility of witchcraft, a forgetfulness of the triumphs of civilization; we should reply that these are some of the essential characteristics of the people and the country among which he has lived, that he gives life as he sees it, and not as it ought to be according to the ideas of certain outsiders.

With regard to one side of country life, on which he is as well informed as all others, it may be thought that he deliberately chooses only that which is fair and virtuous and pure for the sake of the picture he wishes to draw, and into the grace

of which he will introduce no incongruous feature, that he has left out the most essential elements. This is not so. The English labourer is frank, but he is not coarse, save as Fielding's novels are coarse; that is, he introduces words which do not find their way into drawing-rooms, but he would recoil as from a snake in the grass at the thoughts and suggestions which are in many fashionable novels; his very vices have in them more of clumsiness and horse-play than of deliberate evil. He is purer than his town neighbours: if chastity consist in truth to one woman through life, so that the chaste man might adopt Arthur's words to Guinivere, 'For I was ever virgin save for thee,' we assert that the agricultural labourer stands higher than any other class in the community; he is truthful, honest, and trustworthy, and if he exceed in liquor, he certainly in this has no monopoly of vice or of needless indulgence.

If Mr. Hardy has indeed drawn his characters on the whole favourably, in spite of their many shortcomings; if he has drawn true gentlemen in his village carpenter John Smith, the reddleman Diggory Venn, the tranter Dick Dewey, it is because these men and their prototypes are so in fact. 'Though,' as Dickens said of the brothers Cheeryble, 'they eat with their knives and never went to school,' we never expect to find in any rank or position truer or more high-minded gentlemen than some Dorset labourers we are proud to call friends. But those who associate with them—a difficult matter for whomsoever is not bred among them—must expect that plainness of speech so graphically described in the novels under consideration—

'O, sir, please here's tranter Dewy, and Old William Dewy, and young Richard Dewy, O, and all the quire too, sir, except the boys, a-come to see you!' said Mr. Maybold's servant to Mr. Maybold, the pupils of her eyes dilating like circles in a pond.

'All, the choir!' said the astonished vicar.

'And they look very firm, and tranter Dewy do turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but looked quite straight and solemn, with his mind made up!'

'O, all the choir,' repeated the vicar to himself, trying by that simple device to trot out his thoughts on what the choir could come for.

'Yes; every man-jack of 'em, as I be alive!' (The parlour-maid was rather local in manner, having in part been raised in the same village.) 'Really, sir, 'tis thought by many in both town and country that—'

'Town and country! Heavens, I had no idea that I was public property in this way!' said the vicar—'Well, it is thought in town and country that—'

'It is thought that you are going to get it hot and strong!—excuse my uncivility, sir.'\*

And again—

'Why don't your stap-mother (the speaker's wife) come down?' said Geoffry. 'You'll excuse her, Mister Dick, she's a little quare sometimes.'

'O yes,—quite,' said Richard, as if he were in the habit of excusing several people every day.

'She d' belong to that class of womankind that become second wives; a rum class rather.'

'Indeed,' said Dick, with sympathy.

'Yes! and 'tis trying to a female, especially if you've been a first wife, as she hev.'

'Very trying it must be.'

'Yes; you see her first husband was a young man, who let her go too far; in fact, she used to kick up Bob's-a-dying at the least thing in the world. And when I'd married her and found it out, I thought, thinks I, "'Tis too late now to begin to cure ye;" and so I let her bide. But she's quare—very quare at times!'

'I'm sorry to hear that.'

'Yes; these wives be such a provoking class of society, because though they be never right, they be never more than half wrong.'†

X Mr. Hardy not only reproduces the humours of the country for us; he is brimful of humour himself. One of the ways in which this manifests itself is in his similes and analogies. We find, quite at random, opening the pages of the 'Distracted Young Preacher,' the poor lad, fresh from college, and wholly ignorant of the country, trapped into association with smugglers whether he will or no—

Lizzy looked alarmed for the first time, 'Will you go and tell our folk?' she said. 'They ought to be let know.' Seeing his conscience *struggling within him like a boiling pot*, she added, 'No, never mind, I'll go myself.'

And the same sort of unexpectedness appears in the simplest narrative, where no deliberate simile is intended. In the 'Hand of Ethelberta' the Honourable Edgar Mountclere and Soloman Chicherel, a carpenter, are unexpectedly benighted fellow-travellers, hoping to get shelter and food at a roadside public-house—

'Come, publican, you'd better let us in. You don't dare to keep nobility waiting like this.'

'Nobility!'

'My mate hev the title of Honourable, whether or no; so let's have none of your slack,' said Sol.

'Don't be a fool, young chopstick!' exclaimed Mountclere. 'Get the door opened.'

'I will—in my own way,' said Sol, testily. 'You mustn't mind my trading upon your quality, as 'tis a case of necessity. This is a woman nothing will bring to reason but an appeal to the higher powers. If every man of title was as useful as you are to-night, sir, I'd never call them lumber again as long as I live.'

'How singular!'

'There's never a bit of rubbish that won't come in use, if you keep it some years.'

And of a young Wesleyan minister climbing a church tower—

The young man ascended, and presently found himself among consecrated bells for the first time in his life, Nonconformity having been in the Stockdale blood for some generations. He eyed them uneasily, and looked round for Lizzy.

In 'The Trumpet Major' this imaginative power has perhaps played tricks with Mr. Hardy. He has carried the analogies he sees between the human face and a landscape too far; there are places in all his works in which he treads on the borders of what is strained. But it is seldom that he does so, and he rarely ever passes them. It is much to find even here a man who sees more than others, and does not rest for ever in the obvious and commonplace.

Our pleasant task is almost done. We think we have said enough to show that here is a novelist who—while he excites little short of wonder and enthusiasm in a certain section of the public, the comparatively few who know him—has not at all taken hold on the great popular mind, sometimes slow to discover when a new genius has arisen in the intellectual sky.

X We have only to say more, that while Mr. Hardy is never didactic, never dogmatic, never definitely religious—the novelist who is so imperfectly apprehends the difference between a novel and a sermon, spoiling both—his whole influence is pure, ennobling, and gracious; there is no line from beginning to end of his works we could wish to blot, no book which does not leave the reader heartily amused and raised in moral tone.

That Mr. Hardy has taken his place in the true literature of England is to us beyond question. For his sake and for their own we trust the larger public will recognize the fact, and steep themselves in the fresh healthy air of Dorset, and come into contact with the kindly folk who dwell there, through these pages, and then test their truth, as they can, in summer visits to the wolds, hill-sides, and coasts, which their 'native' has described so well.

\* 'Under the Greenwood Tree.'

† Ibid.  
B—13

ART. V.—*Schliemann's Ilios*.*Ilios; the City and Country of the Trojans.*

The Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-73 and 1878-79. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN, F.S.A. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes, Maps, and Plans, and about 1800 Illustrations. John Murray.

It appears to have been the author's desire, in bringing out, so soon after 'Troy and its Remains,'\* this still larger and more profusely illustrated volume, not merely to give a more detailed account of his discoveries at Hisarlik, but to write an exhaustive treatise on the mythology, ethnography, and history of ancient Troy, including even its fauna, its flora, and its geology, with the topography of the whole region around and adjacent to it. This sufficiently comprehensive scheme has attained its completion in a beautiful though rather bulky royal octavo of more than eight hundred pages. As a work for the wealthy to store in the library or to lay on the drawing-room table we, of course, cordially welcome it. It is no insignificant contribution to our knowledge of the past; and the facts which it presents to us lose none of their value as facts, even if they seem to be sometimes unduly pressed in the service of a cherished theory—the historical character of the *Iliad*. The illustrations are, of course, to some extent, the same as before, but many new plans are added, and a greatly enlarged series is given of the pottery, metallic vases, and rude implements found, none of which, however curious and interesting in themselves, furnish the slightest elucidation of Homeric art. They are all (some of the jewellery, perhaps, excepted) absolutely barbarous, the work of people or peoples not more advanced in civilization than the natives of New Guinea, or Central America, or New Zealand now are. The small clay idols, or fetishes, representing, as Dr. Schliemann supposes (but it is a mere guess), the Palladium, or heaven-fallen statue of Athené, 'are certainly ruder than the rudest ever found in Greece or elsewhere.' What they do prove is simply the fact that a fortress or hill-city on Hisarlik was inhabited in very early times by a very primitive people. But whether the early occupants of it had any, and if so, what, relation to the people who, according to a very old legend or history, fought with the Greeks on the Trojan plain, is a matter still absolutely uncertain. Thus much we must state, as our own conviction, at the outset of our

notice of 'Ilios.' With some of the theories propounded by the enterprising and munificent author we feel ourselves, unfortunately, compelled to disagree. To accept the *Iliad* as in any sense historical, and to believe that it contains history now first confirmed by fact, can only result from a long and very cautious consideration. So very much is to be said on the other side that the natural enthusiasm of a discoverer has to be repressed rather than stimulated by a conscientious reviewer, who is groping his way through prehistoric mists into the dim dawn of a nascent literature.

On Dr. Schliemann's Autobiography we have first a few observations to make. He tells us that 'it did not take him more than six weeks to master the difficulties of modern Greek,' and in three months he learned sufficient of the ancient language 'to understand some of the ancient authors, and especially Homer, whom he read and re-read with the most lively enthusiasm.' Many very clever men have read Homer for half a century, but would hesitate to make the same avowal. In two years more he read 'almost all the classical authors cursorily, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* several times.' He 'never lost any precious time in studying the rules of Greek grammar,' but 'followed the very simple method of learning ancient Greek as he would have learnt a modern language.' He tells us 'he is perfectly acquainted with all the grammatical rules without ever knowing whether or not they are contained in the grammars.' Moreover, 'when any man finds errors in his Greek, he can immediately prove that he is right by merely reciting passages from the classics where the sentences employed by him occur.'

He therefore 'strongly recommends all directors of colleges and schools to introduce the method he has followed; to do away with the abominable English pronunciation of Greek, which has never been in use outside of England; to let children first be taught modern Greek by native Greek professors, and only afterwards begin ancient Greek when they can speak and write the modern language with fluency, which it can hardly take them more than six months to do.' All the difficulties of the ancient language, he considers, can be mastered in a year, so that intelligent boys 'will not only learn it as a living language, but will also understand the ancient classics, and be able to write fluently on any subject they are acquainted with.' Truly, this is a revolution in our old-fashioned scholastic ideas.

He goes on to denounce 'the arbitrary and atrocious pronunciation of Greek usual

\* John Murray. 1875.

in England,' and 'the erroneous method employed of disregarding the accents entirely, and considering them as mere impediments' (!) And so satisfied is he of 'the stubborn fact' that Greek can be learnt very quickly and very easily, that he tells us he has known office-clerks at Athens who 'have been able in four months to understand Homer and even Thucydides.'

It is quite obvious to remark that no one with a really accurate and critical knowledge of ancient Greek could write in this style. Dr. Schliemann seems quite unconscious that the modern Greek pronunciation of accents to mark stress or *ictus* on a syllable is in itself a corruption totally destructive of the sonorous harmony of Greek verse. The word *πεδίοιο* pronounced at the end of an Homeric hexameter *pedéo* utterly loses all its metrical force and dignity by the shortening of the diphthong *oi*. Again, he does not seem at all to have considered that the main use of Greek, as an instrument of education, consists in the logical appreciation of the complex phenomena of the language. If Greek could really be learnt in six months, by the colloquial method, though talking it and writing it as a living language might have some practical uses, it would be wholly useless for all purposes of mental discipline and improvement.

To proceed, however, to the subject of our review. The question will arise in the minds of many why, if it is impossible to connect the Homeric Troy or the Homeric people with the remains at Hissarlik, in any way whatever, except in the probable coincidence of the sites, so much should have been said on matters so entirely extraneous to the actual discoveries made? Why this display of classical learning, extending in chapters ii. and iii. to more than 150 pages, with numerous and long quotations from Strabo, Apollodorus, and others, if the discoveries give us no knowledge either of the peoples who successively occupied the place, or of the date and duration of each occupation? Why, again, should at least 300 pages have been devoted to minute descriptions of archaic pottery?

In his anxiety to establish some real historical relation between the Homeric poem and the city or cities at Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann nowhere shows himself to be conscious of two facts which are of the greatest possible importance to the controversy. One is, that all the details of the Homeric armour, however mixed up with exaggerated accounts of heroes hurling huge stones and fighting as only mythical giants or real barbarians fight, are essentially those of the fifth century B.C., as known to us

from the numerous extant vase-paintings; the second fact is, and it is one fully established by the most recent inquiry, that very different poems from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* which we now possess were current as 'Homer' previously to the age of Plato. This fact we know from the long and oft-repeated incidents of the Trojan war as given by Pindar and the tragic poets, who differ very widely indeed from the existing Homeric texts, and evidently had epics of a much larger range. Later writers indeed disparaged these epics as 'Cyclic,' but the earlier writers unquestionably regarded them as the genuine 'Homer.' Consequently, all attempts to connect the barbaric implements and buildings found at Hissarlik with the finished, if archaic, poem of the *Iliad*, must be vain. The genius manifested in the composition of such an epic out of very old and obsolete materials, is in itself indicative of the highest and best period of Greek literature. Poets who could compose an *Iliad* are not contemporaries of artists who make pots and pans of the type of those buried in the Hissarlik mound. And if they are not contemporaries, neither can they be, in any proper sense, witnesses to facts of another period. To put the matter before his readers correctly, Dr. Schliemann should have laid down this proposition: 'A very early poem, traditionally ascribed to one *Homer*, on a war, mythical or historical, between Trojan and Grecian heroes, shows sufficient local indications of truthfulness to enable us to say that the poet must have had some acquaintance with the neighbourhood of the Troad, sufficiently correct to enable him to describe generally its scenery and surroundings. If, therefore, the tradition was founded on any real city, the acropolis of an historic or prehistoric king or chief, that city must have been at Hissarlik, because, though the site by no means agrees with many statements in the present poem, it can be conclusively proved that no other city in the neighbourhood could have been the *Ilios* of the original ballad.'

This view, consistent as it is with all the early historical evidence which agrees in identifying Troy with the Greek *Ilium*, would have been accepted by all scholars. The mistake was to bring in *history* to establish the truth of the war, and to attempt to prove that which is absolutely incapable of proof.

There is a third fact which Dr. Schliemann, in common with all enthusiastic believers in an historical Homer, entirely ignores or denies—the composite nature of the poems, the work probably of many

poets of widely different ages and countries, some of whom may have seen the plain of Troy, others may describe it from the accounts either of travellers or of still earlier poets.

The more often that I read over and over, and carefully consider (writes Professor C. G. Cobet) the ancient Ionic ballads which have come to us under the name of *Homer*, the more I feel convinced of the truth of the opinion, that these are not the composition of one bard, but were the songs of many poets of different ages and countries, originally devoted to the same theme, and collected at a later time and compiled into one *corpus* or literary work.\*

Cobet thus agrees with the conclusions of Bentley and of F. A. Wolf.

The same opinion is held by Professor Sayce, who has shown † that the poems as we have them must have undergone the extensive recension of an Attic poet, the mixed nature of the present Homeric vocabulary rendering it certain that it is *not* one genuine and original poem.

Now this being admitted, we can explain many inconsistencies. Those who thought the sight of Troy was on the hill of Hissarlik, in the Trojan plain, spoke of its being 'built on the plain,' *ἐν πεδίῳ πεπολιστο*, while others who thought the site was at Bounar-Bashi, further up in the hills, and nearer the sources of the Scamander, described (what may then have been the case, though Dr. Schliemann says it is not so now) the hot and cold springs, close to which Hector was chased by Achilles.‡ Other poets, again, who knew the claims of both sites to be the real Troy, not unnaturally spoke of one being the old site, 'the Dardania on the slope of Ida, founded before Ilios had been built on the plain.' § Thus arose the story of a rival settlement ruled by a rival prince—an Æneas, son of Aphrodite, who was viewed with jealousy by Priam, brother of Tithonus, who had married the Dawn-goddess! To the discussion of the claim of these very shadowy characters to be historic personages, Dr. Schliemann devotes much space. To bring a portion of our poems down to a comparatively late age, it may be conceded that the temple of Athené, mentioned in the sixth Iliad, for which there was actually no room in the limited area of the old hill-town, seems to be that found by Dr. Schliemann at Ilium,

the Æolic Greek town visited, as Herodotus tells us, by Xerxes, and enlarged by Lysimachus in the time of Alexander the Great. The custom of offering the *peplus* to the goddess\* is Athenian, and the account is probably that of an Athenian bard, to whom the old wooden statue of Athene Polias was a familiar object.

No real progress will ever be made in the Homeric controversy while so extravagant an antiquity as nearly nine centuries before the Christian era is claimed for the Iliad more or less nearly as we now have it. It cannot be shown that Greek books, or a written Greek literature, came into use till quite four centuries later. All Dr. Schliemann's reasonings and inferences depend on this assumption, in which he is upheld by Mr. Gladstone. But surely it is enough to concede that old epics about Achilles, Agamemnon, and Hector, recited for centuries by hundreds of rhapsodists, partly from memory, partly from invention, may have been remodelled up to quite late times, and yet still have preserved their general archaic character.

So far, and so far only, we are disposed to agree with Dr. Schliemann. The name of the town, *Ilios*, pronounced, through the digamma, *Wilios*, seems identical with *ἰλη*, a company or dense rank of men and animals, and with *ὠλεῖς* (where the O represents the older F), the distinctive epithet of the lesser Ajax, as the hero who drove and hemmed the enemy into close ground. The tumult of the god-like hero *Ilios* is mentioned several times in the Iliad, this hero, like another of the same pedigree, Tros, † being supposed, according to the universal belief of the old hero-worshippers, to have given his name to the settlement over which he was king. Another form of the word is seen in Mount Ida, the letters *d* and *l* being convertible, as *ῥόδη* (our *wood*) is another form of *ῥλη*, *silva*. As for the site of the town on the small hill at Hissarlik, it followed the invariable rule of early settlements, which was to utilize, as the Athenians did, any rising ground or isolated rock that supplied sufficient area for a Pergamos or *burgh*. The old houses were always built of wood, and a town burnt, whether by accident or hostile invasion, left on the site a thick stratum on which a new city arose, perhaps to be burnt in its turn. And as we occasionally dig up in London, York, Chester, and many other Anglo-Roman sites, remains buried from ten to thirty feet below the present levels, so it is almost a matter of course that any mound furnish-

\* 'Miscellanea Critica,' p. 401. This is the deliberate statement of one of the most eminent of living Greek scholars and critics.

† Appendix A to Professor Mahaffy's 'History of Classical Greek Literature,' vol. i.

‡ Il. xxii. 151.

§ Ibid. xx. 217.

\* Il. vi. 303.

† Ibid. xx. 230.



ing a convenient site for a town, would, if thoroughly and deeply explored, yield evidences of having been a human habitation for a very long period. At the same time, we may perhaps hesitate to accept the statement of Professor Virchow, quoted in p. 62 that 'an extraordinary long time must have elapsed from the foundation of the first settlement to the destruction of the last.' Given a period of even three thousand years, we need not feel any great surprise at the discoveries at Hissarlik; independently of the supposed great age of the remains, and the interest attaching to the semi-barbarous treasures of precious metal here found, we may say generally, that where the site of any royal city has not been already ransacked by treasure-hunters, we have more reason to expect success than failure in opening the foundations of it. It was the perception of this truth that led Dr. Schliemann to devote so much time and money to the work of exploration; and though he was lucky in his find, both at Hissarlik and at Mycenæ, the chances, perhaps, were really in his favour. For treasure-seekers and tomb-riflers in general have neither the means nor the patience to clear the whole area of a citadel. To sink a few pits on the known or suspected sites of graves is the utmost which they are likely to effect. The accumulation of *débris* at Hissarlik is fifty-three feet, and the bottom could not have been reached by ordinary diggers.

When, however, the author would have us believe that a number of clay balls—evidently spindle-whorls, and of no more real value than a prehistoric schoolboy's marbles would be, rudely scratched in fanciful patterns, not very unlike crawling insects—contain real inscriptions in a hitherto unknown alphabet, we may well express our incredulity. *Why* should a clay ball have letters made upon it? Even in these days of ready writing we do not read 'Tom Jones his marble' on 'alley-taws,' either in the shop or the street. No! this theory will convince few, albeit Professor Sayce is not the only one who thinks he has found 'Cypriote' letters on some of these balls, of which not less than thirty-two pages of lithograph facsimiles are given at the end of the volume.

The one fact that seems to us absolutely conclusive against the inscription theory is this: the scratches are found in every conceivable form and variety, some resembling twigs, others leaves, others quadrupeds, others, again, the legs of insects. Now it is almost impossible that *some* of these should be real words, the others mere unmeaning scrawls and patterns. All must represent

one and the same custom and practice though in different stages of development, according to the skill or fancy of the designer. The argument is the same as that addressed to the incredulous about human flints found in the drift; we have a *series*, absolutely complete, from the rudest knocking away of angles and flakes, to the polished and sharpened or pointed axe-head, which is manifestly the work of a skilled artist. It is very unlikely that this flint, merely because it is 'rude,' should be nothing more than a mere 'freak of nature,' while another specimen, extremely like it in all respects, except in being a little less rude, should be a work of human hands.

It may be laid down as a rule, that in the remains of prehistoric cities, those of Egypt and Assyria excepted, inscriptions are *never* found. We might as well look for such things at Stonehenge as on the Cyclopien masonry of either Hellas or Italy. Man could build very long before he could write. Many now doubt the alleged antiquity of the Moabitic inscription, which has been referred to the ninth century B.C. Nor was the sanguine hope entertained by some of finding Hebrew inscriptions in the foundations of Jerusalem ever realized.

It was not unnatural, when once the idea was seriously entertained, that these clay balls contained very early specimens of handwriting, that their use as spindle-whorls should be denied. For how small was the probability that a bit of clay intended only for twisting a stick and a thread should have words incised on it. Certainly, *ταυῷ δῖῳ*, 'to the divine general,' was not a very suitable inscription; and to get from the same letters *θεῖῳ Σίγῳ*, 'to the divine Sigo'—the supposed patron-god of Sigeum—by the process of reading them in the opposite direction, is a result hardly more satisfactory. If these balls were *not* whorls, what were they? If they were offerings in temples, they are wholly without precedent or analogy from anything yet discovered among prehistoric remains, unless, perhaps, we compare the clay balls with a hole through them and an emblem with cuneiform letters on them, found at Nineveh, and thought to have been used for sealing up doors.\*

Another conclusive argument against these scratches being intended for letters at all, is the certain and ascertained fact that the age of stone axes and rude clay pottery was not the age of writing. Nor is the manufacture of such rude implements among savage tribes of to-day ever associated with alphabetic writing. To accept such a view, advo-

\* Bonomi's 'Nineveh,' p. 448.

cated by Professor Sayce, would be to throw into utter confusion all that we know of the habits and capabilities of primitive men, and compel us to reconsider the whole question, vastly important as it is, of the date, origin, and history of alphabetical writing.

Ilium (commonly, but incorrectly called, 'Novum Ilium'), the Greek city adjoining, and indeed forming a part or continuation of the old and small town on Hissarlik, 'continued to be universally considered and treated as the genuine Homeric Troy.' Modern opinions have rather inclined to Bouṅar-Baahi, but explorations on that site have shown that it was not the Homeric Troy, but the city of Gergis. The hot spring, described by Homer, must be given up, unless a spring found on the site favoured by Strabo (*Ἰλίου καὶ ὕδατος*), the temperature of which is about 70° Fahrenheit, can be claimed as that described in the *Iliad*. But Dr. Schliemann satisfied himself by actual explorations on the site that this never could have been the ancient Troy.

There can be little doubt, then, that the city which Xerxes is said \* to have visited in his expedition against Greece, when he 'went up into Priam's *Pergamon*,' and sacrificed a thousand bees to the Athena of Ilium, was the Greek town then existing, the 'Ilium' of Roman authors. Hissarlik forms, as Dr. Schliemann says, 'the north-western corner of Novum Ilium,' and it was, without doubt, the acropolis of the more extended Greek settlement. That the temple of Athené of Ilium was a Greek temple in the Greek city, and that the account of it in the sixth *Iliad* refers to it and no other, will be apparent to any one who has learnt the utter improbability of the extravagant antiquity which has been assigned to the poem as we now have it. We were glad to see this admitted by Professor Mahaffy: 'I believe that, whatever the Trojan war may have been, and whatever may have been the accuracy of the details of the *Iliad*, the conflict was localized by the poet, then and ever after called Ilium, and that no new foundation ever took place.†

That the old temple of Athené was rebuilt or repaired by Lysimachus, after the death of Alexander, who had adorned it with offerings, or perhaps a new one built,‡ may be accepted as an historical fact, quite in accordance with the Homeric account. Indeed, Dr. Schliemann found an inscription on the site of the large Greek temple he

explored in the Greek Ilium, which 'left no doubt that this was the temple of the Ilian Athené for it is only this sanctuary that could have been called simply τὸ ἱερόν on account of its size and importance, which surpassed that of all the other temples of Novum Ilium.'

Later on in his work the author seems to embrace the only probable view, that the town presented to Homer's mind was the *Greek town*. Only, to do this, he is obliged to assume that 'in the ninth century B.C. he would probably have found the *Æolic Ilium* already long established.' Similarly the walls, fortresses, towers, and gates described in the poem are either mere poetical figments (which, of course, is in itself extremely probable), or they refer to the fortifications of the Greek city as they stood some five centuries before the Christian era. In this sense, certainly in no other, there may be some historical truth in the Homeric descriptions, because this brings us within the historic period; although the features of other sites have probably been confused with this, and a large amount must be written off (as that of the palace of Priam in vi. 240, seqq.) for mere poetic imagination.

The hill of Hissarlik is so small that it never could have contained a city or garrison nearly large enough to satisfy the Homeric descriptions. The site, as one convenient for defence, was early, but at an unknown period, occupied by a colony of *Æolic* Greeks, who in their migration from the fatherland in European Hellas, brought with them the old *Achæan* ballad-songs of a great fight waged by their ancestors on the shores of the Hellespont. Portions of the older story are preserved in the long list of towns in the neighbourhood of *Bœotia*, which must have been composed by a local and European bard, while the general descriptions of scenery, as well as the language, indicate the present composition of the *Iliad* to be the work of an *Ionian* poet.

Dr. Schliemann, however, will not hear of any later 'Novum Ilium' being the Homeric Troy. He admits that the Greek city stood on the same site, but he does not believe it had any existence at all when Homer wrote—

As the hill of Hissarlik answers to the indications of the *Iliad* in regard to the situation of ancient Ilium, the fact that a city of the same name existed here in *later times* (the italics are ours) tends rather to confirm than to enfeeble its right to be considered identical with the city celebrated by the poet. The identity of name is a strong presumption in favour of the coincidence of position. If Hissarlik marks the site of Troy, the Trojan walls lay already buried upwards of twenty feet below the surface of the ground when Sigeum was built in the seventh century B.C.

\* Herod. vii. 43.

† Appendix II., on the Relation of Ilium to the *Ilios* of Homer, p. 690.

‡ *ἱερὸν κατεσκευάσθαι*, Strabo, xiii. p. 593.

He adds (as if in a position now to refute a tradition which, after all, seems clearly the right one), ' (Novum) Ilium continued to be universally considered and treated as the genuine Homeric Troy.' The utter impossibility of reconciling the remains found in the older site under Hissarlik with any Homeric description, though, as it seems to us, fatal to his theory, does not appear to him to have any weight at all on the other side. The heroes of the Iliad, no doubt, if they existed at all; may have been the barbarians of the hill-fort; but the heroes who wore the armour so minutely described by the poet were assuredly a wholly different race of beings.

The meaning of the name Achilles (in its ancient form, *Achilleus*) has not, we believe, been ascertained, nor to what language or race it belongs. The same is true of Priam, Paris, and some other names.\* But the name Hector, and that of his son Astyanax, as well as Alexandros, are distinctly Greek, and to the meaning of the word Hector, as 'holder' or 'protector,' there is a plain allusion in Iliad xxii. 507. A considerable portion of the ancient Homeric literature, describing the raids of Achilles in the Troad during the ten years' siege, and the achievements of Hector, which were contained in the old Phrygian ballad-songs, had been lost from the Homer which Plato found in use, and which is nearly that which has descended to us. Allusions to these are, however, frequent in the Iliad; and in the 'Rhesus,' ascribed to Euripides, we find reference made to an expedition conducted by Hector against the Thracians, and the reducing of them to the position of subjects to the Thracian king, Rhesus (406-410). It may, perhaps, some day be discovered that the tale of Troy is not an Aryan legend at all, but more nearly allied to Assyrian, Akkadian, Sumerian, or Hittite traditions. Whether a 'solar-legend' or not, is a question which must remain in abeyance till our rapidly increasing knowledge of antiquity provides us with some new facts. It is certainly a marvellous fact which we do know—that nations so widely different as Etruscans, Lycians, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, all had traditions of a 'Trojan war,' and in some form or other knew both the names and the legendary achievements of the ancient heroes who were believed to have taken part in it. It is a tradition nearly, if not quite, as universal as that of the Flood.

A large portion of the volume before us is taken up with minute descriptions, with

illustrations, of barbaric pottery. They have nothing to do with the text or the narratives of Homer, and belong to a totally different department of archaeology. If Dr. Schliemann had read the chapter on the 'Aboriginal Pottery of America,' in Mr. E. T. Stevens's 'Flint Chips,' he would at once have recognized the identity both of the pottery and many of the stone implements with those found in tumuli in Mexico, Ohio, and Central America. In fact, our own museums contain thousands of specimens of British or Celtic workmanship of the same rude kind, showing that it was not any one people, but an era, and a very long-enduring one (for it has not even yet ceased), that produced these almost universal monuments of uncivilized man. They are found in the cave and the lake habitations; and flint saws, flint scrapers, stone hammers, querns, axes, pestles, grooved stones (perhaps net-sinkers), flint (or jade) arrow-heads and bone needles (to say nothing of clay whorls), the same in all respects as those from the lower cities at Hissarlik, exist in such abundance from tumuli in all parts of the world, that so much space seems hardly necessary for a detailed description. Whatever be the reason, the fact seems certain that a great and long-enduring wave of the human race, low in art, but not always low in physical conformation, spread over a large portion of the known world, burning their dead and raising mounds over the remains, feeding now on grain, now—as in the fourth city at Hissarlik—on shell-fish, and using the bones and horns of mammalia for weapons and tools. And that the very same practices continued long into the historic period, and are not wholly extinct even yet, is another fact to be borne in mind by those who build up theories on any new archaeological discoveries.

'Nothing,' says the author, 'I think, could better testify to the great antiquity of the prehistoric ruins at Hissarlik and Mycenæ than the total absence of iron.' Now iron is very often mentioned in the Iliad; its perishable nature, from its tendency to rust away, is, perhaps, sufficient to account for its absence and the much greater prevalence of bronze. The long dissertation in chapter v. on the mythology of the ancients, throws no light on any Homeric passage. Copper—or possibly bronze, though *χαλκόν ερυθρόν*, in Iliad ix. 365, points to the former—was found in the first and the second cities, and it has also been found in the tumuli, or altar-mounds, of Ohio, and in the excavations in Assyria.

With regard to the numerous small clay or marble effigies, apparently female, found

\* See speculations on their etymology by Professor Sayce, in p. 705, App. iii.

in several of the lower towns on Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann persists that they can represent nothing but the owl-faced goddess called by Homer *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη*, and he compares the cow-faced goddess, described in Homer as *βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη*. Now it may be very well granted, with our present knowledge, that cow-worship and bull-symbolism, whether from the horns of the crescent moon or as typifying lusty strength, were very extensively prevalent throughout the ancient world. It is also clear that *βοῶπις* had so far passed from its original sense when the *Iliad* assumed its present form that it had become a complimentary epithet of any fair woman or nymph, and perhaps referred to the large and gentle eye and long eyelash for which a cow is so conspicuous. But not only is there no real authority for interpreting *γλαυκῶπις* 'owl-faced,' but the supposed bird-face of the vases and statuettes is not a bird's head and beak at all; it is simply a very rude attempt to represent eyes and a nose without a mouth. Exactly the same rude representation of a human face is engraved in p. 228 of a work before referred to—Stevens's 'Flint Chips'—being a stone hatchet found in St. Domingo, West Indies. The true sense of *γλαυκῶπις* is 'glare-eyed,' indicating the fierce look of a war-goddess. It is remarkable that Hesychius does not recognize this arbitrary interpretation of 'owl-faced' at all; he says, *γλαυκῶπις φοβερά ἐν τῷ ὀράσθαι λαμπρόφθαλμος, εὐόφθαλμος*. And this is undoubtedly the only right explanation. It is used of the peculiar feline glare (*γλαυκίῳ*) as shown by the lion about to make a spring.\* Thus a cherished theory, vainly supposed to connect Hissarlik with the Homeric poems, falls, as it seems to us, to the ground. Obviously, an owl was called *γλαυξ* from its great glaring eye. Dr. Schliemann's reasoning appears to us unsound, 'Certainly no one will for a moment doubt that Hera's Homeric epithet (*βοῶπις*) shows her to have been at one time represented with a cow's face, in the same way as Athena's Homeric epithet, *γλαυκῶπις*, shows this goddess to have once been represented with an owl's face.' We hold that the one proposition does not at all follow from the other. And it is somewhat far-fetched to assume that 'Athena, as goddess of the dawn, doubtless received the epithet *γλαυκῶπις* to indicate the light of the opening day.' It would be more reasonable to say that the relation of the Athenian goddess to the owl (as shown on coins) may probably

be due to symbolism borrowed from a bird of the dusk and the night. It certainly requires some stretch of imagination to believe that the rude faces on these pots were intended to represent an owl's face at all, or that the erect lateral projections, which are called 'too fragile and sharp-edged for handles,' were meant for wings. The assumption is about as baseless as that which assigns a date of from B.C. 1200 to 1500 for the manufacture of these vases.

Dr. Schliemann's contention is that all these female figures, found without change of type in all the cities, were purposely made of this rude form because the people 'clung with fervent zeal to the shape of their Palladium, which had become consecrated by the precedent of ages.' No doubt there is a tendency to make idols and fetishes of a certain recognized type, as we see in the Buddhist idols so commonly brought by missionaries and others into this country, and as the Greeks for a long time had their Gorgon-heads with wide mouth and a great lolling tongue. The pictured Madonnas and saints of the Greek Church still retain the Byzantine type of art which characterized them a thousand years ago. These images have some analogy to the portable Italian 'Penates,' and to the little images which have been called 'Teraphim,' found at Khorsabad, and engraved on p. 179 of Bonomi's 'Nineveh.'

Professor Sayce avows his disbelief of the owl theory. 'I am strongly of opinion,' he says, 'that the rude Trojan figures which Dr. Schliemann believes to represent the owl-headed Athena, are really barbarous attempts to imitate the images of the goddess who went under the various names of Kybele, Omphale, &c.\*'

A statement still more rash, and, like the preceding, dictated by the strong desire to connect the remains at Hissarlik with the Homeric poems, is the assertion that 'Homer by his *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον* cannot possibly mean anything else than a goblet with two handles.' This is said, not because that is the natural meaning of the epithet, which should signify 'with a cup at each end,' i.e., like a dice-box, but because a great number of terra-cotta goblets were found in the strata of the second city 'in the form of a champagne-glass, with a pointed foot and two enormous handles.' These were found still more abundantly in the three next-following prehistoric cities. Determined to show that this is what Homer meant, Dr. Schliemann says that the ordinary explanation of *ἀμφικύπελλον*, 'a double cup,'

\* Il. xx. 172.

\* Appendix iii. p. 694.

seems to him to be altogether erroneous. Why? Hesychius explains it simply by the word *περιφερές*, 'circular,' evidently meaning that such was its form above and below alike, as distinct from any change of shape resulting from projecting feet. Dr. Schliemann says it means a cup presented by one handle and received by the other. We contend that 'two-cupped' cannot possibly bear such a meaning. The negative argument, that 'no goblet with an upper and a lower cup has ever yet been found,' assumes that the present Homeric texts really represent the age of this very ancient city; which is just what so many scholars refuse to concede. Aristotle, who well compared the Homeric cup to the floor in the middle of a bee's double cell, is quietly dismissed as 'wrong in his theory.' Nor is any confirmation of the non-natural interpretation to be gained by the endeavour to identify *δέπας* with *ἄλεισον*, which is called *ἄμφωτον*, 'two-handled,' in *Odyssey* xxii. 9. The following appears to us nothing else than special pleading; 'I could multiply these examples' (to prove *δέπας* the same as *ἄλεισον*), 'but I think them perfectly sufficient to do away with an absurd interpretation of an important Homeric text, and to make the false theory fall to the ground, that there could ever have existed in antiquity goblets with a cup at both ends, and thus identical in form with the vessels which are to the present day used in the streets of London for measuring a penny or halfpenny worth of nuts.' Surely this is a somewhat trifling appeal to sentiment *versus* probability.

We may add that Dr. Schliemann is clearly wrong in referring the root of *κύπελλον* to *κύφος*, 'curved,' the *υ* in the latter being long, but short in the former.

These two-handled cups would not stand, except, when emptied, on the inverted brim. Consequently, a guest who declined to drain it must either hold it erect himself or pass it on at once to another. Venetian glasses more than a foot in length are still to be seen, which were designed for holding strong ale or sack; the glass, having no foot, was laid on its side when emptied.

It is the third from the native rock, the 'burnt city,' which Dr. Schliemann has undertaken to identify with the Homeric Troy. The foundations of an old house which he laid bare to the north-west of the town-gate he assigns as the residence of the town-chief or king, partly because it is the largest, partly because treasures were found in or close to it. In front of the palace, he says, is an open space, which may have been the Agora. 'This would agree with Homer,

who tells us\* that the Trojans, young and old, were assembled in the Agora before the king's door.' Because there was a general tradition that Troy or Ilios was destroyed by fire, and this old city shows many evident marks of a great conflagration, it does not in the least follow that this must be the city described by the poet. Any and every town, where the houses were chiefly of wood and the roofs of thatch, would almost certainly be burnt down sooner or later, either from the attacks of enemies, or from natural causes. The Assyrian palaces at Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, and (partially) at Nimroud, were found to have been thus destroyed. Dr. Schliemann admits that the Homeric account† of Priam's palace does not at all agree with these rude and small remains. He says, therefore, and with truth: 'In Homer's time public edifices, and probably also royal mansions, were built of polished stones; he therefore attributes the same architecture to Priam's mansion, magnifying it with poetic license.' Still, he clings to the idea that this *may* have been the veritable palace of Priam. From the quantity of wood ashes he infers the number of rooms, and he 'does not see any reason why the mansion with its dependencies may not have had even more than one hundred rooms, smaller or larger.'

Any one who will read impartially the Homeric account of Priam's palace, with its porticos and its fifty bed-rooms built of cut and squared stone (*ἑστὸς λίθος*), with twelve others called *τέγχοι*, perhaps 'ceiled,' will see that the conception belongs to a race far advanced in architecture, and not to makers of clay pots and fetish images.

The number of clay whorls found in the various cities,—'this really stupendous mass of whorls'—greatly astonishes Dr. Schliemann, and he says that 'for what purpose they were used is a problem not yet definitely settled amongst scholars.' At the end of the volume he gives us not less than thirty-two pages of illustrations of them. It appears to us that the whole matter is exceedingly simple, and admits of the most easy and obvious explanation. The notion that 'they all, or at least all the decorated ones, served as offerings to the tutelary deity of the city, to the Ilian Athenè Erganè' (the worker), seems in the highest degree improbable. What these whorls were, and how they were used, viz., as a weight for spinning round the thread when drawn from the distaff, we know exactly from a passage of Plato,‡ who describes them as 'hollowed,

\* Il. ii. 788.

† Ibid. vi. 422.

‡ Rep. p. 616, D.

or scooped out, with a hole right through them.' The description refers to the crater-like depression which most of them show in a ring round the central hole. Plato's words are so explicit that it is surprising they were not pointed out to the author by some one of the many learned scholars who have assisted him in his work. As far as we know, they have not been referred to. Dr. Schliemann found in the various strata more than 18,000 of them, besides many bits of pierced clay, apparently made of broken pottery, which he recognizes as used for spindle-weights. There cannot be the least doubt about it; the same rude contrivance is still used by the country people in Asia Minor (if not, as we are informed, in much more civilized parts of Europe). Sir Charles Fellows, in his 'Travels in Lycia,' p. 201, gives us a sketch of one of these, which he saw in actual use, with the spindle stuck through it. 'The inhabitants,' he says, 'were all employed in spinning, winding, or working in some way.' We are too apt to forget, in these days of spinning and weaving by machinery, that the entire female population of an ancient town, young and old, must have been engaged all day long in making clothes for themselves and for the men. Every house and every room would have spinners sitting at their work, and the clay balls, so easily fashioned by little boys, and so worthless in themselves, would lie about in numbers, ready to hand in a moment for all who wanted them. There is not the least mystery about the matter; for ourselves we believe neither, as we have said, in the supposed inscriptions nor in the 'dedicatory' purposes of such very ordinary home-made articles. Our faith in the former, at least, is not increased by being told that 'Mr. Lockhart reads *Chinese* characters on some of the Trojan whorls.' The simple patterns upon them, of circles, zigzag scratches, and dots variously disposed, are all of the most childlike kind, just such as little children would make for mother and sisters to spin with.

With these facts and these considerations before us, we confess to some surprise that Professor Sayce\* should lend his high authority to this (as we think) very improbable theory of 'Cypriote inscriptions' on these clay balls, adding in a note that he calls them terra-cotta whorls merely for the sake of uniformity, 'not because he believes the objects in question to have been really employed as whorls.' It is something, however, for him to concede that 'some of the so-called inscriptions are merely decorative

scratchings.' It may not seem very sound logic, though it has common sense in its favour, to argue, that if *some* are only scratches, probably *all* are only scratches.

We should apologize, perhaps, to our readers, for saying so much on what is, in itself, but a trifling matter; but it has become a very important one indeed from the claim now confidently put forward by distinguished scholars, that we have evidence of handwriting in Greek, or in a dialect closely akin to Greek, some twelve centuries before the Christian era. Hitherto it had been doubted if any Greek writing could be shown to be as early as Solon, or B.C. 600. We here repeat, with some confidence, the remark made by the Reviewer of Dr. Schliemann's 'Mycenæ.'\* 'The scratches found on some of the numerous clay whorls at Hissarlik, we do not believe to be writing at all.' If we find, in the Homeric poems, no allusion to writing, but only to 'marks' (σηματα), it is rather startling to be told that specimens of *bonâ fide* handwriting exist very many centuries earlier. It may be remarked that this at once destroys all the force of a favourite argument for the antiquity of the Homeric poems, that writing was then unknown.

In all his reasonings from Homer to Hissarlik and to Hissarlik from Homer, Dr. Schliemann seems to us to show some confusion of thought. If the 'prehistoric' cities really date 1200 or 1500 B.C., and the *Iliad*, as we have it, describes naval and military operations, the details of which can be shown from extant paintings to reflect the age of Pericles, B.C. 450, how can the one possibly have any connection with the other? How can two-handed goblets of rude pottery in any way represent the goblet of Nestor, with two golden doves at each handle, and so large that only a strong hand could lift it when full?† The only point really gained by these discoveries for the cause of the Homeric controversy, is a considerable degree of probability that the 'Ilium,' traditions of which were the theme of the great Greek epic of antiquity, was not a purely imaginary, but a real city. Even if this should be regarded as fully established, this does not invest any one of the heroes who are said to have fought there with any historic reality. It only proves, what was antecedently highly probable, from the nature of the site, that settlements had existed on the hill long before the Greek Ilium was colonized. It does not make the reality of a Trojan war in any degree more certain,

\* 'BRITISH QUARTERLY,' April, 1878.

† Il. xi. 635.

\* Appendix iii., p. 691, seqq.

but rather establishes the impossibility of such a little garrison having withstood any long siege or been able to face any numerous enemy on the adjacent plain.

This prehistoric Troy could not have been the Homeric Troy. For example, not a trace of a sword was anywhere found in the 'burnt city' supposed to be Troy, nor 'even in the ruins of the two upper prehistoric cities.' Swords were found in the tombs at Mycenæ, which many now think were, after all, those of Gothic or Northern chiefs later than the Christian era; an opinion confirmed, not only by the nature of the golden ornaments, but by the distinctly 'Runic' character of the tomb-stones,\* the ornamentation of which is as nearly as possible identical with that which we are wont to call 'Saxon.' Now the word *φάσγανον* occurs not less than fifteen times, and *ξίφος* more than thirty, in the Iliad alone. It seems strange that Dr. Schliemann, who here rightly argues that 'the non-existence of swords at Hissarlik, even in the latest of its prehistoric cities, is the clearest proof of the very high antiquity of these ruins, and of the great distance of time which separates them from Homer, with whom swords are in common use'—that he should not see the inconsistency of trying to prove that the two-handled goblets of pottery were the Homeric *ἀμφικύπελλα*, or the golden diadem the veritable *πλεκτή ἀναδέσμη*.

Again, in p. 496, he asks, 'if the six blades of pure silver' (engraved in p. 470) 'are not Homeric talents, have we to recognize the latter in the sixteen gold bars?' found in a broken crock in the 'burnt city.' Similarly he affirms (p. 498) that two small spiral gold rings 'must have been used for holding together the locks of the hair, and adds, 'they may, in my opinion, perfectly explain the passage in Iliad xvii. 51, 52, "the braids twined with gold and silver."'

How can this be, if, as the author himself elsewhere says, 'Homer is not an historian, but an epic poet. He does not sing of contemporaneous events, but of events which happened probably 600 or 700 years before his time, and which he merely knew from hearsay.' There seems to us a want of consistency in supposing that a poet who sang so late could have alluded to the details of arms or ornaments which were in use so early.

Again the question presses itself upon him—

Whether this pretty little town, with its brick walls, which can hardly have housed 3000 inhabitants, could have been identical

with the great Homeric Ilios of immortal renown, which withstood for ten long years the heroic efforts of the united army of 110,000 men, and which could only at last be captured by a stratagem?

The answer is, of course, if we suppose there is any 'history' at all in the Trojan war, that the thing is plainly absurd and impossible. If, on the other hand, some 'solar myth' lies at the bottom of the ten years' war and the names of Priam and Achilles, then the number *ten* is the usual symbol of the primitive division of the year—that, namely, which gives us *December* as our last month. But Dr. Schliemann says, 'For the Trojan war there is a remarkable unanimity of tradition, a unanimity too decisively marked not to be founded on a positive fact.' Thucydides speaks undoubtingly of Agamemnon and of Erechtheus and Theseus as real kings of Athens; but the traditions of an uncritical age cannot be, and ought not to be, accepted as history. Plato,\* in a passage overlooked, we believe, by Dr. Schliemann, but important to his argument, after citing the well-known lines from Iliad xx. 216, 217, observes, 'We affirm then that the site of Ilium was brought down from the uplands to a great and fair plain, and placed on a hill of no great height, watered by several (*πολλούς*) rivers proceeding from Ida above it. The curious remark is added, that this must have happened many ages after the Flood, or men would not have ventured to found a city on so low a hill near to and within the influence of several mountain torrents! Here we may remark that in his map of the Troad, at the end of the volume, the author makes the old channel of the Scamander to have been close under the walls of Hissarlik, whereas it is now considerably to the west of it. He might have appealed to a verse of Æschylus,† where Priam's inspired daughter, Cassandra, pathetically addresses the banks of the Scamander on which she used to play as a child. While, therefore, it is likely enough that in early times the war (whether myth or history) was localized at this site near the Scamander, it is using a very far-fetched argument indeed to contend, that because a few gold cups and trinkets were found in the ruins of the 'burnt city,' that this fact identifies it with the city of Priam, which men used to call 'abounding in gold.† The very same epithet is given by the poets to Mycenæ, and here also plenty of gold ornaments were found in the tombs.

We accept with full approval the author's comment in p. 517:

\* Laws, iii. p. 682 B.

† Agam. 1127.

‡ *πολύχρυσον*, Iliad xviii. 282.

† Engraved in pp. 91-96 of 'Mycenæ.'

The ruins of the burnt Ilium having been completely buried under the ashes and *débris*, and people having no archaeological desire for the investigation of the matter, it was thought that the destroyed city had completely disappeared. The imagination of the bards had, therefore, full play; the small Ilium grew in their songs, in the same proportion as the strength of the Greek fleet, the power of the besieging army, and the great actions of the heroes.\*

In any other sense than this, we repeat, we fail to see that Dr. Schliemann's discoveries throw any light on the Homeric Ilium. Enthusiasm rather than truth is appealed to in the author's aspiration—

May this research with the pickaxe and the spade prove more and more that the events described in the divine Homeric poems are not mythic tales, but that they are based on real facts; and, in proving this, may it augment the universal love for the noble study of the beautiful Greek classics, and particularly of Homer, that brilliant son of all literature.

By what process of sound reasoning, we must repeat, can such a conclusion be reached? Because a very old city, or rather cities, are proved to have existed on the hill of Hissarlik, therefore the Trojan war is true, and the heroes who are said to have fought there were real living heroes. There is more of logic at least in this proposition: Because there is no hot-spring at Hissarlik, and the springs of the Scamander\* are many miles away from it, and because it was quite impossible, from the nature of the ground, for Achilles to have chased Hector three times round the city of Priam,† therefore the narrative is *not* consistent with truth, and is wholly worthless as historical evidence.

Professor Virchow remarks: 'I must say I think it impossible that the Iliad could ever have been composed by a man who had not been in the country of the Iliad,'‡ He admits, however, though reluctantly, that legends about an ancient war in the neighbourhood of the Hellespont *may* have had their origin here and been transferred to 'the poet of the Iliad, who was a native of some other country.' This, he says, 'is an assumption we have no right to make.' One really cannot deal with disputants of this way of thinking, any more than we can hope to reason with the enthusiast who says, 'I have never called in doubt the unity of the Homeric poems, and have always firmly believed both the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* to be by one author, except, perhaps, the twenty-fourth rhapsody of each poem.' All

critical inquiry into the mixed language and apparent modernisms, and even linguistic errors, of our existing texts is thrown away if we are quietly to 'rest content with those immortal epics as they stand—the first-fruits of the noblest literature in the world and the fount of poetic inspiration for all later ages.'

But Professor Virchow makes a true and just concession when he says, in emphatic italics, that '*the Ilium of fiction must, under any circumstances, be a fiction itself.*' But how can we reconcile this with Dr. Schliemann's contention that he found the veritable Homeric δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον? It seems to us that, throughout the whole of this long work, a game of 'fast and loose' is being played: Hissarlik is, and is not, Troy, the Trojan war is, and is not, real history. We may take the words of Professor Virchow as a fair summary of all that has resulted from the recent discoveries: 'Perhaps then Homer's song is not pure fiction, after all. Perhaps it is true that in a very remote prehistoric time a rich prince really dwelt here in a towering fortress, and that Greek kings waged a fierce war against him, and that the war ended in his own fall and the destruction of his city by a mighty conflagration.'

We would gladly have added, if space had permitted, some observations, the result of much careful inquiry into what may be called the 'law of accretion' on the surface of all cities; in other words, into the reasons why the London and York of to-day are built on a level so many feet higher than the Roman towns, and why the ruins at Ephesus and Olympia, the dates of which we know, now lie beneath twenty feet of accumulated soil. Any observer may notice, not merely that the soil in churchyards, which is more easily accounted for, is generally much higher than the floor of the old church, but that almost every cathedral and old manor-house 'stands low,' as it is called when not built on a hill or bank, and has to be cleared from rubbish round the basement. It is rash to assume that remains *must* be immensely old because they lie very deep. There is always a probability that this is so; but it may be doubted if the real reasons of so singular and universal a fact as the gradual rise in all town-sites are fully understood, or have been much investigated.

F. A. PALEY.

#### ART. VI.—*The Bane of English Architecture.*

- (1) *The Pall Mall Gazette*, June 8, 1872; February 4, 1881.
- (2) *The Architect*, April 27, June 15, 1872; October 31, 1874.

\* Il. xxii. 148. † Ibid. xxii. 165.  
‡ Appendix i. p. 674.



- (3) *The Builder*, November 2, 1872; November 8, 1873; October 24, December 19, 1874; January 9, October 23, 1875; June 12, 1880.
- (4) *The Building News*, May 10, 1872; January 22, 1875; November 26, 1880.
- (5) *The Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts.* By J. A. SYMONDS.
- (6) *The Quarterly Review*, October, 1874.
- (7) *The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1875.
- (8) *A Book on Building.* By Sir EDMUND BECKETT, Bart. 1876.
- (9) *The Fortnightly Review*, October, 1876.
- (10) *The British Quarterly Review*, April, 1880.

It is a question, for the men of intellect among the public to decide, whether our English architecture is to be the leading art, as God designed it, for the social and imaginative culture of the working classes, the great 'people' of the land, or whether it shall still, unhappily, remain a mystery for the vulgar, rich and poor; a degradation for the artisan; a business for a pluralist profession; and a toy for vanity.

For several centuries the public throughout Western Europe have been more and more excluded from intelligent and homely interest in the art of building. They have paid most lavishly for quasi-architectural devices, which they are persistently instructed to admire. As each new work proceeds, the newspapers and magazines are furnished with commendatory notices by *dilettanti* of a literary turn; who indicate, in scholarly detail, and with a tone of wondering admiration, what they call the merits of the architect's design. The public listen vaguely, and accept. Of building art they have no practical or sympathetic knowledge; and though architecture in abundant ugliness surrounds them, and in absurd unfitness harasses their lives, they rest content with, and are possibly a little proud of, their sad ignorance. Building is 'low,' fit only for 'work-people,' quite beneath the recognition of the upper classes and of cultivated persons; they prefer 'fine art.' They learn from connoisseurs themselves what should be most admired, and so of course they know; and, in their vacant, imitative way, they praise, and wonder, and pretend to be delighted. Thus, at festive meetings of the 'Academy' and the 'Institute' exalted personages speak in flattering terms of what they are supposed, by courtesy, to understand; and as each public building is completed, eager curiosity being for a little time aroused,

The hasty multitude

Admiring enter, and the work some praise,  
And some the architect.

Indeed, in modern architecture, general

authority declares that everything is satisfactory; and, making due allowances, 'whatever is is right.'

And yet the public are not permanently satisfied; although they dance when played to, they have little joy. Their short factitious pleasure is soon ended; and they then revolt, with dumb impatience; being, in respect of building work, quite inarticulate. To supplement this general deficiency, and to assist the public to a comprehension of their architectural affairs, has been the object of some recent essays in 'The Quarterly' and 'BRITISH QUARTERLY' Reviews. These articles have also been the subject of particular discussion among architects and their associates; and, as it may be found instructive to consider what these interested persons have to say, we will proceed to furnish some condensed quotations from their criticisms; not, it should be noticed, from their merely incidental statements or remarks, but chiefly from their serious replies, distinctively *ad rem*. These criticisms and replies will show that what has recently been said respecting modern architecture is, at least in theory, approved by the profession, and that our account of the contemporary architectural system is most strictly accurate and true.

By way of introduction we will quote a non-professional critique, which gives a *resumé* of our contention. 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' referring to an essay on 'The State of English Architecture,' says:

The Reviewer's sympathies lie with the time when, according to his confident statement, the work and the workman were everything; when architecture was the spontaneous efflorescence of the cultivated imagination and ready hand of the mason, and design was the intelligent control of the superior, himself a workman. His conclusion from these premises being that the modern architect, the soft-handed professional person, with his paraphernalia of 'office,' drawing clerks, commission, &c., is an abuse that should be done away with at any cost of vested interests. The said incubus being removed, he anticipates the recovery by the workman of the old inventive spirit, and that the architecture of the future may be safely intrusted to his hands.

'The Architect,' with creditable boldness, says:

The opinions here set forth have an unquestionable foundation in fact. 'The Quarterly' critic is no doubt right in his assumption that architecture has become more a profession than an art. The truth is that the public themselves have created this state of things. People rush after names, and the result is a monopoly by which certain men are rendered incapable of performing efficiently and honestly

that which each client supposes to be the personal work of his architect; and thus commissions can only be carried through by the help of more or less able clerks.

And according to 'The Building News,' 'workmen should be competent to design their work; an architect should work more in presence of his buildings and less at his desk; and the unhealthy accumulation of practice in a few fashionable offices is deplorable.'

Every one admits that the designer should *assiduously* supervise the execution of his work; and the neglect or compromise of this duty is an essential error. The article mentions five things which prevent our architectural success: these are (1) the influence of the ignorant public; (2) the false position of architects; (3) the overgrowth of certain architectural practices; (4) the non-employment of the workman's mental power; and (5) the custom of building on short leases. The first is enough to ruin our art. The majority of people prefer inferior architecture.

But in 'The Builder' we are told that 'the transparent fallacy which underlies the whole series of attacks is that because every true artist is a workman, therefore every workman is a true artist.' Nothing of the kind; but since, as is admitted, 'every true artist is a workman,' it is evident that modern architects, not being workmen, are *not* artists; and the buildings for which they make drawings, and which they so absurdly call their 'works,' are all, artistically, bad. If every 'ornamental and artistic' building that has been produced by draughtsmanship, in the last forty years for instance, were destroyed, there would be neither loss nor injury, but rather great relief to art, and corresponding benefit to the community. The grievance is that, under drawing-masters, workmen never can be artists; and it is this fact, so evident in its results, contrasted with the work produced when workmen were all 'free,' that is the condemnation of the architectural profession. Workmen, like the rest of men, are mostly born artistic; and, by a mere law of nature, they would, if left free from draughtsmen's most incompetent control, become, in various degrees of merit, real artists.

Still we have gained the admission that every true artist is a workman; and yet in the same paper it is said that 'art can be but dimly apprehended by any one who speaks of it as labour, enduring as is the toil of the true artist; for art in its essential nature is the embodiment of the conceptions of the imagination; it is the outward and visible form given to the creations of the fancy.' In its essential nature art is

labour, or where is 'the toil of the true artist,' whence is the 'embodiment,' and how is 'the visible form given'? Of course art must be labour, vivified; the workman giving it its life. The fact is that these writers are perplexed, and so their arguments are 'fallacies.'

For instance, referring to a quotation of Plato's statement that you could not buy (*πρῆταιο*) a master workman (*ἀρχιτέκτονα*) even for ten thousand drachmæ, 'The Builder' desperately says, 'It is convenient to the Reviewer to translate *πρῆταιο* into its plain, blunt, literal meaning, to buy; though it must be obvious that it is here equivalent to hiring or engaging.' 'It is convenient' to speak the truth, although this writer seems to think the contrary is obvious. *Πρῆταιο* means to buy, and no more means to hire, or is equivalent to engaging, than it means to sell. If it meant hiring, time would be essential to the statement, but no time is quoted; and, for hiring, the verb *μισθῶω* would of course be used. The error is an old one, and was formerly committed by 'Athenian Aberdeen;' whose classical and architectural scholarship were equally inaccurate.

Continuing in Hellas: 'It may be possible that the Greek architect was more on the work than the modern one, and that he did not make elaborate drawings beforehand.' Undoubtedly; but this Greek system is impossible for modern architects, and hence the inartistic character of all their work. Yet, though the architectural profession is thus inartistic and incapable, there is involved in it an influential element of modern business and society; and, though it is in error, and unground, and certainly is doomed, we hear 'it will die hard.' Discussion may, however, reconcile us to the change, and save the public from the shock of a catastrophe.

The leading architectural papers are indeed preparing for the inevitable end. 'The Building News' declares that 'fashionable architects are overdone with business. Instead of tempting one man to distribute his thought and attention over twenty different works at a time, architecture would obviously gain if each work had the care of a competent designer.' And 'The Builder' contends that 'the architect should be as much on *his building* as possible'—not the contractor's building, but his own; that is, he must be a master-workman—he should not undertake what he cannot personally look after; he should be able to improve his design if necessary; and every artistic workman should have credit for his work; the architect remaining the directing spirit

of the whole:’ which is entirely our doctrine.

These quotations show that the artistic theory of the workman’s leadership and conduct of the architectural design is easy to appreciate, and is practically well defined. But this itself appears to be a cause of difficulty. Certain people will accept and modify a statement into contrariety, just as soft wax receives the impression of a seal and then displays it perfectly reversed. We give a specimen, from ‘The Builder’: ‘Would any one but the Reviewer assert that a grand building would most likely be obtained by trusting the works to the combined efforts of a band of masons without a directing head, and with the stipulation that they are not to make any drawings?’ The inquiry has the semblance of a well-considered misconception. As the writer probably would say, ‘It is convenient.’ But to let our readers judge of the veracity or otherwise with which we have to deal, we furnish the remarks which have thus clumsily been travestied:—‘Of course there was subordination, but the subordination was all within the workman class.’ ‘The master-workman would *make the plan, arrange the elevations*, and be, in fact, the foreman of the work.’ ‘He is the ruler of workmen; he must assign to the individual workmen their appropriate task till they have completed the work.’ ‘At the Parthenon Phidias was the chief superintendent of the works,’ as a resident workman, ‘the architects, or master-workmen, being under him.’ ‘This was precisely the state and position of the medieval master-workman; and, in fact, all true building methods are essentially the same.’ ‘The workmen worked, after their manner, without *extraneous tutelage*.’

The complete perversion of these clear, consistent, and repeated statements, may, however, have been due to mental failure; but another patient quickly ‘lifts his head,’ and, with emphatic amplitude, repeats the folly.

Because the word ‘architect’ nowhere occurs in the records of medieval buildings, nor anything which can be considered its precise equivalent, it is assumed that these great structures arose of themselves as it were, by a unanimous impulse among workmen having no chief instructor, and working upon no preconcerted plan. The inference is of course obvious; take away the architect, forbid the making of any preliminary drawings, turn loose a band of ‘inspired workmen’ upon the site, and the building will ‘rise like an exhalation,’ and repeat all the glory of medieval architecture in the most natural and simple manner (‘Fortnightly Review’).

This quotation serves to show with what inverted perspicacity we have to deal; how

very ‘hard,’ as we were told, this curious profession dies. The writer’s name, he says, is H. H. Statham.

With much apology and patience we will state once more the true historic architectural method, by which ‘inspiration’ always came. The real architects, of every age of art, were working men, and not mere draughtsmen, like our modern ‘architects,’ who are not working men or architects at all. In the great periods of medieval art, the architects could draw but little better than our modern men can work; but they could actually build, which modern architects, pretentious and incapable, only profess to do. They were the chiefs of the workmen, constantly remaining on the work, directing and conferring with their fellow-artisans. Thus when Niccola Pisano,

The great founder of Italian art, visited Siena, in 1266, for the completion of his pulpit in the Duomo, he found a guild of sculptors, or *taglia pietri* (stone-cutters), in that city, governed by a rector and three chamberlains. Instead of regarding Niccola with jealousy, these craftsmen only sought to learn his method. Accordingly it seems that a new impulse was given to sculpture in Siena; and *famous workmen arose* who combined this art with that of building. The chief of these was Lorenzo Maitani, who *designed* and carried to completion the Duomo of Orvieto during his lifetime. While engaged in this great undertaking, Maitani *directed a body of architects*, stone-carvers, bronze-founders, mosaists, and painters, gathered together into a guild from the chief cities of Tuscany. We must give to Maitani, the master spirit of the company, full credit for the sculpture carried out in obedience to his general plan. The Duomo of Orvieto, by giving *free scope* to the school of Pisa, marked a point in the history of sculpture. It would be difficult to find elsewhere even separate works of greater force and beauty belonging to this, the architectural, period of Italian sculpture. The subjects selected by these *unknown craftsmen* for illustration in marble are in many instances the same as those afterwards painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo in Rome; and *nowhere* has the whole body of Christian belief been set forth with method more earnest and with vigour more sustained (‘Renaissance in Italy—The Fine Arts’).

How different in spirit, and in method and result, from modern work. We beg the student to read once again, and even to commit to memory, this picturesque, historical epitome of the artistic, architectural method, which raised up such ‘famous’ working-men. No doubt these workmen were, like Bezaleel and Aholiab, ‘inspired.’ The thing appears impossible to modern architects; such inspiration they are sure has not occurred in their time or in their experience.

We have been told by some philosopher\* that 'architecture is a graphic art,' an art of drawing, therefore, not the art of building, as the word expressly means; an architectural work is superficial only, done on paper or on boards. We consequently understand that London is an aggregate of scenes, not buildings, and we are all, as in a theatre, pretending to believe in their solidity. Each house, it seems, is but a show of architectural drawings, and we do not enter, but inspect it. Wilars of Cambray, the mediæval artist, who, as Professor Willis told us, could not draw, was therefore not an architect, and the cathedral that he built never in fact existed. This kind of metaphysic may be current among architectural 'Professors,' but by unsophisticated people architecture is supposed to be a plastic art, the chief development of solid form. Our drawing-masters might go on for years designing; but without the workman all their efforts would not give us practicable buildings.

Houses were made before drawings, which, like tools and scaffolding, are only helps to build. The architect's design is not the thing, but only an account, extremely superficial, of the thing proposed; 'the *work's* the thing,' and workmen are the real architects. Again: although a carver frequently makes sketches, more or less elaborate, as tests of form, his special work is not accounted graphic; he is a carver who can *do* the work; his art is evidently plastic. On the other hand, although a painter may use solid figures as his guides, his painting is not therefore plastic art; his previous sketches also are but memoranda. Were he to do no more than sketch and draw he would not be a painter, but a draughtsman, like our architects, and his productions would not be pictorial, but would, like theirs, be classed as 'graphic' only. Thus, then, we find, by studying their own apologists, that modern architects are drawing-masters only, graphic composers, totally devoid of real architectural or plastic art.

The constant use of drawings is indeed an evidence of practical ineptitude:

The French architect has made very pretty drawings of the mosque here, both outside and in; it is a very good specimen of modern Arab architecture, and he won't believe it could be built without ground plan, elevations, &c.; which amuses people here, who build without any such invention (Lady Duff Gordon's 'Last Letters from Egypt').

The old masons, ancient and mediæval, sometimes made rough outlines to assist

them in their work, but then these outlines were *their own* preparatory mason's work. Thus on the lead and granite roofs of some French buildings we still find the outlines traced by mediæval workmen. At Mycenæ,

Below the sculpture at the foot of a tombstone, we see two spiral ornaments imperfectly scratched in the stone, as if the artist had made a trial sketch of what he was going to carve on the tablet. Our present artists make their sketches on paper, but the early Mycænean had neither paper and pencil nor pen and ink at his disposal, and so he made his trial sketch upon the stone itself, but on its lower part, which was to be sunk in the ground, and was therefore hidden from the eye (Schliemann's 'Mycenæ').

We have, it seems, obtained encouragement and help from the light literature of draughtsmanship; now let us listen to the eloquence that cheers the 'Institute' and the 'Association,' which appear to be the senior and junior houses of the architectural Profession.

At the Association, a few years ago, Professor Ker—imagine a 'Professor' Chersiphron!—assured the meeting that 'he found the profession of architecture most unpopular—the most unpopular profession of modern times. He considered its position most critical, and he found the reason of this unpopularity in the prevalence of Fashion in Architecture. What is to be done? He would recommend increased attention to the stone and mortar work in architecture. In proportion to the skill in mere draughtsmanship, just in this proportion he thought he detected the loss of the solid qualities of good design.' Yet this discerning *dictum* curiously controverts the 'graphic' notions of the writer in 'The Edinburgh Review.' But the 'Professor' is, in what he *says*, essentially correct; the more there is of draughtsmanship and 'graphic art' the more the plague of pluralism spreads, and architecture sinks into a business in the wholesale way, conducted by commission agents, 'architects of eminence.'

And yet our architects are not especially to blame; they are but items in society. Their calling, or profession, has been long established as a 'business,' and the world approves; it ministers to vanity, and that is what the world requires. Moreover, the Profession is not an affair of common sense, but an elaborate system of performances; that strike the imagination of the public, just as circus horsemanship surprises little children. That a man should ride one horse, or undertake one building, is a commonplace affair, quite useful doubtless, but not striking. Whether his building or his horse-

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1875.

manship is good or bad the public do not know; but as they very much admire the equestrian who, in some straddling way, pretends to ride three horses at a time, so architects are valued, not according to their work, but to their reputation for a marvellous professional width of stride. A clever man may inefficiently and awkwardly control as many as three simple buildings or three ambling steeds close side by side, but how can he pretend to compass and conduct some ten or twenty? Yet a cleric, or a corporation, or indeed most men, think it an advantage, something even of an honour, to have one of these ridiculous performers in their pay. The clergy are especially absurd in this respect; among themselves such pluralism has been almost universally abolished; and it is not said that formerly, when half a dozen benefices were in one control, beneficence resulted. But a dean or rector will be actually proud to say that his cathedral, or his chancel, has been 'splendidly restored' by some excessive pluralist; believing that this vanity of his is somehow to his credit. Such men listen to the common chatter about 'art,' and probably have joined in it, until they think that art is meant for *their* particular delight and illustration. Thus they never see nor understand that art cares nothing about them; that all its interest is in the workmen who produce it; and that when these working men attain to full possession of the good that art provides for them, its influence overflows, and charms and glorifies the rest of humankind.

There used to be a story of an 'architect of eminence' whose bill, a startling one, was criticised by a Right Reverend Father. The divine remarked that the account was equal to a curate's yearly salary. 'That,' said the architect, 'is true enough; but then, my lord, you must remember that among architects I am a bishop.' It was a clever answer, but not true; the man was but a pluralist, with architectural clerics, curates, we might say, in charge at all his works; and it was said that he, like others similarly known to Fame, gained his chief introduction to that prating damsel through the help of an unrecognised assistant draughtsman.

In a discussion at the Institute of British Architects on 'The Hope of English Architecture,' a prepared critique began with the acknowledgment that 'the Reviewer had apparently been influenced by a conscientious desire for the reform and advancement of the building art, and that regard for the public good had prompted him to write;' and it further said that 'if there had not been a substratum of truth in his strictures upon modern professional practice no reply

would have been necessary.' The late M. Viollet-le-Duc is then largely quoted; thus: 'He says that in the fourteenth century an architect was "*un homme de l'art que l'on indemnise de son travail personnel*." People who wished to build provided materials and hired workmen; neither estimate, nor valuation of the work, nor the administration of the funds appears to have concerned the architect.' A wise and sensible relief; 'the man of art, whose payment is for his own labour,' will be, generally, less efficient than his neighbours in the faculty of number, and in genius for commerce and finance. The master of the work, or *operarius*, was the man who, in the middle ages, undertook all inartistic duties; and in our own time the multitude of worthless architects might possibly be utilised for this inferior business.

In the discussion at the Institute it was properly explained that, 'if the principles of construction are not now uniformly respected, it is because they are not understood by the people. Yet the ruling principle of every *useful* art was preached twenty-four centuries ago. "What!" said Aristippus, "can a dung basket be beautiful?" "Of course it can," said Socrates, "and a golden shield can be very ugly, if the one be well fitted for the purpose and the other not." A dictum much misunderstood by those who do not recognise the play upon a word. *Kalós*, as a generic term, means not merely beautiful, but excellent in its way, or for its purpose; and was applied by Socrates, much as the word beautiful is applied by us, to many things devoid of beauty. Socrates was fond of paradox; he liked to startle people. He had also the Athenian gift of humour; and would have been amused to find that architects of any kind or period were ready to associate dung baskets with their buildings in the element of beauty.

Continuing the discourse, Professor Ker was of opinion that 'the workman of the present day was being made too much of; and they ought not to contribute to raise him to a false position, from which he must some day or other fall.' A word of cautious sympathy, induced perhaps by serious, professional self-contemplation. On the other hand, although two years before Professor Ker 'had found the profession of architecture to be most unpopular,' it is now 'only writers in Reviews, &c., who write of what they do not understand, who expressed any disrespect of architects.' Professor Ker, however, had already told the Institute that architects themselves 'have a habit of ridiculing each other's efforts. No one would venture to exhibit a design of any kind, in any style, without calculating to a certainty

upon exciting the derision of the whole body of his colleagues.' The Architectural Conference, to whom this statement was addressed, quite philosophically took it 'in extremely good part; it commended itself to the general mind as a palpable hit;' and yet the Reviewer has been said to be too indiscriminating in his censure. Architects, of course, do laugh at one another, for they must at times perceive, and even understand, the drollery of their position; but the public also might consider who it is that pays for the amusement.

After the Professor comes an amateur, Sir Edmund Beckett, who, with customary frankness, tells the Institute what 'perhaps it was not a pleasant thing to hear, that the public were not satisfied with the present state of architecture.' The President, the late Sir Gilbert Scott, also 'thought that when they looked at the forms of architecture which the whole world pronounced to be wonderful, there could be no doubt by what manner of men they were originated and carried into execution. The writer of these reviews had done something in directing their attention to the difference between the old workman and the architect of the present day; the points of difference he had drawn proved clearly that there was no very great distinction between the architect and the workman in those days.' But the difference between the old workman and the modern architect is total and extreme; it cannot be 'exaggerated.' The old masters produced 'forms of architecture which the whole world pronounced to be wonderful;' the modern architect is said to 'excite the derision of the whole body of his colleagues.' The old masters did not 'bring disgrace upon architecture;' nor were they 'destroyers of architecture, and the disgrace of the age,' as Sir Gilbert Scott assured us 'an immense multitude' of architects now are. The Reviewer never used expressions more severe and general than these; and, when compared with such professional self-accusation, all our criticisms are but weak, and reticent, and gentle.

The reason is that we have hope, and so can easily be moderate; but at the Institute there is despair. Sir Gilbert Scott admitted that 'he did not know how in the world the case was to be met, though he had thought about it a good deal. He confessed he did not know what the hope of architecture was.' This being so, might not the Reviewer's 'hope' be welcomed?

It is, then, well established and accepted at the Institute of Architects, that mediæval architecture was entirely designed by working men, and not by 'gentlemen' or draughts-

men; that all these craftsmen's work was good, and in its higher qualities almost sublime; but that of modern work a very modest minimum is passable as a pretentious imitation of the repudiated workmen's style, and all the rest falls off to multitudinous disgracefulness. We quote the late President again:

One of the most marked characteristics of the production of the great periods of architecture is that *no really bad architecture is ever to be found among them*. Who ever heard of a work of the Greeks, at the great period of their art, which they would presume to call bad architecture? While in the works of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the same masterly skill, and the same studious handling, are found in the simple village church as in the noblest cathedral. Nay, one is often disposed to uncover one's self in humble reverence before the work of some unheard of carpenter or mason in an obscure village. No contrast could be more marked than the difference between the present state of things and that which prevailed at the great eras alluded to. Instead of each work in its style displaying the same knowledge and instinctive sentiment, the same careful, wise, and thoughtful handling, the reverse of this is actually the case. From each of our art camps productions are put forth of the highest and most contemptible character; while, I fear, a large number of the buildings which will represent our period are of that negative kind which, being neither hot nor cold but only lukewarm, will excite but a sickly emotion.

This concluding sentence is however too extensive in its scope; it fairly states the quality of what are called the best, the exceptional few, of our contemporary works. Their worth is 'negative;' they are not badly built nor incorrect, but they are wholly destitute of true artistic character and power; 'lukewarm and sickly.'

Then, replying skilfully on the whole discussion, the discerning author of the paper, said:

There must have been truth in the article on 'The State of English Architecture,' for only the truth stings; and I am confirmed in this opinion by the knowledge that many architectural assistants—Associates of the Institute, who have done, and are still doing, good service to their masters—believe much of that article to be true. I am convinced that in many instances the actual system of practice does not conduce to artistic excellence, nor is it fair to the junior and subordinate members of the profession. I believe that members of the Institute might introduce a practical reform.

Another reader at the Institute immediately showed how such reform is to be made. 'It might be an improvement if we had a greater number of competent men, among

whom our great works might be distributed, so that to each the architect might give his whole time and thoughts.' Here is the whole requirement stated in two words—competence and distribution—so that men of sense may give their constant thought, and practical ability, to one single building work; and thus produce a work of real art.

Some few months later Mr. Beresford Hope, a reputed connoisseur, who seems often to address the Institute, was quite emphatic on 'the craze of the day, "the workman-architect;" the idea that Ignorance should be divinely and miraculously gifted with the power of producing more beautiful things than Education and Instruction. It would take a good many articles in "The Quarterly Review" to convince him that the workman would become a heaven-born Phidias when he had no capital at all.'

We have more than once or twice, in sheer compassion, put aside quotations from the Fellows of the Institute of Architects. The Profession, in a way that Mr. Fergusson explains, has evidently a deteriorating influence on the minds of those connected with it; and for all who are engaged in its injurious toil we have the pity that experience compels. But for the self-complacency of connoisseurs there need be small consideration. For some forty years or more these gentlemen have been ubiquitous in public architectural affairs; the busy advocates especially of church, and abbey, and cathedral restoration in the flashy, sumptuous style. Often of high character, accomplished, well-conditioned, and acknowledged leaders in the world of 'taste,' but in the world of art deluded sciolists, their influence on architecture has been thoroughly injurious. They have reduced it to a show of pedantry, and trumpery church ornament; and it thus becomes for them a means of personal distinction, and of a peculiar kind of social prominence; they represent the dangerous little knowledge to which more abundant ignorance defers. Their custom is to make professional and other architectural meetings opportunities for much 'amusing' oratorical display; and being dilettante in ecclesiology they, often very quaintly, pose as friends and special champions and defenders of 'the church.' Yet with their gentle flock of clerical admirers, they are constant dupes of the Profession; the chief patrons of that jobbing pluralism which has now become the bane of English architecture.

Several months before, as if prophetically to anticipate our obscurantist connoisseur, the late enlightened President had told the Institute that the old craftsman architect or master was no craze; that everywhere and

always he was most divinely gifted; that his artistic knowledge was complete; that his instruction and his education in his work were perfect; and we may add the obvious remark that what the workman always was until oppressed by connoisseurs and clerics he may yet become again. Sir Gilbert Scott may also possibly have thought what we presume to say, that 'Ignorance' is evidently not divinely gifted; and that our connoisseur's emphatic belief that any craftsman destitute of 'capital' could possibly be heaven-born, is strikingly in character. Few other men would have the genius for such an estimate of heavenly worth, and for so broad an explanation of the local claims and the celestial influences of 'capital.' An ancient craftsman, most divinely gifted, used to say of heaven, how hard it was for men of capital to enter there.

Had he not so frankly told the Institute of his defective powers of apprehension, Mr. Beresford Hope's objection would appear strong evidence of lamentably irreligious education, or of careless, not to say neglected, Bible reading. In the earliest page of sacred history we find that Adam was 'put into the garden of Eden, where was every tree that was pleasant to the sight, to dress it,' as an artist, 'and to keep it,' wholly without capital. But it is further said that when he listened to the woman, whom the serpent, the first connoisseur, had tempted, and had tasted of the tree of knowledge, he was changed. He ceased to be a heaven-born genius; his eyes were open, and vain knowingness began. The fallen artist workers were then driven from the pleasant garden, and compelled to till the 'cursed ground,' and made, like modern connoisseur-afflicted artisans, to 'eat in sorrow,' and to live in shame.

Considering their own abundant incapacity, the objection to the workman's 'ignorance' comes very curiously from connoisseurs; who ought at least to know that they themselves are only conversant about the gossip, or 'the things of art,' and not with art itself. They have not even learnt to make a Gothic window or a door; and yet, in compound ignorance, they assume that those who can do this are their inferiors. The workman is directly on the road of architectural knowledge, and the connoisseurs and draughtsmen are entirely off it. Learning and science never made an architect, though now and then they have developed a composer. They are both distinct from art; and when connected with it may, by foolish use, be made unspeakably injurious. The workman at the grand climacteric of art had very little learning; scarcely any that was

studiously acquired. The technics of his art were his almost by birth, or by unconscious, childish habitude; and in the history of art nothing is more evident and interesting than the workman's carelessness about the past; his ignorance of archæology; his indifference to all he *knew* of former work; and his amazing persevering impulse to *make* all things new. He was a poet, not a sciolist; a maker of imaginative work, of which our connoisseurs are very proud to know the glossary, and something of its date and history. The knowledge of these *dilettanti* is but scientific, 'that in which all men agree: knowledge therefore at its lowest term; but the individual expression of the poet is the highest,' the expression of the man himself and not of his scholasticism. He develops thoughts that other men may know; he does not 'know,' he *sees*, and so produces elements for knowledge, widening creation. In architecture all this individual expression is by work, and so the craftsman, liberated and allowed to think, and to create while working, is the only hope of architecture. Connoisseurs and draughtsmen are the men of science; architectural therefore only 'at the lowest term.'

A few years since the Ordinary of Newgate wrote an interesting letter to 'The Times' commending a new workmen's club at Westminster; where, as he said, the Hall had been recently 'built by the working men themselves;' and 'not only so, they were their own architects.' This transaction was referred to in 'The Quarterly Review' as 'the latest instance of true building master workmanship;' the workmen, as in times of art, conducting their own work without a drawing-master's interference. The Reverend Ordinary's statement that 'the building is very handsome' was judiciously omitted; but that 'the plans and elevations had been beautifully drawn by one of the members' was said to make this workman's 'little front more satisfactory and respectable than the Charing Cross Hotel or the Royal Academy façade.'

For several centuries the workmen have been banished from the realms of art, and systematically hindered from their old, intelligent co-operation in artistic building work. At length there is a slight but hopeful indication of a change; like medieval masters, they design and work together by themselves. Of course their brother 'artista,' the 'superior class,' were quick to recognize and welcome this endeavour to improve the working men's condition; and to cheer the first aspiring effort of the men who 'do the work' for which they 'get the praise,' and by whose aid they gain their own position in the world.

Here was an opportunity for manifesting in a gentle way their own superiority. Unhappily they missed it. At a special meeting of the Institute, assembled to discuss and to repudiate 'The Hope of English Architecture,' the workman's feeble but spontaneous undertaking was received with derision by the whole body, just as we have heard they treat a fellow architect's professional designs; and thus ingenuously they showed themselves to be 'inferior.'

The critic's circumspect approval of the method of this workman's work has been described as 'admiration' of the architectural result, and as adducing the small front as 'the one successful effort of modern architecture.' We are dealing with a class of men who 'may not use their intellects;' and so are possibly unable to distinguish between 'effort' and 'success,' or to perceive that when a method is approved there is no necessary reference to result. All that was said in the Review might be advanced without the slightest knowledge or examination of the building. This was designed by working men in somewhat of the medieval working master's way, and thus is evidently far 'more satisfactory and respectable' than the neighbouring productions of the drawing-masters' Institute. Indeed some delicate apology is due to the Portcullis Club for the degrading and unkind comparison. The working members of the club did not deface a dignified and monumental composition, like Lord Burlington's well-studied elevation, nor erect an imitation of a royal monument and a memorial cross as an hotel advertisement, and tavern sign.

Returning to the Institute, we find the late President thus gravely cautious: 'With regard to the question of vernacular architecture, they should each do the best they could, according to the ability God had given them.' Under the present 'graphic' system no one knows what latent architectural ability our modern architects possess. In many a drawing-master's office there may be some undiscovered Phidias or Vischer who in a workman's shop might be developed as a real artist; but God has certainly not given even men like these ability to make a dozen buildings at a time, all works of art. Still further, the late President most candidly declared that, 'as it is, five pupils out of six sent to architects are worth nothing in the world; and'—let the public note this thorough and authoritative condemnation of themselves and of the present system—'they stood as good a chance of getting on as any one else.'

A second connoisseur, Sir Edmund Bec-



kett, a most friendly correspondent of the Institute, considers that the late Sir Gilbert Scott's evasion of the question is a 'declaration that the idea of vernacular architecture ever again existing is absurd.' And he adds, 'The present confusion or universality of styles, which we must take as a datum or fact beyond contending against, may be a cause of the decline and almost disappearance of any public architectural criticism.'

Very true; since modern buildings are but inartistic and chaotic compositions, each beholder may object to or approve of them exactly as his individual whimsy dictates. Critics can regard with thoughtfulness, and judge with great respect a work of veritable art; but inartistic, imitative buildings are mere matters of scholasticism or caprice, and then of trade; and, save as warnings, not worth notice. Criticism has in them no valid occupation; they are things of what the connoisseurs call 'taste,' of costliness and luxury, of fashionable names or styles, and even of a grim or sumptuous ecclesiology. Many a draughtsman has attained to what is reckoned 'eminence' by sanctimonious pandering to the silly, wholly inartistic High Church school.

The candid mentor also wrote to the assembled architects:

Whatever you do, don't call yourselves 'artists.' An artist is a man who executes, whether he more or less designs besides; and ranges from a Phidias or Apelles down to a ballet-dancer or a cook. You are artists in respect of your drawings, but not in respect of the buildings made from them; and experience has shown that there is no connection between the power of drawing nice architectural pictures and the power of producing fine buildings.

Sir Edmund Beckett is a ready writer and a lecturer on building. In his books there is abundant useful information; he might even claim to be the recognized Vitruvius of the period. Among other things he tells us:

Critics may be right in saying that the modern and increasing severance between working and general superintendence, and designing, tends not to exalt architecture, as its professors pretend it does, but to degrade it more and more into a trade for making money by the help of clerks. But the public, who will not take the trouble to understand a little of these subjects for themselves, must take architects as they are. In spite of all that is said at 'opening festivities,' and other occasions when people meet to glorify one another, nobody can hear building talked about among friends without seeing that there is a deep and settled conviction that the much talked of 'Hope of Architecture' is 'little but despair.'

To this condition, then, the connoisseurs have brought us. But Sir Edmund Beckett is himself an architect; he has 'substantially designed sundry churches, and other buildings of considerable size.' Of these the plans are good enough, the 'graphic' elevations are sufficiently 'correct,' and all the work is solid and well done; the buildings are however wholly destitute of true artistic feeling, they are coarse and dull. The railway churches at Peterborough and Doncaster might have been designed by some ambitious, unimaginative engineer, without artistic faculty or power, who had gathered his details from books, with no perception of propriety or scale; thus illustrating with peculiar force Sir Edmund Beckett's dictum, that 'there is no connection between the power of making architectural drawings and the power of producing fine buildings.'

Two designs for the restoration of the west end of St. Albans Abbey Church have recently been published. One is by an architect; and is as weak as any other product of the Institute; mere accidental features being made essential elements of the design. But the rejected elevation seems a work of power and graceful fancy when compared with the design accepted from Sir Edmund Beckett. This design is just the sort of thing that some 'small architect' would set his youngest clerk to do, to keep him out of further mischief. The whole plan is wrong as a restoration of the west end of the church; which needs, what the old builders, it appears, intended to supply, two towers extending north and south entirely beyond the line of the aisle walls. The nave is so protracted, westward, that the end seems almost to be lost in distance. The eye, in memory at least—and memory is always acting as a most efficient element in architectural appreciation—does not retain a sense of limitation; and the long nave appears to be, without an obvious termination, undefined. The towers would give this mark of limitation; they would also make the west front half as wide and, on an average, half as high again, as in its present form; thus rendering it a suitable façade and frontispiece for so important and so large a building. The towers would also be distinctive features to associate with the larger tower at the cross; and thus would bring the structure into unity as a completed composition.

To Sir Edmund Beckett there is due the greatest credit for his generous care of the cathedral, for his wise suggestion of the high pitched roof, and for the structural improvements that he has directed; but the present scheme too painfully reminds us of

the fact that nature has its equitable limits for its gifts to individual men. A most successful advocate, a copious correspondent, and an accurate horologist might well be satisfied that the constructive faculty is added to his numerous accomplishments, and might have left this western front to artisans, whenever they are found, who, though without a quarter of his general ability, should have creative power in intellectual and imaginative work in stone. Distinctly he has missed his way; his new design is utterly beneath the lowest criticism. But Sir Edmund backs his enterprise with an unlimited supply of funds; and as he is, moreover, hopelessly unconscious, and artistically undiscerning, it is difficult to blame a man so zealous, and in such a painful case. Indeed the clerics in authority are the great culprits; they are trustees for the nation, and the sanction they have given to this most ridiculous and yet presumptuous scheme is certainly a violation of their public trust. The three western doorways at St. Albans are unique and exquisite examples of progressive medieval art; worth, unrestored, far more than all the labour to be spent upon the west front of the church; in fact a new west end contrived expressly to enclose, and so preserve them would be the most judicious and appropriate completion of the building. To 'restore' these portals would be mutilation and destruction. Were the authorities at Bloomsbury to allow some wealthy connoisseur, entirely without a plastic artist's insight and ability—'an artist,' as Sir Edmund Beckett warns us, 'in his drawings only'—to inflict his incapacity upon the Elgin marbles, and 'restore' them, they would but equal the diocesan chancellor and the cathedral clergy at St. Albans in their stolid infidelity to a great artistic trust. Sir Edmund Beckett tells the world that his design is popular; but then we have just heard, on good professional authority, that 'the public actually prefer inferior architecture.' Sir Edmund, therefore, might judiciously beware.

There was at Doncaster some years ago a dignified and simple parish church, the work of master masons, built in an artistic way. This church has been destroyed; and in its place there is an architectural full-sized model, made to show what modern connoisseurs and architects consider an eclectic, sumptuous imitation of the style of medieval masonry; and manufactured with whatever finery might make a pretty building. In the sphere of art, according to Sir Edmund Beckett's valuable letter to the Institute, it is entirely without worth;

but still it is a leading case in connoisseurship, and professional design.

Let us now recapitulate. We learn from special advocates of the Profession, at the Royal Institute, that modern architects are 'not artists' in respect of their buildings, and that these buildings are for the most part 'sickly and lukewarm'; that 'five-sixths of those who enter the profession are worth nothing in the world'; that, notwithstanding, 'they are good enough' for anything the public want, or give themselves the trouble to understand, and that consequently a national, artistic, architectural speech is utterly impossible, and criticism is absurd; that without capital no working man can be divinely gifted, and from this it follows that the 'Hope' of English architecture is expressly 'with the capital'; that our present architectural practice is injurious, and that drawing-masters have degraded architecture to a trade; that though 'an immense number' of our contemporary architects are 'destroyers of architecture, and the disgrace of the age, the public must yet take them as they are'; and that the late President, Sir Gilbert Scott, was in despair.

But besides all this, it is judiciously admitted that 'to each work an architect should give his whole time and thoughts'; that the old workman who did this built nothing bad and most things excellent; and that, although the state of science in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was comparatively low, these medieval master-builders, strikingly in contrast with our modern draughtsmen, always 'show instinctive sentiment and knowledge in their art'; and further that 'The Quarterly Reviewer has done something in directing attention to this difference between the old workman and the modern architect.'

These are the candid statements of the architectural Profession and their friends. We have the case against the present system perfectly established by its most conspicuous votaries; who acknowledge that the undirected medieval master workman was the author of the works that all the world for centuries has rejoiced in. Why cannot we adopt the workman's perfectly efficient system now? The mere inquiry, after our protracted contemplation of a moribund profession, gives a sense of cheerfulness and life. We really have a hope, 'not seen as yet,' but perfectly substantial; and the abolition of the drawing-master's trade will be the pledge and earnest of a general architectural revival.

A recent article in 'The Builder,' criticizing 'The Profession of an Architect,'

supplies the latest evidence of the substantial concord between leading advocates of the profession and THE BRITISH QUARTERLY Reviewer. Superficial readers may discover in it only symptoms of hostility, but these are trivialities. Wherever truth is absolutely on one side, the adversary has, in equity, some license; no one complains; he must say something, and he commonly convicts himself, adding new volume to the overwhelming testimony that he seeks to controvert.

Our accurate quotation\* of the contrast that Sir Edward Watkin indicates between George Stephenson's good simple work for mere day wages, and the 'professional' charges of a modern engineer appears to be a grievance. 'The special difference and expense attending the Metropolitan Railway it was of course convenient'—we have had this phrase before—'to leave out of sight.' As if they could be out of *mind*. But then Sir Edward Watkin wrote for ordinary people; he has only failed to make the matter clear to the 'unintelligent' profession. Possibly Sir Edmund Beckett can inform 'The Builder,' or the Institute, by letter, how Sir Edward Watkin's shrewd comparison should be applied; and he might use the Tay bridge as a convenient illustration of professional responsibility, and of its method, and success.

'The Builder' also takes exception to our solemn illustration of an 'architectural lamp-post.'† 'To pick out some apparently stupid thing, its surroundings not being referred to, that some architect has done, and represent it as the common practice of architects, is in plain English little better than lying.' The 'plain English' is beyond the scope of our remarks; but, like previous quotations from 'The Builder,' it has all Sir Edmund Beckett's gracefulness of thought and style. However, if the writer in 'The Builder' had attended to Sir Edmund Beckett's teaching, he would have known that modern buildings when designed by architects are 'not artistic,' they 'certainly are not satisfactory,' and 'no one goes to see them.' All of them are consequently 'stupid things;' to 'pick out,' therefore, would be needless; any random specimen will do to illustrate the 'common practice of architects.' As to the special lamp-post, we are told that 'it is intended not merely to carry a lamp but as a termination to a balustrade, and anything that was not tolerably bulky would

look exceedingly weak.' Our readers when they pass Trafalgar Square will recognize in the stone monumental lamp-posts and the little coping wall, the approved professional proportion of a 'termination to a balustrade.'

We may however take another lamp design, from the great architectural gewgaw in the Euston road; a bunch of fine large lamps set on the high, projecting corner of a balustrade. This seeming galaxy is all a sham, and wholly useless, save as an expensive daylight show; not one of its five lamps is ever lighted. It is placed, indeed, exactly where no light can be required, and as far towards the moon as possible. Is it not 'stupid,' quite professional; and fit to match the lamp-posts in Trafalgar Square? Yet no one has objected to it; and the hotel design throughout is just as full of unperceived absurdity. But what could the poor drawing-master do? It was his 'business;' he had fifty other buildings to make sketches for. Sir Edmund Beckett says he was 'the greatest of modern Gothic architects,' and here we have a specimen of his most conspicuous work. He evidently had abundant capital, and so, as Mr. Beresford Hope would say, he might be most 'divinely gifted;' yet his work is worse than nothing, a display of senseless ornament, intended to delight the tavern speculators and the 'tasteful' public. The poor parish lamp looks far more 'satisfactory and respectable.'

'One of the Reviewer's main charges against modern architects is that they are paid much more than there is any reason to suppose the medieval architects were paid; and for this cause he evidently regards the modern architect as a base and grovelling personage.' No; the objection is that modern architects—the great majority of whom, as their late President has told us, are 'worth nothing in the world,' but are 'destroyers of architecture and the disgrace of the age'—get any pay at all. Even the 'lukewarm, sickly' few receive immensely more than they are worth. The medieval master had fair pay for 'wonderful' artistic work; the building work of modern drawing-masters, men 'not alive to their profession,' is entirely 'inartistic,' as Sir Edmund Beckett has so clearly shown. Yet for each inartistic building they receive a rate of payment far beyond what satisfied the medieval artist. And besides 'The Builder' does 'admit, and with regret, that there is not a little to be said in regard to the practice, by architects who have attained reputation, of taking more work than they can possibly give proper thought to, or can even see to themselves at all, and having it done

\* See BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, April, 1880.

† Ibid.

*en masse* by a number of subordinates.' It is not merely, as is further said, that 'there are small architects who do dirty jobs,' for all our architects are small; but they are 'architects of reputation' who are thus disreputable; and what contractors say about 'commissions' taken, even claimed from them, by 'architects of known respectability' is very much in keeping with this 'regrettable,' but quite 'admitted practice of architects who have attained reputation.' Those who lead in the profession, and are 'eminent,' are thus, to use the diction of 'The Builder,' 'in the unsatisfactory position of a man who is *credited* with work which he cannot himself find time to design or look after; and is precluded from giving his buildings that degree of thought which he ought to consider as rightfully demanded from him.' This acknowledged system of 'unrighteousness,' and 'falsehood,' and 'dishonesty'—we collect the imputations of apologists for the Profession—is 'compensated for' by multiplied percentages; and the system and its 'compensation' do together constitute success in the profession of an architect. Indeed the architectural profession is entirely founded on the hope of prompt participation in this practice. Its result is, chiefly, that the quiet, able men, who might be artist-builders, real architects, are overlooked; and that our buildings, public and domestic, are, as works of art, 'worth nothing in the world.' Impressed with this pernicious and 'diagrammatic' state of things, 'The Builder' says: 'The practice of architectural design by proxy exists to far too large an extent; and if the critic had directed his shafts mainly against this he might have done some good.' And now we seek especially to satisfy this conscientious, humble-minded invitation.

'The case of Crossland v. Outhwaite, tried at Kingston, February 2, 1881, before Lord Coleridge and a special jury of the county of Surrey, is of some public interest from the light which it throws upon the charges made by professional architects. The plaintiff in this case sought to recover from the defendant a sum of about £300 in respect of plans and drawings made and work done by the former in his capacity of architect for the latter. It appeared, however, in the course of the trial, from the evidence of the plaintiff himself, that the plans were prepared not by that gentleman, nor even under his personal supervision, but by another person whose name was attached to the drawings. The plaintiff, indeed, endeavoured to explain this strange discrepancy by asserting that the actual draughtsman of the plans was em-

ployed by him as his clerk at an annual salary of £200, and that it was by no means an uncommon thing for architects thus to avail themselves of the services of other persons in the preparation of plans, while considering themselves fully entitled to be paid as if they had devoted their own personal attention to the business. This theory, which Lord Coleridge designated as novel as it was dangerous, is not, let us hope, 'one which is frequently carried into practice.' It would appear, indeed, from the evidence of the plaintiff, to have received some kind of sanction more or less formal from the Institute of British Architects. But, as was pointed out very forcibly by the learned judge, it is not competent for a number of gentlemen meeting together in Conduit Street to impose terms upon the British public which are totally at variance with elementary propositions of law. The jury, without requiring a summing up from his lordship, refused to adopt the extraordinary version of the duties of an architect propounded by the plaintiff.' ('The Pall Mall Gazette.')

Then, referring to the taking of 'commissions,' 'The Builder' does not foolishly deny a well-known fact; but gently says: 'We have always failed in endeavours to obtain precise statements when such charges have been broadly made.' Most probably; and no doubt, before the late Commissions issued, all the representatives of Oxford, Macclesfield, and Gloucester, would have made a similarly relevant reply to a suggestion that their several constituencies were venal. But in the way of business, and the profession is 'a business,' a 'commission' is not held to be a bribe; the word is wholly different; and thus extremely pious persons, who are greatly shocked at bribery, will take and give 'commissions,' and resent the imputation of unrighteousness. Nor are the higher grades of what is called success at all times kept within the path of honour and of honesty. Inferior men in point of talent may be sea-green incorruptibles; and others, though accounted eminent, may be, in 'business,' quite unsound. Indeed to be a pluralist is something of a commendation at the Royal Institute of British Architects; and men get medals when they 'take more work than they can possibly give proper thought to, or can even attend to themselves at all.'

In January, 1877, 'The Times' published a copious and interesting correspondence on the subject of 'Commissions.' From this correspondence we will make a few condensed quotations, as they illustrate the practice of the architectural profession.

First, Sir Edmund Beckett, with his usual ready testimony, writes: 'The best class of agents of all kinds, probably a small majority of the whole, repudiate the practice of taking commissions as dishonest and unjustifiable.' And 'A London Parson,' having 'had experience in church building, believes it is an undoubted fact that the architect not only gets his five per cent. commission from his employer, but also a commission from various tradesmen for every article of furniture, from an organ to a hassock; and may be from the builders also. Until architects are more honourable, their profession will always occupy a secondary rank, even if it be not regarded as among trades rather than professions.'

Then come four letters from the Institute. One 'Fellow,' with absurd omniscience, declares that he is 'sure no such practices are carried on by members of the Institute;' a cautious, inefficient limitation. Another 'Fellow' says that 'whatever some individuals may have done, such a practice would, according to the rules of the Institute, insure the expulsion of the offender.' There must be then 'a practice' among architects to which these 'rules' refer; and yet the third Fellow rebukes the 'London Parson' for stating 'his "belief" in the "undoubted fact" that architects do such things;' and further says that 'the Institute not only condemns such "incredible" conduct as it deserves, but would expel any member who practises it,' while the fourth Fellow,—the 'President,'—declares that the *practice*—*which* 'according to the rules of the Institute *insures expulsion*—is *absolutely unknown* to architects as a body.' But why, if there are no transgressors, are the rules? Undoubted virtue needs no threatening law. There is suspicion even at the Institute.

The tradesmen then give evidence, distinctly, of the fact:

As Builders and Contractors we may be allowed to know something of the matter. We do not allege our 'belief,' but we state our experience—and we are sure the building trade generally can bear out our statement—that the practice which the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects repudiates not only exists, but is common; and that architects are not above receiving commissions on goods supplied for works executed under their direction. It is quite usual for architects to name in their bills of quantities and specifications certain firms by whom particular goods are to be supplied, or certain portions of the work performed; and the firms so named allow a large 'discount' on all orders so received. Perhaps some architects draw a distinction between 'discounts' and 'commissions.'

Again, Sir Edmund Beckett writes:

I have no wish to depreciate the dignity of the Institute—to which perhaps a tenth of the British Architects belong—or its pre-eminence over other such societies which are not so Royal. But the practical question just now, is not their dignity, but their power to prevent even their own members, and *a fortiori* architects generally, from doing that which they corporately denounce, but which the contractors, who are infinitely better witnesses, declare is common, and that all the building trades will say so. After all that has been lately published, it is simply idle and ridiculous, if not something worse, for architects to go on publishing their rules against a practice which they know very well they can do nothing to prevent, and which those who suffer from it say is becoming impossible to withstand, and is destroying all legitimate and moral business. They do not tell us of a single member they have even tried for it, much less of any one they have expelled; and if they did, what particular harm would it do him, or how much less would he demand his bribes afterwards?

They do not see too that any quantity of such negative evidence from 'respectable' members of their own body proves nothing to the point. The only evidence worth having is from those who are forced to pay, not from those who say they do not receive!

Can it be that this so 'practical' and well-informed Sir Edmund Beckett is the writer in 'The Builder' who has 'always failed to obtain precise statements when such charges have been broadly made'?

The correspondence ends with reiterated negations, 'proving nothing to the point,' from the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and then 'The Times' 'deplores the state of things.'

'The Builder,' in its article of June 12, 1880, says that 'the charge of taking commissions from tradesmen, as generally made, is remarkable equally for impudence and ignorance.' If our readers can find time to refer to this article and to the letter we have quoted from Sir Edmund Beckett, they will probably be led to the conclusion that in the two publications the writer is the same; the versatile Sir Edmund merely

Shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how), when specially retained; and showing thus what credit should be given to professional denials.

These denials are in fact conclusive evidence of what has recently been said about the low morality and intellectual deficiency of the profession. An exception has however just appeared; we welcome and record one instance of good sense and honourable feeling. Mr. John McLachlan, in his Presidential Address delivered at the meeting of

the Edinburgh Architectural Association, on the 17th November, 1880, said:

It is within my own knowledge that there are men belonging to our profession who habitually undertake work for a nominal fee to the client, but who make the same client pay the amount of three or four fees by manipulating the items in the schedules with the contractors in such a way as no client can detect. The thing is scandalous and disgraceful. The commission which appears in so many lawsuits as being paid to architects is the surreptitious, underhand, disgraceful bribe applied by manufacturers, patentees, and other proprietors of building appliances, to have their goods introduced into buildings. The heaven of this corruption works in divers ways. Some men, calling themselves architects, have so arranged that large slices of emolument should be hidden in the estimates, ultimately to pass into the pocket of the architect. Such a form of wickedness is conscious of its blackness, and so keeps out of sight. If the architect will in plain words inform his employer that on the £100 roof which he has just designed he has pocketed £25 of commission, irrespective of his fee, I shall believe he is acting as an honest man. Let us act as upright men, and I venture to think that, in course of time, we shall take a more honourable position in society.

It seems then from this Presidential dictum, and the 'London Parson's' absolutely coinciding testimony, that for the present architects should diligently seek 'the lowest room.'

The reason why the drawing-masters can, as we have seen, by pluralism and percentages, obtain 'whatever sums their grasping natures prompt them to demand,' is that the public are so 'perfectly unfurnished with the knowledge of the subject'—we continue with 'The Builder'—that they are imposed upon; whereas the medieval public were habitually well instructed, and could so distinguish art from imitation that the latter had no chance. Art only was accepted; and becoming plentiful, and therefore cheap, the hideous waste of temporary, fashionable imitations was prevented. It is true that, as 'The Builder' says, the Poet Laureate receives a greater fortune from his works than Milton ever gained; but then he is a poet, and deserves the payment. Mr. Tennyson does not collect the English classics, and with paste and scissors make commercial 'sketches' for dramatic or idyllic poems as the orders come, and leave them, in a way 'The Builder' deprecates, to be 'carried out in a semi-mechanical system by a number of clerks and pupils; becoming practically a mere man of business, and in filling his purse emptying a great deal of the dignity of his calling.' The 'book-making world has no pretentious class

to be compared with modern architects. The public can read books, and do in time appreciate an author's worth or worthlessness; a few well-written pages quickly doom Montgomery's 'Satan'; but there is no homely comprehension of artistic work to which an architectural critic may appeal. There is no architectural vernacular; the public are pretending to use Greek, Italian, Early English, Norman French, and half a dozen other architectural idioms, of which they know a little less than of their correlated literary languages; and then they grieve that there is no advance in architectural art. As reasonably look for 'Areopagitica' or 'Comus' from a Zulu or a Bengalee.

How hard it is to get broad principles of truth well lodged in narrow minds. We deprecate the evil influence of draughtsmanship, and thereupon 'The Builder' says that drawing is 'proscribed,' and that 'a mere stonemason is the Reviewer's notion of an architect.' Each statement is of course untrue; in our discussion drawing has been kept entirely distinct from trading draughtsmanship. The one is the occasional and subject help of architectural art; the other has become its treacherous and dominating substitute. It is quite possible to have a 'beautiful' design and yet a worthless building; while from rough sketches, such as Honecort's, coarse in execution, and apparently repulsive in design, a true poetic workman could produce a building full of exquisite originality and art. In due subordination drawing may be useful to the workman, but, as Professor Ker, in his wise moment, said: 'In proportion to the skill in draughtsmanship just in this proportion seems to be the loss of the solid quantities of good design;' the details and the carving are mechanical and poor just as the draughtsmanship is elaborate and clever.\* This is all true, but nothing has been said to justify the notion formulated by 'The Builder,' and imputed to ourselves, 'that such a building as the Parthenon could have been produced without careful delineation and even calculation beforehand.' This absurd suggestion may commend itself to specially dull people; others will discern its fallacy and folly.

\* Sir Edmund Beckett, as a lawyer, would be able to inform the Institute, and to assure Professor Ker, that architecture is not the sole sufferer from excessive 'draughtsmanship.' 'Some day we shall learn the great truth, that pleadings—by 'draughtsmen'—are the curse of the law, but the blessing of lawyers; 'that is, all pleadings beyond the simplest statement of the real case' ('The Quarterly Review, Jan. 1881: The Ritualists and the Law').

There was, certainly, an outline drawing for the Parthenon, to give the general proportions and the common character of style; but all the special beauty of the building was emphatically masons' and carvers', and not draughtsmen's work. The drawing for the Parthenon design might easily be done in half a day, and at our usual scale for drawings none of the peculiar artistic merit of the building would be indicated. All the curves of mouldings, entasis, and stylobate are purely building work; and were set out, full size, by the chief master workmen, with the grace and delicate refinement that the men of plastic art invent, and add to their mere graphic studies. They are at the building, and they see where form, beyond the draughtsmen's lines, and various, expressive modulation should be given. Modern architects do not create but only copy all these things, and so are only imitative draughtsmen; but by real artists they were all *worked out*; and workmen, and not drawing-masters, formed the subtle curves which give the Parthenon its architectural charm. The upward curvature of the plinth courses was detected at the building, not from any drawings, by the present scholarly surveyor of St. Paul's; and he has recently exhibited its value at the western front of the Cathedral.

Architecture rises into art, precisely as the sculptural controls and dominates the graphic element, and when the thoughtful lapicide and carver most completely rules and guides intelligent artificers and draughtsmen. At the Parthenon the carver Phidias ruled, and like the Italian Maitani, this most 'famous workman' 'directed a body of architects and stone carvers.' Thus, it was to Phidias and others of his handicraft, and not to any draughtsmanship, that the surpassing merits of the Parthenon are due. If it were otherwise, how is it that in our own day of drawing-masters, the 'superior class,' we have no buildings correspondingly superior to the Parthenon; or even to St. Stephen's Chapel, once at Westminster, or to the Abbey choir? Money without stint is wasted upon 'ornamental' buildings; graphic, wholly inartistic, and of merely meretricious, transient charm. Perhaps if we again acknowledge the 'inferior class,' and, as at Westminster and Athens, let a working man direct our work, we might have buildings far less costly, and yet permanently beautiful.

No work of labour has so constant and beneficent an influence as building art upon the character and happiness of men. By nature, man is gifted in the noblest way with aptitude for building. All men, in whatever state, are born in some degree artistic, and they naturally show their rising mental

power in thoughtful and imaginative building work. Each nation, from some local accident perhaps, has its peculiar form, or 'tongue,' by which the infinite variety of character of human nature is expressed in art; but all these languages of work, Egyptian, Greek, Byzantine, Norman, Arabic, and Gothic, not to mention less familiar forms of building, were vernacular, and 'understood of the people.' Thus they have produced expressive works of art; true monumental buildings; things to be preserved; created gems; developments of life, in which not manhood only but the Godhead is reflected. Through predominating drawing-masters we have lost all this, and we have gained the Albert Monument, the Hyde Park trophy.

In our discussion, therefore, it is reassuring to perceive that we are very much at one with the late President of the Institute of Architects, Sir Gilbert Scott, who said:

At all great periods of art, however different and even contrary may be the artistic sentiment expressed by the remains, the almost superhuman productions, of various ages, one fact is common to them all; the fact that they were all the works of men who, from the humblest to the most exalted, were devoted *heart and soul*, absolutely and unreservedly, to their art; and with whom personal advancement and social position were as dust in the balance when weighed against the perfection of the arts to which they had sworn allegiance. Until we can resuscitate among ourselves the same glorious enthusiasm it is vain to look for another great period of architecture.

But considering some recent efforts to resuscitate this 'glorious enthusiasm,' it was hard to find the late President continuing thus:

Another promoter of the evils we deplore is the prevailing style of architectural criticism; for, much as our profession is held up to scorn, one rarely sees a word against the offal of our art, which is the great disgrace of our age. Nearly all which appears is against those who are enthusiastically aiming at a high standard of art. These are singled out for depreciation; yet this obviously has the effect of encouraging those who employ inefficient architects, and of making the public more satisfied with their own want of perception.

The question, as thus stated by Sir Gilbert Scott, turns on the expressions 'work' and 'art.' What is the work of modern architects that so arouses their exceptional enthusiasm? Is it the same work that the old artist masons, none of whom were 'inefficient,' were engaged in '*heart and soul*, with no regard for social position or for personal advancement'? The late President informed us very candidly that 'we must look on architecture as a business,' and, in our time,

business is not understood to be conducted quite without an eye to social position and to personal advancement. In fact an architect is said to become 'eminent' as he advances his position, not in art, for he is 'not an artist,' but in society, which, as Sir Gilbert Scott declared, has not the slightest sense of art. The modern architect 'can be an artist only in his drawings,' but the old mason, as an artist, worked in stone, and not on paper; and so when the modern architect enthusiastically aims at a high standard, his ambition is entirely distinct from that of the old master masons. It really is by competition draughtsmanship, and not by building work, that he attains to his 'superiority.' He does no work, 'is not an artist in his buildings,' but by his well-prepared and cleverly selected stock of patterns he obtains from people who, as the late President himself declared, 'scarcely perceive the difference between good architecture and bad,' an undiscovered number of commissions, and the consequent 'advancement.'

Again, in the old workman his enthusiasm led to constant personal attention and devotion *heart and soul*; but in the modern architect it stops at admiration. Thus in former times the 'master' lived at home, and with his work, a life of sympathy and dignified affection; but the modern architect deserts his own reputed art, and trades upon her degradation.

Possibly some architects are not at ease when this is pointed out. They strive professionally to obtain a seeming credit for their ill-conditioned art; and lavishly bedeck their buildings with expensive ornament, to make them fit for plutocratic good society. But by the test of real art such buildings have no character at all; and when Sir Gilbert Scott referred to 'architectural offal,' that which first occurs as worthy of the appellation is the recent meretricious decoration of cathedral choirs.

We consequently do not find that any modern architects are aiming at a 'high standard of work;' none therefore, for such effort, have been 'singled out for depreciation.' We have quoted those things that are prominent, and on this account alone; buildings are meant to be observed, and surely not in silence, nor without full liberty of judgment. Architects should never feel aggrieved when they are criticised; they would hardly wish to be neglected. Criticism, even trenchant and depreciating criticism, is a favour; and, by those who are aiming at a high standard, should at least be borne with equanimity.

It may be said that our system has not failed; that our architecture is in a very satis-

factory state; that the recent criticisms are false, and that if the public are dissatisfied with us, as we are told, it only shows their ignorance and unreasonableness. I do not think it would be wise for architects to rest content with such assurance. It would not tend to restore the confidence of the public in them; and indeed none of them believe it; for though each may consider his own works excellent, he thinks other new works faulty, and far inferior to old ones. Architects should remember that, unlike painters and authors, they have hitherto almost escaped public criticism. Those who had the necessary knowledge felt they could not with propriety criticise unfavourably the work of professional rivals; and amateur criticism was generally valueless from ignorance. A great deal of the architecture produced is, it must be confessed, very bad. ('House Architecture.' By J. J. Stevenson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects.)

For these gentlemen, so grievously neglected by the critics, there should be all fair consideration in their graphic work; but they perversely fail to comprehend and to accept the workman's sovereignty in building art. They talk of 'common workmen' as if these alone were found incapable; but we have common architects; and if their own opinion, and the judgment of the public, on the architectural profession and their works may be accepted, they are, also, very slightly valued. Though it is quite true that, as an architectural system, the Profession is 'held up to scorn,' this would be but a futile undertaking if their buildings were artistic. Members of the Institute should bear in mind the teaching of their friendly connoisseur, that they are never artists in respect of what they are supposed to build, but only in respect of drawings. Even architects can hardly be enthusiastic about these. The late Sir Gilbert Scott's delusions—self-delusions—about architectural enthusiasm, must have raised a smile in many a serving draughtsman's face, when he remembered how *he* made the drawings which the 'architect of eminence' had used to gain professional success.

In criticising works by the Profession we endeavour to ignore the individual architect; but such abstraction is impossible when verbal utterances are referred to. The late President, Sir Gilbert Scott, who is in reminiscence specially before us, was a man of eminence both as an architectural grammarian and as a man of business; but, besides, he was distinguished from his nearest rivals by his freedom from their High Church sentiment or affectation. A particularly 'canting' style of church work has become the demonstration of a class of sacerdotalists among the clergy, who contrive to captivate poor, silly women, and still sillier men, by



tales about their 'sacraments' and 'orders.' In their churches, by an absurd inversion, the officiating minister is dominant; and, in each circumstance and act of outward worship, men and women show that they have given their intellects into the keeping of the Church, and so, apparently, have lost them. The associations of this school of priestly draughtsmanship are very deleterious to architects, who frequently become small-minded, intellectual dwarfs, unable to look over the enclosure of their petty schism.

The late President had always kept himself above this class of men; though in his way ecclesiastical, he was not subjectively clerical. But possibly instead of this, for all men have their trials, he suffered greatly from the plague of pluralism; which, as we have seen, has now become the bane of English architecture. To this cause it may be due that, notwithstanding all his increased knowledge and experience, his later buildings were decidedly inferior to some that he erected nearly forty years ago. The church at Camberwell, as a design, is very much above the college chapels at St. John's and Exeter. His buildings are, however, but scholastic forms, with little of the incident, and nothing of the touch, which indicate the vivifying spirit. Thus they do not live; they have no future, and they cannot be, to just anticipation and discriminating foresight, dignified or venerable.

This, Sir Gilbert Scott had no doubt come to feel; it was a sad experience, after forty years of arduous work, to find that all was without hope. No feeling is more painful than despair, and so we warn the younger members of the Institute, that they may save themselves from ultimate despondency. Their late President was, as he assured them, quite enthusiastic about art; and yet his buildings never were, artistically, a success; although the medieval masters, also with enthusiasm, did so well. Here are resemblances in condition, with decided contrasts in result; there then remain the separate methods to consider, and in these the student may be able to discover where, and how, the modern draughtsman fails. The essential want is, evidently, abnegation. The old masons were devoted to their work; with modern architects the opposite occurs, their work is made a means *for* them. The medieval masters were not pluralists, but always resident upon their work, to *do* it, not design it only. In 'the church' the working clergy have been freed from pluralism, and are now upon the footing of the medieval masons; cannot our architects of eminence begin a similar reform? Might they not now, without delay, adopt the

method of these constantly successful men; and each, with perfectly well-founded hope, 'devote himself *heart and soul*,' of course with fitting wages, *to one work*. For the commissions they may thus abandon or decline they need have no solicitude; each work can be entrusted to the care of one of the 'young men,' or their successors, whom the late President assured us 'he could name of the highest promise, and who were actually languishing for architectural employment.'

All the world however is not perfect; motives are mixed, and help is necessary even for the virtuous. A gold medal, given by Her Majesty, is on occasion offered by the Institute to some reputed architect or connoisseur. The effect, it seems, is nugatory; when the medal is declined no harm is done, and when it is accepted no great benefit to any one appears to have resulted. If another principle of distribution were adopted, and the medal were presented to the architect who had *declined* the greatest number of commissions, good might come of it. We venture to commend this new suggestion to the Fellows and Professors at the Institute. Most men are anxious for distinction; here might be an opportunity and hope for some; the competition would not probably be too severe.

What we have said in this discussion has not been induced by an unfriendly or antagonistic spirit, as appears to be supposed; but, on the contrary, by our especial care and sympathy for art, and our compassion for the architects, who spend their lives in practising the 'Imitative Styles.' They know too well how hollow all the eminence of the Profession is; how vain the pedantry of clerics and of connoisseurs; and how absurd the aspirations, 'so artistic,' of the 'cultivated public.' These things contemplated daily, without hope, must be a constant misery to those of the profession who have minds above their 'business;' and our great desire has been to see these gentlemen relieved, in hope at least, from such unblest, ridiculous associations. True, we are wholly unacquainted with the members of the Institute; but this obscurity affords us special freedom in the scope and sentiment of our remarks, and gives no opportunity for any seeming interruption of our general benevolence. Our criticism is reserved for architectural works, but sometimes, when apparently invited, it regards, with scrupulous amenity, the utterances of authoritative public names. These names we often recognise with much respect and thankfulness; to these contemporary architects, and *dilettanti*, we are very much indebted for

the energy with which they have promoted the Profession, and have thus so amply solved the question of its value as a method and a means of art; they have done all that is, professionally, possibly in their attempts at art; we cannot hope that anything more scholarly will be achieved. But, having thus beheld the climax of professional potentiality, we find ourselves 'unsatisfied'; and, like the little angels on the Albert Monument, are only straining upward in a very futile way. Had we not better start again from solid ground, and seek some other course to the artistic empyrean?

Our pluralist Profession is indeed played out; it has entirely performed whatever it may call its 'work,' and now it stands before the world artistically impotent and in despair. It cannot possibly advance in an artistic way; but, for a show of movement, it has learned to practise something like an architectural goose step; first one foot, and then another, is brought forward, and we have alternate demonstrations of the various styles, Gothic or classic, each, as Professor Ker assured us, 'in its turn.' Can this absurdity continue? Is it not sufficient that three generations of young men have, in our time, been brought to a ridiculous and 'languishing' condition? May it not be something other than 'a fierce spirit of hatred' that induces us to tell the devotees of the Profession, many of them young and full of eager expectation, what a mean and disappointing course of life they have before them; and that causes us so perseveringly to point these wanderers to the only way that leads to architectural success? A way which, if they diligently follow it, will be in truth a life of happiness and freedom, and of self-respect and reasonable hope. J. T. E.

#### ART. VII.—*The Irish Land Question.*

- (1) *The Agricultural Commission Report.* 1880.
- (2) *The Irish Land Commission Report.* 1881.
- (3) *New Views on Ireland.* By CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P., 1881.
- (4) *Confiscation or Contract?* 1881.
- (5) *A Life's Work in Ireland.* By W. BENCE JONES. 1881.
- (6) *Why there is an Irish Land Question and an Irish Land League.* By T. M. HEALY, M.P. 1881.

THE Irish problem is in its inherent and absolute conditions the most difficult in modern politics, but the difficulty has been immense-

ly enhanced by every conceivable complication that can be gathered around it. Perhaps it is only a fresh instance of the historic perversity that runs through the affairs of Ireland—a perversity often more provoking to its friends than to its enemies—that at the very moment the most friendly and powerful of governments is preparing to grapple with the vices of a bad tenure, the masses of the people should organize a conspiracy against the law, supported by deeds of the utmost violence and cruelty, and that their representatives in Parliament should insult the English people by attempting to paralyze and discredit almost the only authority which we genuinely revere. It is, indeed, a strange irony of fate that a Cabinet containing such statesmen as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster, should be obliged to preface its remedial legislation with measures of coercion to restore the authority of law which a long course of injustice has deeply undermined. The conduct of our Irish fellow countrymen has not only tended to estrange a people, three-fourths of whom are heartily resolved to do them justice, perhaps to do for them what they could not do for themselves, even if they had an independent parliament, but it has armed their Conservative enemies with fresh arguments to prove that no legislation will ever satisfy the demands of a nation which shows itself, in spite of all concessions and reforms, steadfastly irreconcilable. There can be no doubt that even among English Liberals there is a sort of unexpressed feeling or conviction that there must be some moral separation between the two countries, some dislike which all the legislation of the last fifty years has not removed or even softened, a dislike unaffected by justice, by fair dealing, or even by sympathetic consideration, which leads to the hopeless feeling that all effort is thrown away, and that the union of the two countries is one that can never prosper, though it can never be dissolved, for the very reason that, if this temper is incurable, separation would be more dangerous than union. It is some feeling or conviction of this kind that leads many Englishmen to say that it would be almost better to make no concessions, and to fight against separation, than to advance in such an endless progress of concession without result and reform, without gratitude or conciliation.

This language, however, which is as much that of despair as of irritation, is, we believe, wholly unjustifiable. It cannot be well founded so long as English and Irish live together in all the cordial relationships of life, so long as Irish Roman Catholics find

their leaders and their heroes among Protestant patriots, and so long as Englishmen think themselves well represented by statesmen and lawyers who are Irish both by lineage and title. It would be unstatesman-like to give way to this hopeless mood, when it is felt that, come what may, Great Britain must live for all time to come, side by side with Ireland, in friendship or in enmity, with the two peoples intermixed by history, by language, and by social circumstances, past all possibility of separation. It is only just to Ireland to consider dispassionately the circumstances that have led to all the serious agrarian disorders of the past year. It is impossible, in the first place, to deny the existence of a real and justified agrarian discontent, and the history of the country shows that its political and social economies have been always so blended and intermixed that they act and react on one another in such a perpetual chain of cause and effect that there is no analysis subtle enough to make the distinction between them.

Now, ever since the day the Land Act was passed in the autumn of 1870, the Irish peasantry have been suffering without redress from the evils of a bad tenure. The first act of the landlords was to ascertain the limits of their power under the new law, and they were not long in discovering that it was still in their power to raise rents to the highest point without the least check from the law, so long as the tenant was reluctant to abandon his holding, and that in case of his appealing to the Land Court, they cared nothing for the insufficient fine imposed for eviction so long as they could procure a tenant willing to take the farm on condition of paying this fine along with an increased rent. The report of the Irish Land Commission, lately published, expressly states 'that on some estates, and particularly on some recently acquired, rents have been raised, both before and since the Land Act, to an excessive degree, so as to absorb the profit of the tenant's own improvements.' It further states 'that some landlords, who previously were content to take low rents, appear to have begun a system of rent-raising when the Land Act was passed, either because they judged that the former forbearance was not suitable to the new relations which legislation had established between themselves and their tenants, or because the profits of agriculture just then were high, or because the high price fetched by tenant-right under the stimulus of the satisfaction engendered by the passing of the Act made them think that they had hitherto been mistaken in letting their land so cheaply.' Many landlords attempted to force leases upon their tenantry that would

have involved the utter confiscation of their tenant-right; while men like Lord Leitrim, who had no love for rack-renting, harassed their miserable tenants with a mad caprice that too often had a tragical ending. Evictions rather increased than diminished. When we take into account the old system of land-tenure in Ireland, so different from that which has existed for two centuries, the traditions and recollections of the conquest, the ignorance and inability of the peasantry to look beyond their own experience to considerations which involve the welfare and progress of the country, the sufferings and total destitution that often followed ejection from their holdings, we can well understand how the contempt of the landlords for the just rights of the people has been the cancerous malady running through all recent Irish history.

Effort after effort has been made during the last ten years, both by Ulster Liberals and Southern Home Rulers, to secure a legislative revision of the Land Act. For three years Mr. Gladstone was too busy with his other great reforms to be able to re-touch his own handiwork; besides it was necessary to await the growth of an important body of decisions affecting the respective rights of landlord and tenant that was slowly taking shape in the Land Courts. A brief period of agricultural prosperity followed, and the voice of complaint was but little heard. During the six years of Tory rule the bad seasons came, and, according to the statement made by the Land League, no less than twenty-eight appeals were made in vain to Lord Beaconsfield to protect the peasantry from spoliation and misery. Not only was every appeal for redress summarily rejected by the compact body of Tory squires under the direction of the Ministry, but Mr. James Lowther, the very worst Irish chief secretary who has ever held office, lost no opportunity of repudiating the principle of the Land Act as synonymous with confiscation and robbery, and poured contempt upon every form of Irish agitation.

The depth of the distress caused by three bad harvests is now beyond dispute. Dr. Hancock's statistics show that during the last four years the aggregate fall in the deposits of the Irish banks has been £4,494,000, which is rather more than one-eighth of the total deposits of the highest year known. In 1876, the deposits were £34,240,000, and at the end of 1880 they stood at £29,746,000. In a limited district of Mayo and Galway, which supplies labourers for the English harvest, Dr. Hancock estimates the loss of wages alone as amounting to £99,524 for the last four years. This is the district

where the agrarian disorders have been most prevalent. Now the famine that threatened in the third year exposed the great bulk of the peasantry, especially in Connaught, to the risk of eviction, and it is now well known that many landlords took advantage of the distress, not only to evict needy tenants, but to raise rents as if the times had been most prosperous. Meanwhile, the Tory Government still turned a deaf ear to all appeals for a reform of the Land Act. One never knows how dangerous a thing it is to let the heart of a nation sicken through deferred hope.

The accession of the Liberal Government to power, with Mr. Gladstone as its head, inspired all classes in Ireland with bright hopes. But when it became evident that no Land Act could be passed in a few brief months of a hurried session, and when the Government declined, at Mr. Parnell's suggestion, to pass a brief Act protecting tenants against eviction till the land question could be definitively settled, a wide-spread fear took possession of the Irish peasantry that the relief promised in the Midlothian speeches would come too late to secure them against eviction, as the landlords would be left for another year quite untrammelled in the exercise of their legal rights. The Government, however, deemed it just to introduce the Compensation for Disturbance Bill to compensate tenants in certain necessitous districts who should be evicted for non-payment of rent. It was only an attempt to apply to these districts a thoroughly wise and just provision of the original Land Bill of 1870 which was summarily rejected by the House of Lords.

How the House of Lords rejected this Bill, as well as indeed every other Irish Bill presented to them in 1880, except that for lending money on cheap terms to the landlords, is now a matter of history. The effect of their action was simply this, that any landlord could evict a whole country side without a penny of compensation. A really inhuman landlord could clear his land of tenants he did not like at less cost to himself than he would have incurred in clearing it of these tenants in more prosperous times. If a landlord wanted to take an immense acreage into his own cultivation, he could not do it in ordinary years without giving his tenants so much an acre for evicting them. But he could now get rid of them without any payment at all, merely because they were unable to pay their rent. But this action of the House of Lords had a still more important effect than that of arousing the deep resentment of English Radicals. *It threw the Irish pea-*

*santry into the arms of the Land League.* Mr. Gladstone was now admittedly powerless to help them for at least a whole year, and the feeling of despair in their minds was further deepened by the conviction—not, perhaps, so well grounded—that he might not be able even then to overcome the reluctance of the Peers to pass a really comprehensive and effective land measure. People of other countries usually suffer till they are relieved by law, and it is natural to condemn the impatient and turbulent discontent of those who cannot wait for the future because they suffer severely in the present. But the Irish situation was altogether as peculiar as the temper of the people, and goes far to explain the extraordinary history of the last six months.

We cannot but think that under circumstances so peculiarly trying the Irish people were singularly unfortunate in their choice of a leader. Mr. Parnell is undoubtedly a man of great ability and resource, especially in his complete command of the forms of the House of Commons, and in his quick insight into the momentary situation; but he wants many of the best qualities of a great leader. 'The Spectator' says truly that 'his tactics lately have not been the tactics of a man up to the situation, either in force of intellect or in force of passion.' It was specially unfortunate that the peasantry should entrust their cause to a politician who did not wish to have the land question settled at all by Parliament. Not six months ago he expressed his satisfaction at the thought that the present Government could pass no satisfactory land measure; he rejoiced, indeed, at the rejection of the Disturbance Bill by the House of Lords, and would, he said, have voted against it himself, if he could not have counted on the Peers 'to do his dirty work for him,' because he expected that it would take at least five or six years to succeed in his agitation for the separation of Ireland from England. That is, he intended to use the land question as a lever to settle the political question. A wiser politician would be glad to take the Land Act as a substantial instalment of justice, and then agitate for a separate parliament. It is this attitude of Mr. Parnell, as well as his persistent obstruction, that has so deeply discredited the cause of the Irish peasantry, who have virtually placed their destinies in his hands. Yet his utter failure as a popular leader and as a parliamentary tactician may ultimately turn out to their solid advantage. He has led his party into a ditch; he has not been able to fulfil his promises that he would dictate his own terms to Parliament; he has brought about a re-

striction upon his own powers of mischief both in Ireland and in England; and he has sacrificed his 'private police' of the Land League by committing them to unconstitutional courses, without being able to protect them against the severities of the Coercion Bill.

It was easy to see that, under the guidance of such a leader, with all his assumed ability to hit the exact line between wind and water in relation to the question of legality, the Land League would take a very wild and high-handed course, attempting to overthrow the authority of law and strike at established order and opinion. The scheme of the League was threefold—first, to stop all evictions, or, if they could not be stopped, to persuade or deter tenants from taking the vacated farms, so as to make the land worthless to the owners; secondly, to reduce all rents to the level of Griffith's valuation, till such times as the landlords might be bought out; and thirdly, to abolish rents for the present in all cases where the tenant is unable to pay. It is unnecessary to say how effectively the League has carried out its purposes. It has virtually stopped eviction in many parts of Ireland, as we learn by the fact that in the four quarters of 1880, the number of evictions was respectively 554, 687, 671, 198, the number lessening in the last quarter in proportion to the power of intimidation exercised by the League. It has also checked, at least, for the present, the payment of excessive rents. Mr. Parnell boasts that he has struck off five millions sterling from the fifteen millions' rental of Ireland. It has also stopped the payment of rents in an enormous number of cases to the great derangement of all departments of Irish trade. But these three feats have been accomplished at a tremendous cost to the Irish community. We need not recite the story of outrage, assassination, threatenings; maiming of dumb beasts, which have followed closely upon the track of the League's operations. Disobedience to the law is a disease of the most infectious type, and propagates itself with the most extraordinary rapidity and in the most unexpected quarters. The outrages may have been exaggerated, but they admittedly exceeded all former example, and the fact is undisputed that a hundred and fifty-three persons are at present under personal protection, that is, have two policemen constantly with them, and eleven hundred and forty-nine are constantly watched over by the police. The people are demoralized by the license that prevails as well as by the terrorism exercised over all who dispute, however justly, the stern decrees of the League. They are

taught by the League that they are themselves to be the final judges of their own obligations, for it neither suggests nor establishes any sort of authority to which this immense class-conspiracy is to be subject.

It was clearly impossible that the Government, no matter how well disposed to Ireland, could overlook this attack upon the law or look on unconcerned at the outrages that tracked its progress over the country. Had they done so, they would have abdicated their most sacred functions and become criminal accessories to offences which they declared either their unwillingness to repress or their incompetency to punish. The Conservatives no doubt blamed them for not resorting sooner to coercive measures. But the defence of the Government is a perfectly fair one, that they deemed it wiser in the first instance to exhaust all the powers of the ordinary law, in accordance with the first principle of the Constitution, that despotic power shall not be used to set aside the law till the law has failed to protect public order. It was this conviction that led them in the first instance to prosecute Mr. Parnell and the Land Leaguers for conspiracy. Had they succeeded, there would have been no necessity for repressive measures; but the only effect of the prosecution was to make the Land League more powerful and irresponsible than ever. There was no remedy now but coercion. We all of us frankly admit the mischiefs of coercion, which not only demoralizes the character of the permanent legislation and administration—relaxing, as Sir Robert Peel said, the energy of the ordinary law—but it puts down, along with the deadly violence of crime, the healthy activity of legitimate agitation and the evidence of well-justified discontent. Had the Government assumed coercive powers in last October, in hope of an indemnity from Parliament, or called Parliament together in November to obtain these powers, and succeeded in putting down all opposition to law, Parliament might now be assured by all sorts of advisers, especially in the landlord interest, that Ireland appeared to be perfectly content and that there was no need of an agrarian change. Nobody says that coercion is a cure for the deep-seated evil of Ireland, much less that it will remove the hatred that exists between landlords and tenants. It may, indeed, intensify that hatred. None feel more than Liberal statesmen the permanent attendant evil of coercion, that it tends to make the law hateful, because order appears to be sought for the sake of a class and not for the community; and it is this traditionary conviction that the law is an enemy which every repetition of the appeal to

coercion deepens in every fresh generation of Irishmen. But the present Government coerces out of hopelessness, not out of anger, and we may be perfectly certain that in such hands the provision for arbitrary arrest will be so limited as not to interfere seriously with the guarantees for the perfect liberty of every law-abiding citizen. The measures passed by Parliament are intended not as a substitute for liberty, but for a despotism most arbitrary and irresponsible.

We join every true friend of the peace and liberty of Ireland in hoping that the peaceable inhabitants may receive full protection from these measures of needful rigour, and that the returning tranquillity of the country may soon dispense with the necessity for its continuance. The outrages have been largely diminished both in number and in gravity. But there is no evidence that coercion will end the social war in Ireland. It may stop outrages, but it is powerless against passive resistance and the resort to social outlawry which will be more or less fatal to the collection of rent. There is a 'Boycotting' that no coercion can prevent. There is no law in existence to compel a butcher or baker or grocer or trader of any sort to sell his goods to an obnoxious agent or tenant, and we believe that the only effective cure will be a thorough and immediate reform of the land laws. The landlords will not get their rents till Mr. Gladstone has finally settled the question.

There are several circumstances in the existing situation, however, which are of a more hopeful character, and justify the expectation that the difficulties of immediate legislation as well as of ultimate administration in Ireland will quickly disappear. It is satisfactory to know that there is at present a singular absence of crime not of the agrarian kind. It is equally satisfactory to learn that, as the effect of the removal of religious inequality eleven years ago, the question of the hour is not complicated by religious differences. The leader of the Land League is a Protestant, his lieutenant is a Roman Catholic, while the planners of outrages are quite insensible to religious opinions in their attacks upon life or property. Then the very outrages themselves, with all their unseemly incidents, go to show the real depth of the evil to be remedied, the real badness of the existing tenure. Then the landlords themselves have been, in a great measure, converted by the untoward events of the last six months to more liberal views of the land question. They were unanimous in approving the action of the House of Lords last year in rejecting the Compensation Bill, but they have now come to see that there is no

hope for them except in a Land Act that will thoroughly settle the question, even at the sacrifice of their nominal power as owners of land. Many Ulster landlords of Conservative views have been converted to the three F's, and such liberal peers as Lord Monck, Lord Powerscourt, and Lord Emly, have expressly formulated this demand in the interests of Irish prosperity. Then, happily, men of all political parties in Ireland, with, perhaps, the exception of the Parnellites, the Ulster Liberals and Tories—the latter with some exceptions—and the moderate Home Rulers represented by Mr. Shaw, will join heartily with the whole Liberal party of Great Britain in demanding a final and thorough settlement of the question on principles already substantially acknowledged. Thoughtful men of all parties desire a certain finality, a certain security for the landlords' rent, and a large increase to the number of persons interested in defending property.

But the cause of land reform has likewise been very signally promoted by the considerable literature that has grown up around it during the last nine months. The landlords, though lately disposed to make concessions of an important character, have nevertheless used the press extensively in furtherance of their views, especially to show that the case of the tenant is not nearly so strong or plausible as it is made to appear. We do not think it necessary to notice the work of a landlord like Mr. Bence Jones—perhaps the most unpopular man of his class in Ireland—because he rejects conclusions accepted by the bulk of landlords, and believes in the English tenure as the only one fitted for Irish tenants. The very grievance of Ireland is that a notion of absolute property in the soil as appertaining to the rent-taker—a notion confined to Europe and Great Britain alone—should be forced upon her by the power of England. It is impossible to reconcile the Irish and English ideas of land tenure. The most important publication issued in the interests of the Irish landlords is a pamphlet entitled 'Confiscation or Contract?' which has had a very wide circulation. Few Ulster landlords, we should think, would subscribe to all its positions. It maintains that the landlords are not responsible for the present condition of Ireland, and attributes the dislike of the landlord class to agitation. It is impossible to believe, however, that agitation could produce the existing state of things, which is itself the most indisputable evidence that a system established more than two centuries ago, and receiving every conceivable aid from legislation, has been an utter failure. No unprejudiced man

can believe that landlord authority, in its present form, tends to social order. We may admit, with this pamphlet, that no legislation can make the climate other than moist, the population other than too thick in certain provinces, or the people other than too poor for the larger cultures; but it does not therefore follow that legislation cannot check the evils that have arisen from a greedy and arbitrary landlordism. This pamphlet argues for the maintenance of the existing system as against fixity of tenure, and pleads that any attempt to reduce the power of the landlords will involve the confiscation of their property. It is impossible to see how this can be if landlordism should be abrogated by purchase. If landlordism is to remain, there must necessarily be a confiscation of power; but nobody now questions the right of the State to determine what power one citizen shall exercise over another; but the Liberal party are fully resolved that there shall be no confiscation of the property of owners in the settlement of this question. On the whole, we cannot see that the landlords have made out a case to justify the Government in disregarding the demands of the tenants for a secure tenure and fair rents.

Perhaps the most important and influential communications from Ireland, in the interests of the tenants, were those written by Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., in the columns of 'The Daily Telegraph,' and since published separately in a volume. They excited more attention than other contributions of the same sort published during the last year. Mr. Russell is an Irishman, who began life as a solicitor in Belfast, and has since risen to eminence at the English bar. His letters show a more intimate knowledge of the country, and a truer appreciation of the remedies by which the hardships of the people may be removed, than all the communications forwarded by 'special commissioners' to their respective journals. He writes both with sympathy and with truth, and his letters need to be studied with care if one would understand the existing crisis in Ireland. They refer, no doubt, to the single district of Kerry, but they may be justly regarded as representing the condition of the whole south and west. They force upon us the conviction that all confidence between landlords and tenants is at an end, that landlords and agents take every opportunity, especially under 'the silent system'—that is, at a change of tenancy—to raise rents while doing comparatively nothing for their estates, and that tenants live in terror of their landlords, without the least motive to industry. It is not the first time that public journalists have turned attention to the seve-

rities practised on the Lansdowne property. Eleven years ago we had occasion to refer to them in this Review.\* The present marquis was then too young to know much of the practices of the late Mr. Walter Stewart Trench, and probably knows as little of the present miseries inflicted upon his tenantry by the present Mr. Trench, which Mr. Russell has now with great moderation of statement exposed to the world. But he cannot shirk his responsibility for a system of oppression at once unjust and inhuman. It is customary on this Kerry property to make the tenant in entering on his holding acknowledge a year's rent which he does not owe, of course to facilitate eviction. It is further proved that the Kerry landlord can raise rent, as he actually does, till there is nothing left to the tenants but a bare subsistence, while improvements are never made by the tenants from the knowledge that they would be immediately followed by a rise of rent. Mr. Russell submits a number of valuable suggestions for the settlement of the land-question. Liberal politicians will agree with his proposal to abolish limited ownerships, life-tenancies, entails, trusts, and all those complex estates which, by the ingenuity of lawyers, are carved out of the fee. No timid compromise will avail here. The choice lies between retaining the old system, which has landed the country in chaos, and introducing principles which have been adopted in other civilized countries with the greatest advantage. He would give every tenant who has been ten years in possession a right to demand from his landlord a fee-farm grant of his holding at a rent to be fixed at once and for ever, and also give him power to buy up his rent at any time at twenty-five years' purchase. The extinguishment of the copyhold tenure in England affords a precedent for the present proposal. An Act was passed enabling either the lord or the tenant to compel the other to a final settlement, the terms being fixed by arbitration and confirmed by the Copyhold Commission. The passing of the Act was long opposed, and the cry of confiscation raised as it is now in Ireland. Mr. Russell's proposal is not different in principle from the main part of that laid down by the Land Tenure Committee, comprising such landowners as Lords Monck, Monteagle, and Powerscourt, who would give every tenant a grant at fee-farm at once, and by statute, at the existing rent, subject only to such alteration as the proposed Land Court might permit. It is a great advance in opinion to find such a committee proposing that no notice to quit for any purpose

\* 'The Irish Land Question.' Jan. 1870.

whatever should have any validity without the sanction of the Land Court. Mr. Russell's proposals are certainly worthy of grave consideration in present circumstances, and will no doubt be often referred to in the debates on the Land Bill. But the most important contribution made to our knowledge of all the curious complexities of the Irish Land question is undoubtedly due to the two Commissions of inquiry appointed by the late and the present Government respectively.

The Agricultural Commission appointed by the late Government and presided over by the Duke of Richmond, one of the largest landowners of the United Kingdom, was chiefly Conservative in its composition. But it contained also a few Liberals, such as Lord Carlingford and Mr. James Stansfeld, who accepted the appointment with the express intention of devoting their attention to the Irish division of the inquiries. The Commission agree with the other Commission in holding that the relationship of landlord and tenant in Ireland is neither *de jure* nor *de facto* the same as that in England. They state that the grand difference is, that in England all the improvements are as a rule made by the landlords, whereas in Ireland, with a few insignificant exceptions, they are made by the tenant—a fact which landlords like Mr. Bence Jones and Lord Annesley should lay to heart, as they have persistently asserted the very contrary. But the report of the majority unfortunately stops at this point, and sees no way of conciliating the respective rights of landlord and tenant. They are constrained to say, however, in view of the fact that 'the improvements and equipments of a farm are very generally the work of the tenant, and the fact that a yearly tenant is at any time liable to have his rent raised in consequence of the increased value that has been given to his holding by the expenditure of his own capital and labour, that the desire for legislative interference to protect him from an arbitrary increase of rent does not seem unnatural; and we are inclined to think that by the majority of landowners legislation properly framed to accomplish this end would not be objected to.' As a guide or instruction to Government, this mild suggestion of a tribunal to criticize or limit rents fixes the low-water mark of possible legislation. Only one member of the Commission—Professor Bonamy Price—dissents from this suggestion. A true economist once said that 'he who knows nothing but political economy does not know political economy,' and the attitude of Professor Price on this question aptly illustrates the truth of the remark. He repeats the old phrase about freedom of con-

tract, forgetting that no such thing exists in Ireland, except in a fractional proportion of cases, and that by the admission of the Commissioners themselves, whatever has been done to the soil has been done by the tenant, whose interest in it cannot be extinguished by the mere lapse of time.

The Liberal Members of the Commission, including Lord Carlingford and Mr. Stansfeld, found themselves under the necessity of presenting a separate report. They make strong statements about the discouragement of industry arising from insecurity of tenure, and the fear of increase of rent restraining all successful energy, lest its natural fruits should be lost. But there is also the perception that cases of such injustice 'affect the feelings and motives of countless occupiers beyond the sufferers themselves, and form the main vice of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, for which legislation has not yet found a sufficient remedy.' The necessity is shown for founding a Court to settle the question of fair rent upon appeal from either landlord or tenant, and a cordial belief is expressed that such a tribunal, armed with large authority, would succeed in exercising with substantial fairness a direct arbitration. While declaring in favour of free sale, they also point out that for the present, and till easier social relations grow up, it may be necessary to retain the claim for compensation for disturbance created by the Act of 1870, with special reference to the smaller holdings of the south and west. The full recognition of fixity of tenure, subject only to an appeal to the Land Court, is also ungrudgingly given, being well understood to be a point of vital moment in all parts of Ireland alike. Important suggestions are also made for the composition of the Land Court.

The other Commission, known as the Irish Land Commission, was appointed last year by Mr. Gladstone, to inquire into the working of the existing Land Acts, and to suggest what changes may be necessary to improve the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. Its members were Lord Bessborough, Baron Dowse, Mr. Kavanagh, Mr. Shaw, and the O'Connor Don. Politically considered, the Commission consisted of one Conservative, two Liberals, and two Home Rulers; while, socially considered, three were landlords, one was a banker, and another a judge. Their report, which was issued immediately after that of the Agricultural Commission, was signed by four out of the five commissioners, Mr. Kavanagh, the Conservative, having presented a separate report. The Commissioners held sixty-five sittings all over Ireland, and examined seven



hundred witnesses, of whom eighty were landlords, seventy agents, five hundred tenant-farmers, and the remainder clergymen, county-court judges, solicitors, and land-valuators. The report is the most masterly and complete statement of the land question that has yet been made, being a marvel of lucidity, condensation, and thoroughness. It describes with minuteness the origin, nature, and circumstances of land-tenure in Ireland, more particularly of the tenant-right in Ulster, and points out in the clearest terms that while the Land Act of 1870 recognized to some extent the proprietary rights of the occupier, it has utterly failed to remedy the main grievances of which he complains—arbitrary increase of rent, insecurity of tenure, and restrictions upon the sale of his interest in his farm; while in some instances it shows how clever but unscrupulous landlords have evicted the tenant, paid him all the compensation the law prescribes, sold the farm to a new tenant, and made a handsome profit out of the transaction. All these points were carefully brought out with illustrative instances, in an article published last year in this Review, which also anticipated by several months the leading suggestions offered by the Commissioners as a remedy for the evils of the existing tenure.\* The Commissioners are of opinion that these evils are not to be removed by any amendment of the Land Act of 1870, nor by extending the Ulster custom to the rest of Ireland. They say significantly: "To enact for all Ireland the Ulster custom in its most prevalent form, as stated by the best authorities, and embodied in the decisions of the Courts, during the last ten years, would be indeed possible but absurd. As it stands, it has failed, even in its native soil."

The fifth section of the report is the most important because it submits the proposals of the Commissioners for the reform of the existing tenure 'on the basis known as the three F's; that is, Fixity of tenure, Fair rents, and Free sale.' The fixity of tenure ought to be accompanied, they say, by certain conditions—a fair rent, which, according to our own article in July last, in case of difference between landlord and tenant, is to be decided by arbitrators representing both parties; the free sale is to be accompanied with the condition that the landlord is to be empowered to object to a solvent purchaser on reasonable grounds only. This, with the gradual establishment of a peasant proprietary on the general principles recommended by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's committee, is the

main proposal of the Commissioners. The report expresses the belief that these recommendations will not be 'any great interference with the practical power of a landlord over his property, with his way of managing it, or with the present income he derives from it, but a good deal with his nominal rights and with his sentiment of property.' It anticipates the objection that these proposals interfere with the 'freedom of contract' by stating that 'freedom of contract, in the case of the great majority of Irish tenants, large and small, does not really exist.' The report incidentally disapproves of any scheme of enforced emigration, or any attempt on a large scale for the reclamation of waste lands out of public funds.

We shall now proceed to make a few remarks upon this important and comprehensive scheme, with the view of pointing out the defects which seem to us to mar its completeness and efficacy. We shall first consider the views of the Commissioners on fixity of tenure, which are stated in sections 40–47 of the report. The general principle they recommend is that of 'giving legal recognition to the existing state of things.' 'Occupiers,' they say, 'have, as a general rule, acquired rights to a continuous occupancy, which in the interests of the community it is desirable legally to recognize;' and they think that 'a farmer should no longer be liable at law to displacement of his interest in his holding, either directly by ejectment or indirectly by the raising of his rent, at the discretion of his landlord.' They say quite correctly that in most well-ordered estates a virtual fixity of tenure exists, and that the change would practically not be great after all. But the conditions which they are disposed to attach to the tenure would in our judgment go far to destroy its fixity, by entitling the landlord, on the violation of any one of them, to evict the tenant and resume possession. The Irish people like broad and simple effects, and are rather impatient of complex and detailed legislation, and it would therefore be desirable to make the new measure as simple as possible. These are the conditions that the Commissioners attach to the tenure—

(1) Sub-division or sub-letting of the farm, without the landlord's consent in writing. (2) Persistent dilapidation of buildings, and systematic deterioration of the soil, after a notice in writing from the landlord to desist. (3) Conviction for any serious criminal offence. (4) Persisting in any right not necessary to the due cultivation of the tenant's holding, and from which he is debarred by express or implied agreement with the landlord. (5) Unreasonably refusing to allow the landlord to enter for purpose of mining or taking mine-

\* Article on 'The Irish Land Question,' July, 1880.

erals, quarrying or taking stones. (6) Unreasonably refusing to allow the landlord to enter for purposes of cutting or taking timber or turf. (7) Unreasonably refusing to allow the landlord to enter for opening or making roads, drains, and water-courses. (8) Unreasonably refusing to allow the landlord to enter for viewing the state of the holding, hunting, shooting, fishing, or taking game or fish. (9) Not only so, but the Commissioners add that 'We propose that the landlord should retain a right to resume possession of a holding, or of any portion thereof, for special reasons, on payment of the full selling price of the tenant's interest.' 'This would apply in case of land being required for labourers' cottages and gardens, and in case of many exceptional lettings, but not to lettings for ordinary agricultural purposes.'

We must honestly say that if this long string of conditions is attached to the tenure the fixity will be virtually at an end. Fixity of tenure on conditions which enable an unscrupulous landlord or a sharp agent to harass a respectable tenant at every turn is no fixity at all. The conviction of a farmer for crime would be a serious enough misfortune in itself for his family, without its involving the forfeiture of their ancestral holding. A landlord could easily find reason for objecting to the mode of cultivation pursued by a tenant; while in all the four cases of 'unreasonable' refusal to the entrance of the landlord here specified, a tenant might be exposed to considerable injury or annoyance, and if he should resist it would not be difficult to prove that he was 'unreasonable' in his resistance. A landlord might trespass on the farm to cut down trees, or give authority to somebody to cut turf on land for which the tenant was paying rent; but unreasonable resistance on the part of the tenant would be another legal cause for eviction. Surely a remedy at common law would be sufficient for such offences without putting in the hands of a despotic owner the extreme weapon of ejection. Failing all this, the landlord having a dislike to a particular tenant because he had voted against him at the county election, could serve him with a notice to quit on the plea that he required the land for exceptionable lettings, and resume possession in payment of 'the full selling price of the tenant's interest.' The conditions are, in fact, far too numerous, and their only effect would be to destroy the sense of security in the tenant's mind, to keep him in a constant state of dependence, and make him feel he was as much as ever in the power of his landlord. Why should poor Irish farmers be tormented with such absurd exceptions? We infinitely prefer the simple recommendation of Mr. Shaw, who is opposed to these conditions, when he sug-

gests that 'no tenant of an agricultural holding ought to be disturbed in his holding by his landlord so long as he fulfils the conditions of his tenancy, viz., pays his rent, does not waste or dilapidate, and does not unreasonably divide or sublet.' In our opinion, fixity of tenure ought to be clogged by no conditions that are not absolutely essential to the rights of the landlord, and these are sufficiently protected in the recommendations of Mr. Shaw.

It appears to us that masterly and excellent on the whole as this report is, it is rather unsatisfactory in its suggested method for determining a fair rent. The sections of the report which treat on this subject are those from 48 to 65 inclusive. 1. The present rent, where there is no demand on either side for its alteration, may be assumed to be a fair rent (Section 49). 2. Where the landlord and tenant fail to agree between themselves as to a fair rent, it is to be left to a court of local arbitrators, one to be chosen by each party with power to name an umpire (Section 50-52). 3. As to the principles on which the arbitration is to proceed, the arbitrators may go back to any time not exceeding thirty-five years, when it is admitted by both sides that the rent was fair, and then consider the various matters which since that time entitle it to be increased or diminished; and the principle is distinctly laid down in Section 55 '*that a rent which was paid at any time within the last twenty years, and which continued for not less than ten years to be regularly paid, shall be in all cases taken to be such a starting point.*' 4. 'There are holdings where the fair rent thus estimated, and however estimated, will be *above* the existing rent.' Such cases are those in which a landlord himself has made the improvements, and these are admittedly not numerous. Instead of raising the rent on such farms, the Commissioners recommend that the cost of the improvement shall be a first charge on the tenant's interest, and that the landlord shall be empowered to recoup himself for his outlay on the first occasion when the tenant-right of the farm is sold (Section 56). 5. When the rent is once settled by arbitrators, or, failing them, by the Land Court, it ought to remain unchanged at least for thirty-one years, after which time it would, at the request of either landlord or tenant, be open to revaluation once more (Section 59). 6. In all such valuations the tenant is to have the benefit of improvements made at his own expense, and if value is added to the farm by circumstances to which neither of the parties has contributed, the estimated value thus added is to be divided between them (Section 61).

7. The existing government valuation—that is, presumably, Griffith's—is not a trustworthy standard for the settlement of rents; yet a new valuation ought not to be made, because 'to interfere with rent, except where a dispute arises, is to raise more difficulties than are solved' (Sections 64 and 65).\*

Such are the main positions laid down by the Commissioners for the settlement of rent, and it is only just to say that the effect of these recommendations, as estimated by themselves, will not be to lower existing rents. They say in another part of their report that the alteration they suggest in the law will not in most cases interfere with the present income the landlord derives from his property. This is not certainly a result that will be agreeable to the majority of the people of Ireland. The feeling over nearly the whole country is that the present rent is not a fair rent even for prosperous times, that is, a rent which, in the face of American competition, the high rate of wages, and the periodical failure of crops, the farmers are able to pay. Tenants on the richest lands and on the best managed estates in Ulster have been asking for reductions, some, so much as fifty per cent., and have told even good landlords, such as Lord Lurgan and Lord Downshire, that at the present rental they are not able to live.†

\* Griffith's valuation is not a fair test. It was made for taxation purposes, not for fixing rent, and it went on the principle that all the improvements made by the tenant were the property of the landlord.

† The growth in value of Ulster estates may be estimated by the fact that the rental of the Marquis of Downshire eighty years ago was £29,000 a year: it is now £100,000. On the portion of the Hertford property, which is now owned by Sir Richard Wallace, the rental has been raised fivefold in the same period. Yet the tenants created all this value by their industry and capital. In a memorial lately presented to Mr. Gladstone by the tenants of Lord Dufferin, and published in the Irish newspapers, in reply to statements made by their distinguished landlord before the Land Commission, they say that since the expiration in 1838 of leases granted by Lord Dufferin's ancestors, the rents which were from 7s. to 12s. 6d. an acre have been raised to £2 2s. the Cunningham acre, and 'neither Lord Dufferin nor any of his predecessors ever expended a single shilling on the said townland in improving the soil or in the erection of buildings.' They deny their landlord's statement that a large portion of improvements effected before his time were landlord-improvements, and have no hesitation in saying that Lord Dufferin and his immediate ancestors must be classed with the worst rack-renters in Ulster; for when opportunity arose they were ever ready to add to our burdens and reap the fruit of our improvements by unjust increases of rent.' It is not strange that the memorialists argue that his lordship's suggestions made be-

English landlords have been obliged in many cases to reduce their rents one-third and one-half on account of foreign competition and bad seasons; and it is difficult to see why foreign competition should reduce the value of land so much in England, and yet in Ireland, where the tenants themselves make all the improvements, and are impoverished by rack-renting, the present incomes of the landlords, notwithstanding such competition, are to be left unimpaired. Besides, the present rents were for the most part imposed by the landlords under circumstances in which, as the Commissioners themselves admit, no freedom of contract could have existed. If the land question is to be settled without some provision for the reduction of rents, we believe that the condition of Ireland will be but little improved. But we have a greater objection to make to the scheme of the Commissioners. Any improvement made by a tenant more than thirty-five years before the time of the valuation—say, the building of a farm-house, which would be good for fifty or a hundred years—is not to be taken into account in estimating the value of the tenant's interest. But not buildings only, but drains, fences, and reclamation are often good for much more than thirty-five years. If the recommendations of the Commissioners are adopted, tenants will get no benefits from them for more than thirty-five years, at the end of which time, or at the next valuation after, they must be accounted as belonging to the landlord. In a case of this sort, if the tenant has made no other improvement, his interest would be at an end, and he would have nothing to dispose of by sale. We cannot see how all this differs from a lease for thirty-one years at the present rent, with a right to claim revaluation by arbitration instead of by a landlord's valuation. The proposals of the report for determining a fair rent are the most obscure and unsatisfactory part of it, and, if adopted as they stand, would lay a foundation for much litigation and heart-burning.

A very important question is suggested by the separate report of Mr. Shaw upon the expediency of valuing all the just rights of the landlord as they now stand, and fixing a fair perpetual rent upon each holding. The point is one upon which wide differences of opinion will exist among the friends of the farmers themselves and to which the landlords will in all probability take most exception. Mr. Shaw declares in favour of

fore the Land Commissioners 'would only add to the misery and misfortune of the tenant-farmers of Ireland.'

a perpetual rent for each holding, as opposed to a fluctuating rent fixed by periodical revaluation. He thinks that a changing rent will bring landlords and tenants into unpleasant collision with each other, while, as the term approaches for the periodical revision, the tenants will be tempted to allow the farms to run down, improvements will be discouraged, or, if made, tenants will find it impossible to resist the impression that these improvements will form the ground of any increase that may be made to the rent. There would also be a great and increasing difficulty for any valuator, however honest, to disentangle the interests and estimate the various elements of value. On the contrary, by fixing the rent once for all, the strongest motive is given for improvement, all uncertainty is removed, and after the feelings excited by the first valuation have calmed down, there will be little room for further misunderstanding. Mr. Shaw is conscious that his scheme is open to objections. To the objection that a fixed rent would make the landlord a mere rent-charger and take away all motive for him to improve his estates, he shows very fairly that their outlay, even in their own showing, has been very small, and that, while they have profited by the national prosperity, they have contributed little to promote it. Besides, they are generally so largely encumbered that they are not able to do much in the way of substantial improvements. He meets another objection that the landlords would be surrendering the right of a prospective increasing rent by saying that rents are more likely to fall than to rise. We may justly regard the American competition as a cause likely to operate permanently against British agriculture, so that the landlord, and not the tenant, would gain by perpetual rent fixed at the present figure. Yet Mr. Shaw, though he prefers this method, would not enforce it in cases where landlords and tenants would both prefer a system of periodical revaluation. On the whole, this would be the more reasonable plan, with a provision added that the revision should not occur except at long intervals, and that the tenant should not be called to pay an increased rent upon his own expenditure. The valuator ought to consider likewise the prices of labour and the character of the seasons.

The O'Connor Don, in a separate report, suggests that the land question might be settled by the State advancing money to enable the tenant to purchase from the landlord his farm in perpetuity *at a low rent*. The proposal would be fair to the landlord, as it would compensate him for what he

is asked to surrender, and give him a preference share or first charge on his estate, secured to him in the most perfect manner, while it would give the tenant fixity of tenure at a low rent. But the great objection to it is that a very large sum of money would have to be advanced by the State to carry out the scheme.

We regret that the report of the Land Commissioners does not make any official suggestion regarding tenant-right in grazing-lands, where an unreasonable increase of rent has often obliged a tenant to relinquish his holding and sell all his stock at a loss, the land judge being precluded from granting him any compensation. Nor does the report touch the case of town-parks, where sharp agents have laid on rents far beyond the value of the lands, taking advantage of the fact that townspeople who make their money by trade are better able to pay than farmers, and cannot dispense with the accommodation. Before the Land Act was passed, these town-parks like other agricultural holdings, were subject to tenant-right, but the Act abolished this right, the sequel being that in many instances the rents have been increased and the improvements confiscated without the tenant having had any remedy at law for the injury thus inflicted.

Little attention has been given to the constitution of the Land Courts that must henceforth intervene between landlord and tenant in the adjustment of rent. We should recommend the fusion of all the existing Land Courts into a supreme Land Court, with local divisional courts, and, according to the plan already suggested, invest these courts with power, on application either from landlord or tenant, to settle a just rent according to the agricultural history of the estate and the holding, and to make it, according to the wise suggestion of the Irish Land Commissioners, a fixed rent for the period of not less than thirty-one years.

We do not deem it necessary to offer any suggestions upon the scheme for turning occupying tenants into owners, as all parties are now agreed as to the expediency of trying the experiment, and as the recommendations of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's committee, which are substantially accepted by the Land Commissioners, will probably mark the lines upon which this part of the new measure will proceed. We believe this scheme will have a thoroughly conservative effect upon Ireland; for although it can only be gradually and partially realized, it must add many thousand peasants to the class which has a direct interest in upholding the rights of property, and in aiding

instead of defeating the law. It will likewise more than revive that ideal relationship to the actual territory in which he lives which is the profoundest sentiment in the breast of an Irishman. The tenants will be free from the first day from all the 'worrit' of landlords and agents and from all annoyance, except from refusal or inability to pay the stipulated rent. They will have a full sense of property, and will be as likely as the French or Belgian peasantry to develop the fierce industry which characterizes the class of peasant-owners. Parliament need not fear a conspiracy to refuse payments to the State. The purchasers under the Irish Temporalities Commissioners have behaved remarkably well under all the disastrous vicissitudes of three bad years. Mr. Godley, the secretary, testifies that out of the annual payment of £131,000 due the Commissioners for interest on money advanced to the 4,000 or 5,000 peasant-proprietors whom they have created in Ireland, the arrears due in the winter before last amounted only to £7,450, or less than six per cent. of the annual interest. There were 411 persons in arrears on the last day of 1880, owing an aggregate amount of £8,431 19s. 2d.; but when it is remembered that no abatements have been made like those made by private landlords, the result is exceedingly satisfactory. We believe with Sydney Smith that it will be a real political advantage to give the Irishman a stake in his country.

We have thus touched upon the leading points of the difficult problem which our Ministers have undertaken to solve in the present session of Parliament. We shall not attempt to forecast the fate of a measure which has been so seriously delayed in its introduction by the tactics of an unscrupulous party; but if Mr. Gladstone can carry some such bill as we have outlined in these pages, he will have accomplished one of the greatest legislative achievements of his life.

We have already mentioned a number of circumstances which encourage the hope that the House of Commons will deal in a comprehensive spirit with this vital question. There is a natural anxiety to know in what spirit the House of Lords will approach its discussion. On four different occasions they have shown themselves on questions of land to be, as Lord Derby has described them, a true House of Landlords. When an Artificial Drainage Bill for Ireland was sent up by the House of Commons in 1829, the Lords dropped it, though they passed an Arms Act in the very same year. The Commons passed Lord Stanley's Compensation to Tenants Bill in 1846, but the Lords gave it such a vigorous opposition that it, too,

was allowed to drop. When Mr. Napier, an Irish Conservative lawyer, sent up four Land Bills for Ireland in 1854, the Lords passed the first three Bills, which were in every sense landlords' Bills, giving relief and powers to owners of settled estates, but they had no hesitation in throwing out the Tenants Compensation Bill, which would have given some relief to an oppressed tenantry. It is true that they passed the Land Bill, 1870, but not till they had shorn it of several most important provisions, which, if passed, would have prevented some of the worst agrarian excesses of the winter. We all remember how summarily, almost contemptuously, they threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill last year. The rejection of the Irish Land Bill of this year would be a tremendous event. It would not be the mere waste of a session; it would not only bring the two Houses of Parliament into angry collision with results destined to be long memorable in the history of our constitution, leading, perhaps, to considerable changes in the composition of the Upper Chamber itself, but it would utterly sacrifice the interests of the Irish landlords, who would find themselves unable to get their rents from an infuriated tenantry, while it would throw the country completely into the hands of agitators, and give an immense impetus to the movement for a Home Parliament in Ireland.

We know of no objection to the passing of an effective land-measure so potent as that urged by the Conservatives, that it will be utterly powerless to allay the discontent of the Irish people, that it will only prepare the way for a fresh agitation, perhaps for a still more formidable attack than has as yet been made upon the union of these kingdoms. Mr. Parnell himself has suggested the form of the objection by frankly admitting that he hopes by getting rid of the landlords to dissolve the last link with Great Britain. We need hardly say that to any project of this sort we are steadfastly and implacably hostile, not only because it would be an almost pusillanimous surrender of empire and duty, but because it would involve the utter ruin of Ireland herself to place her at the mercy of all the crude conceptions, the futile dreams, and the bitter passions of the least cultivated, the least advanced, and the least energetic portion of her people. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, however, that the presence of the landlords is any guarantee for the continuance of the Union; it is our conviction rather that they have endangered it more by their greed and their oppressions than all the agitators of the last fifty years by their violence

and perversity; on the contrary, we believe that a nation of peasant proprietors would be angrily conservative in relation to any agrarian change, and far less likely to pursue revolutionary courses. But just because we refuse to concede a Home Parliament to Ireland, we feel ourselves bound to do her the amplest justice; if justice is persistently denied, the Union must be in danger; but it is perfectly secure so long as Parliament is not afraid to legislate courageously for the maintenance of the people's rights. There are many Home Rulers like Mr. Shaw who are fighting for Home Rule while they can get no justice for Ireland on any other lines, but would probably acquiesce in the Union if they could get a sound land law and a satisfactory system of local government. To say, therefore, that we ought not to concede the present demands of the Irish people, to say that the last state of Ireland will be worse than the first, notwithstanding all our concessions, is to say that a lever can be as powerful without a fulcrum as with a fulcrum. It is quite possible we may fail utterly to win back a people whom we bitterly wronged in the past—a people nourishing a hereditary feeling of hatred and disaffection, which is the most hopeless of all, because it has no seat toward which our attack can be directed; but our manifest duty nevertheless is to do justice. We must do what is right and wise unflinchingly, and let loyalty follow if it will, while we refuse to purchase loyalty either by folly or wrong. The Government, therefore, can afford to maintain the calmness of power and wisdom; unswayed by passion, unmoved by temper, not dispirited by disappointment, careless alike of ingratitude or unjust reproach, its opportunity is at hand to scatter abroad over Ireland seeds that will germinate in a glorious harvest of peace and prosperity. It will be able likewise to impose the new order of things with an authority that shall wrest the government of the country out of the hands of class conspiracies of all sorts, and gain for the principle of law the dignity and strength of impartial justice. T. C.

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#### ART. VIII.—*Independency and the State.*

It is with societies and Churches as with men; to know their ideals is to know the best part of their character. What they aim at being and achieving is a far better index of their spiritual qualities and capabilities than what they actually are and do. Their

ideal is their own, and for it they are directly and altogether responsible, but in their actual being only so much of it is realized as the conditions of time and the conflicts or limitations of place permit. Yet history ought to be a process of realization—ought to show the action of the ideal at once within and without the society or Church. Where there is life there must be as much power in the organism to modify the environment as in the environment to modify the organism; and where it fails to do so, it must, if social, be one that has weakened or paralyzed its energies by futile fantasies rather than braced and directed them by noble and realizable ideals. Not that impracticable ideals are bad; on the contrary, they may be better and more helpful to the world than the most successful scheme. The dream of a golden age, the vision of a city of God floating before the imagination of man as a glorious possibility towards which he must with all his energies and through all his ages continue to work, certain that, though it ever retreats, it is yet being ever approached, is, in its power to repress the worst and quicken the best in him, a more potent factor for good than all the economical methods or schemes hitherto propounded for accumulating or distributing wealth. These may show certain conditions of well-being, but the other tends directly to the creation of the men who at once make and enjoy the conditions. While, then, the ideal of a society or Church is the best revelation of its character, it is not to be measured by the degree in which it has been realized, but by the degree in which it has ameliorated the conditions, political, social, intellectual, moral, and religious, amid which it has lived, and yet remains an unrealized idea, capable of inspiring with new enthusiasm in the cause of human happiness—in behalf of the wronged, but against the wrong.

Now, it were too large a matter to discuss Independency from this point of view; yet this is the only point of view from which it is possible to do justice to its meaning and mission. It is here that its positive character comes out; what it is as a polity, and a polity that seeks to have the reign or kingdom of God realized on earth, not in an ecclesiastical organization, identified with religion and worked in its name, but by the regeneration of men and the consequent regeneration of the families, the societies, and the States they constitute. The great concern of Independency is men, the making of men, and through them the making of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness. It works through the indi-

vidual, but not simply for the individual, seeks his good as a means rather than as a mere end in itself. It believes that its polity, instituted and administered by Christian men, is the most flexible and educative of polities, the least capable of being perverted from spiritual and ethical to formal and interested ends, the most able to exercise Christian manhood and teach it how to apply Christian principles to all matters alike of policy and practice, and the best qualified to keep the sensuous elements and accidents of religion in the background, while holding its living truths and creative ideals ever to the front. In the controversies and conflicts of the hour the deepest and most determinative principles are seldom remembered; yet without the principles the controversies are simply bitterness and pain. Here it is our purpose, without descending into the arena of living ecclesiastical strife, to discuss Independency and its ideal in relation to the English State and people.

But in order to discuss fairly and intelligibly this question, we must deal with one or two preliminary matters. The polity of a Church must be judged not simply from the standpoint of the Church as a society organized on the basis of common beliefs, but still more from its relation, on the one hand, to the religion, and, on the other, to its ends, both proximate and ultimate. The best polity for a Church as an aggressive and proselytizing, or political and ambitious society, may be the worst for the religion as a series of Divine truths and principles, facts and doctrines, creating and governing the spiritual and moral life of man. The system most successful in multiplying members may be most disastrous to the faith that works by love towards perfect obedience. Hence we must not allow statistics or standards of social or commercial utility to determine the value of an ecclesiastical polity; we must look at it through the nature and ends, spirit and purpose of the religion. The best polity is the polity that best interprets and realizes these.

But while this defines the standpoint, it is necessary to limit the discussion. What concerns us here is the relation of a given ecclesiastical polity to the State. But we shall best discover what this is by first determining a few general principles.

Note, then, that religion has a definite relation to the State, but a relation that in the Christian is almost the exact antithesis of the one common to almost all ancient religions. They were, as a rule, national, not universal; stood as an indissoluble element of the collective organism, inseparable from the history, customs, corporate being, and action

of the nation. In Greece and Rome religion was not so much a concern of the State as a part of it, an element of its being, a function, a feature, of the body politic. The two had risen and grown together, and the people owned the gods just as they owned the fathers and the fatherland. The religion represented the dignity of the State, symbolized the Divine guidance and protection, but did not command its morals or exercise authority over its conscience. Services of the gods did not mean moral obedience; worship did not involve clean hands and pure hearts. The gods were as faulty and fallible as the men, and were jealous of their own honour, but not of human conduct. The ancient State thus contained religion and cared for it, resenting neglect of the gods as an insult and evil to the city, its laws, and customs. But Christianity introduced an essentially different notion of religion, and so of its relation to the State. The religion was a revelation, the creation of a God who was the God of no single people, but the Creator and Sovereign of all. As a revelation it was revolutionary and authoritative; did not come to preserve the old, but to create the new, to work changes everywhere and in everything, to bring earth, alike as regards its kingdoms and its persons, into harmony with the will of God. The States it was to change it could not allow to command; incorporation into them had been its death. And this relation of independence and authority was not an accident of its birth, but a permanent necessity to it. What is absorbed by the State cannot stand above the State clad in the authority of the righteous and reigning God; and can as little extend beyond it, save by the extension of the State, either through conquest or political arts and ways. Let us suppose Plato's Republic, the most perfect ideal of a Church-State ever imagined, realized. The State is a kingdom of God, its great end being to educate men to virtue and happiness, to open their senses and turn their eyes towards a higher and more spiritual world, to exalt and ennoble its citizens by the vision of a blessed immortality. To accomplish this it needs kings who are philosophers, and philosophers who can be made kings, able not only to rule in wisdom, but to distribute throughout the commonwealth the wisdom by which they rule, till every citizen becomes as wise as they. But how unite the two functions? Philosophy can seek and speak the truth only so long as independent; once it becomes an adjunct of kinghood its freedom is gone, and, working for hire, is changed into sophistry. Then, for the king to teach philosophy and en-

force its doctrines were for the king to abolish it; it exists only for the spirit and by the spirit that is free, must be freely loved and served to be loved and served at all. Philosophic despotism would be fatal to philosophy, because fatal to freedom. An infallible despot were a calamity to man, for he would repress reason rather than exercise it. And these things are a parable; the religion absorbed into the State is annihilated. It must remain distinct and independent, that it may speak with authority and without favour, be, as it were, the will of God living and active in the earth.

But to be independent of the State is one thing; to have no concern with it another. It is because its concern is so great that its independence is a necessity. The State is not simply the sovereign or the government, but the corporate people, making laws, administering resources, dispensing justice, acting among the nations like a colossal individuality. Now, it is a notion as old as Aristotle that for individuals and states the chief good is one and identical, to be realized in each case on the same conditions and by the same means.\* For each it is the happiness that consists in doing well possible only as a life of action, but action as created and regulated by philosophy.† We need but to modify his idea to express the truth. The end of the State is the happiness of all its citizens, but this can be reached only as citizens and State move together, have unity of life and action, the same standard of right, sense of duty, qualities of motive, and measure of conduct. If the base of public and private morality, the ends of public and private action, differ, then the unity of State and citizen so necessary to the happiness of both is impossible, and the life of regulated and righteous conduct the same. Now, a common basis of morality and common ends of action are possible only in and through religion; the commanding influence of a faith that can unify individual and corporate life by unifying their principles and ideals of conduct. But to do this the religion must be the sovereign of both person and State. Any theory that gives to the State the right to determine and regulate the religion, denies to religion authority over the State, reduces it to a mere component part of the civil organism, allowed a place for purposes political and social. A religion of absolute truth cannot permit any State to settle, legislatively or otherwise, its right to live; it can command the State only

as its right to live is independent of the State. But this independence carries more with it than may at once be seen. If the polity, the institutions, and agencies which religion creates, and through which it works, become dependent on the State, her own independence is but a name. Where the spirit is denied the power to determine the forms and vehicles of its life it is enslaved.

But this raises another point. Where the religion must be free to create its own polity, this polity must be a matter of cardinal importance alike to the religion and the State. Where religion appeals to faith and lives by persuasion, it can act on the State only through the citizens, i.e., only as it is able to create from among them a society governed by its principles, obedient to its laws, and constituted according to its polity. To reverse the process, and attempt to act directly on the citizens through the State, were to work an essential change in the religion, to lift it out of the category of the rational and ethical, real only as it wins the intellect and penetrates the conscience, into the region of the instituted and statutory, which stands and binds only by virtue of a legislative or legal decree. But this were a change equal to the abolition of Christianity. To believe it because it has been legislatively imbedded in the constitution is simply to conform to the civil order, is not to believe and obey the religion of Christ. But conformity to an ecclesiastical polity, which does not spring out of faith in the religion, or even necessarily imply it, is a disaster to the moral nature of man, and the death of all the spiritual and ethical elements in the religious life. If, then, the normal order is to be followed, and the action to be on the State through the citizens, the cardinal place of the polity is at once apparent. It represents, on the one hand, the method in which the religion works, is the vehicle that bears and distils its influence, important for its own sake as well as for what it carries; and, on the other, the political ideal of the religion, the society and social order it would create, its power to organize the moral activities and direct the lives of its people. The polity is thus, as it were, mediation between religion and the State, the summary of the agencies and means by which the first endeavours to translate its principles of truth and righteousness into the laws and conduct of the second.

The position in which the polity stands makes it necessary that it be measured by a double standard—its relation on the one side to the religion, on the other to the State. The ideally perfect polity is, as we have seen,

\* *Ethica Nic.* I. ii. 8.

† *Pol.* VII. iii. 7.



the one that best expresses the spirit and serves the ends of the religion, able to make its humanest and most sovereign principles and aims play most powerfully on the heart and conscience of the State.

Now, as regards the first relation, it is hardly too much to say that an elaborate polity means a decadent religion; the moment the body and its conservation become the chief concerns the soul begins to perish. And this is explicable enough. Highly organized systems or societies have too many interests to be altogether magnanimous, are too deeply committed to an established order, and too jealous of possessed rights to be purely religious in spirit or moral in aim. The ethical systems that have most affronted at once morality and religion have been those constructed in the interests of an ecclesiastical corporation, laboriously built up and administered on the notion that it was identical with religion. The stupendous crimes which have been done in its name have sprung from the same confusion, the idea that the polity men elaborate and administer is or incorporates the religion of God. Indeed, the problem of the Christian ages may be said to be—to find a polity that will allow the spirit and truth of Christ to live as spirit and as truth, working in gentle strength and humble dignity as He worked, penetrating and commanding the State not by becoming a State, but by penetrating and commanding the men who compose it. The political system whose main thought is, 'Salvation through me,' or 'only through my agents and agencies does God distribute His grace,' is but the apotheosis of a human institution, the more faulty for its claim to be Divine because it is the more certain where it is so esteemed to deprave and pervert the moral sense; but the political system whose main concern is to be the home and school of spirits directly related to God and immediately responsible to Him, which as a system confers in its own right no grace, works no salvation, but professes only to speak truth to the conscience and to urge the heart to the love of God, is a system that by its very institutional simplicity magnifies the religious principles and ends for which it lives. Kant has well remarked that where a Church has been so organized as to create artificial orders and virtues, a clergy that as a clergy are more sacred than the laity, the inevitable tendency is to spread moral unreality through all the regions and phases of life; 'unobserved, the familiarity with hypocrisy (*Gewöhnung an Heuchelei*) corrupts the honesty and fidelity of the citizens, draws them into the sham performance (*Scheindienst*) even of civil duties, and,

like all ill-applied principles, produces the precise contrary of what was intended.'\*

And at this point the significance of the second relation—that to the State—becomes apparent. That Church polity which tends least to the creation of unreal virtues, most to the production of a religious spirit at once sanely active and socially dutiful, must be the polity which creates the best sort of citizens for the State. And the polity which tends least to the creation of an *imperium in imperio*, a State with separate interests and divided allegiance within the State, and most to the enunciation and enforcement of the religious principles that secure order and liberty, justice and progress in law and politics, is the polity which most contributes at once to its happiness and permanence. If Church and State are ever made rivals, if the claims and duties, the interests and aims of the one are ever set in radical opposition to those of the other, then deep wrong is done to both, and the urgent need is, if the first be the wrong one, reformation, but if the second, revolution. Bossuet said † 'The Church of Jesus Christ sojourns as a stranger among all the peoples of the world; she has no particular laws touching political society.' But a doctrine of this sort stands in profound contradiction to the mind of Christ, whose kingdom was like a piece of leaven, permeating the mass in which it was hid till the whole was leavened, whose society was to be the light and salt of the earth. Bossuet's doctrine is infidelity of the worst kind—infidelity to the moral aims, the rights, prerogatives, and purposes of Christ the King. The Church that renounces its duty to the State renounces its allegiance to Him, and her best virtues, hardly distinguishable from vices, become altogether of the selfish or monkish sort, 'fugitive and cloistered, unexercised and unbreathed,' more afraid of being soiled by the world than inspired by the love that would save it. It creates, too, a deplorable schism in the spirit and conscience of man; lays the basis for those political theories that degrade the statesman below the churchman, enable the ecclesiastic to demand absolute obedience to his own laws and to enforce it by the sanctions and sanctities of the Divine. M. de Tocqueville expresses, in a letter to Madame Swetchine, his astonishment that Christian priests so rarely appeal to the grand passions and associations of patriotism, to the love of fatherland and

\* 'Religion innerh. der Greuzen d. blossen Vernunft,' p. 365, vol. vi. (Bartensteine's edition, 1839).

† 'Panegyrique de S. Thomas de Contorbéry.' Œuvres, p. 588, vol. xvi. (Versailles edition.)

people, with the duties and hopes they involve. Devotion to these was to him a species of religion; to see indifference to them esteemed a virtue by the religious was to him a puzzle and a shame. His large-minded patriotism made him feel, with the tragic poet—

*καὶ μεῖζον' ὁδὸς ἀντὶ τῆς αὐτοῦ πατρὸς  
φίλον νομίζει, τοῦτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω·*

and his natural piety was shocked at the idea that the Church could despise love of country, and demand its suppression, or even sacrifice. But what he lamented was only the logical result of the doctrine which made religion culminate in a polity, which had ends altogether its own, and was organized and administered on the notion that the religion existed for the polity rather than the polity for the religion. The very perfection of the splendid political organization men call Catholicism was fatal to the pure and silent yet creative action in man and State of the principles and facts that constitute the religion of Christ.

But is not this evil cured, this cruel isolation and selfish concern for its own interests made utterly impossible, when the Church is not identified, but allied with the State; not lost in it, but legislatively connected, while still remaining a Church, or incorporated with it? This is a point to be determined by the other member of the relation—Can the Church when so associated best serve the religion? This question was, by anticipation, answered in the discussion as to the relation of religion to the State. In order to serve religion, a society must be free to obey it, to follow the guidance of its own native and immanent spirit. To be allied with the State is not only to love the freedom necessary to the healthy and spontaneous development of the religion alike in thought and action, in principle and practice, but also so to bind the ecclesiastical to the civil institutions as to make both civil, bring both within the operation of the laws and passions that govern secular politics; to turn the churchman from the teacher and preacher of righteousness, who measures the conduct of men and nations by the laws of the eternal, and speaks that he may quicken the conscience to censure of wrong and approbation of right, into the mere politician who judges all parties and principles and movements by their relation to the cycle of institutions he calls his Church. The inevitable tendency is to magnify the polity, to lose sight of the religion of Christ, with all its fine moral humanities, in devotion to what is but a federation of ancient societies, too heavily burdened with inherited interests

and privileges to speak with the freedom and act with the magnanimity proper to the Christian spirit. The men who think a State without a Church were a State without religion, only show that they have need to regard the question not as one of established institutions, but of principles and the history which illustrate their action. State Churches are not the best Churches for the State unless they are the best Churches for religion, for the creation of the nobler and more generous civic virtues, of the wisest and most elevated political principles, for the generation of the forces latent in the Christian faith, most promotive of national freedom, progress, and happiness. And these are points we may well leave history to determine.

Now this brings us to the question with which the discussion started—the relation of Independence and its ideal to the English State and people. Here is a given Church polity, a given theory as to how the Christian society ought to be constituted that it may do the will of Christ, what in the three hundred years during which it has been struggling after realization in England has been its action, and the tendencies of its action, so far as they concern civil and political progress? The question is too large to be answered exhaustively within our limits, but enough may be done to illustrate the principles and positions maintained in the preliminary description.

It is necessary that we clearly conceive the problem, at once political and religious, that was exercising the mind of England at the time Independence was born. The Reformation had come and worked a more radical revolution than men knew. It had disturbed not only the old order, but the very basis on which it rested. The disturbance seemed reduced to a minimum in England, where the ancient framework stood, and the royal was simply substituted for the papal supremacy. But the moderate change only the more complicated the political situation. It forced the sovereign into a radically false position, one fruitful of the gravest constitutional questions. The wars of the Roses had made no end of king-makers, and the fall of the barons had been the rise of the Crown. A feeble aristocracy means a powerful monarchy, and so the wars that weakened the ancient nobility helped to create the Tudor despotism. This appeared to be fitly completed when to the civil the ecclesiastical supremacy was added, and the sovereignty of Church and State united in one head. But consciences are ill subjects to rule, especially policies, at a time when, and after a sleep of ages, they had been so

deeply stirred as in the sixteenth century. It was but natural that men who had denied the old and awful authority of a pope should doubt the new and provisional authority of a king. The very degree in which consciences were moved created variety of belief, and out of the variety come questions as to the right the sovereign had to prevent or conduct, stay or further, the work of reformation. The new order had its apologists and its critics, the latter assailing it either because it had gone too far or did not go far enough. The former apologist was Richard Hooker, a name honoured by all who love the pure and beautiful in spirit, and admire noble thoughts clothed in speech that is like rich and stately music. The party wishful of more radical change is best represented by Thomas Cartwright, a figure large and noble enough to stand, unashamed, alongside even Richard Hooker. In their theoretical principles they radically differed, in one important point in practical politics they agreed. The Anglican laid the basis of his argument in nature and natural law; but while it remained there, it was too general to have any special relevance to his case. History and expediency, the rights of a society endowed and guided like the Church, the principles of order implied and illustrated in all realized polities, the powers that must be possessed if life is to be expounded and maintained, furnished him with his main pleas in defence of the Church. But the Puritan turned from nature and history, from human polities and expediencies, to what was to him the final and infallible authority—the ideal that stood before Him in the Word of God. According to it must the Church be constituted. But he found it in the Old Testament rather than the New, in the Mosaic theocracy rather than the apostolical *ἐκκλησία*. His dream had been realized in the State of Calvin rather than in the Churches of Paul and John. But while they thus differed they here agreed—both recognised the authority of the king. The Anglican was satisfied with the religion he had established, but the Puritan aimed at persuading him to establish another. Neither contested his power, yet they recognized it with a fundamental difference. The Anglican confessed a real royal supremacy, but the Puritan regarded the king as only the minister of the Divine will and word, which the Church had to interpret for him. There both stood, the one pleading that the instituted order was well, but the other that it was idolatrous, corrupt, evil, and ought to be abolished, that another and more scriptural might occupy its place.

And while they argued what many thought, the work of God stood still.

For men of sensitive consciences, intensely in earnest about religion, fearful of idolatry, jealous of Rome and of everything that looked or inclined thither, zealous for manners and morals, purity of life as well as the purity of the faith, found themselves oppressed and paralyzed by the polity and order which had been instituted in the reformed Church of England. And so they began to ask—Has this Church been rightly constituted? By what warrant, according to what standard, has it been done? Did the apostles consult Cæsar before they founded Churches or wait on his will? If they had done so, would Barnabas and Paul, would Peter or John, have ever planted the Churches of Asia and the islands of Greece or Italy? And was Cæsar allowed to determine their constitution, to make and administer their laws? Then, how were the Churches formed? Was it by processes of comprehension, or by conversions and out of the converted? Were they not selected societies, composed of men who had been persuaded to become obedient to the faith? And were not the apostolic idea and method the alone right? Was it possible that, unless the one was followed and the other realized, the religion of England could be the religion of Christ and His apostles?

These were the questions that created Independency. Its cardinal idea was, on one side, its doctrine of the Church, on another, its conception of religion. In the first there were three determinative elements. A Church is (1) a society of the godly, or of men who believe and piously live; (2) is capable of extension only by the means that produce faith or create godliness, and (3) is autonomous and authoritative, endowed with all the legislative and administrative powers needed for its maintenance and order. And the conception of religion contained the same ideas—godliness was a matter for the individual conscience; its consecration and extension the duty of every Christian man, obedience to it, performance of all it enjoined his most personal concern, for which he was directly responsible to God. In these ideas Robert Browne, Barrow, Greenwood, Francis Johnson, Henry Ainsworth, John Robinson, Henry Jacob, and all the early Independents, agreed. They believed that every society of godly men gathered together in order to worship God in Christ was a Church. They believed that the kingdom of God was to come not by the action of the magistrate or the political inclusion of whole parishes, but by the pure preaching and godly living of

the faithful. They believed that societies so created and constituted were independent, over them in matters religious neither bishop nor presbytery nor magistrate had any authority to exercise coercion or control.

Now, it would be interesting to compare this independent polity, in its first crude conception, with the Anglican and Genevan polities. Here, for example, is Hooker's fine statement of his idea—

We hold that, seeing there is not any man of the Church of England but the same man is also a member of the Commonwealth, nor any member of the Commonwealth which is not also of the Church of England, therefore as in a figure triangle the base doth differ from the sides thereof, and yet one and the self-same line is both a base and also a side; a side simply, a base if it chance to be the bottom and underlie the rest: so, albeit proportions and actions of one do cause the name of a Commonwealth, qualities and functions of another sort the name of the Church, to be given to a multitude, yet one and the self-same multitude may in such sort be both.\*

How comprehensive and large-minded this seems! What a splendid idea of a Church—immense, complex, varied, rich with a nation's resources, and strong in the strength of its massive and masterly genius, especially when placed alongside the mean and ignoble 'company of believers,' or 'covenanted society of the faithful,' which was all the despised Brownists had to offer in its place! But fill out the two ideas, and then let us see which is the sublimer. Were the Church but a State, were it laden with no universal and eternal truths richer and diviner than the thoughts of any people; did it bear no transcendental ideas and ambitions of a range so infinite as to shame into insignificance the aims and aspirations of the most exalted nations; did it care no more for character than the State cares; were its honours reserved for capacity and favour rather than saintliness, then Hooker's idea might be as noble as the other is poor and mean. But the Church of England is infinitely more than even the commonwealth of England. To Hooker each was but a polity, a political system into which the English people had been formed or organized. He says, indeed, 'We name a society a commonwealth in regard of some regiment or policy under which men live; a Church for the truth of that religion which they profess.'† But the fundamental points in his distinction he forgot in his discussion. To profess a religion is a personal act, must be voluntarily and

consciously done to be done at all; but this was precisely what could not happen or be allowed to happen in Hooker's theory of the Church. To him 'one society is both the Church and commonwealth,'\* and, as a necessary result, 'our Church hath dependence from the chief in our commonwealth.' But this was to transform the profession of religion into a matter of loyalty, and to identify Nonconformists with rebellion. Responsibility to the king supplanted responsibility to God, godliness became a species of political obedience, and the Church was emptied of its transcendental and ethical ideals that it might be organized into a system which was all the more civil that it was so intensely sacerdotal.

But now let us turn to the idea that looks so mean beside Hooker's majestic conception. Independency said, A Church is a company of believers, a covenanted society of the godly. But what did this signify? Did it not articulate a conception of God, of His methods and ends, of the dignity of man, of an unrealized but realizable spiritual order, far sublimer than was expressed in Hooker's ecclesiastical ideal? The systems must be judged not by their immediate and sensible attributes, but by their inherent principles, essential tendencies, and ultimate results. The Anglican emphasized the idea of the Church, its unity, authority, order; but the Independent emphasized the idea of religion, the personal relation of God to the soul and the soul to God, aimed at making it feel in every moment, for every act, directly responsible to Him, embosomed in the Infinite, a child of the Eternal, able to use all sensuous things, even such as were sacred, as means of discipline or instruments of godliness, but never as necessities for the spirit. The Anglican dwelt fondly on the notion of political uniformity and a political obedience, a uniform law in Church as in State, with its graded orders and regulated ministries, each created and sanctioned by acts political while ecclesiastical; but the Independent loved the dream of spiritual unity and moral obedience, held enforced uniformity to be the mother of hypocrisy and all unrealities, fiercely hated the ecclesiastical conformity that too often allowed, and even rewarded, a faith without godliness, strenuously disbelieved in the sanctity of sensuous forms in religion, and orders created or dignities conferred by ordination, and as strenuously believed in the sanctity of saintliness and the priesthood of universal Christian men. The Anglican made obedience to the Church a question for the magistrate, bound the

\* 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' vol. ii. p. 382. (Ed. 1825.)

† Ibid. p. 386.

\* 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' vol. ii. p. 389.

sovereign and the Church in relations that placed the sovereign above its discipline and placed the Church under his authority; but the Independent made obedience to God the distinctive characteristic of the religious, the Church independent of the magistrate, the sovereign able to exercise no authority over it, with no standing in it as a prince, only as a man, as such amenable to it for his conduct, liable, like other men, to censure for ungodliness, or to honour if he did well. The ideals were opposites, but Independency had throughout incomparably the nobler, where understood appealing most mightily at once to the conscience and imagination of man. It seized with unexampled force the ethical significance of religion, bound godliness to faith, and made conformity to the Divine will the supreme condition of continuance in the Church. It held in the loftiest scorn the systems that magnified office, that revered dignity rather than character, that enforced Church discipline as if it were a matter of civil law, and was more jealous of the order of the magistrate than the honour of God. And with all the blended energy and patience of large conviction, it laboured in obscurity and amid reproach to make religion the concern of the religious, to persuade the godly to live unto God and for man, to form themselves into brotherhoods, to live in amity towards each other, in fidelity to the State, and in righteousness towards all men. And they so believed and lived in the hope that thus the kingdom of God would most surely come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And, now, what was the action of this ideal on the English State? The point whence its action must be studied is this—it introduced a new conception of the relation of religion to the magistrate; of religion, I say, rather than of the Church. It was a denial of the magistrates' authority over religion, an assertion of its authority over him. These stood indissolubly together, were but the negative and positive aspects of the same idea. Religion was too Divine a thing to be used by any mere political person for political purposes, to be ordered and administered in the methods and for the ends of the mere statesman; it was an authority so absolute and universal as to require equal obedience in all persons and estates, as to be incapable of accepting any homage other than godliness. Over against the Anglican idea of conformity to the ecclesiastical institution it placed the idea of conformity to the Divine will, with all that is implied as to the supremacy of conscience, the sacredness of personal convictions, the right of the individual reason

or judgment, the inviolable sanctity of the region where God ruled and man obeyed. This was an idea that made religion a new force in the State. It was equal to its political enfranchisement. Hitherto it had been imprisoned, as it were, in a body politic. By Catholicism it had been identified with the papal system, and the often immoral will of the Church had been enforced on men and states as the will of God. By Anglicanism it had been incorporated in a State Church, which made spiritual too nearly the equivalent of civil obedience, and too much respected or depended on the sovereign to be able to assert the supreme right and authority of religion. But with Independency all was different. The polity was unable to command or coerce in the State, and it declared the State could not command or coerce in religion the pious and tender conscience of the godly. It could not become an organized political unity without ceasing to be. Corporate action was so impossible to it that it escaped the fatal temptation of the Free Churchman, that he be permitted to legislate for a State that he will not allow to legislate for him. The strength of Independency was, as it were, its weakness as a body. It had no ecclesiastical ambitions; its ambitions were all religious. In the Churches, godliness was the great thing; its creation and development their supreme duty. Men who believed were bound to be good; good men were the salt of the earth, needful to its weal. Happiness was possible only as holiness was realized; and as to the pure all things were pure, so the righteous man must be righteous in everything, a saint while a citizen, a citizen while a saint. And so Independency forced to the front the idea that the convinced, pious, God-fearing man was the best citizen, that his duty was to make the State as religious as himself, which it could be, not by enforced conformity, but by becoming just in its laws, upright in its judgments, righteous in its conduct at home and abroad. As its Church was a society of saints, its State ideal was a nation of righteous men living and acting righteously. Cromwell's model army, composed of men of spirit, convinced, devout men, who fought as unto God, expressed the mind and pursued the method of Independency. Its strong and true belief, sublime as true, was, Create righteous citizens, and the State will realize righteousness; and with less than righteousness everywhere it could not be satisfied. For as Milton, its great poet and prophet, has fitly said, 'A commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of

an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body; for look, what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to a whole State.\* The whole life, public and private, penetrated and regulated by religion unto righteousness is the Independent ideal.

But the obligation to godliness for the nation and individual alike was not the only thing Independency emphasized; it emphasized no less the immediacy and inviolable sanctity of the relations in which religion and conscience stand, and ought to be allowed to stand, to each other. While it affirmed the lordship of the conscience over the magistrate, it denied the lordship of the magistrate over the conscience; and so by placing religion, not as organized polity, but as the authoritative and normative principle of life, over the State, refused to the State the right either to institute or regulate, to alter or control the religion. Lecky† has argued that toleration is the child of scepticism, possible only in an age when men have grown conscious of the difficulties that beset belief. But here he errs. Toleration is not only possible, but necessary, the moment religion is made a matter for the conscience rather than the magistrate, but impossible the moment it becomes an affair of the magistrate rather than the conscience. The period of most victorious certainty in the Christian Church was also the period when it most strenuously pleaded for religious freedom. The Fathers before Constantine understood that men compelled to embrace a religion were only coerced into hypocrisy, and they reproved the persecutions of Rome by affirming the supremacy of the conscience. So Tertullian argued‡ that to take away religious liberty and forbid free choice of worship was to promote impiety, for no man, much less a God, would care for a compulsory, which could only be a hateful because hated, homage. And again, he maintains§ that it is a common human right and prerogative of nature that every man should worship God according to his own convictions; that it is no religious thing to compel to religion, which must be spontaneously embraced to be embraced at all. And the older faith had in the hour of fatal transition its witnesses in the noblest of the then Fathers. So Athanasius: 'It is an evidence that men want

confidence in their own faith, when they use force and constrain men against their wills. It is the devil's method, because there is no truth in him, to work with hatchet and sword.' And Hilary of Poitiers lamented\* the degeneracy of the days when the Divine faith was recommended by an appeal to an earthly name, and the name of Christ made to seek the protection of a crowned head, as if He Himself had become impotent and helpless. Finally he told Constantius: † 'You govern that all may enjoy sweet liberty; only by permitting each to live wholly according to his own convictions can peace be restored to the Church,' 'God is the Lord of the universe, and requires not an obedience which is forced;' and he even charged‡ the emperor with burdening the altar of God with the gold of the State. And Lactantius§ in a noble and eloquent passage, argued that only reason, never compulsion, availed in religion, which could be defended not by slaying, but by dying; not by wasting, but by suffering; not by injustice, but by fidelity. Nothing was so much a matter of free choice as religion: where the heart does not love to serve, there it is not.

Now the Fathers who so argued believed religion to be spiritual; what they argued against was its materialization by the power over it being transferred from the spirits where it lived and reigned to the imperial cabinet, where intrigue held sway and churchmen lost in the game of politics the simplicity of their early faith and character. An imperial policy disguised in ecclesiastical terms and forms can never be tolerant; a spirit devoted to godliness, hating as radically evil and futile all ungodly methods and means for promoting it, can never be intolerant. Independency, as an endeavour to realize the most ancient and least political Christianity, broke with the coercive policy which the political incorporation of Church and State had made inevitable. The first English Independent declared that 'to compel religion to plant Churches by power, and to force submission to ecclesiastical government by laws and penalties, belonged not' to the magistrate. The Lord's people were 'of the willing sort,' driven by 'conscience and not by the power of man.' And so he held that magistrates had as such 'no authority over the Church,' but 'only to rule the commonwealth in all outward justice.' And these principles, as fundamental to Inde-

\* 'Of Reformation in England,' book ii. p. 11. Works (Ed. 1834).

† 'History of Rationalism in Europe,' vol. ii. p. 56 ff. (5th Ed.)

‡ 'Apologeticus,' c. 24.

§ 'Ad Scapulam,' c. 2.

|| Hist. Arian. § 8.

\* 'Contra Arianos,' ii. 594. (Ed. Veron. 1730.)

† 'Ad Constant.,' lib. i. c. 1.

‡ Ibid. i. 10.

§ 'Instit. Div.' v. 20.

|| Robert Browne, 'Treatise of Reformation without Tarrying for Anie,' pp. 11, 12, 18.

pendency, found in its earliest literature more or less complete expression. Barrow and Greenwood maintained that 'Christ was the only head of His Church;' that 'His laws no man may alter;' that while it was 'the duty of the prince to inquire out and renew the laws of God,' yet in matters of religion conscience must be obeyed, 'though all the princes of the world should prohibit the same upon pain of death.'\* John Robinson argued that 'civil causes' could never 'bring forth spiritual effects,' and that 'compulsive laws' might create hypocrisy, but never the spirit that 'received the word gladly.'† Henry Jacob, when he returned to found the Church in Southwark, pleaded with King James for toleration, prayed that pious tender consciences might be left free to serve God in their own way. In his very notion of the Church the principle was contained which had been so well and boldly stated a year or so before by the Anglo-Dutch Baptists: 'The magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion, because Christ is the King and Lawgiver of the Church and conscience.'

The history of toleration in England has still to be written. Here it is not possible to trace even its main outlines. One thing is certain, whatever may have been the dream—so sadly contradicted by his practice—of Sir Thomas More, it was an actual and realizable ideal the creation of Independency. The two branches into which it so soon divided, the Congregational and Baptist, may have at first differed as regards the rigorous statement and vigorous application of the principle. The Church of Helwys was more thorough-going than the Church of Jacob. The tracts of Bushner and Murton were more logical and unqualified in their notion and doctrine of religious liberty than were the expositions of the scholarly and scholastic Ainsworth, or the discussions of the sober and large-minded Robinson. Hanserd Knollys and Roger Williams held and suffered for a toleration far more complete and comprehensive than was desired by Philip Nye or Thomas Goodwin. Many things may help to explain the difference. The Baptists learned much from their Dutch friends, both Arminian and Mennonite, while the Dutch theological affinities and relationships of the Congregationalists tended altogether in an opposite direction. But these are points that do not concern us:

this alone does—the toleration, qualified or unqualified, was in each case based on the new ideal of religion and the Church. The new ideal of religion proclaimed the rights of the individual conscience; the new idea of the Church its duties and obligations. The main matter was no longer uniformity, but reality—not the organization of religious forms, but the conversion of the soul and the regulation of the life by truths directly believed and completely obeyed. And the significant matter is that, save on this ground, toleration can never be, and has never been, logically claimed and defended by a man believing religion to be true. In the history of liberal religious thought in England, no threenames are more honoured and more worthy of honour than those of William Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and John Locke; but churchmen though they were, each is an illustrious proof of our thesis. Chillingworth's great service was to oppose to the idea of the Church and its authority the idea that 'the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.' And this religion is one that authority cannot interpret, only 'right reason,' i.e., it must be interpreted by the conscience for the conscience. Taylor's great argument for freedom—'Liberty of prophesying,' as he finely calls it—is based on the nature of faith, and toleration is made dutiful because faith is rational, lives by persuasion, not by politics. His work convinces in the degree that it limits the authority of the Church and affirms the rights of the reason. The Church, he says, 'has power to intend our faith, but not to extend it, to make our belief more evident, but not more large and comprehensive.' She has no power to declare any article 'necessary which before was not necessary. By so doing she makes the narrow way to be even narrower, and chalks out one more path to the devil than he had before.' Locke's plea for toleration started from a conception of the Church he owed to Independency, was cogent in the very degree in which it logically developed and applied the conception. Take away the ideas of the essential voluntariness of religion and the religious society, and you take away the very basis of Locke's argument. Independency, then, prevailed over its enemies. The whole movement towards religious liberty has been a movement towards the realization of its ideal. The moment Chillingworth forgot his notion of the Christian religion, and acted in behalf of the ecclesiastical polity he believed, his theory broke down. Taylor the Churchman was a radical and embodied contradiction of Taylor the apologist for

\* Dexter's 'Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years,' Lect. iv.

† *Works*, ii. 488.

freedom. The Independent idea is the only sure basis for a theory of toleration, and in practice its only complete realization.

It was our original intention to exhibit the decisive moments in the struggle for existence and acceptance of this double Ideal, but our limits meanwhile forbid the attempt. Only two points have been selected to illustrate the action of Independency on the State and people of England, but these points are cardinal and vital, alike in the regions of religion and politics. The principles it embodies have been progressively victorious principles, ever securing more recognition and authority in the State, and ever making it a roomier and healthier home for reasonable and religious spirits. By what seems an act almost of inspired foresight, Independency set about creating the ideas, forming the societies, and realizing the conditions best fitted to make religion a living moral power in the State, and to make the State stand in its proper relation to religion. And Providence has crowned its history with a success that more than rewards its two centuries and a half of obscurity, civil disability, and ecclesiastical conflict. Its success is not a thing of statistics; figures could in no way represent it. It is embodied in the legislation, in the civil rights and religious liberties so slowly and hardly won, in the civil duties so strenuously fulfilled, in the public opinion and public conduct of the English people. History has proved that the State inimical to religious freedom is the worst enemy to religion, that to tolerate only one Church is to do the utmost injury to the Church of Jesus Christ, and the English have learned this lesson perhaps more perfectly than any other people. But what has possibly most helped them to learn it was the birth in their midst, now almost three centuries ago, of a theory as to the religion and the Church which raised the moral element to its rightful place in religion, the conscience to its legitimate authority over the man, and claimed for conduct and character their due honour and influence in society. For the principles that make for righteousness they needed independence of the politics that never serve religion so ill as when they determine its forms that it may the better serve their ends. May not the Churches which have earnestly laboured to embody this theory claim to be in the most eminent sense the true National Churches of England?

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

*A Popular History of the United States.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Vol. IV. Sampson Low and Co.

The designation of this work as 'Bryant's Popular History of the United States' can hardly be justified; it goes perilously near to a popular deception. In the preface to the first volume, as we pointed out when it appeared, it was explicitly stated that Mr. Bryant's share in the work was limited to counsel, and to his perusal of the proofs of the first two volumes. In the preface to the present volume this statement is repeated, with the addition that Mr. Bryant's death made no change in the authorship. The work should not, therefore, appear under a designation to which it has no claim, and for which it has no need; for Mr. Gay has done it remarkably well. He cannot lay claim to the character of a great historian; he lacks pictorial power and literary art. It is not easy sometimes in his accounts of political and military battles to tell which side he is speaking about. He tells us that such and such commanders moved, but those not already familiar with their names have some trouble in gathering to which side they belonged. This is but one illustration of a somewhat defective literary art; but he is very painstaking and complete, and, on the whole, fair; although he cannot conceal his partialities now and then, and his patriotic instinct leads him to make the most of the successes attained by his country, as in the war with England, and by his party in the great Civil War. We cut but a sorry figure sometimes, especially in sea-fights. On the other hand, he is sternly faithful in exposing the blind and factious policy which led to the war of 1812, as also the utter lack of patriotism and the mad passion, selfishness, and greed of both North and South in the agitations about slavery. It is a terrible indictment against almost a whole nation—its statesmen, political parties, and, sad to say, many of its churches. All the more honour to the few noble men, like Lloyd Garrison, who formed the nucleus of the anti-slavery party, and who, by sheer fidelity to moral principle, aided by providential circumstances, ultimately won the great battle. Our American friends may surely, after such a history, excuse the tens of thousands in England who could not put confidence in the anti-slavery feeling of the political North, and who dreaded above all things a second Missouri or other compromise, which would have perpetuated slavery for generations. In our present deliberate judgment, the independence of the South as a slave-holding people would have been incalculably more hopeful for the ultimate abolition of slavery. At any rate, this was the honest conviction of some of the noblest men in England and Europe, men whose names as opponents of slavery



were household words. Politicians like Daniel Webster, President Polk, and many others, abundantly justified this fear. 'Party leaders at the North,' says Mr. Gay, 'were as ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of peace and of union, and to avow openly their sympathy with the slaveholders, as the majority of Congress were to offer a submission that was almost abject.' And again, 'The real danger was that the rebellion would be condoned by some disgraceful and disastrous compromise.' Even Mr. Lincoln's action countenanced this fear (p. 457). Notwithstanding, Mr. Gay has very hard things to say of England. He refuses her any credit for opposing Louis Napoleon's proposed intervention on behalf of the South. 'We have as a nation nothing to be ashamed of in it, most heartily glad as we were and are to avow our misjudgment. Our American brethren must own that Providence led them by ways that they knew not; and that both the precedent history and the predominant policy at the beginning of the war should silence this reproach. Had there been even more probable assurances on this point, the heart and general suffrage of England would have been heartily with the North, as it was first on the outbreak of the war, and next, on Mr. Lincoln's proclamation.

The volume opens with the year 1779, in the midst of the Revolutionary War, and closes with the Civil War in 1865. It presents many points for comment, especially the almost chronic agitation for secession on the parts of disaffected States or politicians; the utter venality of so many leading politicians; the acknowledged frauds connected with the Ashburnham Treaty; the disturbing and demoralizing processes for the election of Presidents; the incidents of the war, &c. We suppose Mr. Gay's returns are accurate, but it is astounding to read the losses of so many thousands after each battle, sometimes of as many as ten or fifteen thousand on one side.

Mr. Gay does not, however, endorse American views on all questions. He admits that the war of 1812 was unjustifiable, that Andrew Jackson was not exactly a pattern statesman or patriot.

The story is told with vigour and clearness on the whole. If it be not all that could be desired in a history of the United States, it is a provisional history that may be welcomed for its laborious investigations, its general tone of equity and nobleness, and the interest that it excites in the reader. It is profusely illustrated.

*Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity.* By JOHN DANIEL LEADER, F.S.A. George Bell and Sons.

It may indeed seem a bold undertaking, considering the vast mass of literature already existing upon this subject, to attempt to deal anew with any period in the life of Mary Queen of Scots. Mr. Leader himself has felt the force of this objection, and in his preface meets it by saying that the ground over which he travels is that which has been rendered the

least familiar in the pages of historians and biographers. His large volume of upwards of six hundred pages is concerned solely with the time from January, 1569, to December, 1584, whilst George, Earl of Shrewsbury, was the guardian of the Scottish queen. His narrative of the events which occurred during this period is certainly most complete; and notwithstanding the fact that the story of Mary's life is tolerably well known to most readers, this new addition to the literature of her history has all the interest of a romance. It is the destiny of this unhappy queen to excite varying feelings, her supporters regarding her as a martyr, and her opponents being equally severe upon her for her intrigues. Elizabeth was not by any means a perfect monarch, but there can be no question that the position of Mary rendered her own most insecure at one time, and much can be said in her defence from this point of view. All through her career, but especially during the time of her captivity, Mary showed that she was not fit to be trusted. For example, immediately after the restraints upon her whilst at Wingfield had been rendered somewhat less irksome, she presumed upon the new measure of liberty afforded her. She entered into a treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Alva, and wrote love letters to the Duke of Norfolk. She wrote to La Mothe Fénelon, to Cecil, to the Duke of Chatelherault—who, next to her son, was heir to the Scottish throne—to Argyle, to the Bishop of Ross, and to the Lords of the Council, tempering her communications to the character of their recipients. Leonard Dacre, a poor kinsman of the Earl of Shrewsbury, plotted her escape, but the Duke of Norfolk dissuaded him from carrying out his plan, fearing that Mary might fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Leader says that Mary Stuart's life was from first to last one long conspiracy of vast intricacy and varying interest; and he puts the case against her tersely, if somewhat roughly, when he remarks that the life of Mary meant the death of Elizabeth. This passage seems to us to sum up very clearly and concisely the history of the period embraced in Mary's last days: 'As a prisoner Mary might have lived on, could she have been content to await the course of nature. But her spirit was high, and her friends were impatient. Into the toils of the Jesuit plot, in which Babington was a leading instrument, she eagerly fell; and when we remember that the chief feature and first aim of that conspiracy was the murder of Elizabeth, and that Mary had lent herself to an approval of all its details, we cannot wonder that the conviction was forced upon the minds of English Ministers that Mary or Elizabeth must fall. The life of Mary meant the death of Elizabeth, and for the sake of herself and of her country, Elizabeth overcame her natural repugnance to arraign a sovereign at the bar of justice. Conviction having been obtained, the vacillation of the queen seemed likely to avert execution of the sentence; but her Ministers, thoroughly alarmed, never ceased to urge

energetic action. On the one hand was the danger of retaining in the kingdom so formidable a head of the Catholic party, and on the other the warm resentment of the Catholic Powers, certain to follow her execution. It was a choice of evils, but the English Ministers preferred to encounter all the rage of Spain and of France rather than see the broken web of conspiracy repaired, and another attempt made to overturn the throne and the religion of England. The warrant once signed, the Privy Council ventured to act without consulting the queen, and we can well believe that Elizabeth's surprise and indignation at hearing of the execution were 'not entirely feigned.' Mary's apologists may urge what they please in her favour, but they will never be able to get over the fact that she was ever ready to lend herself to the darkest conspiracies. It was necessary to meet her plots and intrigues with stern measures. The Catholics, of course, bitterly regret that these were successful, and nothing is too bad for them to say against Elizabeth; but what would they have said if Mary's nefarious schemes had unfortunately proved successful? Romance has woven a halo of beauty and witchery over the person, and sorrow for the fate of the Queen of Scots; but this must not blind us to the dangers which lurked to this realm in the plots and conspiracies formed under her name and with her sanction. Substantial justice only was done in her case—rough it may have been, as Mr. Leader says—but the peril was sufficient to justify her removal from a sphere in which she had become positively dangerous to the commonwealth. This much any student of history may say, without being a violent partisan of Elizabeth. But we must now leave Mr. Leader's work in the hands of the reader, observing that he seems in every respect to have well executed his task of relating in detail the incidents of the period mentioned at the outset.

*Genoa: how the Republic Rose and Fell.* By J. THEODORE BENT. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Bent, to whom we were indebted a short time ago for a pleasant book on the little Republic of San Marino, now tells the story of a more imperial commonwealth; the earliest, it may almost be said, among the Italian republics to attain the eminence of a first-class power, as it was among the latest to be deprived of the worn-out trappings of republican institutions. The successor of Amalfi and of Pisa in the command of the western Mediterranean, the close and for many generations successful rival of Venice in the Levant, Genoa was a great and sovereign city when our modern Europe was still in its embryonic stage. The records of her most brilliant period take us back to the days when the Catalans scoured the inland seas, and Comneni and Paleologi ruled in Constantinople. Her position had already changed to that of a really dependent, though still nominally free, State, when popes and emperors

leagued together at Cambrai to curb the pride of the Venetian oligarchy. *Sic ipsa viribus ruibat.* The fickle Ligurian lacked the steadfastness of purpose which secured for Venice ten centuries of unbroken political life. Grimaldi, Fieschi, Doria rose to power less to make Genoa great than to establish their own ascendancy even while ostentatiously maintaining the outward show of republican austerity. And thus, for all the dignity of her patrician houses, for all the splendour of repeated episodes in her history, the reputation of Genoa in policy as in art is still a reputation of the second class, and not like Venice, or even Florence, a vital element in the story of Italian growth. Even so, however, the 'superb' city played no mean part in the world's stage. It was she who, conjointly with Pisa and Venice, kept alive those nobler traditions of a world-embracing commerce which but for them might have passed into forgetfulness in the long twilight of the dark ages, as it was she who at a later date may claim, next to Venice, the high praise of arresting the progress of the Ottoman Turk, when his superiority by land, if undisturbed by these midge-like attacks, might have proved resistless. From her ports, in even greater numbers than from those of her Adriatic rival, went forth those early explorers who, following in the lines laid down by Marco Polo in his Genoese captivity, brought Europe into direct contact with Pekin; those pilots who, even before the Portuguese, had all but grasped the secrets of Africa, and whose line closes with the greatest of them all—the discoverer of the western hemisphere. Her Bank of St. George, whose fame led Michelet to doubt whether the history of the city is not more properly that of a bank than of a republic, has left its traces in that financial aptitude which even to-day gives Genoa in this respect the precedence over other Italian cities. With England, notwithstanding the appearance of her paid archers among the hostile ranks at Crecy, the republic in her palmier days was usually on the most friendly terms. It was to Genoa that Cœur de Lion turned for assistance in his unlucky crusade. It is her Podestà who, at the request of Edward II., sharply punishes certain merchants for supplying Robert Bruce with materials of war. The recently discovered document which seems to discredit the popular account of the same Edward's murder, at least attests the intimate relations between the Genoese Fiesoli and his successor. Later on we find Genoa in alliance with Henry V., and later still in especial favour with Cromwell, in whose own family, through the Pallavicini of Cambridge, flowed a distinct current of Ligurian blood. Although her strength was never perhaps absolutely greater, nor her policy more sagaciously directed than under the rule of the last great Doria—the veteran Andrea of Schiller's drama—the State which, after crushing Pisa, had all but crushed Venice at Chioggia, and whose defeat in the channels of the Lagoon is nearly as great a turning-point in history as that of the Athenians in

the harbour of Syracuse, was little better in her latter days than a dexterous waverer between the German emperor and the French king, now safeguarded by the one, now veering towards the other, and ever and again additionally imperilled by the growing ambitions of the Dukes of Savoy. There were still, indeed, times when the 'city of the Madonna'—for by formal decree, ninety-six years after Andrew Doria's death, the senate had declared the Virgin Mother titular head of the republic—blazed up with something of her ancient fire as in that rising against the Austrians which has immortalized the name of the plebeian Berasco. But such gleams grew rarer as time wore on, and the influence of France weighed more and more upon the feebler State. Under Napoleon Genoa became a French prefecture. In 1815 a word from Metternich incorporated her without remonstrance in the kingdom of Savoy. Mr. Bent's is less a continuous narrative than a book, in which the chief aspects of Genoese history are described at length in separate chapters—a plan which, while involving a disagreeable amount of cross reference and perpetual turnings-back, has some compensation in the greater completeness of the several accounts of Genoese doings at home and abroad—of her bank and her colonies, her diplomatists and explorers, her domestic revolutions and her foreign wars. Other chapters deal effectively with the natural and artificial advantages which give the city so just a claim to her old title of *la superba*, and specially good accounts are given of republican ceremonies in olden times, and of the churches and *palazzi* (so dear to the artist soul of Rubens) in which those ceremonies took place, as also of the castle palaces without the walls, whence the Genoese nobles lorded it over the subject Riviere, east and west. The later fortunes of the birth-place of Mazzini Mr. Bent does not attempt to trace, though the city which in 1860 was the starting-place of 'the Thousand,' and from which parted but the other day the Antarctic expedition on as venturesome a quest as any undertaken by Venetian Zeni or Ligurian Vivaldi, may fairly pretend, though occupying less space in vulgar eyes, to be not unworthy of the Genoa of old. Altogether, notwithstanding some deficiency of method, the consequence, perhaps, of superabundance of material and some not over successful efforts at fine writing, Mr. Bent has given us a very welcome volume, bristling with facts, and warm throughout with human interest.

*An Account of the Polynesian Race: its Origin and Migrations, and the Ancient History of the Hawaiian People to the Times of Kamehameha I.* By ABRAHAM FORNANDER, Circuit Judge of the Island of Maui, H.I. Vol. II. Trübner and Co.

Mr. Fornander's second volume traces the history of the Hawaiian people from their settlement in this northern group, which was, he believes, during the sixth century of the Christian era, down to 1795, when Kamehameha I. brought all the islands under his

own rule and inaugurated the modern Hawaiian government. This history is, of course, derived entirely from records unwritten for centuries—the 'traditions, legends, genealogies, and chants' orally communicated from generation to generation. The work required in its author an accurate knowledge of the language, the fullest familiarity with the people and their modes of thought, and also the faculty of discrimination in the use of the difficult materials out of which the history is constructed. These Mr. Fornander possesses; and his work appears to us to be at least worthy on the ground of accuracy to take its place among other ancient histories. The book is in many parts most interesting. We have a record of the deeds of great men in Hawaiian history—of renowned warriors, of bold navigators who, centuries ago, built sea-going vessels and made long voyages among the various groups in the Pacific, and of wise lawgivers and rulers who fostered the arts of peace which give prosperity to a people. We plainly see that these people were not the low savages we have been too often accustomed to think they were. Indeed, we cannot help being convinced that the Polynesians of the early ages were immensely superior to their deteriorated descendants when they were discovered by Europeans. The saddest fact about these Hawaiians is their rapid decay in recent times. As a people they are apparently doomed to die out. And this volume shows very plainly that to Captain Cook and his sailors must be attributed this sad result of their contact with white men. The vice of the English sailors communicated to them that disease which is the chief factor in the decrease of the population of those fine islands.

*A Selection from the Wellington Despatches.* Edited by SIDNEY J. OWEN. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

In this stout volume Mr. Owen has given us the pith of the original five volumes, comprising those portions of the Wellington Despatches which relate exclusively to the Duke's Indian command. Such a selection has more than a simply historical value. Not only does it cover Wellington's own military career in India, but it includes the supplementary despatches of a more recent date, often bearing upon 'questions still unsolved,' and coming down as late as 1881. Such memoranda as those on the best mode of conducting war in India, on the defence of the North-western frontier, on the comparative merits of Sepoy and European soldiers, and the inadvisability of employing native regiments for service out of India, or troops other than English in the room of Sepoys in that country, or those again on our policy towards the native States, and on the causes of Indian famines, are not merely models of clear style and incisive common-sense argument, but documents whose value is not for any single period but for all time. The selection is introduced by a very useful synopsis, and an able preface, entitled 'Wellington in India.'

It does hearty justice to Wellington's unerring judgment and superior knowledge of everything relating to India, even when brought into comparison with experienced Indian generals like Lake, or imperial-minded administrators like his own brother the Marquis. Late in life, Lord Ellesmere has told us, he wrote an important State paper embracing all three Presidencies, and full of geographical details, without reference to a map or a gazetteer. The great Duke's despatches are, indeed, his best monument; and of no portion of them is this more true than of these Indian memoranda and reports, which too many readers have hitherto hurried over in their haste to get on to the times of larger European interest.

*The Organisation of the Early Christian Churches.* Bampton Lecture, 1880. By EDWIN HATCH, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall. Rivingtons.

Mr. Hatch proposes to examine the history of the Christian Church from the time of the apostles until the fall of the Western Empire. He applies to the phenomena of this formative period severe principles and methods of historical investigation; proceeding on the assumption that the facts of ecclesiastical history are of the same essential character, and admit of the same examination and tests as those of civil history. His method must commend itself to all honest inquirers, who seek truth for its own sake. To us it is quite refreshing to turn from the bold assertions and half-ignorant assumptions of dogmatic churchmen to the calm, keen, patient, and fearless investigations of a thoroughly impartial student. The conclusions that Mr. Hatch reveals will be very startling to many of his fellow Episcopalians. They are absolutely fatal to all claims of Divine right or ecclesiastical exclusiveness. In the testimony of these lectures as to facts, and in the inevitable inferences which they compel, they abundantly justify our own position and contention as Nonconformists. On one point, perhaps, Mr. Hatch might hesitate about this. While contending that God ordained no prescribed ecclesiastical order, he seems to affirm that he did ordain a certain development, and that the fact of the development is a sufficient indication of the Divine purpose; therefore it would seem to follow, although he does not venture to say so, that dissent from an actual historic development is as unjustifiable as dissent from a divinely appointed order. Clearly, however, this would prove too much. God has not always been on the side of majorities; and if there be moral obligation to conform to what has succeeded in developing itself, then the ecclesiastical claims of Rome are supreme, Jezebel and the priests of Baal were right and Elijah was wrong. Probably, however, Mr. Hatch did not mean to press such an inference from his somewhat doubtful words.

He avowedly begins with the close of the first century, and leaves unexamined the apostolic Church, as revealed to us in the

New Testament. We scarcely see how he could have included this within the compass of his lectures, and we think that the historical demonstration which he has wrought out inevitably implies what preceded it. His avowed accord with Bishop Lightfoot, moreover, as well as expressions here and there in the work, assure us that his views of the church life of apostolic times are substantially those at which Bishop Lightfoot, Dr. Jacobs, and Archbishop Whately have arrived; still it is logically a defect that he has not first formally examined the foundations upon which he has erected his bold superstructure.

His general position is that the organization of the Church was simply civil organization applied to religious societies; that for its ecclesiastical order there was no Divine appointment of any kind, beyond the fundamental idea of a religious society with its teaching and other officers; that the organization took the forms of analogous civil societies, and its officers their analogous functions, retaining even the very designations of corresponding civil officers; that the primitive Churches to the time of Constantine were democratic, and their bishops congregational bishops—there was a bishop wherever there was a Church, and in every act of public worship every element of the community was present; that the development of the later status and pre-eminence of the clergy and of the hierarchical organization generally was very gradual, much more so than is generally supposed, and is fully accounted for by ordinary causes. The name of the bishop, *ἐπίσκοπος*, designates the function of the pastor as the dispenser of the alms of the Church, and was borne by officers having the same functions in civil associations. This is proved at some length from various allusions, and especially from the chief abuses of the episcopal office, by the testimony of Justin Martyr, Polycarp, &c. Deacons were assistants of the bishops in this function.

He formally denies (p. 88) that the quasi-monarchical government of hierarchical episcopacy was an institution either of our Lord or of His apostles, and proves at length that it was an ordinary human development. 'The Episcopate was not a special institution, but grew by the forces of circumstances' (p. 98). The view that the bishops and not presbyters are the successors of the apostles first appears during the Montanist controversy (p. 105), and was originally contested by Tertullian. The bishop had 'not peculiarity of function but priority of rank' (p. 108). Liberty of prophesying belonged to laymen; baptism was often administered by laymen; the Lord's Supper was celebrated without the presence of a Church officer, and discipline was the act of the whole community (pp. 115-118). Office, according to Tertullian, did not confer any powers upon its holders which were not possessed by the other members of the community (p. 121). Ordination was simply appointment and admission to office, by no means peculiar to the ministry, and certainly conferring no grace (p. 130). Even in the

fourth century the primitive type still survived; the government of the Churches was in the main a democracy. At the end of the century the primitive type had almost disappeared; the clergy were a separate and governing class (p. 141). This was the result chiefly of the establishment of the Church by Constantine. The clergy were not a professional class, 'they supplemented their allowance by farming or by trade. The bishops and presbyters of those early days kept banks, practised medicine, wrought as silversmiths, tended sheep, or sold their goods in the open market' (pp. 147, 148). 'By gradual steps the Churches passed from their original state of independence into a great confederation. It is important to observe not only the closeness with which that confederation followed the lines of the imperial government, but also the wholly *voluntary* nature of the process by which it was formed' (p. 171). 'The Christian Churches associated themselves together upon the lines of the Roman Empire' (p. 181). 'There is no proof that the words of Holy Scripture in which the unity of the Church is expressed or implied, refer exclusively, or at all, to unity of organization' (p. 182). 'God intended His Churches to be embodied in form, but with large variations of form in different ages and circumstances. There is no proof of the necessity and desirability of this and that particular form.' 'Being a brotherhood it was a democracy' (p. 213). 'The survival of the Church of Christ is not necessary to the survival of this or that existing form' (pp. 212-214). And the writer anticipates that the Church will again shape itself to changing conditions, and that 'all organizations, whether ecclesiastical or civil, must be, as the early Churches were, more or less democratical' (p. 215). What the Church does it will do through organization, 'but the forming of its organization is left to human hands' (p. 216). It almost takes one's breath away to read such statements in a Bampton Lecture. We can only surmise the contempt and vituperation with which they would have been met had they proceeded from a Congregational student of history. And yet they are not random assertions. Every point is quietly and modestly put, and is established by a vast array of proofs, which must, we think, carry conviction. Light is breaking upon our friends.

We have, of course, no criticisms to offer on views that in such a startling way confirm those long held by Congregationalists. We can only most heartily rejoice in the thorough honesty and fearless independence of the lecturer. We should add that the literary form of the lectures is admirable—perfect simplicity, great literary beauty, and apt illustrations drawn from various fields of thought characterizing them in an unusual degree.

*The Churches of Asia. A Methodical Sketch of the Second Century.* By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

Sooner or later the philosophy of historical study will determine Church theories and

pretensions. And amongst its results few things just now are more remarkable than the confirmation of the principles so firmly maintained by Congregational Churches, even where the sequence of the principles is still refused. It would seem as if simultaneously historical students in the Established Church were waking up to the fact that the lofty pretensions to traditional authority of their own clergy were really baseless, and that the contention of Congregationalists, upon which both scorn and indignation have been so plentifully bestowed, was the witness of history. In addition to Mr. Hatch's remarkable Bampton Lecture, Mr. Cunningham's Kaye Prize Essay for 1879 virtually establishes the same conclusions. The Churches of the first and second centuries were unquestionably democratic and independent societies, and their pastors congregational bishops. 'The authority seems to lie in the Church, and not by any means in its officers' (p. 64). The Eucharist was the offering of a sacrifice by the priesthood of the whole Church in the sense in which their whole life and worship was a sacrifice (p. 71). 'The Church regulates itself through its officers, the supreme authority lay with the multitude. The consent of the whole Church is required for the setting apart of men to fill any office. The officer was not appointed to conduct divine service, but to be the agency through which the Church conducted her common worship.' 'Self-disciplining Churches, relying on each other for help and counsel' (pp. 75, 76). 'The Christian society was modelled in accordance with Greek ideas, after the analogy of the Greek free cities . . . a federation of her democracies' (pp. 106, 107). 'The presbyter, not the bishop, was the successor to the apostolic function of teaching' (p. 124).

The author shrinks from the necessary conclusions from his own premises, and thinks that, as early Congregationalism must have failed through its inherent weakness, it has been rightly superseded by Diocesan Episcopacy, which he vindicates as a natural development. This it is not necessary for us to argue here; we are satisfied with the concession of our premisses, from these we claim liberty to draw our own inferences. Mr. Cunningham's book is not so lucid and vigorous as that of Mr. Hatch, but it is scholarly and able.

*Reminiscences.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Two Vols. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Most reflective readers, we think, will feel that Mr. Froude has here failed in some of the duties of editorship. Everything from the pen of a powerful and original genius like Carlyle must be of great significance; but the broken heart communing with itself, and finding a kind of relief in recalling and brooding over what it regards as its own failures of affection, if thus it may gain some feeble solace in the sense of atonement for them, is not what should be thus prominently

presented to the world. Carlyle was not the man weakly to 'hang his heart on his sleeve.' In justice to him one-third, at least, of these volumes ought never to have been printed; and yet we are debtors to Mr. Froude's editorial indiscretions and failures; and feel that we know Thomas Carlyle better than before *on his weaker side*, which too, perhaps, was that which he would least have desired to be revealed to us. 'Men,' says Emerson, 'are united by the imperfections of each,' and Goethe well added, 'It is men's errors and weaknesses that properly make them amiable.' Mr. Carlyle was at once pre-eminently a strong man and a weak man. This we have always believed; and these volumes are the final and conclusive proof of it. They afford us a clear view of the limitations of his insight, which was defective precisely because of the Scotch-like self-restraint and self-confidence which enabled him to sum up his most vivid impressions so readily in phrase and metaphor—a talent, as he tells us, derived from his father, and more common than most people would believe in the peasant class in Scotland. This is a power which is often very cruel and crushing, when used without regard to the feelings of the weak. It suffices to give generally the impression of closeness to the object, when the broad and apparently grand and realistic effect was really the result of distance, or what is and always must be equivalent to distance, the interposition of a self-created mist of imaginative sensibility between Carlyle and the subject. He reveals but little to us after all of the subject or person; he always reveals himself in the strongest outlines. What of epithet is here applied to his father which he had not already exhausted and applied to others of apparently different characters and temperaments? And then do we not have here a most pointed and extreme illustration of the lack of clear discrimination which, we hold, was always a characteristic defect of Mr. Carlyle's genius and method? With all the originality of phrase, the quaint ingenious style in which the thought is set before us, do we not feel as we read these pages on his father, his mother, and his wife, that they are, after all, much too soft, vague, and merely generalized impressions, which are made to appear something else by ingenious tricks of speech, introduction of picturesque incident, and quaint repetition? We know well that there is a 'deal of human nature in man,' as Artemus Ward well said, and in woman also. Mr. Carlyle's father, if we are meekly to take his word for it, was pretty nearly perfect; so was his mother; and if it were possible, his wife was still nearer to perfection. Now, it is evident enough that creative genius must have been at work here; such creatures do not largely exist, and they do not generally so benignantly arrange themselves in wide-spread groups of family connections. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Carlyle only paints himself in his ideal reflections. If we are not much mistaken—and we know a good deal of a certain type of self-con-

tained, self-assertive, self-appreciating Scotch character—there were traits in 'Mason' Carlyle that would have made him a most unsympathetic and disagreeable man to deal with in many ways; and stories, we learn, still linger about Ecclefechan which prove that even in the matter of blinds, or new blinds for the Anti-burgher church windows he could be as rough and disagreeable as he was self-centred. And we can assure our readers that we have no touch of human nature or knowledge, if it be not true that 'Mason' Carlyle was of the type that would be certain to make things uncomfortable for any unlucky neighbour who had wronged or offended him. It is natural to a good son to magnify the merits of his father, no less than of his mother; and

'To mak' a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife,'

is, as Burns says—

'The true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.'

And if this be true, the worship of a loving partner is not only to be admired, but to be respected; though, in literary record, it ought to have stern limits set down for it. When Mr. Carlyle suggests that his father, for general intellectual faculty, was probably as great, if not even greater, than Robert Burns, we fail to see that the comparison expresses anything whatever, since clearly the two men belonged to opposite types; but this is only a specimen of Mr. Carlyle's very effective-seeming way of saying nothing.

Here and there we have incisive bits of true portraiture, as in this case—

'He [the father] was no niggard, but truly a wise, generous economist. He paid his men handsomely and with overplus. He had known poverty in the shape of actual want (in boyhood), and never had one penny which he knew not well how he had come by ("picked," as he said, "out of the hard stone,") yet he ever parted with money as a man that knew when he was getting money's worth; that he could give also, and with a frank liberality when the fit occasion called. I remember, with the peculiar kind of tenderness that attaches to many things in his life, one, or rather I think, two times, when he sent me to buy a quarter of a pound of tobacco to give to some poor old women whom he had gathering potatoes for him. He nipt off for each a handsome leash, and handed it her by way of over and above. This was a common principle with him. I must have been twelve or thirteen when I fetched this tobacco. I love to think of it. "The little that a just man hath." The old women are now perhaps all dead. He too is dead, but the gift still lives.'

Such kindness as this, to our knowledge, was by no means uncommon amongst this class in Scotland.

And as we read of this grand and generous but, in some respects, rough and repellent stonemason, we are visited by an uncomfort-

ble reflection of how utter is the refutation that peasant father affords of Carlyle's not very elevating theory of 'engagement for life,' and so on. How could James Carlyle have been what he was, how could he have been anything at all, had it not been for the existence of such conditions as enabled him to rise from the rank, to which, according to Carlyle's theory, his birth should have bound him. In his boyhood we learn that he had suffered actual want. All honour to him that he so far rose above it as to educate his children, and to give us such a gift of genius as Thomas Carlyle's; but Thomas Carlyle magnifying slavery and maintaining that might-is-right is not true to his father. Yes, Carlyle's father was, and remained to the end, a peasant and working-man, one of the class on whose behalf Carlyle has sighed for a return to the days of feudalism, or worse still, of 'engagement for life,' and the happiness of Gurth with collar round his neck tending the swine of Cedric the Saxon. We are afraid that if certain questions on that head had been driven home to Mr. Carlyle, with a special appeal to him to keep his father in his eye, much would have seemed to him to demand modification in his theory of 'engagement for life,' and defence of slavery. The simple truth is that Carlyle's position with respect to much of a practical bearing was made attractive only by his humour; when he deals, as in these Reminiscences, with personal elements, which he cannot in the same way involve in the strange and fitful gleam of his humour, we feel that he is a Samson shorn of his locks, a common man almost, without some of the better traits of the common man. For the self-conscious air of superiority which he not only assumes for himself, but in which he involves all those who are related to him in the bonds of affection, invalidates in great part the feeling of simple sincerity, or the belief in his power to recognize or adequately to penetrate into all the aspects of their characters. He only sees there, as in his heroes, what he wishes to see. Most vigorous and powerful epithets and terms we have in these volumes, but they are always most powerful when he, as it were, retreats hastily and unsympathetically from the object, rather than seeks closer identification with it. When, for instance, he speaks of Lady Holland as a 'kind of hungry, ornamented witch, looking over at me with merely carnivorous views,' we feel the keen discernment and force of the characterization. When he describes Charles Lamb—with whom he never found any little *nexus* of real sympathy, as surely he might have found some little *nexus* of real sympathy—as follows, we feel the same thing, along with a mournful sense of Carlyle's limitations and impatient prejudice trying to hide itself in the guise of tolerant judgment, backed up by an uncertain and inadequate vein of humour.

'A most slender fibre of actual worth,' he declares, 'in that poor Charles, abundantly recognisable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was a cockney to the marrow; and cockneydom, shouting "glorious, marvellous, unparalleled in nature," all

his days had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew-type rather, in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking, tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something too of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring. Poor Lamb! he was infinitely astonished at my wife, and her quiet encounter of his too ghostly London wit by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb!'

As another illustration of Carlyle's unsympathetic, half-sardonic, harsh, and cruel mode of dealing with a type of character different from his own, we may take his words on De Quincey:—'A pretty little creature,' according to him, 'full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, with the finest silver-toned, low voice, and most elaborate, gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation. "*What wouldn't one give to have him in a box and take him out to talk!*" That was her criticism of him, and it was right good. One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child: blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said—"Eccomi, this child has been in hell." After leaving Edinburgh I never saw him, hardly ever heard of him. His fate, owing to opium, &c., was hard and sore, poor, fine-strung, weak creature, launched so into the literary career of ambition and Mother of dead dogs.'

Now, that is the perfection of Carlyle's humorous, sardonic style, utterly self-conscious, and yet would fain not seem so. He never saw De Quincey after leaving Edinburgh; but that was not because he did not earnestly desire it. Nay, he was guilty of besieging De Quincey with letters full either of genuine or of hypocritical compliment to the '*great spirit*,' as he then called it, 'for the present under eclipse,' wishing much to have De Quincey's company for longer or shorter, assuring him how well and deeply he was loved at Craigenputtoch, &c., and one of these long, big-sheeted, four-paged letters of invitation has, unluckily, been printed, with his own consent. Considering the style of personal remark, such as likening a man to 'a pair of tongs,' and the air of pitying contempt liberally communicated through every sentence of Mr. Carlyle's description of De Quincey, his oft-invited, deeply-loved fellow-worker, as he called him, it was perhaps as well that De Quincey never did pay that visit to Craigenputtoch, so much desired on Carlyle's part, and on Mrs. Carlyle's, too, as we are told by himself. But at the time that the complimentary letters recognizing 'the great spirit at present eclipsed' were written, De Quincey



was still living to criticise and to comment on new translations and articles on German literature, and we have it in Carlyle's own plain confession that he was not quite above feeling rather uncomfortable under 'the dose' he had got from De Quincey about his 'Wilhelm Meister.'

'One showery day,' he says, 'I had taken shelter in his [Jemmy Belcher's] shop; picked up a new magazine, found in it a cleverish and completely hostile criticism of my "Wilhelm Meister," of my Goethe, and self, &c., read it faithfully to the end, and have never set eye on it since. On stepping out, my bad spirits did not feel much elevated by the dose just swallowed, but I thought with myself, "This man is, perhaps, right on some points; if so, let him be admonitory."'

These two 'great spirits' are now alike under the great eclipse; how beautiful it would have been, in the words of Polonius, if he that lived longest had in a very little 'reserved his judgment.' If to be strong is to be thus untrue—to blow hot about 'great spirit,' and give assurances how 'well you are loved here,' and so on and on, as long as there is risk of 'bad spirits not elevated by the dose just swallowed,' and then, when the way is clear, to assail with personal epithets of no very elevating character—strength is not a gift to be envied in a 'teacher.' It is, perhaps, a good illustration of the worship of success and might-is-right in its own sphere. That sort of thing has plenty of scope in the hypocrisies of modern society, without receiving long-bottled-up but posthumous sanction and support from a man like Thomas Carlyle, whose literature was a professed protest against this very kind of falsity, and who in the same record condemns idle gossip and disparaging comment on the part of Miss Martineau, and all insincere celebrity tuft-hunting on the part of Lady Holland.

The acidular style of treatment is exhibited in much that Mr. Carlyle has said in the appendix about Wordsworth and Southey. Of neither of them was it to be expected that Mr. Carlyle would speak with enthusiasm, or even, in some respects, that he should speak quite justly. Of course, he makes points, and shows his incisive grasp of special characteristics; but he is certainly not very satisfying, and too often oppresses us here, as elsewhere, with the feeling of half-veiled prejudice. Even of Edward Irving he seems sometimes to be jealous.

Much remains to be said about the general influence of Carlyle, which, however, would require an article or articles. It was not always so beneficial as it has recently been too generally made to appear. The only avenues of escape from mere prostration under his influence—a thing which he himself always professed to mourn—was into pure indifference and scepticism, on the one hand, or into active crusading pessimism and disintegrating cynicism on the other. The pure light of a healthful and cheering sympathy with life in its broader phases, as seen in Sir Walter Scott, whom he most unjustly aimed at bringing

down from his elevation, to place there instead the self-worshipping Goethe, was denied to him, no less than the genial and sunshiny humour which pertains to true creation. His humour was, in some sense, artificial; and in its more developed phases had a good deal to do with his reactionary attitude with regard to all positive religion. It was necessary for him to assail all forms, and yet to seem to reverence some essential essence; but what this essential essence really consisted in was never defined, or even explicitly characterized; and the main function that he found for his humour in his most serious moments was to cover his retreat from any frank confession of his detailed beliefs. The 'Eternities' and the 'Silences' were mere counters, without corresponding realities, moved about at the beck of his humorous imagination.

Of the evil that may accrue to youth from this form of influence it is not easy to speak. We have satisfied ourselves that, practically, Carlylism does not build up after the manner that it affects to do. It detaches from positive belief, without supplying any backbone of clear and positive truth on which the intellect can lean; and experience has sufficiently proved in the long period during which it has now been operative, that it is a gospel of destruction rather than a gospel of edification—a preparing of the way, but not the way itself. It is easy, as Carlyle himself has said, to pull down, it is not so easy to build up.

We deeply regret that, at the moment when it would have seemed more grateful to write an *éloge*, we have been compelled in honesty to take up this line of remark. Sympathetic and exaggerative criticism have done their utmost; and time, we may trust, will correct the extreme and extravagant fervour which, under the immediate sense of loss, has run its mad career over the grave of a man who ought, on all accounts, to have been spared much of it. If we can imagine him still looking with interest on literary development, we may be sure that he would not have welcomed, but would rather have treated with sardonic contempt, much of the hero-worshipping excess of laudation which has been poured out on his death. The one lesson of his life and work may be summed up in the counsel—'Shun all intemperate and effusive excess in word and writing; be self-restrained, and err rather on the side of silence than of words. Sorrow and love are best shown by reverent silence, by self-abnegation, and by faithful labour.' There is a certain irony in the circumstance that his posthumous writings should in so much illustrate so badly the main principles which his life was spent in preaching and maintaining; but we understand the man the better, and ought to be grateful if it tends to aid any one, as he would have desired that it should do, to walk with more independence, and to bow less to authority as authority.

*The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Olyde.* Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SHAD-



WELL, C.B. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

We have received these volumes too late for more than a cursory notice. Indeed, they scarcely admit of more, unless the events of national military history—*quorum pars magni fuit*—be again subjected to review. In a sober, intelligent way General Shadwell again summarizes the history of the Sikh, Crimean, and Indian Mutiny campaigns—the latter more especially, which occupies nearly one-half the work. One's pulse throbs again to read of the glorious achievements at Lucknow, Cawnpore, Rohilkund, and in Oudh. Lord Clyde was a military genius. Even laymen like ourselves can see how masterly in their prudence, boldness, and skill his dispositions were, and with what scientific precision his victories were calculated and achieved. It is, too, a noble testimony to both Lord Clyde and Lord Canning that their mutual relations were marked by such courtesy, confidence, and good faith. More than once it happened—as in the siege of Lucknow—that the political reasons of Lord Canning had to be maintained against the military judgment of Lord Clyde. Not for a moment was this permitted to affect the implicit acquiescence and zeal of the one, or the equally implicit confidence of the other. The military profession was not without its jealousies, and Lord Clyde did not escape. His conduct at the battle of Chillianwala was impugned. His subsequent appointment of juniors acquainted with India, passing over seniors recently arrived from England, created much dissatisfaction. He was reprimanded by the Governor-General for refusing to enter Swat, but fully justified himself, although he resigned his command. He was, after the great Duke, among the foremost soldiers of his generation; modest, obedient to authority, of indomitable energy, and full of resources.

The book, however, is more of a history than a biography. We should have liked to know more of the man and his belongings, and of the training which made him what he was.

He was of good family, although born in humble circumstances. His grandfather, Macliver of Ardnave in Argyleshire, was out in '45 and forfeited his estates. His father, John Macliver, was so reduced in circumstances that he was a working carpenter in Glasgow. He married Agnes Campbell, the daughter of a respectable family, and ultimately Colin took the name of her clan. Colin was educated in the High School, and at ten his mother's brother, Colonel John Campbell, took charge of him and removed him to an academy at Gosport, where he remained till he was nearly sixteen years of age, when he received his first commission as ensign in the 9th Regiment. He had been previously introduced at the Horse Guards to the Duke of York, commander-in-chief, by his uncle. The Duke, supposing him to be a Campbell, remarked, 'Another of the clan, I suppose,' whereupon his uncle suggested that it would be a good name to adopt, and Colin

Macliver became Colin Campbell. Mr. P. S. Macliver, the member for Plymouth, is his first cousin. His promotion was rapid; within a month he obtained his lieutenantancy, and the month following, July, 1808, he embarked for the Peninsula, and took part in the battle of Vimiera, and in the famous retreat on Corunna. He was in the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. Returning to Portugal, he led the forlorn hope at San Sebastian, and was wounded. He attained to the command of a division in the Punjab war of 1848, and thenceforward his life became part of our military history. He was pure-minded, high-toned, and scrupulously honourable in money matters. He was fairly well educated, could speak French, Spanish, and German. Above all, he was generous-hearted, utterly without selfishness, and magnanimous to his comrades in arms. A strict disciplinarian, he shared, even when commander-in-chief, the privations of his men. He thoroughly won their confidence and inspired their enthusiasm. He is not the only poor Scotch lad who sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and who richly deserved his honours.

*The Story of a Soldier's Life.* By Lieutenant-General JOHN ALEXANDER EWART, C.B. Two Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Here we have the reminiscences of an old soldier, and an aide-de-camp to the Queen from 1859 to 1872, during years of peace, war, and mutiny. The work is inscribed to three noted regiments, the 85th Royal Sussex, the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, and the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, in memory of 'auld lang syne.' The author takes the sting from criticism by premising that his pages possess no literary merit. They were written, he says, at a time of great sorrow; and it would, therefore, be cruel to retort that they are capable of producing sorrow in others. His intentions in writing them were, however, admirable: these were first, to obtain a change of thought, and, secondly, for the amusement of his children. As regards the first object, it is safe to assume that it was answered, and we will equally hope that this was the case as regards the second. It would be ungracious in children to prove too fastidious, especially when, as in this instance, the reminiscences are not quite so bad as the author's deprecatory preface would seem to imply. The general reader may peruse some of these chapters with interest, for they recall vividly certain recent momentous passages in English history. The author was born in the 67th (South Hampshire) regiment, on the 11th of June, 1821, at Sholapore. When two years of age he was brought to England, and conveyed from one town to another. To Coventry he seems to have become particularly attached, and it is touching to hear him declare, notwithstanding that that ancient town was a trifle dirty, he has always loved it, and shall love it still. It is very interesting, too, to find the author reciting the old story of Lady Godiva as though it were perfectly new to the reader. All such things add a *naïve* charm

to his narrative. Half his first volume is devoted to the piping times of peace, but we then come upon the Crimean war, in which our author acquitted himself gallantly, as becomes a British soldier. The Emperor of the French conferred upon him the Legion of Honour, and he also received from the King of Italy the Sardinian silver medal, and from the Sultan of Turkey the decoration of the Medjidie, with a silver medal. The first half of the second volume is occupied with an account of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, including the final relief of Lucknow, and the defeat of the Gwalior contingent at Cawnpore. The second half is concerned with five years of peace passed in Scotland, England, and Ireland with the 78th Ross-shire Buffs. Pleasantly apart, there have been many worse bores in literature than this able and gallant General, who may legitimately feel proud of the personal honours paid to him by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Let his pages be read in the proper spirit, and enjoyment will ensue. The work is ornamented with two beautifully executed chromo-lithographic drawings. The colours are excellently laid on. As to the general appearance of the volumes, we have scarcely sufficient strength of words to express our admiration. The binding, gilding, &c., are gorgeous in the extreme.

*Through the Ranks to a Commission.* Macmillan and Co.

This work is published anonymously, and the publishers prefix a note to the effect that they have seen documents and letters from well-known persons, which are more than enough to guarantee the genuineness of the narrative. There is little, however, that is sensational in the book, or calculated to tax the credulity of any one. The story bears upon it the stamp of veracity, and while it is sufficiently interesting to the general reader, it will have a double value to those who are anxious to learn the steps through which a private in the English army advances to a commission. Although the author's period of service in the ranks was very short, he was fortunate in having to undertake most of the various duties that fall to the lot of our soldiers in times of peace. There are few persons who have any definite idea as to what the life and habits of English soldiers are, and here they are supplied with a plain unvarnished narrative conveying the fullest information on these points. The writer is an Oxford man, and had he taken his degree within the prescribed limits of age, he would have entered the army in the ordinary manner for university men. Failing this, he enlisted, not without some feeling of repugnance, for, as he remarks, it seemed like breaking caste. There were many reasons in favour of this step, as likewise of his ultimate success. He loved army work, and had a good knowledge of drill; his name had been entered at the War Office for a commission; he had passed all his examinations at the university, and had nothing in any way against his name, &c.

His progress in the army was rapid. Enlisting as a private on the 27th of August, 1873, one month later he was appointed lance-corporal. On the 14th of December of the same year he became corporal; on the following 5th of February he was appointed lance-sergeant; and on the 18th of May, 1874, full sergeant. He details his experiences of life on board a troopship, as well as his stay at Gibraltar. He at length got a commission in his own regiment, and was warmly congratulated by his colonel on his success. The writer emphatically considers that the sixteen months which he spent in the ranks made him more fit for his position as an officer; and yet, successful as the experiment proved in his case, he strongly recommended that it should not be tried except as a last resort. There is one point on which his evidence is of importance: he absolutely denies that there is anything degrading or lowering in the life and duties of the English soldier. A steady man can keep as free from lowering habits and bad company in the army as in any other profession. This description of a soldier's life is an unambitious but valuable little work.

*Dr. Appleton: his Life and Literary Relics.*

By JOHN H. APPLETON, M.A., late Vicar of St. Mark's, Staplefield, Sussex; and A. H. SAYCE, M.A., Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford. Trübner and Co.

The portrait in the front of this volume, done from a photograph, gives the impression of great solidity of judgment, energy, and decision, as well as of refinement and power of thought. And certainly the contents of the volume amply justify the impressions derived from the portrait. Dr. Appleton, as we learn from the memoir, was the founder of the 'Academy' which up almost to the period of his death he conducted. He combined fine literary taste with a liking for speculative philosophy and no little practical tact, which stood him in good stead in his arduous work in connection with the 'Academy,' to which he devoted himself with unwearying zeal. For the last few years of his life he had to contend with ill-health. He went to Egypt under medical advice and returned with renewed strength; but through his incessant labours resumed on his return he brought on his old symptoms, and had to seek relief in Egypt once more. He never returned, but died there in his thirty-eighth year. He was a loss to English thought; for it is quite clear that if he had been spared in health and strength he might have done something, probably much, in the shape of substantive contributions to English philosophy. His standpoint was independent and his style was clear. Though he was loyal to the doctrine of development, he qualified this by a belief in 'dominant ideas,' and through them he sought to bind in unity science, art, and literature, of which the thinker, poet, or artist of the time was the exponent from his own special side. His paper on the development of ideas suggests a whole system. The chapter on 'Strauss as a Theologian' is

very thorough, and 'A Plea for Metaphysic' disposes in the happiest way of the 'metaphysic' of Mr. Matthew Arnold. We wish we had space to show how the 'Eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness' is demonstrated to be a mere negation, a contradiction and not a contrary. He thus writes:

'The thing that strikes us about the "not-ourselves" is that it is a conception purely negative; it is not the affirmation of anything beyond ourselves, but merely the negation of ourselves. Now, there is no more common confusion in logic than a confusion of the distinction between contradictories and contraries. The distinction is this: in the case of contradictories one term stands for *something*, and the other term stands for *nothing* at all. In the case of contraries both terms stand for *something*. "Rich" and "poor" are contraries, and both, as we know, exist; but "ourselves" and "not-ourselves" are contradictories, and the latter term stands for nothing at all.'

The fragments on Atheism and Doubt are suggestive of close thinking and exhaustiveness, and the papers on International Copyright are practical and valuable.

*John Locke.* By THOMAS FOWLER. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan and Co.

It is touchingly recorded of Moses Mendelssohn that when he first read the remarkable passage in Locke, where it is said, 'I would not have so much as a Jew or a Mohammedan excluded from the civil rights of the Commonwealth because of his religion,' he was so moved that the tears came into his eyes, and he could read no more that night because of joy that the great philosopher had written such hopeful and prophetic words. That incident suggests a side of Locke's influence which is too apt to be forgotten. His 'Essay on the Human Understanding' is that with which we associate him; but his influence on political questions and on social reform was in his own time even greater than that of his philosophic teaching. He lived through a most eventful and stirring period. He witnessed the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, and was a student at Oxford while Cromwell was Chancellor of the University. In many ways he suffered for his liberal opinions in politics. He had, like many others of his time, to take up his residence abroad, and through the self-denials of this experience he learned thoroughly the doctrine of toleration. His philosophy is valuable for all time because, in spite of its cold logical aspect, it is saturated by a sense of these liberal ideas. Mr. Fowler has done well in bringing into prominence this phase of Locke's activity. He can sympathize at once with the metaphysician and the practical reformer. Not only so, he is careful to show the bearing of the one upon the other, and has resolved both phases into a satisfactory unity. 'It would form a nice subject of discussion,' he says, 'whether mankind at large has not been more benefited by the share which he took in practical reforms than by his literary productions.'

It would undoubtedly be too much to affirm that, without his initiative or assistance, the state of the coinage would never have been reformed, the monopoly of the Stationers' Company abolished, or the shackles of the Licensing Act struck off. But had it not been for the clearness of his vision, and the persistence of his efforts, those measures might have been indefinitely retarded, or clogged with provisions and compromises which might have robbed them of more than half their effects.' Mr. Fowler has not only presented a clear and graphic picture of the man, and succinctly outlined his philosophy, but he has also traced to its basis the ethical and religious element in Locke, showing the finest discernment in his criticisms and the most unaffected sympathy throughout. To the merely superficial student it might not seem easy to get up much enthusiasm for John Locke, but this is only a superficial impression, and with Mr. Fowler's admirable study in his hand, the reader, more especially the young reader, will be able to see the man behind the philosophy, and to comprehend it in its highest purposes, even should he be unable to master all its details. This is the purpose surely of philosophic biography in the case of men who, like Locke, tried to illustrate their philosophy by reference to practical affairs.

*The Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

Being a New Translation of the Letters included in Mr. Watson's Selection. With Historical and Critical Notes, by the Rev. G. E. JEANS, M.A., Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, Assistant Master in Hailbury College. Macmillan and Co.

Of late years much attention has been given by English Scholars to the careful editing of the works of Cicero, and to the elucidation of his life and character. To the critical editions of some of the philosophical treatises, by Professor Mayor and Mr. Reid, and the 'Lives,' by Forsyth and Trollope, we have now to add an accurate and elegant version of a large portion of the Letters, which will form a welcome supplement to the editorial labours of Mr. Pretor, Mr. Yonge, Mr. Watson, Dean Merivale, and others. The object of the present work is somewhat like the last alluded to ('An Account of the Life and Letters of Cicero.' Longman, 1854), viz., 'to make the correspondence the principal part, connected together by just so much of the intervening history as to form an intelligible, continuous narrative of Cicero's life.' Regarded merely as a work for English readers, and as a form of autobiography, it is an exceedingly pleasant and lively sketch of a great man's thoughts, words, and actions.

Mr. Jeans rightly says that 'there is no other classical work to be compared to Cicero's letters for teaching the reality of Roman life,' and that 'the time in which he lived was to us almost the central time of the world's history.' He might have added, that the very best specimens of the natural style of the greatest master of Latinity are to be found in the letters; for men generally com-

pose learned works in a more guarded and artificial way than they adopt in friendly correspondence. Whether, indeed, Cicero ever wrote his voluminous letters to Atticus, knowing they were preserved, and believing they would be published, is a rather doubtful question; Mr. Jeans thinks that this was almost certainly the case.

The author is of opinion that the very frequent use of Greek terms in the letters to Atticus was 'a kind of standing joke between the two friends.' Perhaps a strong literary taste not wholly devoid of a learned pedantry, or affectation of scholarship, will sufficiently account for a practice which gives a great deal of trouble to students who are less familiar with the Greek of the period. Mr. Jeans has adopted the plan—not a bad one, we think—of substituting French phrases for the Greek. Thus, in Ep. ad Att., viii. 16, 'nec vero ille me ducit, qui videtur; quem ego hominem ἀπολιτικώτατον omnium jam ante cognorū; nunc vero etiam ἀδραστηρικώτατον,' Mr. Jeans translates, 'It is true I am not attracted thus by the man himself, as is supposed, for I find him now to be as *mauvais général* among generals as I knew him long ago to be *mauvais politique* among statesmen.' This is very neat. So ad Attic., i. 16, § 13, 'quare ut opinor, φιλοσοφητέον, id quod tu facis et istos consulatus non flocci facteon (πρακτέον).' Mr. Jeans gives, 'So, I suppose, like you *il faut de faire philosophe*, and not care a straw for all your consulships.'

The notes in this edition are very limited, being confined, for the most part, to brief explanatory headings, with date, of the purpose of each letter. But the translation is unquestionably at once elegant, scholarly, and spirited; the best, so far as we know, that has yet appeared. There is also a full and excellent index at the end.

**Labour and Victory.** A Book of Examples for Those who would learn. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

**Leaders of Men.** A Book of Biographies especially written for Youth. By H. A. PAGE. Same Publishers.

**Master Missionaries.** Chapters in Pioneer Effort throughout the World. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. Same Publishers.

**Wise Words and Loving Deeds.** A Book of Biographies for Girls. By E. CONDER GRAY. Same Publishers.

These volumes are all collections of biographies reprinted from 'Good Words,' 'The Sunday Magazine,' and other periodicals. They are so similar in character, and so many of them are from the same indefatigable and able pen, that they demand to be noticed together.

'Labour and Victory' contains sketches of men who have achieved remarkable results by the strenuous application of great qualities. Sir James Outram, Bishop Selwyn, Thomas Edwards, Sir Titus Salt, William Ellis, and Sir James Simpson are among them.

Some of the names selected by Mr. Page,

whose *nom de plume* is the index of an open secret, scarcely justify the classification. George Moore can scarcely be called a leader of men, nor, save for his exalted rank, Prince Albert. Lord Lawrence was pre-eminently such; so in some degree were Robert Dick, Commander Goodenough, John Duncan, Samuel Greg, Dr. John Wilson, and Dr. Andrew Reed; but even so, the term is relative, and one thinks of some of them as leaders only of circles of men. Other names more fitting might, we think, have been selected for so high a designation. The individual biographies, however, are none the worse for their general designation; one and all they are admirable.

The same kind of remark may be made about the volume bearing the title 'Master Missionaries.' The names selected by Dr. Japp are unexceptional, but we both miss some which spontaneously occur to every one, and are a little surprised to find others. The names selected are James Oglethorpe, David Zeisberger, Samuel Hebich, William Elmslie, George Washington Walker, Robert Moffatt, Dr. James Stewart, Dr. William Black, John Coleridge Patteson, and John G. Fee. Dr. Japp may justly say, however, that the same volume cannot include everything.

'Wise Words and Loving Deeds' appears under the pseudonym of E. Conder Gray. It is a series of sketches of wise and good women: Mary Somerville, Lady Duff Gordon, Sarah Martin, Ann Taylor, Charlotte Elliott, Madame Teller, Baroness Bunsen, Amelia Sieveking, Mary Carpenter, and Catherine Tait.

Together these volumes make an extensive and well-written biographical gallery. Of course the writers have made use chiefly of the standard biographies of their respective heroes or heroines, but the sketches are put together with great skill and admirable colour.

**Memoir of William McKerrow, D.D., Manchester.** By his Son, JAMES MUIR MCKERROW, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. McKerrow was a man of robust strength, uncompromising fidelity to great principles of liberalism, voluntarism, and Evangelicalism, and for nearly fifty years he took a leading part in Manchester in all questions relating thereto. At the same time he never permitted himself to subordinate the minister to the political or ecclesiastical advocate. His part seems to us to have been that which every minister may fitly take on great questions affecting the common weal. In Dr. McKerrow's hands they were always lifted into the high domain of moral principles. His early advocacy in Manchester of the dissolution of Church and State, his part in the Free Trade movement, in the National Education controversy, and in other less prominent questions, seems to us to have been as wise and moderate as it was intelligent, high-toned, and uncompromising. His eloquence was robust and effective, and his grasp of great questions was vigorous. He justly gathered

the high esteem of men of all parties, even of those to whom he was the most opposed. The difficulty of his biographer was to present a portraiture of the man; increased by the absence of journals and private letters, which so often invest the revelations of character with such a charm. Mr. McKerrow has done little more than exhibit his father in connection with such public questions as we have indicated. He has given specimens of his speeches and of his counsels, revealing an able, wise, and high-toned man. Such men often do more to mould opinion and to elevate a community than more prominent leaders. Lord Beaconsfield tells us they are the less known men who govern the world. Mr. McKerrow has performed his task with modesty and skill, and with becoming filial feeling.

*Far Out: Rovings Retold.* By Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. BUTLER, C.B., Author of 'The Great Lone Land,' &c. William Ibbister.

Colonel Butler has, we think, done well to gather together these stray papers (originally published, most of them, in 'Good Words'), recording journeyings in very different latitudes. So different are they, that some sense of miscellaneousness may at first sight be felt, which will, however, be to a great extent removed when the leading idea is clearly seized. This idea is distinctly a benevolent one—a sincere desire to see right done to native races, and to elevate them, by means of European influence properly brought to bear, to such a level of civilization as will make them understand their higher interests in relation to the white men, with whom they are inevitably brought into contact, and who, alas, do so little in most cases to comprehend the feelings and purposes of the savage, and are unreasonable enough to expect him to act in an enlightened and forgiving manner, when he has been treated in a savage manner by them. The papers on Afghanistan and the Zulus, and even that on Cyprus, bear in this direction; while the two earlier sections about 'A Dog and his Doings,' and 'A Journey of a Dog and a Man from Cariboe to California,' are as interesting for the glimpses we have of Esquimaux, of Indians, of Chinese, and half-savage settlers, as for the humanity and admirable instinct for animal life which they show. It is hardly necessary to add that the book is full of forcible, picturesque writing. This is simply saying that it is worthy of the pen of the author of 'The Great Lone Land;' but it is most necessary to emphasize some of the statements made in the introductory chapter, to the effect that our troops in South Africa were so demoralized that they had in several instances recourse to the most savage and diabolical means of revenge even on innocent women and children. If this was really the case, and if those who were in command took no steps to punish the leaders in the doing of these disgraceful deeds, then those on whom responsibility rested should even yet be severely punished, as vio-

lators of the first law of civilized warfare and conspirers against the rights of humanity, no less than destroyers of all morality and discipline in the soldiers. But in case we may have been thought to have exaggerated the meaning which may be drawn from Colonel Butler's words, we must quote a sentence or two:

"May it never be my fate," said to the writer of these pages one whose experience of troops in war ranged over every campaign of the last thirty years in all parts of the globe, "to find myself on a European battle-field with an army trained in a South African campaign." He was right. The cave-smokers of Algeria made but a sorry show when pitted against sterner stuff than Kabyle fugitives; yet Algeria was not the only part of Africa where cave-smoking warfare was widely practised, and where science coolly blew helpless women and children into atoms in the burrows to which they had fled for shelter.'

*Life and Society in America.* By SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY. Two Vols. Newman and Co.

Mr. Day is not afraid to bring an indictment against an entire nation. He has picked out of American newspapers, and from satirical, flashy, and scurrilous writers, a mass of disparaging critiques, and has selected from American society all the fast and immoral elements he could hear of, and presents it to us as a picture of American life and society.

We should scarcely have judged from his portrait of himself, which he prefixes to his work, as if he were proud of what he had done, that he was dyspeptic; but we have rarely read such a tirade of unrelieved vulgarity and disparagement as these volumes contain. Nothing were easier than so to collect the garbage of London or Paris, or any capital or country of the world, and call it a portraiture.

As a sufficient measure of this gentleman's literary capability, we need only say that in contradiction of some forty years of American and English judgment on Mr. Ward Beecher's ministry, he tells us that the prayer was 'commonplace—very;' that the sermon was 'such a sermon,' that it was 'beneath mediocrity,' and that there is no wonder that Mr. Beecher 'failed in his attempt to interest a large gathering in Exeter Hall.' Whatever else may be thought or said about Mr. Beecher, to Mr. Samuel Phillips Day belongs the exclusive merit of judging him to be beneath mediocrity. The book is full of badly written trash.

*Savage Life in Polynesia.* By the Rev. WILLIAM WYATT GILL. With Illustrative Clan Songs. Wellington: John Didsbury.

This is a very valuable supplement to Mr. Gill's 'Myths and Songs from the South Pacific,' which was published some years ago in England, and attracted much attention from scholars like Professor Max Müller. In this volume, if we mistake not, they will find as much to interest, and probably still more that will prove useful to them. Mr. Gill's

main object has been the preservation of the ancient tribal songs. Mr. Gill has lived so long among the races of the South Pacific that he is no stranger to them, and indeed no stranger could by any effort of intellect accomplish what he has accomplished. Not only has he collected and collated these songs with great care, assigning them to their several classes, but he has been able to generalize and to draw conclusions of great interest from them. He may be said to have successfully proved that the settlement of the race in the Hervey Islands is comparatively recent. He has been unable to find any trace of a prior dark people, and avers that the idea of this black race overrunning the Eastern Pacific is pure fiction. Of the stories themselves some will have an interest for the general reader, others not. Generally there is a lack of imagination and atmosphere, though they are quaint and sometimes weird, but a prosaic realism obtains throughout. Such stories as that of Rori the Hermit, and the Story of an Axe, may, however, be named for touches or qualities of universal interest. We can only add that the volume, for printing and binding, is very creditable to the Wellington people.

*Men Worth Remembering.* A New Series of Popular Biographies. *Philip Doddridge, D.D.* By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. *Stephen Grellet.* By WILLIAM GUEST, F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Stanford's sketch of Doddridge is in every way admirable. It is crisp, quaint, picturesque, scholarly, wise, and full of tender grace and sympathy. Succinctly, and yet sufficiently, it touches every point with penetrating instinct, and with a range of information that constitutes a fitting setting. Doddridge is an interesting study. He can scarcely in any sense be called a great man; and yet his place in the evangelical revival of the last century is a prominent and influential one. It is a striking illustration of the power of quiet goodness. A more striking piece of biography has not latterly been done.

Mr. Guest's sketch of Grellet lacks the animation and the affluent allusion of Dr. Stanford. It is, however, an interesting record of a remarkable man. Grellet was by birth a Frenchman of noble family, by adoption an American citizen, religiously a Quaker. Somewhat of a mystic in spiritual feeling, he was a man of singular devotedness and philanthropy; and with William Allen went on missions of benevolence, to promote peace, prison reform, &c., to Norway, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Germany. His character was one of rare simplicity, godliness, unselfishness, and moral beauty.

*Our Holiday in the East.* By Mrs. GEORGE SUMNER. Edited by the Rev. GEORGE HENRY SUMNER. Hurst and Blackett.

Mrs. Sumner was one of a party of nine relations and friends who visited the Holy Land in the spring of 1880. This volume consists of her journal letters. It is a simple, sparkling, and very charming record. It makes no

attempt to be either antiquarian or theological. It discusses no great questions, either Biblical or social. It simply tells what struck the eye of an intelligent woman, and what occurred in the every-day experiences of an uneventful journey; but, like Mrs. Brassey's books, it has a peculiar charm of its own, and will be read for its own intrinsic merits as well as for the undying interest in the Holy Land, which no profusion of books of travel thereon can exhaust.

*In the Ardennes.* By CATHERINE S. MACQUOID, Author of 'Through Normandy,' &c. With Fifty Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Chatto and Windus.

Mrs. Macquoid has here added another to her attractive list of travel-books. She is an admirable traveller, always in good spirits, and always inclined to make the best of everything. Indeed, the one criticism to be made upon this beautiful book is that she inclines to carry this somewhat to excess, and is too apt to dwell on trivial incidents and to make too much of random conversations with peasants by the way. She is careful to tell us that this is not intended as a guide-book through the Belgian Ardennes, and that it is not in any sense as complete in its information about that delightful and unfrequented province as 'Through Normandy' is about Normandy. She would have it taken simply for the record of a most picturesque journey which may help other travellers in journeying through this most beautiful region, so much overlooked by travellers. Still, by aid of the sketch map, and by information concerning roads and houses, it may well serve the purpose of a guide-book, since there really exists nothing of the kind. This volume is characterized by all the dainty observation and quaint remark that characterized the former ones, and the same keen instinct for the attractive legends of the districts is throughout evident. That of St. Remacius is very good indeed, with its keen theological purpose. The style, as we have said, is light and lively, and carries the reader pleasantly on. The woodcuts are not all equally successful, but some are gems indeed. We would mention in particular those at pages 130, 172, and 242, which do much to add to the worth and attractiveness of a very beautiful work.

*Sketches of Army Life in Russia.* By F. C. GREENE. Allen and Co.

Lieutenant Greene is an American, who was with the Russian army in the late war, and, as an American, was a *persona grata*, and was admitted to exceptional privileges and confidences. He worships Russia and hates England. Nothing that he can say of the former, or of its Czar, is too eulogistic, nothing of the latter too vituperative. He tells us, however, a good deal that is really interesting about the army; its constitution and discipline, its officers and its generals—to the latter a chapter of biographical information is given. Skobleff is the author's hero. He thinks that some day he will do great things, and be

classed among the five great soldiers of this century, with Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, and Moltke.

*Sunlight and Shadow; or, Gleanings from my Life-Work.* Gathered from Thirty-seven Years' Experience on the Platform and among the People at Home and Abroad. By JOHN B. GOUGH. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Gough's interesting reminiscences are gathered chiefly from his English experiences, and are intended for the American people. The volume is a collection of personal sketches and amusing anecdotes, some original, some gathered, some new, and some 'old Joes,' some wise and racy, and some foolish, but all told as Mr. Gough alone can tell them. Mr. Gough is not always accurate in his estimates of either men or things. It is in many ways amusing to read others' judgments of us, but chiefly to see how different the judgments would be if they knew more. Mr. Gough is faithful to his great mission, and of course many of his stories turn upon drunkenness as the cause of misery and crime. Few men have laboured more earnestly in the cause of philanthropy and religion, or have won a higher renown for popular eloquence. We think this book scarcely worthy of him, but there is much in it that everybody will read with pleasure.

*The New Virginians.* By the Author of 'Junia,' 'Estelle Russell,' &c. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

A very interesting book, and one upon an American State respecting which little is known in this country. As in the case of almost every other Transatlantic State, of course we have been assured that Virginia is all that could be desired by those inhabitants of old England who are seeking 'fresh woods and pastures new;' and equally, of course, there are two sides to a question. A man who is determined to rough it may, perhaps, ultimately make his way in any strange country that is not already over-populated; but whoever goes to Virginia may make up his or her mind that a fortune is not to be made at a gallop. Neither is complete comfort to be secured in the same way. But it ought to be added that our present guide, the lady who wrote the work under notice, is certainly not an optimist. No doubt, too, there is another side to the 'black' question, besides the one she gives. 'The young generation,' she observes, 'grown up perhaps since the extinction of slavery, are, if here and there less ignorant, so utterly swinish in their lack of all morality, that any feeling with regard to them is one of absolute despair. To get religion means not to be truthful, honest, and virtuous; but to yell, to shout, to sing senseless doggerel, to call on the name of God with loud persistence, to go into convulsions, real or simulated. They have a faculty for learning by rote, and so has a parrot. They have a faculty for imitation, and so has a monkey. The wonderful progress of the negro race, so

vaunted by the supporters of the Hampton Institute, begins and ends there.' It might not be superfluous to remark, that considering the number of generations during which the negro race has been subjected to the most degrading bondage, and deprived of every moral and intellectual advantage, their progress has been really marvellous. Indeed, such examples as that of Frederick Douglass are quite sufficient to show that the race is not deficient in either moral or intellectual capacity. After giving her experiences, the author concludes as follows: 'I pity the blacks, and I pity (still more) the whites; but it seems to me that, were I a Southern woman, mine eyes would become dim, and my cheeks furrowed, with weeping for the desolation of my country.' Of course, nothing is easier than to indulge in a vein of pleasantry over a half-educated and a long-time depressed race; but it is more than doubtful whether such an attitude is just. On the hardships of emigrants' wives the writer is well worth listening to; her account of the experiences of a Wisconsin lady is not such as to encourage others to go and do likewise. She tells, too, of poor, delicate, cultivated Massachusetts ladies, who in the home of their adoption 'hung up carpets to make divisions for dormitories. It was too cold to undress, so they went to bed with their clothes on, and cried themselves to sleep, the snow-flakes falling through the badly-shingled roof and mingling with their tears. That seems bad enough, but it must have been worse to have felt as hungry as they did in the keen Wisconsin air, and not to have had proper food to eat.' An equally painful story is told of the life of a settler's wife in Nebraska. Altogether, these sketches are well worth reading, for if they do not deal with the more important aspects of the State described, they throw valuable sidelights upon the conditions of home-life there.

*A Polar Reconnaissance.* Being the Voyage of the 'Isbjörn' to Novaya Zemlya in 1879. By CAPTAIN ALBERT H. MARKHAM, F.R.G.S. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Of recent years a great and renewed movement has arisen in regard to Polar expeditions, and it is therefore not surprising that this voyage by a well-known traveller and explorer has excited unusual interest. Captain Markham, in the opening pages of his work, gives a sketch of the early English and Dutch voyages to the North-east, together with Russian, Norwegian, Austro-Hungarian, Swedish, and other discoveries in more recent times. The account of his own latest voyage is most interesting; and, as he truly says, geographical exploration is one of the most fascinating pursuits to which a man can devote his energies and abilities. He considers that England, calling to remembrance the brave deeds performed by our forefathers, should equip expeditions, not 'only for the exploration of that region culminating at the North Pole, but also for the complete discovery of the whole terrestrial globe!' He announces his

conclusion that, from a careful study of all that has been achieved in the far north, he is more than ever convinced, that a greater amount of success will be gained by the exploration of the region in the vicinity of Franz Josef Land than in any other part of the Arctic regions. At the same time, if a legitimate expedition leaves our shores by the route he advocates, the author observes that the commander should be strictly enjoined that he is on no account to risk failure by attempting the pack, if he finds the ice further south than anticipated. 'Should he do so, the fate of the *Tegethoff* will in all likelihood be his. I know it requires a great deal of moral courage to return and report a failure, but the commander selected should be a man who possesses the moral courage to return and proclaim his defeat. In the following year his wise caution would surely be rewarded.' The writer is extremely anxious to witness the despatch of another English Arctic exploring expedition, properly equipped and efficiently commanded. The appendices are a valuable portion of this work, containing as they do notes on plants, birds, crustacea, &c., by Sir J. D. Hooker, Professor Oliver, Captain Fielden, and others. Mr. Clements R. Markham, the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, also supplies a preface which is well worth reading. He briefly recites Captain Markham's previous exploits, or discusses the conclusions at which he has arrived in the present volume. 'This most important voyage,' he observes, alluding to a private expedition by Mr. Leigh Smith, which fully corroborates Captain Markham's opinion, 'completely establishes the fact that the west coast of Franz Josef Land can be reached in ordinary seasons. Here, therefore, is the route for future polar discovery. Here an advanced base may be established within the unknown region, whence scientific results of the utmost interest will be secured; and here the nearest approach to the North Pole can be made.' There are certainly no other branches of exploration so interesting as that of the Arctic regions, and we may yet perhaps hope that, at some not far distant date, the expectations of Captain Markham and other friends of polar investigation will be realized.

*The New Playground; or, Wanderings in Algeria.* By ALEXANDER A. KNOX. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Although Algeria has long been added to the physician's list of winter health-resorts, there is still, it seems, a popular belief that Algerian travel 'verges on' the adventurous. With this illusion it is Mr. Knox's purpose to do battle *à outrance* throughout the Wanderings, and prove with humorous insistence that in Algeria tough fowls at present are the greatest dangers, and that both travelling and living (sunshine and scenery excepted) are much the same as in provincial France. This purpose is, perhaps, too persistently carried out. It is difficult to jest half through a volume, and laboured avoidance of romance may prove no better than the opposite extreme. Those, however, who are not deterred at first

by an excessive straining after jocularly, will find that Mr. Knox in his double capacity of seeker after health and unsentimental traveller, has really very much information at their service, and that of a kind which tourists value most—particulars of what to see and how, what drives to take, what inns to stop at, and what time to give to each successive halting-place. We do not, of course, imply by this that Mr. Knox, when not jesting, is simply writing a 'guide-book.' On the contrary, his volume takes a happy mean between the guide-book proper and the book which is a mere romance of travel: while his wanderings, extending from Biskra in the south to Tlemçen in the remotest west, cover nearly all that is best worth seeing in Algeria. Moreover, old experience as a police magistrate has given Mr. Knox a knowledge of human nature, whether clothed in paletot or burnouse, which lends considerable effect to his pencilings by the way among vagrant Arabs or industrious Kabyles, suitors in native courts of justice or loud-voiced worshippers in crowded mosques, and sometimes reaches to a height of comedy, as in the humorous account of the Trappists of Staoueli, and how the impudence of the convent mendicants made the good fathers lose their temper and find their powers of speech. Of history and legend we have not too much, though Mr. Knox can no more refrain than other Algerian tourists from recounting the legends of the 'Tombeau de la Chrétienne,' and of the slippers of Sidi Feredj, while as we advance, and the temptation to jest grows feeblér, we get some really excellent descriptions—that of Tlemçen perhaps the very best. Altogether the volume can warmly be commended to all who are about to visit Algeria, whether to gaze across the southern desert, or simply sun themselves on the slopes of Mustapha; and less warmly, but still confidently, to those whose knowledge of North Africa must be gained by quietly reading about it in their English homes.

#### POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*English Lands and English Landlords.* By the Hon. GEORGE C. BRODRICK. (The Cobden Club Series.) Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

The most conspicuous characteristic of this able treatise on the history, nature, and need of reform of the English land system, is the moderation and sound sense which it displays. The author is no hare-brained theorist, but a sober-minded, practical inquirer, who has subjected to close and careful investigation the numerous problems that grow out of, or are associated with, the land laws of England, and the body of customs affecting them that have grown up in the course of centuries. He has wisely avoided dealing here with the specialities of either the Irish or Scotch land systems, which are both provocative of peculiar controversies as having "peculiar difficulties." At the present moment the Irish land



question is likely to absorb enough of time and thought, and there is nothing in the Scotch that presses for instant solution since the removal of the law of hypothec. The various problems and difficulties of the English land question have been brought into prominence by the depression that lately affected the agricultural class, and from which it has not yet recovered. Legislation on the lines of helping that class by relieving them from feudal restraints and incidents must be looked for by and by. The present session of Parliament has too much other business on hand to be able to deal with the subject, but the question presses for early settlement. The Agricultural Holdings Act has proved the mere sham it obviously was from the beginning, and the relief secured by the recent changes in the Game Laws and the abolition of the Malt Tax is not sufficient to meet the crisis. The pressure of competition in wheat coming from America is likely to become greater rather than less. Every effort must therefore be made to render the cultivation of our soil remunerative. Legislation must come to the farmer's aid. The mode in which it is to do so is one of the problems of the time. It is a problem with which the Cobden Club was bound to grapple, and in Mr. Brodrick's work it has secured an excellent statement of the case in favour of free trade in land, viewed both in its historical and economical aspects. We have said that Mr. Brodrick is of moderate views. Evolution not revolution is his watchword. He rebuts the socialistic arguments with weight and authority, and points out the absurdity of the extreme positions of the enemies of property. But, as may be gathered from his previous works, especially from his essays, he strongly denounces primogeniture, and the laws and customs that have accreted round the semi-patriarchal system, which linger among us. While he has no tolerance for such arbitrary restraints on freedom of ownership as restricting by legal compulsion the amount of land to be held by any one proprietor, he shows that the lawful rights of property are cherished and respected and clung to by none more tenaciously than by peasant proprietors. He has no sympathy with the proposal to nationalize land, but he would remove the presumption in law and custom which now at every turn throws its weight in favour of the landowner and against the labourer. Holding that the sense of proprietorship is the most potent of all forces in extracting produce from the soil, and that no concentration of management is so fruitful of economy as the unity secured by landlord, farmer, and labourer being one and the same, Mr. Brodrick contests the force of the position that agriculture can only be profitably carried on by organization on a grand scale and minute subdivision of labour. Economical tendencies, deeper than are often dreamed of by English landlords, are ignored in this assimilation of agriculture to manufactures; but the higher law may, perhaps, be found to be that co-operation is yet destined to replace subordination as a motive power in agricul-

ture, and that in the long run that method of cultivation into which most heart and energy is put will prove the most productive. What we have said will not have served its purpose if it have not satisfied the reader that in this book on English Land and Landlords we have an able and thoughtful treatment, by a competent and careful writer, of the series of problems that grow out of the subject, and that the solutions advocated and suggested are all in the direction of larger and wider freedom, by removing antiquated and unsuitable restrictions, and yet avoiding that lawlessness which is the license of Socialism. Among the various topics handled in addition to the economical and social principles concerned are the effects of the existing system on labour, the burdens and privileges of land, the vast question of competition, and the future of the Western States—destined in Mr. Brodrick's view to be the future granary of Europe—the battle of the rates, and numerous other questions. Mr. Brodrick tells us how the English system has come to be what it is, and he compares it with the various land systems of other countries, and shows us what they are. We are thus put in possession of ample materials for forming our opinions, and to any one anxious to study the land question thoroughly we can very heartily recommend this able and thoughtful work.

*A Village Commune.* By OUIDA. Two Vols. Chatto and Windus.

As a political reformer, 'Ouida' is as eloquent, as passionate, and, we must add, as unmeasured as she is as a novelist. She tells us that she does not exaggerate—and perhaps in individual characters and incidents this is true—but she produces the effect of exaggeration by filling every office of her 'Village Commune' with a selfish, unprincipled official, and by accumulating in its experience almost every offence of which such can be guilty.

Her soul is troubled at the political changes that have taken place in Italy—at the disappearance of the old picturesque past; of the old feudal conditions of village life—and she laments the good old days of the Bourbons. No doubt all advances of civilization are at the cost of rural romance, and it is very probable that rural Italy is over-governed and over-taxed; possibly, too, tram-cars and railroads do bring with them evils. We may fully admit, too, that the young nation is somewhat heroic in its foreign policy, and would do better for Italy by closer attention to home government and economy. But 'Ouida' seems to forget the tyranny there was under the old feudalism, the barbarism there was under the old simplicity, the superstition there was under the old Madonna worship. She falls into the common mistake of those who maintain that the former days were better than these; she equally ignores the evil of the one and the good of the other, and forgets that a true estimate of any period demands a careful balancing of comparative evils and benefits. Would she but address herself to this, she would find much to modify in her

passionate invectives. Of course, she is as descriptive and eloquent as she is imperious. She will probably think that all are heartless who, in recognizing the imperfection of the new *régime*, do not go with her all lengths in admiration of the old.

*Farming in a Small Way.* By JAMES LONG, Author of 'Poultry for Prizes and Profit,' &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is an admirably practical book. Easy and unpretending in style, it goes over a vast amount of ground in a very effective manner. Mr. Long does not aim at literary character in his book, and yet his very simplicity enables him often to gain it. Let any one read his chapters on Hay and Haymaking, and on Rabbits, Tame and Wild, and we are sure he will admit this; whilst for conciseness and clearness in statement let him look at the chapters on Poultry, on the Dairy, and on the Horse and his Management, Cows and Calves, and Pigs are also excellent, and, from the nice observation and pleasant insight often shown, fitted to interest readers who are in no wise agriculturally inclined; while to those who are engaged in farming in a small way, or are likely to enter upon it, we can in all confidence recommend the book, as the best and most compact *vade mecum* likely to be met with on the whole subject; on one or two points for its special purpose superior even to Stephen's famous, and deservedly famous, 'Book of the Farm,' which is often too full and detailed for the class to whom this volume chiefly appeals.

*Handbook to Political Questions of the Day.* By SIDNEY C. BUXTON. John Murray.

This book provokes the inquiry as to the mental character of the author. Mr. Buxton, a son of the late and highly esteemed Charles Buxton, seems to have inherited many of his father's habits of mind. Liberal in mind and temperament, he so fully felt the force of opposing arguments that he appeared to find a difficulty in coming to any conclusion in the practical political questions that arose; and his son has compiled a handbook of the arguments used for and against the great questions of Church and State, National Education, Reform of Parliament, the Land Laws, and other topics of the day, and has stated these arguments with such cold impartiality that it is impossible to deduce his own personal opinions therefrom. For the purposes of such a book this is high praise, and we can heartily commend it to the attention of popular political orators of all parties, as affording them good material for their speeches. Beyond this we cannot go; the book affords no help to the uninstructed masses of our countrymen, it would rather add to their bewilderment; but to those who merely require a *précis* of the arguments on all sides we know no work we can so fully recommend.

*The Year's Art, 1881.* A Concise Epitome of all Matters relating to the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture which have

occurred during the Year 1880 in the United Kingdom, together with information respecting the Events of the Year 1881. Compiled by MARCUS B. HUISSH, LL.B. Macmillan and Co.

This is a very carefully compiled piece of work, and calculated to be very useful to a large and growing public. The whole tendency of things at present is to open up liberal interests to classes which have hitherto been debarred from them as classes; only the lucky individuals who in effect managed to elevate themselves above their class being able to enter even remotely into the pleasures of the grades above them. Besides descriptions of the leading galleries of London, accounts are given of all important art-clubs in the country, accounts of art-sales, lists of art-bequests, directory of the artists in the United Kingdom, and various other matters connected with art. We can conscientiously praise the manner in which an excellent idea has here been carried out.

*The Evolutionist at Large.* By GRANT ALLEN. Chatto and Windus.

The brief papers which make up this volume were originally published in the columns of a popular evening paper, and much in the style of them finds ample explanation in this fact. They are gracefully written, they are pleasant, fluent, and, in an easy way, instructive; to have been profound in thought would have been; for their first purpose, fatal. Mr. Allen writes as a decided Evolutionist, but upon what logical foundation he builds his creed we do not know; we should be rather inclined to doubt his conclusions upon such a point if the following catena of statements is really regarded by him as shutting up his reader to his own faith: 'Science is now perpetually discovering intermediate forms, many of which compose an unbroken series between the unspecialized ancestral type and the familiar modern creatures. Thus in this very case of the horse, Professor Marsh has unearthed a long line of fossil animals which lead in direct descent from the extremely unhorselike eocene type to the developed Arab of our own times. Similarly with birds, Professor Huxley has shown that there is hardly any gap between the very bird-like lizards of the lias and the very lizard-like birds of the oolite. Such links, discovered afresh every day, are perpetual denials to the old parrot-like cry of "No geological evidence for evolution."' To many of us the 'links,' which Mr. Allen thinks are 'discovered every day,' are still unknown; one single undoubted link is with many profound thinkers still a *desideratum*. But let us lay aside controversy; we are quite sure the readers who found these sketches in their evening paper were not looking for scientific arguments, but for pleasant reading, and they must have found this at least, with no small amount of instruction besides. Let Mr. Allen discourse of 'Microscopic Brains,' of 'A Sprig of Water Crowfoot,' 'Blue Mud,' 'Berries and Berries,' or 'Dogs and Masters,' he always entertains us and entraps us into in-

creasing our stock of knowledge. Moreover, he has the gift—and it is not a small one—of translating from scientific language into good English, and his essays will convey scientific information to minds which could never receive it even from a 'science-primer.' We note the quaint and striking design upon the cover as cleverly adapted to the contents of this lively book.

BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION.

*Early English Text Society.* The English Works of Wyclif hitherto unprinted. Edited by F. D. MATTHEW. 'The Blickling Homilies of the Tenth Century.' From the Marquis of Lothian's unique MS., A.D. 971. Edited, with a Translation and Index of Words, by the Rev. R. MORRIS, M.A., LL.D. Part III. — *Extra Series.* The English Charlemagne Romances. Part II. 'The Siege of Melayne,' and 'The Romance of Duke Rowland and Sir Otuell, of Spayne,' from the unique MS. of R. Thornton in the British Museum (MS. addit., 31,042), together with a fragment of 'The Song of Roland,' from the unique MS. Lansd. 888. Edited by SIDNEY J. HERRTAGE, B.A. *Ditto.* Part III. 'The Lyf of the Noble and Crysten Prynce, Charles the Crete.' Translated from the French by William Caxton, and printed by him 1485. Edited from the unique copy in the British Museum, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by SIDNEY HERRTAGE, B.A. Part I. Trübner and Co.

In a careful and critical introduction, Mr. Matthew examines the particulars of Wyclif's life and opinions, making of course large use of writers who have preceded him, more especially of Lechler's important and scholarly work, of which we recently gave a full account. Mr. Matthew is careful to distinguish the measured contention of Wyclif against the impositions and abuses of Popery from the fanatical and indiscriminate vituperation of many of the Lollards, especially to limit and define Wyclif's doctrine of 'Dominion,' or the extent of the Pope's jurisdiction. The various points are too critical for discussion here. The portrait of Wyclif which Mr. Matthew presents is carefully studied and coloured. He justly distinguishes his cool, intellectual, ethical temper from the passionate personality of Luther on the one hand, and from the fervour and penetrating insight of men of religious genius on the other. The introduction is a valuable contribution to the biographical literature of Wyclif. The tracts published in the volume are interesting and important. They are such as Arnold has omitted in his 'Select English Works of Wyclif,' and purpose simply to complete the collection of the English works; they include all that were catalogued by Dr. Shirley, with the exception of such as seem on the balance of evidence not to be of Wyclif's authority, such as 'A Collection of Sermons' ascribed to Wyclif only by a

guess of Dr. Vaughan, and one or two others. Of those printed Mr. Matthew does not venture to claim all indisputably for Wyclif; this he thinks beyond the power of any verifying faculty. He is contented to affirm that all are Wyclifite if not by Wyclif himself. There are twenty-eight different tracts, each carefully annotated. They are of great historical and theological importance, and include almost all the matters of Wyclif's great contention with Popery. They hit hard at the Pharisaism and lordly prelacy and priestly cupidity and dissoluteness of their day, and at ecclesiastical endowments and corruptions. Modern reformers will find here a very armoury of weapons against abuses, such as patronage, prerogative, and worldliness. Anglicans will do well to ponder the tractate on Confession and its evils. A good deal of incidental light is shed upon the state of the Universities. The volume is a very important one.

The Blickling Homilies, so called from Blickling Hall, Norfolk, from the MS. of which, now belonging to the Marquis of Lothian, they are printed, are nineteen homilies of the tenth century, to which we have already directed attention. The present part consists only of the index of words.

The contents of the second part of the English Charlemagne Romances are indicated in the title. The 'Siege of Melayne,' and 'Rowland and Otuell,' are for the first time printed from a MS. of the 15th century, acquired by the British Museum since the introduction to Sir Ferumbras in Part I. was printed, and are believed to be unique. 'Roland and Otuell' is a translation of the same French original as the Sir Otuell of the Auchinleck MS., but differs from that translation very materially, and is practically an unique poem. Of the history of the MS. nothing is known. Singularly enough, it was sent over for sale from America to Mr. J. Pearson, from whom the trustees of the British Museum purchased it. It seems to have belonged to Robert Thornton, compiler of the Thornton MS., whose signature is appended to two of the poems. Some of the pieces are in Thornton's handwriting. Only the first portion of 'Charles the Crete' is here given; the second is promised in the course of the present year.

*Duty, with Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance.* By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D., Author of 'Lives of the Engineers,' 'Self-Help,' &c. John Murray.

It is a happy circumstance that Dr. Smiles has, in Providence, been permitted to write this volume. In a short preface he explains that it is the last of the series of which 'Self-Help' was the first. We felt from the spirit which pervaded the last volume, on 'Thrift,' that Dr. Smiles regarded it as only a fulfilment of his original purpose, to signalize specially the moral elements that emerge at all sides in the conduct of life. This book on 'Duty' is the full realization that here and there came to definite expression in 'Thrift,' and it is in every way a worthy sequel to

these books, putting on them the final consecration of higher motive and purpose. How to unite the two things is one of the most difficult problems of practical living and high thinking; and any aid to it is right welcome. 'Duty' by the side of 'Self-Help' will, with many a young man, help to complete the circle. Dr. Smiles writes vigorously, as of old; he draws his illustrations and anecdotes from a wide range of reading, and he sets them well in a most attractive framework of fact and reflection. In all that pertains to arrangement there is little to be desired. We have been particularly pleased with the concluding chapters on 'Kindness to Animals,' on 'Philanthropy,' and on 'Heroism in Missions.' With respect to the first-named, there are one or two sentences in Mr. Thomas Hughes's 'Manliness of Christ' which might well have been quoted. We can recommend the book wherever 'Self-Help' has piloted the way.

*The English Poets.* Edited by THOMAS H. WARD, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. Macmillan and Co.

These two volumes, which are in every way worthy to follow the two that preceded them, include the English poets from Addison to Dobell. The critical introductions are, in most cases, concise and appropriate, showing not a little of the critical and illustrative faculty. The selections have been generally well made, and notes have been very judiciously supplied wherever they are needed. One of the disadvantages of the system adopted is the tendency to emphasize special lines, as, for example, Mr. W. T. Arnold gives no fewer than eight sonnets from Mrs. Barrett Browning, but fails to represent her simple pathos. Mr. Mark Pattison shows no little discrimination in his introduction to Pope, and Mr. M. Arnold exhibits his own characteristics in his introduction to Keats. Lord Houghton has done justice to Walter Savage Landor, but we think he might have done still more had he added to his selection some of those little single verses in which Landor was so happy. We think that poets of the type of Beddoes, who is introduced by Mr. E. W. Gosse, and others of that class, have on the whole too much space accorded them, while other poets of considerable merit, especially in the direction of naturalness and simplicity, are either overlooked altogether or but poorly represented. Shelley is very skillfully represented to us by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and so is Wordsworth by Dean Church, who has made a most admirable selection, representing Wordsworth on all sides. The lighter poets have mostly fallen to the share of Mr. Austin Dobson and of Mr. Henley, who are well qualified to deal with them. All that we can find space to add about this valuable book is that the publishers have done everything in their power to make it a beautiful one, and that, though printed on thin paper, the type is very clear.

*Day of Rest for 1880.* Strahan and Co.

No more handsome volume than 'The Day of Rest' appears among the annuals of the

year. Its get-up, its illustrations, and its literature are all of a high character. One can only wonder at the standard of excellence which such serials maintain. In the present volume the serial stories are, 'Mr. Caroli: an Autobiography,' by Miss Séguin, and 'Out of the World,' by Mrs. O'Reilly. Mr. Peek contributes a series of sketches of 'The Noble Army of Martyrs,' and Mr. R. Stuart Poole papers on 'The Ancient East.' Among the contributors of miscellaneous articles are Dean Vaughan, Archbishop Tait, Professor Blackie, Rev. Harry Jones, Ellice Hopkins, Professor Steadman Aldis, Rev. H. R. Haweis, Dr. John Hunt, Eliza Meteyard, &c. It is in every way excellent.

*Studies in Song.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. Swinburne's new poems are marked by some of the characteristics of his earlier volumes, but, fortunately, we can say candidly that some fresh traits are also to be welcomed. We have still here and there too much of the sense as of a genius controlled by language rather than controlling it, an excess of rhetorical effect, a lack of simplicity, a relapse into mere swell and surge of word and sound. Simplicity, indeed, is the one thing which seems to come with most difficulty to Mr. Swinburne, alike in prose and in verse. The first in this respect truly promises to be last. And it is remarkable, and a point well worthy of notice, that Mr. Swinburne is always most simple and most composed when he has vividly before him some commanding aspect or phase of nature, which, we think, amply shows that his genius in devoting itself more and more to nature is finding for itself a sphere which really favours growth. The pieces in this volume which affect us most with the feeling of excess and turgid turns are those which we meet in the line of his most popular, or at least most praised earlier works. The 'Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor' is faulty in many parts from this cause. It is too ambitious in one sense, aims at sounding too many notes, and in one or two of the stanzas lacks definition altogether, and the dedication to Mrs. Lynn Linton is in some of the lines strained indeed. There are two stanzas in the poem, 'After Nine Years,' dedicated to Mazzini, which are defective thus, and are rendered very unsatisfactory through this kind of excess. We think few practised critics would fail to say the same thing respecting 'The Emperor's Progress,' where Mr. Swinburne's strong personal bias on political points imparts sometimes a shrillness, sometimes a rush and confusion to his verse. This stanza, for example, is surely faulty from both these causes—

'Misery beyond all men's most miserable,  
Absolute, whole, defiant of defence,  
Inevitable, inexplicable, intense;  
More vast than heaven is high, more deep than  
hell,  
Past cure or charm of solace or of spell,  
Possesses and pervades the spirit and sense

Whereto the expanse of earth pays tribute;  
whence  
Breeds evil only, and broods on fumes that swell  
Rank from the blood of brother and mother and  
wife.

"Misery of miseries, all is misery," saith  
The heavy, fair-faced, hateful head, at strife  
With its own lusts that burn with feverous  
breath,  
Lips which the loathsome bitterness of life  
Leaves fearful of the bitterness of death.'

The repetition of phrases and the somewhat forced alliterations, as 'defiant of defence,' are too much repetitions of former phrases. But this criticism has comparatively little scope in such poems as 'Off Shore,' 'Evening on the Broads,' and that still more remarkable poem which closes the volume, entitled 'By the North Sea.' Here we have a careful study of metre fitted to express the note of nature, as we may call it; and this note, possessing the poet, suffices generally to keep the whole composition admirably in key. Generally it fails here again only when Mr. Swinburne permits the somewhat ungracious infusion of stringently personal regard to intrude. How clearly descriptive at once of the scene and of the feeling inspired by it is the following from 'By the North Sea'—

'Like ashes the low cliffs crumble,  
The banks drop down into dust,  
The heights of the hills are made humble,  
As a reed's is the strength of their trust:  
As a city's that armies environ,  
The strength of their stay is of sand:  
But the grasp of the sea is as iron,  
Laid hard on the land.

A land that is thirstier than ruin;  
A sea that is hungrier than death;  
Heaped hills that a tree never grew in;  
Wide sands where the wave draws breath;  
A solace is here for the spirit  
That ever for ever may be,  
For the soul of thy son to inherit,  
My mother, my sea.'

Nor should we forget to mention the little poem, 'Six Years Old,' which is an exception for purity and clearness, and shows what Mr. Swinburne could do with simple themes. Here, in fairness, we give a stanza:

'Could love make worthy music of you,  
And match my Master's powers,  
Had even my love less heart to love you,  
A better song were ours;  
With all the rhymes like stars above you,  
And all the words like flowers.'

*A Little Child's Monument.* By the Hon. RODEN NOEL. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

One characteristic, if not the chief and most essential note of true poetry, is the power it possesses to convey to us not mere ideas—thoughts pure and simple—but the poet's own soul, his surging passion, or his quiet peace. The artist, by his music, by his blending notes or colours, by the heaven-taught and incommunicable touch of genius, transfers his own emotions to those whom he can charm into sympathy with himself. Even the most objective poetry, if it be genuine,

though the poet does not obtrude his personality upon us, yet reveals to us how he felt in view of nature or of man, of the domestic tragedy or the spring morning, of the simple incident or the world-wide convulsion. This poem, or series of poems, is intensely *subjective*, and brings us perforce into sympathy with the poet himself. The blended agony and trembling trust are intense, and throb through every line. The indignation of outraged nature and of baffled love against what seems the foul wrong, the ghastly mystery of death, the wail of a broken-hearted father over the dead child, make music with the sublime peace that hushes the storm.

'God is the God-forsaken Man,  
He is the little child,  
His eyes with human woes are wan;  
And all is reconciled!'

This key-note rules the wonderful variety of melodies which form this remarkable *In Memoriam*. Though the theme is one throughout, the instruments on which the poet plays are very diverse. The lost child of an almost idolatrous devotion haunts every region of his world. The old scenes of early poems, the Corsican highlands, Palmyra at dead of night, the caves of Sark, the heart of London, Landseer's lions, and the wreck of the Princess Alice; every little child he meets, the early primrose, the Italian organ, Alps at their grandest, and home, alike in its desolation and its sweetness, all waken the same conflict in him, speak with two voices to him, and we feel the involved discords which resolve themselves into harmony, if not rest. Since Edward Irving embalmed in strange, portentous, wondrous words the memory of his little boy, we have not seen such a pathetic monody. A cynic might ask whether it were possible to put such passion into words for the unfeeling world. Tennyson justified his verse by the assurance that—

'For the unquiet heart and brain  
A use in measured language lies,  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.'

It may have been so here, but Mr. Noel's profound and intense emotion breaks through every line. There are strains which taken by themselves might be supposed to rival the raging of Queen Mab or Manfred; but the charm 'of 'A Little Child's Monument' is that through the storm there comes, ever and anon, the Holy One. 'An Eye rules the wild sea of human misery,' 'Yea now and evermore Love reigneth over all.' The poems, 'Only a Little Child,' 'Lead me where the lily blows,' 'Music and the Child,' and 'Old Scenes Revisited,' seem to us to emit rare and wonderful perfume. It is long since we have read words of greater force and sweetness combined. We have admired much of Mr. Noel's work, but this is unquestionably his best.

*Collected Sonnets Old and New.* By CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

This is a volume of peculiar interest. It is

not only that we have a collection of rare specimens in a very difficult poetic form, but that we are enabled to study a very peculiar poetic idiosyncrasy. Mr. Tennyson Turner, though he chose the sonnet form, was most inattentive to points implied in it: he wrote irregularly, using indifferently pure and bastard rhymes, and failing almost in any case to regard the four parts into which by the Italians the sonnet was separated. In a word, he was indifferent to form while persistently using a most formal medium. Again, it is very noticeable that he fails most when he deals with such subjects as sonnet-writers have generally succeeded in, and succeeds in the treatment of subjects which would be presumed to be unsuited for the sonnet. Commonplace topics, by unexpected point and almost unconsciously happy phrasing, are made poetic—witness the sonnet on the railway train and the cattle trucks. A simple suggestion caught from something seen in the course of his walks about his parish is wrought into an admirable little poem, complete and we may say unique; but when he essays ambitious subjects on 'Art' and 'Art and Faith,' then, we think, he fails, when the standard of what English writers have accomplished on similar themes is kept in view. The 'Sonnet to the Nightingale,' for example, is far beneath the level of some of those of Hartley Coleridge; but that on what we may call the incidental subject of 'Wind on the Corn' is so simply exquisite that we must crave the space to give it—

'Full often as I rove by path or stile,  
To watch the harvest ripening in the vale,  
Slowly and sweetly, like a growing smile—  
A smile that ends in laughter—the quick gale  
Upon the breadths of gold-green wheat descends;

While still the swallow, with un baffled grace,  
About his viewless quarry dips and bends—  
And all the fine excitement of the chase  
Lies in the hunter's beauty: in the eclipse  
Of that brief shadow, how the barley's beard  
Tilts at the passing gloom, and wild-rose dips  
Among the white tops in the ditches rear'd:  
And hedgerow's flowery breast of lacework stirs  
Faintly in that full wind that rocks the out-  
standing frs.'

Mr. Hallam Tennyson has prefixed to the volume an introductory essay which is valuable and suggestive; but we do not think that he is quite successful as against the critic who said that his uncle was often inattentive to form and style. The fact is that he *was*.

#### NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

*The Brides of Ardmore.* A Story of Irish Life. By AGNES SMITH. (Elliot Stock.) This is a well-studied and well-written story of the early Irish Church. Its period is the twelfth century, when the Roman order suppressed the more spiritual and human and independent Churches of Ireland. Bishops

were congregational pastors, and were husbands and fathers, the service was in the vernacular, and asceticism was but little known. The Brides of Ardmore are all daughters of bishops, of two, or rather three, generations. The invasion of Henry II. under the Earl of Pembroke (Strongbow) and his son, under sanction of a gift from the pope—one of the foulest crimes ever perpetrated against a nation—destroyed both the national and the ecclesiastical independence of Ireland. Perhaps the civil annexation was inevitable, but its methods may well make every Englishman blush for shame. The supremacy of Rome was an unmixed national disaster, and it is strange how, while the former has been desperately resisted even to our own day, the latter has been as abjectly submitted to. The catastrophe of the story is the conquest of Ardmore by the son of Strongbow. It is, however, much more than a mere story; it is a careful historical study, verified by an appendix of authorities, and is well worth careful reading. Its interest is well sustained, notwithstanding its lore. The only fault that we can find with it is that the speech is somewhat too modern in its allusions and idioms—perhaps in its thoughts and notions. We would specially commend it.—*The Words of Plotinus.* A Story of Old Rome. By Mrs. JOHN HUNT. In Three Volumes. (Strahan and Co.) Mrs. John Hunt has made a bold essay in this story. Not only is the theme, taken in itself, a very difficult one to treat satisfactorily in fiction, but it is one in which she follows the footsteps of really great writers, so that comparisons might readily be provoked. Kingsley and Dr. Newman have both dealt with the Neo-Platonic philosophy in conflict with Christian ideas, which, finding it impossible to subdue them, so far appropriated them to its purposes; and the author of the 'Schönberg Cotta Family' has recently treated similar subjects. In one respect Mrs. Hunt's book is too good. She attempts to do too much for the intellect in analyzing and presenting philosophical and theological ideas. But she has a clear and graceful style, and knows how to invest this with a glow of human interest. Here and there we have dainty bits of picture, and the characters are vividly and skillfully contrasted with each other. Plotinus himself we are made to understand, and to feel the secret of his great influence over the school which gathered around him. Laberius is admirably done, and he is well contrasted with Fabian. There is true pathos in the sketch of Acatia and her sorrowful end, and so there is in that of Fabian. Paulinus and Iope have a touch of reality which brings that old time near to us. Though we confess that we think the book would have been better had it been here and there considerably shortened, it exhibits remarkable powers of imagination, the power of gathering scattered elements into one whole, and now and then a true dramatic treatment, as in the chapters 'To the Lions,' and 'Lela.'—*Harold Saxon.* A Story of the Church and the World. By ALAN MUIR, author of 'Chil-

dren's Children.' In Three Volumes. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This novel, though it is not without defects, has a character of its own, and is by far the best Mr. Muir has written. It is very well constructed, bright and pleasant in style, is just sufficiently relieved by incident of a special kind, has one or two original characters, and is wrought up to a proper and consistent *dénouement*. Harold Saxon, a young clergyman, the son of an old-fashioned English rector, is a young man of piquant and individual turn, and through him three ladies soon become variously interesting to us—Kathleen O'Brien, Gertrude Treasure, and a certain Muriel. To find out how cleverly this is managed the reader must go to the book itself, not omitting to pay attention to the oddities of Dr. O'Brien and the pretensions of Sir Edward and Lady Saxon. Mr. Muir can be humorous in his own way. The attempts of Harold Saxon to buy a living bring him into relationship with Mr. Augustus Fly, and Mr. Augustus Fly, who belongs to a class that we trust is daily decreasing, has some touches which lead us to fancy that he is drawn from the life. Anyway he is most amusing. There are many chapters equally vivacious and attractive. We can commend the story as being well worthy of the attention of those who wish to know of a readable novel. — *Black Abbey*. By M. CROMMELIN. Three Vols. (Sampson Low and Co.) The authoress of 'Queenie' has prefixed her name to her new novels. It is another study of Irish character, done with intimate knowledge and with the intuitive touch of truth. Its strength lies in the delineation of its defective and even repulsive characters. *Black Abbey* is an estate in the north of Ireland possessed by the impoverished representative of the De Burgos family, a fast, hard, selfish old man, whose character has not one redeeming trait of generosity and tenderness. Tyrannical and brutal towards his servants, and even to his daughter and her orphan companion, he lives out his lengthened days in unredeemed vice and hatefulness. Hector, his son, is sensuous and commonplace, although honest, and is unworthy of Nannie White, whom he jilts for a granddaughter of a neighbouring Presbyterian minister, a somewhat loud, coarseminded, sensuous beauty, but with redeeming qualities somewhat resembling his own. The old Presbyterian minister is a charming portrait, well maintained in his blended goodness and simplicity. His son Luke, who becomes a popular minister, is also well imagined and carefully drawn. Nannie, the heroine, is a very fine study of one of the noblest of womanly characters, perfectly natural, and yet almost ideal in her love and self-sacrifice. The interest of the story turns upon the relations of the two families. Luke is engaged to Bonnibel, the minister's granddaughter, who jilts him that she may marry Hector. Luke has a better fate in Aileen, Hector's sister. We shrink from the conclusion which the last sentence of the story suggests—that Hector, who is in every way unworthy of her, may after all marry Nannie as

his second wife. The first volume is a little too much drawn out, and is somewhat tame, but the interest gathers, and in the third volume the passion deepens into absorbing interest, and is managed by Miss Crommelin with great skill and admirable truth. She has evidently bestowed much thought and labour over her creation, which, in some respects, is the finest novel she has written. — *The Ten Years' Tenant and other Stories*. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) The three stories collected into these volumes are arranged in the order of their length, and, we think, of their excellence. The first occupies less than half the first volume, the second extends to about a hundred pages of the second volume, and the third fills up the rest. *The Ten Years' Tenant* is a grotesque story of a man who possessed the art of renewing his vital energies every ten years, and who lived on to well-nigh three centuries. The authors have not made quite so much of the influences of such an experience upon the man himself, or of its incongruities of age, experience, and ideas as they might have done. It is, however, very cleverly put together. 'Sweet Nell' is a capital story of a Virginian orphan and heiress placed under the care of a London alderman at the period of the South Sea Bubble. The interest lies largely in the setting of the picture. Perhaps the villainy and dissoluteness are a little too predominant, but the times were unquestionably very 'fast.' Nelly, who tells the story, is capably drawn, so is the fine old alderman. 'Over the Sea with a Sailor' narrates the abduction of an English girl from Boscastle by the captain of a southern blockade runner towards the close of the late American war. Avis should scarcely, we think, have been left a 'Pick-me-up;' and the cost of her education is scarcely accounted for. All the stories are wonderfully realistic, with just that touch of refinement and of sentiment which idealizes realism and constitutes a work of imagination. The dual authorship is a mystery, but we do not wonder at the popularity of the stories. — *Sunrise: a Story of these Times*. By WILLIAM BLACK. Three Vols. (Sampson Low and Co.) We are all familiar with the transformation scene of pantomime. Mr. Black has enacted something similar with respect to his leading character in 'Sunrise.' He does, indeed, 'Suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.' Indeed, the process would have seemed ridiculous in almost any hands save those of Mr. Black, who knows so well how to relieve all this kind of thing by fancy, delicate and graceful by-play. And certainly he has done so here. George Brand, the *habitué* of London clubs, the proprietor of a fine estate, the pet of a large circle of good society, is transformed in a twinkling into a socialist, a member of secret societies, a voluntary travelling agent, in a word, an adventurer of a pronounced type, running all the risks of associating with desperate refugees in dingy and squalid rooms in Soho. It would not be realizable at all were it not that Mr. Black has so delicate and

quick a fancy as well as a great and powerful hold on life as it is. Of course this is all in illustration of the 'influence of woman.' George Brand does not go through all this warfare on his own charges. He is in love; that is the magic spell that masters him. Nathalie Lind, the daughter of a Hungarian refugee, is an admirable specimen of the kind of type on which Mr. Black wisely concentrates his strength. She is dainty and delightful, so thoroughly realized and presented by Mr. Black, that we do not wonder at George Brand's wonderful transformation. Love for Nathalie is evidently adequate enough. 'Perhaps the face, with its intellectual forehead, and the proud and finely-cut mouth, was a trifle too calm and self-reliant for a young girl; but all the softness of expression that was wanted, all the gentle and gracious timidity that we associate with maidenhood, lay in the large and dark and lustrous eyes . . . the outline of that clear olive-complexioned face broken only by the outward curve of the long lashes.' Mr. Black's great art is seen in reconciling this kind of daintiness and delicacy with the atmosphere of squalor in which much of this story moves, and actually gaining for each element by the contact. Mr. Black has here given us the result of long and careful study of socialistic and other forms of development; so that he is quite entitled to call his novel a story of these times. It is all this; and demands the more attention on that account. Clever, graceful, and finished as a story, it shows that Mr. Black is alive to the most evanescent ripple on the political and social atmosphere, and has the power to do what is so difficult—faithfully reflect it in fiction. This is a kind of experiment; but, luckily, Mr. Black does not wholly leave behind him the attractive elements of style which did so much for his popularity in former novels. This one, too, is full of fine pictures in Mr. Black's peculiar manner, and many will admire this who would rather eschew socialism or even the knowledge of it. But Mr. Black's characters are attractive, and doubtless they will conciliate many readers. This is the prerogative of such a genius as that of Mr. Black.—*Beside the River.* A Tale. By CATHERINE S. MACQUOID, Author of 'Patty,' 'In the Sweet Springtime,' &c. In Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) This novel is full of invention, and we have not a little dainty discrimination of character within a certain range, as well as some admirable pictures of that beautiful region by the Meuse, which Mrs. Macquoid knows so well; but we are compelled in honesty to own to some lack of freshness, a kind of effort, which we cannot help contrasting with the fresh impulse and strong insight that were exhibited in some of the very earliest of Mrs. Macquoid's novels. The truth is, the central interests and situations are not sufficient to support three volumes; the materials would have made an admirable short story; but the secondary personages and episodes are now and then tiresome. Mrs. Macquoid brings out well the character of the artistic-minded Edmond Dupuis, who

loves Jeanne La Haye, yet who, through misunderstandings and the plottings of others, marries Pauline, to feel that constant void and longing which few novelists have more successfully delineated than Mrs. Macquoid. Vidonze, with his selfishness and frivolity, who is passionately in love with Jeanne La Haye, but whom she does not love, is well rendered; and his search for Jeanne, and his behaviour when he does find her, forms one of the finest bits in the book; unless, indeed, we should except Jeanne's acknowledgment of her love for Edmond, while as yet she does not know that he is married, and then her retreat from him when she does know it. Mrs. Macquoid shows not a little skill in keeping at once her characters, French as they are, dramatically true, and yet not involving us in situations and avowals calculated somewhat to shock the proprieties. In style, this novel is far above the usual mark, though now and then Mrs. Macquoid slips into two horrid cockneyisms—'let go of,' and 'roused,' for 'roused himself.' But these are trifles; and the book is well worthy of being read.

#### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

*The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* Containing the Description of the Creation, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Destruction of Sodom, the Times of the Patriarchs and Nimrod, Babylonian Fables, and Legends of the Gods, from the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By GEORGE SMITH. A New Edition, thoroughly Revised and Corrected (with Additions), by A. H. SAYCE. With Illustrations. Sampson Low and Co.

Perhaps the discovery and decipherment of Babylonian literature is the most romantic and important literary achievement of the nineteenth century. Its relations to the Book of Genesis may prove to be of the utmost importance to Biblical exegesis. Mr. Layard's discovery of the library of Sardanapalus in the mound of Kouyunjik has led to an unexpected enlargement of our knowledge. Not only were tablets of Assyrian history of great interest and value discovered, but tablets in what was to the Assyrians a dead language. Chiefly through some of a bilingual character, the older Babylonian language was deciphered, and the key of the literature of a world two thousand years before Christ was put into the hands of scholars. It turned out that the Assyrian kings, Sardanapalus especially, had not only enriched the royal library with translations of Babylonian tablets derived from the old cities of the plain of Shinar, but had copied thousands that they did not translate, and had possessed themselves of the Accadian originals wherever they could. In this way the national treasures of Babylonia were found in the Assyrian library. It will be remembered how, in examining the tablets from Kouyunjik in the British Museum, Mr. George Smith noticed references to the Creation, and subsequently legends of the



Deluge. Excited by these, and through the liberality of the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph,' he went to Assyria to excavate for himself, and found other fragments of the legends. A second journey further enriched his collections, from which he compiled his 'Chaldean Account of Genesis,' published five years ago. His lamented death on a third expedition occurred soon after. The book excited great interest and gave a great impulse to Assyrian investigations. Great progress in translation has been made during these five years, and great numbers of new tablets have been acquired. The result has been a revision of doubtful translations, the completion of defective legends, the addition and collection of new tablets; so that the revision of Mr. Smith's tentative conclusions became imperative. Written on the eve of Mr. Smith's departure for Assyria, and with only imperfect materials in his hand, they could not be final. Mr. Sayce brings the work up to the present results of Assyrian research. Revising some of Mr. Smith's conclusions, and supplementing others, he has produced not indeed a new work, but a revision of what was only tentative, in a form which has all the merit of a new work. He brings out the indebtedness of Greek mythology to the Babylonian legends, especially the epic of 'Isdubar,' and thus supplies important materials for the study of comparative mythology. The agreement of the Babylonian legends of the Creation, Flood, &c., with the records of Genesis are too close to be regarded as independent. It will, therefore, at once be seen how important are the questions raised concerning their relations to each other, especially whether they have not a common origin in different chronicles of the same great facts. Even as here given, the immense superiority, both literary and moral, of the Bible records, is palpable to the most casual reader. One must anticipate with intensest interest the possible results of further decipherment and further discoveries when the mounds of Babylonia itself shall be explored. Meanwhile, may we venture a caution to ardent scholars like Mr. Sayce, that they do not leap to conclusions unwarranted by actual evidence. For instance, is it warrantable to say (pp. 56, 80) that because traces of a septennial division are to be found, the Accadians 'invented the week of seven days and kept a seventh day sabbath'? To observe is one thing, to invent another. A curious point in the Accadian legends of the Creation is that the primitive man was black-headed—the Accadians were black, while the Syrians or Semites were white. Sir Henry Rawlinson, to whom the discovery of this is due, thinks that the contrast between the daughters of Adam and the sons of God in the sixth chapter of Genesis is between the black and white races. Both the garden of Eden and the tree of life were well known to the Accadians. No Chaldean legend of a Fall has yet been discovered; but a Babylonian seal represents a tree with a human figure on either side of it with hands stretched out to take the fruit

and a serpent behind one of them. The most important of the epics of early Chaldaea is that of Isdubar, or Nimrod, discovered by Mr. Smith in 1872. The tablet of the Flood has been recovered almost in its entirety. Mr. Sayce thinks it a solar myth made up out of a number of previously existing and independent materials. It is full of interest in all its details.

*Sacred Books of the East.* Vols. VI. and IX. The Qur'an. Translated by E. PALMER. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

A new translation of the Qur'an by an Arabic scholar so competent as Mr. Palmer is an event of great literary importance. The two previous English translations of authority are, first, that of Sale, to whose scholarship Professor Palmer pays a high tribute, but takes exception to the large amount of exegetical matter that he has incorporated, and to the English style, which does not render either the nervous energy or the rugged simplicity of the original. Secondly, that of Mr. Rodwell, which Professor Palmer considers as a closer version of the Arabic, but with 'too much assumption of the literary style.' He also thinks that the chronological arrangement of the Sûrahs, though a help to the student, destroys the miscellaneous character of the book as actually used by Muslims. How far Professor Palmer himself has succeeded in improving upon these translations we must leave Arabic scholars to say. Those competent can be counted on the fingers of the hand. We can say only that the version reads well; it is full of the nervous energy and rugged simplicity in which he thinks Sale's version deficient. The annotations do not include the legends and historical allusions so fully given by Sale, but they are sufficient for all purposes of elucidation.

The history of the compilation is well known—Mohammed probably could not read or write, and portions of Qur'an were not written down on their delivery, but were repeated by him several times until he had learnt them by heart, and were sometimes altered and supplemented. Sometimes he employed an amanuensis. At his death no collected edition existed. Scattered fragments were in the possession of various of his followers, written on various scraps of heterogeneous materials. Some existed only in the memories of his disciples.

Mohammed's amanuensis, a native of Medinah, was employed by the Caliph Omar to collect and arrange the text. This he did from 'palm-leaves, skins, blade-bones, and the hearts of men.' Chronological order was disregarded, and even the logical connection of the various passages; the longer Sûrahs being placed first, and many odd verses seem to have been put in here and there because they suited the rhyme. Twenty years afterwards a commission was appointed to settle disputes about the text and its meaning; when the revised edition was completed. The Caliph Othman sent copies to all the principal cities of the empire, and caused the old version to

be burnt. This recension has remained the authorized text. Among modern editors Professor Nöldeke is *facile princeps*, an accomplished Arabic scholar, and a very able critic. He has endeavoured to arrange the Sûrahs in chronological order. His arrangement, Professor Palmer states, 'may be taken as the best which Arabic tradition combined with European criticism can furnish.' Dr. Weil and Mr. Muir have also given much attention to the chronology of the Sûrahs. Working more especially upon the lines of Professor Nöldeke, Mr. Rodwell, Rector of St. Ethelburga, has attempted a chronological arrangement in his translation.

We cannot enter upon the relations of Mohammed to Judaism and Christianity and his indebtedness to them. Some of the Sûrahs are full of references to them. The series of which these volumes form part would have been incomplete without them, and no one more competent than Professor Palmer could have been found to do them. But should not the volumes have been numbered in sequence?

*The Lord's Prayer and the Church. Letters to the Clergy.* By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L. With Replies from Clergy and Laity. Edited by the Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M.A. Strahan and Co.

The intention of this book is doubtless good, and there are some fine things in it; but it is open to much criticism, both in regard to its spirit and its form. One of the most difficult things, as practical persons know, is to conduct a discussion properly. In a book of this kind, where there is unlimited license for each side to pursue its own course without strict regard to what has been advanced by the other, the necessity of keeping to the point is not likely to be regarded. Nor has it. Mr. Ruskin, who has more and more lost the accent of simplicity, just as he has ventured into regions which demand it, exhibits an air of omniscience, and an inadequate grasp, as well as an incapacity to see an opponent's point of view. Not that the opponents, in this case, are always very wise or weighty in their remarks; still one or two points Mr. Ruskin might have calmly dealt with, and, in dealing with them, might have had an opportunity of doing more justice to Nonconformists, while losing nothing in opening the eyes of Churchmen to the real necessities of the time. Mr. Ruskin is dictatorial and offensively dogmatic. He cannot tolerate the straining attitude in another; he is always on the strain himself. He would rather say a fine thing to satisfy himself for the moment than gain double weight to his argument by re-framing his sentences. Here, as in so many of his recent exercises, he is not really sure of his point of view. Mr. Carlyle still leads him the strangest dance. He really wishes all institutions to be held by a tight hand, and yet he pronounces in praise of great individual freedom. His ideas are high, but they are not reliable. He paints in his own mind a state of things that might be; he suggests very little in a practical way to improve things as they

are. The best things that he says here have been said far better before, and with less of a shrill and querulous tone. It is easy to write such sentences as these: 'A bishop means a person who sees. A parson means a person who feeds. The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be blind. The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed—to be a mouth. Take the two reverses together, and you have blind mouths.' We have heard all this before. It becomes tiresome. The only element to sustain interest in these letters is the curious pertinacity of iteration of which they prove Mr. Ruskin to be capable. There is something altogether feminine in it. It may be quite true of the clergy that 'prophecy they cannot; sacrifice they cannot; in their hearts there is no vision, in their hands no victim;' but we do wish that the idea had been communicated in terms less antithetical and pretentious. We have no call to magnify the merits of the Anglican priesthood, or ministry, as Mr. Ruskin, somewhat offensively to them, would have it; but a little charity might have suggested something less of a harsh and unrelieved libel. But Mr. Ruskin can easily sacrifice the character of a class for an epigram, and in a high-handed manner commit the very sin for which he is reproving others. After all this expenditure of ink, we firmly believe that Mr. Ruskin has missed the main point. It is simply this, that no State Church can be self-governing, and this implies that a high standard of discipline cannot be maintained. The real point of criticism, therefore, is against a system under which, in spite of general tendency, good and noble men have been and are produced. No Church system can be perfect, and from the point of view of Mr. Ruskin his main argument would lie against any one of them. It is as amusing to see how Mr. Ruskin pours out his theorizings without any idea of definite applications, mixing them up with never so much satire and invective, as it is to see how those who profess to reply to him wander aimlessly hither and thither 'beating the air.' We honestly believe that Mr. Ruskin would have consulted his own purpose better by referring those concerned to the passages in his former books, which embody his thoughts on the subjects here dealt with. It is long since we gave up hope of Mr. Ruskin's improvement in treating such things, and there is some pain felt in the sense of reproof that comes to us along with the thought that now we get little but amusement out of an author who at one time seriously taught and led us. The volume is a curiosity, and in this respect has a value, but no more.

*Boston Monday Lectures: Biology, Transcendentalism, Orthodoxy, Conscience, Heredity, Marriage, Labour, Socialism.* By JOSEPH COOK. Hodder andoughton.

Popular and cheap editions of Mr. Cook's Lectures, authorized and revised by the author. Mr. Cook is doing a unique service by his lectures. They are very able indeed—full of reading, thinking, fulness, and power, some

desultoriness and inconsequence notwithstanding. Whatever faults specialists may point out, Mr. Cook's lectures accomplish their great religious end—they are effectual answers to materialistic infidelity. The type and get-up of this edition, which is very cheap, leave nothing to be desired.

*The Province of Law in the Fall and Recovery of Man.* By the Rev. JOHN COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton.

*Jesus Christ's Mode of Presenting Himself to the World a Proof of His Divine Mission.* By the Rev. JOHN COOPER. Same Publishers.

*Self Sacrifice.* By the Rev. JOHN COOPER. Same Publishers.

Mr. Cooper is, we believe, an American clergyman, possessing considerable vigour of mind, a somewhat philosophical caste of thought, and some little hardness of manner, so that his books are somewhat severe reading. They are evidential in character. Mr. Cooper thinks that hitherto there has been no reasoned or scientific exhibition of the principles of the Christian revelation. We should have thought that Christian apologists had really left but little to be done in this way. He thinks that 'by her own tests and methods science will be able to demonstrate that the operations of the Divine life in the soul of man are just as capable of investigation as are the movements of physical life in the body.' This strikes us to be an utter misconception of the proper sphere and necessary limits of science, by which here clearly physical science is meant. Physical science has no tests or methods which she can apply to spiritual life.

In the book on Law Mr. Cooper professes to supply the science of Christianity, and he demonstrates the paramount power of moral law in the necessary disabilities of sin, and the harmony with it of the Christian method of salvation; but are not these the common-places of Christian theology. Indeed, under forms that seem novel and assume to be logical, the writer puts forth a good many truisms, and propounds as something like discoveries familiar conclusions. Surely, too, something more about the problem of evil might be said than we find on p. 223, where moral and physical disorder are confused in a very unscientific way.

Mr. Cooper's books contain very much that is true and important, but they are needlessly pretentious in aim and dogmatic in method. They produce the impression of a smattering rather than of a profound or complete philosophy.

*L'Immortalité Conditionnelle, ou La Vie en Christ.* Par EDWARD WHITE. Traduit par CHARLES BYSE. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.

It cannot fail to add greatly to Mr. White's satisfaction with the reception which his book has met with from his own countrymen to find that it has been regarded on the Continent as worthy of translation into French. It will, no doubt, be said by some that this has been done by advocates of these views. Granting that this is so, it will not detract from

their estimate of the intrinsic excellence and value of the work. That the author of 'Life in Christ' is held by some of the leading minds of the continent to be one of the ablest exponents of this doctrine is clearly set forth by the translator in the reasons assigned for undertaking the task. Mr. Byse—and we may include also Dr. Petavel—gives prominence to the following points. (1) That this treatise is the fairest in argument and most in harmony with the laws of sound exegesis and the analogy of nature. (2) That it is the most comprehensive and complete in its treatment of the subject—combining the doctrinal and practical, and thereby constituting a grand treatise on Christian doctrine. (3) That it is pre-eminent on the ground of its reverence for the supernatural in scripture and for the caution and prudence with which it educes and develops its facts. (4) That it stands unique in its scientific character, especially in its discussion of biological problems. And lastly, that it presents the fullest exhibition of the genetical issues of the doctrine of conditional immortality. The translator, who ought to be a competent judge, predicts for it in its new form a wide circulation.

The work is not, however, strictly speaking, a translation, but, what in our opinion is decidedly better, an adaptation and abridgment rendered into genuine French. The translator and editor, Mr. Byse, has greatly reduced the size of the work by removing unnecessary quotations, reducing the number of illustrations, and condensing the arguments, and yet without omitting a single important idea or even a striking expression. In all this the translator has acted with scrupulous fidelity, and the work is, in our opinion, improved as far as ordinary readers are concerned. Mr. Byse has secured throughout the counsel and aid of Mr. Petavel-Olliff.

*The Tone and Teaching of the New Testament on Certainty in Religion.* Being the Merchants' Lecture for October, 1880. By EDWARD WHITE. Elliot Stock.

Mr. White inaugurated his function as Merchants' Lecturer by these four admirable discourses on the possibility and methods of certainty in Religious Belief; dealing chiefly with the fact and tone of certainty in the New Testament writers, and the basis of it; and this in respect, first, to miraculous facts, next, to Christian doctrine, and next, to personal salvation. The lectures strike out many interesting lines of evidence. They are an enforcement of Bishop Butler's common-sense positions, that the most satisfactory way of accounting for Christianity is to accept it as true. It is a valuable little book to put into the hands of thoughtful inquirers about Christianity, or such as are disturbed by modern objections to it.

*The Gospel Miracles, in their relation to Christ and to Christianity.* By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

Dr. William Taylor's writings are well

pitched to suit the average comprehension of thinking minds. They are neither abstruse nor common-place; the argument is lifted up to the proper elevation, and yet at no part is it transcendental. Clearness of conception, and aptness, sometimes tartness, of expression are combined with simplicity, so that the air never becomes murky around either himself or his readers. He is up to the mark in presenting a good life-picture of his subject, leaning in his descriptions more to the popular pole than to the technical, and the account is never weighted with redundancy of verbiage, but the ground is always elastic under his foot. He has also great liteness of mental movement, and can follow the undulations of his subject with great precision.

In these Lectures, delivered by request at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he aims at giving a useful rather than a recondite exposition of the gospel miracles. Some fifteen years ago he published a book on 'The Miracles—Helps to Faith,' and the present volume contains substantially the same line of thought somewhat more matured. The old arguments are set forth in new lights, and are felt to be very cogent, when so pithily stated. We regret that he takes so little notice of that phase of the subject which is so important at the present time, the attack made by the advocates of positive science on the miracles of the Bible as being out of harmony with the two great principles of Evolution and the Conservation of Energy, which, it is contended, make miracles an impossibility. But the argument is everywhere forcibly put, and the reasoning is incisive and conclusive.

*The Higher Criticism and the Bible.* A Manual for Students. By WILLIAM B. BOYCE, Wesleyan Minister. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This is a most useful book for those who wish to get a bird's-eye view of the battle going on at the present hour in the field of Biblical criticism. The author has shown indomitable industry in the collection of his materials, and has put a large amount of well-digested and strictly relevant matter into a small space. It is not only his marvellous perseverance in garnering up so much that is helpful to a clear and full understanding of the subject that strikes the reader, but none of the witnesses are called in unnecessarily, and the testimony of each has a definite bearing in establishing the position which he wishes to make out. Hence a volume which might otherwise have been dry as a collection of critical details, wears a fresh and agreeable aspect throughout.

The treatment is judicious both in the selection of points to bring before the student and in the manner of handling them. A more perfect unity of arrangement would be an advantage; and though the ornamental is out of place in such a book, a little attention might have been given to perspective in the placing of the topics and the arguments. But the author travels over too large a field for a small duodecimo. His aim is to present us

with a *vidimus* of the controversy in its Pro-*testant* phases to which the higher criticism has given rise in accounting for the composing of the different books of Scripture. He rightly draws the line at the outset between the two schools of criticism—the old evidential school, which rests its faith chiefly on testimony, and the school of the higher criticism, which trusts mainly to a certain intuitive power of perception that men of high gifts and superior scholarship profess to have, and by which they think they can make out a great deal from the internal evidence. It is, in fact, the old lines of faith and reason.

Mr. Boyce dates the starting-point of the higher criticism from the time of Astruc, the French physician, who first propounded the theory of the Elohist and Jehovist documents, along with certain others—some say twelve documents in all—from which Moses compiled the Pentateuch. These documents, written by unknown authors, in different styles, got hopelessly confused, so that the pages of the Pentateuch are mottled all over with different styles, like a piece of artificial mosaic work; and the work of the higher critics is to determine to which unknown author this or that fragment belongs, whether to the Elohist, the Jehovist, the Elohist junior, the Redactor, the Deuteronomist, or the Levitical legislators. Mr. Boyce is specially successful in exposing the absurdity of this theory, as the critics attempt to carry it out. Throughout the book the author fairly and clearly states every point, and holds the balance even between the value of the theories which he notices. We regard him as a safe guide through the labyrinths of rationalistic criticism.

*The Englishman's Bible, &c.* By THOMAS NEWBURY. Eyre and Spottiswoode; S. W. Partridge and Co.

The labour expended in producing this kind, and doubtful as regards utility. The volume is gigantic in quantity, mechanical in author's energies, if not wasted, might have been applied to more important subjects. It is with reluctance that we give utterance to such an opinion, for we have no doubt the author honestly thinks that he is rendering important service to his generation. The scholarship displayed in the work before us is decidedly feeble, and the philology defective. We would adduce as a specimen his explanation of the name Jehovah. 'JEHOVAH or YE-HOV-AH, is a compound of three Hebrew words, YEH-yeh, "He will be," hOVe, "being," hah-yAH, "He was." Taking the first three letters of "yeh-yeh," YEH, the two middle letters of "hove," OV, and the last two of "hah-yah," AH, we have YEH-OV-AH. Jehovah, or Jehovah. He which is, and which was, and which is to come.' The sacredness of the name prevents us from dealing with the above explanation as it deserves. We have no doubt that it will remind our readers of conundrums with which they are familiar. The author also seems to take the plural Elohim as descriptive of the triune God. Further, in looking over his

illustration of the complicated system of annotation, we have been led to doubt whether Mr. Newbury is acquainted with the fact that the article is but prefixed to a noun in the construct state. The grammatical explanations generally are open to serious criticism, but this may be regarded in a great measure as a condescension to the ignorance of his readers rather than as a manifestation of his own. Finally, in the case of a language like Hebrew, which differs so entirely from the English in tenses, idioms, and especially the employment of the article, such a work as the present is likely to lead the man of one language astray. If the original language coincided in idiom and structure with his own, such a work would be agreeable, and might be helpful; but when such is not the case, it may indulge his fancy, but can never enlarge his real knowledge of the original document. His wisest course will be to peruse a faithful translation of it into his own tongue. We have confined our remarks chiefly to the Old Testament; but the author's treatment of the New is open to similar criticism, although not to the same extent; take, for example, the derivations, synonyms, and the 'graphic scheme of the Greek prepositions as viewed according to the idea of geometrical relationship.' The general information respecting weights, measures, &c., cannot give this volume a special claim on the reader's attention, since it is contained in almost every work on the subject.

*A Popular Handbook of Christian Evidences.*  
By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Part I.  
Theism and Related Subjects. Sunday  
School Union.

Dr. Kennedy's clear head, wide reading, and lucid method of exposition fit him for dealing with the popular infidelity of the day, as in many ways he has dealt with it. He here concerns himself with the general evidence of theism as preparatory to the special evidence of Christianity. His exposition is a medium between the bareness of mere outline and the fulness of exhaustive exposition. In a series of seven chapters he deals with the great problems involved in the idea and affirmation of a God, and especially with modern theories of atheism, pantheism, agnosticism, materialism, &c. A better handbook for the theistic questions of the day it would be difficult to find. It deals not only with anti-theistic ideas, but with the forms in which modern thinkers present them.

*The Prophecies of Isaiah.* By the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A. Vol. II. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The commentary of which this volume is the concluding portion is the result of many years of patient and careful study devoted to the Isaianic prophecies, and we regard it as in many respects the most important contribution of its class which ever issued from the English press. More than twelve years ago a small pamphlet was published by the author, entitled 'Notes and Criticisms on the

Hebrew Text of Isaiah,' which, by its independence and originality, fully established the qualifications of the writer for his task, and, if we remember aright, he indicated then the method he has since so successfully pursued. Ten years ago a small volume, entitled 'The Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged,' was heartily welcomed by many on account of the admirable summary it presented of the results of recent inquiries into the authorship and compositions of these prophecies, and made them wishful to see the completion of the larger work of which it was a fragment. The translation aimed at transferring into English the full meaning of the original. And the short notes revealed deep sympathy and reverence for these prophetic oracles, and a thorough mastery of prophetic literature, combined with philological accuracy. The present work differs in several important features from its predecessor and herald. Ten years' study have caused great changes not simply in the details, but in the essential character of the work. The standpoint is scarcely the same. The different prophecies are not arranged chronologically, the order is that of the Hebrew text and the Authorized Version. Ten years ago the author emphatically adopted the new view of double authorship, which he has abandoned for a more satisfactory one. The commentary is much fuller as well as more valuable and instructive. The translation is much more independent, and scarcely a line of it remains unchanged. It would be interesting if we had space to give instances of these deviations. Many readers of the volume of 1870 will be astonished at the pages in which the author so reluctantly and frankly describes how he was 'surprised' into accepting a 'definitely Christian interpretation of the Old Testament, and into believing that the Psalms and the Prophets foreshadow special circumstances in the life of Christ, as well as His Divine nature and vicarious sufferings.' In fact it is not too much to say that the scope and spirit of the present work is different from the preceding. Some, we fear, will put this down to the hopeless condition of Semitic studies, and others will regard it in the light of retrogression. Those who are capable of judging will not regard it as the result of the uncertainty of grammatical and logical criteria, but of honest research combined with more mature judgment and riper scholarship.

The commentary before us differs from all other productions of English scholarship; firstly, by a more complete mastery of all the literature of the subject, the smallest monographs not excepted; secondly, by a free acceptance of the contributions of Assyrian discoveries; and thirdly, by a frank acknowledgment of the influence of the views and beliefs of surrounding nations upon Old Testament ideas. This constitutes an important advance in the right direction, and cannot fail to be attended with the greatest benefit to Old Testament exegesis.

Mr. Cheyne's standpoint is that philological and Christian interpretation can be honestly

combined without any unworthy or detrimental compromise. While believing in a definitely Christian interpretation of the Old Testament, he holds that it should be based entirely upon the grammatical and lexical meaning. He has honestly attempted to carry into practice what is generally admitted in theory, viz., the full supremacy of grammar and lexicon. He expresses himself as having an unfeigned horror of giving the slightest stretch to a word or construction in deference to theological preconceptions. He has quoted the original to seek its meaning and not to search for a support of his own prejudgment. Those who do not know the responsibility of dealing with Divine oracles will construe his caution and self-restraint into timidity. We trust the spirit and attitude of the author will have a healthful influence in checking the hasty conclusions and dogmatic utterances common to different schools of exegesis.

While the critical and exegetical notes are instructive and valuable in difficult or disputed passages, the main interest centres in the illustrative essays appended to the second volume, for it is here that most of the problems suggested by the Isaianic prophecies are worked out. Here it will be most clearly seen, that the author's spiritual experience has changed as well as his critical views. No Biblical student can afford to pass them over, and if in some instances he should disagree with the conclusions arrived at by the author, he will always be ready to acknowledge that they are honest, able, and independent. This fine commentary deserves, and will command, the careful attention of all Biblical students.

*English Philosophers.* Sir William Hamilton.

By W. H. T. MONCK, M.A. Sampson Low and Co.

The growing interest in philosophy which is proved by the daily multiplying series of publications intended to popularize its study is itself a gratifying fact. There is a danger, however, that in the attempt to supply pleasing expositions there may be a sacrifice of the substance. It is scarcely too much to say that philosophy in its highest sense can never be really made popular. The philosopher, like the poet, is born, not made; and unless there be original aptitude for abstract thought, it is questionable if any amount of study will ever implant the taste without which it must be mere drudgery. It is to the credit of Professor Monck that he has not attempted to make the interpretation of the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton—the first subject of the present series—merely popular. The object of the editor of the series is, as stated in the preface, 'to lay before the reader what each English philosopher thought and wrote about the problems with which he dealt, not what we may think he ought to have thought and written.' In this spirit the present work has evidently been written. Evidently the writer has worked himself thoroughly into Hamilton's points of view, and has thus been able to reproduce the salient lines of his thinking. With all his admiration, however, for the Scottish

thinker, he has not been able to succeed in imparting unity or consistency to either his metaphysics or his logic. We gladly admit with him that the influence of Hamilton was highly stimulative, though we may doubt if this was in any sense due to the 'incompleteness' of his work. This 'incompleteness' was in great part due to the philosopher's natural indolence, which Professor Monck is compelled to admit in the brief account he gives of his life. But there was more than 'incompleteness,' there was often absolute contradiction. No ingenuity will ever reconcile Hamilton's natural realism with his doctrine of the relativity of knowledge; and his doctrine of substance was directly at variance with his most cherished opinions regarding the conditions under which we acquire knowledge. When Professor Monck therefore assumes that Hamilton did solve the problem of the existence of matter, he treads questionable ground, which has been, and will continue to be, a field of fierce controversy. We mention this point, because it seems to us that it is significantly illustrative of the spirit of the exposition before us. Professor Monck has allowed his conviction as to the great powers of Hamilton and the undoubtedly stimulative influence of his philosophical work to blind him to the fundamental insufficiency of his philosophy, as a serious essay at the consistent solution of the great problems with which it deals. He certainly allows that Hamilton had 'not worked out his theory' of substance; but there is scarcely any one problem which he did work out. His was a vast intelligence, but it was encumbered by the weight of learning which had been laboriously acquired, and was never 'lightly' worn, as the Poet Laureate says was the case with another thinker—who bore all his weight of learning 'lightly like a flower.' Hamilton will continue to influence students, and his ideas will continue full of suggestiveness; but we doubt if his works even now are read as they were twenty years ago; and we fear they are likely to be less read as time goes on. Nevertheless, he must ever occupy high rank among English philosophers, and he is deserving, therefore, of a prominent place in a series like the present.

*Philosophical Classics for English Readers.*

Edited by Professor WILLIAM KNIGHT.

*Descartes.* By J. MAHAFFY. *Butler.* By W. LUCAS COLLINS. *Berkeley.* By Professor FRASER. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

Messrs. Blackwood have undertaken a comprehensive and what should prove both a useful and remunerative work in determining to bring out a series of 'Philosophical Classics for English Readers.' Their 'Greek and Roman Classics for English Readers' were a conspicuous success, and induced them to turn their attention to 'Foreign European Classics.' They have made a further extension of their original plan in the series now before us, which is to include sketches of the lives and systems of the principal philosophical writers of modern Europe, from Bacon to

Descartes onwards. In Professor Knight they have secured a skilful and competent editor, whose catholic sympathies and generous instincts will find fitting scope in the work he has undertaken, and who may be relied on not to pass through his hands work that will be in any sense of a sectarian or partizan order. The catholicity of his aims is seen by the terms in which he describes his enterprise. Whether or not there be that growing interest in philosophy on which he counts, whether or not he will be able to enlist the sympathies of 'the general reader' in philosophical literature, we may expect that he will supply sketches of the lives and systems of the great thinkers who have handed on the torch of thought that will prove as instructive as they may be made suggestive. He will be guided, as we conceive, by the idea of the 'genetic' character of modern philosophy. The individual characteristics of thinkers have often played a great part in determining their thoughts. But we must know the conditions under which they grappled with the problems of philosophy if we are to understand them, and therefore it is essential to show how they received these from their predecessors, in order to discern the additions they made in handing them on to their successors, and thus to illustrate 'what they contributed to the increasing purpose of the world's thought and its organic development.' The idea of a History of Philosophy unfolded genetically through the labours of the great system-makers ought to prove a very fertile one; and we doubt not this will be found here to be the case. The series aptly begins with Descartes, whose life and works, under the skilful expository treatment of Professor Mahaffy, are made mutually to throw light on each other. Professor Mahaffy is himself a philosophical expert, and he has followed with much carefulness on the lines which the editor of the series has laid down. The life and the writings dovetail into and cast light upon each other. Professional philosophers may possibly desiderate in his treatment of his subject that thorough discussion of the purely philosophical idea which we should have looked for. But it is not for professional philosophers that this series is chiefly intended. If it supplies the general reader with ample and accurate information regarding the chief philosophical writers, it will have fulfilled its purpose; and this is done very ably and very carefully here in regard to Descartes. Amongst those to follow are Berkeley, Fichte, Hume, Hamilton, Bacon, Hegel, Hobbes, Kant, Spinoza, and Vigo, all in the hands of admirable writers, who may be trusted to do for their respective subjects what has been done for Descartes by Professor Mahaffy.

This is an admirably lucid sketch of the life, character, and work of the immortal author of the 'Analogy.' Mr. Collins has been always careful to remember that what is expected of him is interpretation and exposition, not a treatise supplying his own views upon Bishop Butler's opinions. And the interpretation and exposition are so skilfully dovetailed here with the biography that—as

is the design of the series of which the volume is a member—each throws light upon the other. Dr. Knight shows the catholicity of his judgment in matters philosophical by including Butler among English philosophers. There was nothing in him that is akin to, or in common with, the philosophy of modern transcendentalism; for Butler was always clear and always practical. But that he was a philosopher in the true sense of the term will not be doubted by any whose views are not bounded by the limits of a special school. He carried a stage further the great lines of philosophical thought as applied to the problems of natural and revealed religion. Thought to him was the instrument, not the object of investigation; the means, not the end. He applied it, inductively, within the sphere to which he specially devoted himself, and was a true disciple of the Father of Inductive Philosophy. Like him, he discerned, as if instinctively, the limits within which alone thought could legitimately operate. With the modesty of true genius, he recognized that the ingenious reasoning set forth by him with so much power and force could never produce convictions of absolute certainty. The interest to be attained is a feeling of the high degree of probability attaching to the argument from analogy. But intellectual probability may confirm, if it cannot create, moral assurance—the presumption as to things unseen, which are beyond the reach of logical demonstration, which in theological language is called faith. Nothing more than that is attainable, and it may be that no more is desirable. In these days some presumptuous scientists may sneer at Butler and the 'Analogy,' but it is only because they are incapable of appreciating the nature of moral and religious truth. Far from the line of reasoning form analogy being exhausted, we believe that in its extension and its correctivity and adaptation to the larger results attained in our day by modern science, lies the true sphere of reasoning in regard to the 'things unseen and eternal.' Butler suggested the true sphere and scope of such reasoning when he pointed out that demonstrable knowledge of such things would be inconsistent with the whole nature and ordeal of man in a state of probation; and from this hypothesis raised by probable reasoning to a high degree of moral force, derived additional support from the results attained by process of induction. The student must study Butler in his own works; but he could not do better than commence his study of him by careful perusal of this very excellent sketch of the man and his works.

No living man, or none at all events who has made himself articulately known to his fellows, is perhaps so well able to give instruction about Berkeley and the Berkeleian philosophy as Professor Fraser. He may be said, in a sense, to have given his life to unravelling all the intricacies or only half-revelations that have come down to us regarding the good bishop himself and regarding his thoughts on matters philosophical. In the splendid edition of Berkeley's works given to the world some few years ago we have an en-



during monument from Professor Fraser's pen, and through his unwearied diligence, to the memory of the great English idealist. It was a happy thought therefore to ask the editor of Berkeley to prepare a little work on his life and philosophy on the plan which has been adopted in this series, in which the two might be made to illuminate each other. That the work has been done with amplitude of knowledge scarcely need be said. The diligence and loving care with which Berkeley's biographer is continuously in search of new materials illustrative of his philosopher, have enabled him to add 'important new biographical material,' and to supply an 'original portrait of Berkeley . . . from a picture taken at a much earlier period in his life than those hitherto published.' The claim of this little book, however, is of much more ambitious order than to present new facts or new material, that may throw light on the life and writings of the Bishop of Cloyne. 'This volume,' says Professor Fraser, in the preface, 'is an attempt to present, for the first time, Berkeley's philosophic thought in its organic unity. The thought is unfolded in connection with his personal history, and it is compared with the results of later philosophical endeavours, including those of chief scientific and theological interest at the present day.' The attempt to do which is certainly very ingenious, and will be read with interest by the student of philosophical thought. But he will not have read long before he will see reason for suspecting that Professor Fraser, in his zeal and abundant love of Berkeley, has read *into* him and his works a good deal more than the philosopher himself would ever have discovered there. When we find Berkeley connected with the genetic history of philosophy, not merely in the common recognized order through Hume and Locke, but with Kant and all the Germans, and later with the Agnosticisms and Rationalisms and Scepticisms of these blind times of our own, we begin to have a doubt that his zeal and love carry the accomplished and amiable Professor rather too far. In the 'Siris,' it is true, are glimpses of higher thoughts, thoughts which harmonize with a system of ordered Rationalism—or Gnosticism, as the Professor terms it, in bitter contrast with Agnosticism—as these are with what he also calls faith. But to discover the seeds of these differing views or theories of the universe, not only lying interlocked as it were in the suggestive thought of the good bishop, but associated in such grand way as can in any sense be termed 'organic unity,' is a considerable feat in philosophical criticism, which, as seems to us, requires the exercise of what Schelling would have called the philosophical intuition or highly philosophical imaginative capability for devising abstract thought. However, the discovery gives a rotundity and completeness to the Berkeleyian essay which, if not absolutely true to nature, gives it an artistic look such as will attract the regards of many. For the rest, the setting forth of the real elements of

Berkeleyianism—what Professor Fraser ponderously calls Pan-Phenomenalism—is done here with amplitude of knowledge and orderliness of connection, which enables the student who knows Berkeley already to take a clearer bird's-eye view of him. But the book will be more of a prize to the already instructed philosophical student than to the general public, wishful of some smattering of knowledge in philosophical matters, for whom this series is largely intended.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* Edited by the Rev. Canon SPENCE and the Rev. JOSEPH EXELL. Judges. Ruth. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Lord A. C. Harvey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, undertakes the general exposition of the Book of Judges. The Introduction is brief, and not very remarkable for its contents, dealing almost exclusively with questions of chronology. The expository notes claim the same characterization. They deal feebly with the real difficulties of the text. Why is the Syriac followed in opposition to all other authorities in chapter iii. 24? The difficulties of Samson's history are passed over in the most superficial manner, the statements of the text being little more than paraphrased. The Rev. A. F. Muir and the Rev. W. F. Adeney contribute the homily outlines. Dr. James Morrison deals more vigorously with Ruth, but with a tendency to spiritualize that in exegesis needs restraining with a strong hand. He rightly, we think, conceives the *raison d'être* of the book to be the religiousness of Ruth's filial piety, and thinks the anonymous author to have been 'a true *littérateur*.' The Introduction, as well as the Commentary, is vigorous and suggestive. The Rev. W. M. Statham and Professor J. S. R. Thomson supply the homilies. For those who can rightly use it the homiletic section of the volume will be very suggestive.

*Studies in Deductive Logic.* A Manual for Students. By W. STANLEY JEVONS. Macmillan and Co.

This is a book for students, and for students only. It contains a carefully arranged exposition of the peculiar views in logic which are associated with the name of Professor Jevons. It cannot be doubted or denied that his works have been of great practical service; but those who regard the writer as fundamentally wrong in his views about logic, inasmuch as he makes it so much of a merely mechanical exercise, will not esteem the value of their services so highly as his many admirers do. It is unfortunate that logicians have so little good to say of each other. Professor Jevons is no exception; for he denies all merit to the late Sir William Hamilton, whose admirers fondly—in *his* day—supposed him to be a second Aristotle. Whether the one logician or the other be right, however, the thoughtful reader is sure to find abundant material for mental exercises of a highly ingenious order in the 'Studies' before us; and to that class of students of logic the book may be very heartily commended.



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# THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

FOR JULY, 1881.

## ART. I.—*Augustodunum*.

- (1) *Traduction des Discours d'Émène*. Par M. l'Abbé LENDRIOT et M. l'Abbé ROCHET. Accompagnée du Texte, &c., &c. Par M. l'Abbé ROCHET. Publication de la Société Éduenne. Autun. 1854.
- (2) *Cartulaire de l'Église d'Autun*. Publié par A. DE CHARMASSE. Publication de la Société Éduenne. Paris, and Autun. 1854.\*

It is not very many years since we set forth the claims of *Angusta Treverorum*, *Trier*, *Trèves*, of its history and of its monuments, to the study of those whose thoughts lead them to the transitional ages of European history, and to the part which the city on the Mosel, the dwelling-place of Constantine and Valentinian, played in the events of those stirring times.† From Trier we may feel almost naturally called to another famous Gaulish city with which Trier is in some sort brought into a sisterly relation. We cannot go through our chief authorities for the great days of the city of the Treveri without having the city of the *Ædui* brought strongly home to our thoughts. From Au-

*gusta Treverorum* by the Mosel we are taught to look to *Augustodunum* by the far smaller and less famous *Arroux*. And from both, in the days of their common glory, we are further led to cast our eyes over a far wider space, even to the distant Illyrian land whence in that age came forth the chosen rulers of mankind. Our thoughts flit to and fro between Trier and Autun, they flit from both to Naissus and Salona, when an orator from the banks of the *Arroux* sets forth by the banks of the Mosel how much both the city of his birth and the city of his sojourn owed to *Cæsars* and *Augusti* from beyond the Hadriatic. Trier is the city of the panegyrist; but one of the chief of the panegyrist, if he spoke at Trier, came from Autun, and made Autun his theme rather than Trier. We thus get pictures of the two cities in the same age, the age which was the most flourishing of all ages for the city of the Treveri, and which seems to have been a time of renewed splendour for the city of the *Ædui*. Eumenius, Athenian by descent, but by birth, by education, by local feeling, a loyal son of Autun, came to Trier, as the imperial city of the West, to plead for his native city, to return thanks for good deeds done to his native city, to set forth the praises of the princes by whom his native city had been brought back to somewhat of the flourishing state from which she had been lately cast down. Two generations of the Flavian house listened to the honeyed words of the orator whose heart, and the hearts of his countrymen, professed to be lifted up with joy because *Augustodunum* had for a moment changed its name to Flavia. Eumenius came to speak the panegyric of the elder Constantius, while he still held only the rank of *Cæsar*. The *Cæsar*

\* These two volumes are among the many publications of an active local society, which still cleaves to the ancient name of the district which is the scene of its work. We can bear witness, by experience on the spot, that several others of the *Ædunan Society's* books are of real use in working out *Ædunan* history on *Ædunan* soil. But, alas, some of the most valuable of these are not to be bought, either at Autun or seemingly elsewhere. Writing away from Autun, we have been confined to such help as was to be got from the two whose names we have copied.

† See BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. cxxiii., reprinted in 'Historical Essays.' Third Series.

could not be praised without adding the praises of his father the Augustus, and the Augustus of the West could not be praised without adding the praises of the mightier Augustus of the East, whose will alone had called the other princes of the Roman world into their Imperial being. The orator of Autun pays his homage to Constantius at Trier; but he must also pay his homage to Maximian, the official chief of his own ruler, and to Diocletian, father and lord of all. Thus, as we trace out the great works of Roman power at Autun, memory makes its way by only a few stages, not only to the Black Gate of Trier, but to the columns of Hercules at Milan and to the arcades of Jovius by the Dalmatian shore. As the Ædian orator had come to praise the father, so he came on the same ground to praise his yet more famous son. Constantine, already Augustus but not sole Augustus, lord of York and Trier but not yet lord of Rome, listened, perhaps with equal good will, to the discourse which set forth his merits as the second founder of the Ædian Flavia, and to the discourse which hailed the return to good old Roman ways, as the Treveran amphitheatre beheld his Frankish captives helpless in the jaws of the wild beasts.\* The future founder of a new and Christian Rome, the future president of the first œcumenical synod of the Church, was then satisfied to be addressed as the favourite of Apollo by the pagan orator who returned thanks for the restoration of a pagan city.† Trier was the favoured spot which rejoiced to be before all others his special dwelling-place;‡ but Autun too had once at least seen his face, and she rejoiced to think of his bounty and to remember that she bore his name. The elder city of the Ædii, Bibracte, famed in the days of the first Cæsar, had been honoured with the name of the Julii of the elder line. So had Florence by the banks of Arno; so had Pola in the Istrian peninsula. But the newer city of the Ædii had now a name, less ancient, but, it is implied, more glorious. She was now

Flavia, the city of the princes who had called her into a second being.\*

The discourses of this courtly orator, while supplying some of our materials, such as they are, for the general history of the time, supply our very best materials for the local history of his own city in the days when Augustodunum rejoiced to be called Flavia. In his day, in his pages, Autun fully makes good her claim to be counted as one of the same group, though assuredly the least member of the group, with Spalato, Trier, and Ravenna. That group might fairly be looked on as stretching from York to Nikomædeia; but it is the sisterhood of Trier and Autun which is naturally the theme of the Ædian panegyrist haranguing in the Treveran palace. The bounty of Constantine had enabled Autun to put on the likeness of Trier. And it certainly is remarkable that, among all the cities of central and northern Gaul, these are the two which to this day stand out most conspicuously for the number and grandeur of their abiding Roman buildings. But the special glory of which Autun was specially to boast itself, the possession of the Flavian name, has utterly passed away; but for the witness of Eumenius itself, the fact might have been wholly forgotten. Autun has been for ages as little used to the name of Flavia as Trier has been used to the name of Augusta. But, while Trier cast aside its Imperial title altogether, Autun threw aside a later Imperial title to fall back on an earlier one, which has lived on, with a mere contraction, to this day. Augusta Treverorum has for ages been simply *Trevis* or *Trier*. Augustodunum is to this day *Autun*. And the difference in the history of the names points to some important differences in the history of the two cities.

The Ædii, friends and brothers, as they delighted to be called, of the Roman people, held the highest place among the nations of central Gaul. Their friendship and brotherhood was acknowledged by the Romans themselves. It was a special badge of dis-

\* See the passages in Eumenius' Panegyric of Constantine, 11, 12, commented on in 'Historical Essays.' Third Series, p. 120.

† The reverence of Constantine for Apollo—'Apollo tuus'—comes out in the Panegyric, 21.

‡ Eumenius begins the *Gratiarum Actio* with this flourish: 'Si Flavia Æduorum, tandem æterno nomine nuncupata, sacratissime Imperator, commovere se funditus, atque huc venire potuisset, tota profecto coram de tuis in se maximis pulcherrimis beneficiis una voce loqueretur; tibi que restitutori suo, imo, ut verius fatear, conditori, in ea potissimum civitate gratias ageret, cujus eam similem facere coepisti.' So cap. 2: 'In hac urbe, quæ adhuc assiduitate præsentis tuæ præ ceteris fruitur.'

\* The *Gratiarum Actio* ends as it begins: 'Omnium sis licet dominus urbium, omnium nationum, nos tamen etiam nomen accepimus tuum, jam non antiquum. Bibracte quidem huc usque dicta est Julia, Pola, Florentia; sed Flavia est civitas Æduorum.'

There has been a vast deal of disputing over this passage, which may be seen in the opening chapter of the 'Notice Historique sur Autun,' in the edition of Eumenius at the head of this article. M. Rochet, like others before him, labours hard to prove that Bibracte was called Pola and Florentia. But the plain meaning is; 'Bibracte may be Julia, like Pola [Pietas Julia], Florence, and many other places.' See also the 'Recueil des Histoires des Gaules,' i. 24.



tion. Rome had many allies; the Ædui were her only brothers.\* The brothers of Rome were naturally the first among the nations of Gaul to find their way into the Roman Senate. Such a privilege as this is naturally made the most of by the Ædian orator speaking before the throne of Constantine. Rome had had other faithful allies; but they had become her allies from motives of self-interest. Saguntum had sought the alliance of Rome in hopes of enlarging her own dominion in Spain. Massilia had sought it in hopes of winning Roman protection against barbarian neighbours. The Mamertines in Sicily, boasted children of Mars, the people of Ilios, boasted metropolis of Rome, had striven to assert a kindred with Rome by dint of cunningly devised fables. The Ædii alone had, neither out of fear nor out of flattery, but of their own free will, become the brethren of Rome on equal terms by willing adoption.† Rome and Autun, in the ideas of the orator of Autun, were sister cities of equal dignity. We must remember that, now that all subjects of the Empire were alike Romans, the local Rome had lost somewhat of her pre-eminence. It may be that Eumenius himself would have shrunk from uttering such words, had he been speaking in the immediate presence of the Capitoline Jupiter to a prince born and bred among the associations of the Tiber and the Palatine. No such feelings checked the local patriotism of a Gaulish orator speaking on Gaulish soil, returning thanks to an Emperor to whom the Palatine was as yet an unknown hill and the Tiber an unknown stream, an Emperor who had drawn his first breath by the Morava, who had been proclaimed Augustus by the Ouse, and who now held his court by the Mosel. The Ædii, sharing equal love and equal dignity with their Roman brethren, had by that brotherhood drawn on them the envy of other Gaulish nations. They had borne the brunt of German invasion in the cause of their brethren. In their need they had sought for Roman help. An

Ædian orator, pleading the brotherly covenant in the Roman Senate, had refused the offered seat in that assemblage of kings, and had chosen rather to make his speech in warrior's guise, leaning on his shield.\* It was by Ædian invitation that Cæsar had crossed the Rhone; it was by Ædian help of every kind that Cæsar and Rome had advanced to the dominion of Gaul. It was they who, adding to Rome whatever they won from barbarian neighbours, had brought all the Celtic and Belgian tribes, all the lands between the Rhine, the Ocean, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, within the blessings of the Roman peace.†

If we turn to Cæsar's own Commentaries, we shall find that this is a somewhat rose-coloured picture of the relations between the Roman people and their Gaulish brethren. The general result is perhaps not unfairly stated. The merit or demerit of making Gaul a part of the Roman dominion must certainly be allotted to the Ædian nation. But the undoubting trust on the part of the Roman, the unswerving loyalty on the part of the Gaul, which we might infer from the picture of Eumenius, are hardly to be found in the narrative of Cæsar. We shall there see that the brethren were quite capable of playing a double part against each other, and that the Ædii, as well as other people, revolted, and had to be subdued before the Roman peace became an abiding thing.‡ We see among them the same party struggles as among other nations; we see the friends of Rome and her enemies, and we see her friends and enemies among those who were brothers in a more literal sense than Romans and Æduans were. There is Dumnorix, the ever-plotting enemy of Rome; there is the hero of the tale of Eumenius, nameless in the pages of the panegyrist, but who lives in those of Cæsar and Cicero by the famous name of Divitiacus. The Druid, skilled in the lore of his own people, who sojourned at Rome, the friend of her greatest orator and her greatest captain, the

\* Strabo. iv. 8: *οἱ δὲ Αἰδοῦοι καὶ συγγενεῖς Ρωμαίων ὀνομάζοντο καὶ πρῶτοι τῶν ταύτῃ προδόντων πρὸς τὴν φιλίαν καὶ συμμαχίαν.* Cf. Tacitus, Annals, xl. 25.

† Gratianum Actio 3: 'Fuit olim Saguntus foederata, sed cum jam tædio Punici belli novare imperium omnis cuperet Hispania; fuit amica Massilia; protegi se majestate Romana gratulabatur; imputavere se origine fabulosa in Sicilia Mamertini, in Asia Ilienses; soli Ædii, non metu territi, non adulatione compulsi, sed ingenua et simplici caritate fratres populi Romani crediti sunt, appellarique meruerunt; quo nomine, præter cetera necessitudinum vocabula, et communitas amoris apparet et dignitatis æqualitas.'

\* Gratianum Actio, 8: 'Princeps Æduus in senatum venit, rem docuit; cum quidem oblato consensu, minus sibi vindicasset quam dabatur, scuto innixus, peroravit. Impetrata ope, Romanum exercitum Cæsaremque eis Rhodanum primus induxit.' See Merivale, i. 276.

† Ibid. 'Ædii totum istud quod Rheno, Oceano, Pyrenæis montibus, cunctis Alpibus continetur Romano imperio tradiderunt, hibernis hospitaliter præbitis, suppeditis largiter commeatibus, armis fabricandis, pedestribus equitumque copiis auxiliantibus. Ita in unam pacem societis omnibus Celtarum Belgarumque populis, eripuerunt barbaris quicquid junxere Romanis.' Compare the more moderate statement of Strabo, iv. 8.

‡ See Cæsar, Bell. Gall. vii. 42.

lover of Roman arts and culture, the steady ally of Rome and of Cæsar, the intercessor for the brother who withstood them,\* is, in all things save one, a type of his people. It is strange, as Dr. Merivale notes, that so firm a friend of Rome, a missionary in some sort of Roman culture, had no mastery of the Latin tongue, and had, on solemn occasions at least, to speak to his Roman friends by the mouth of an interpreter.† But we are well pleased to make the acquaintance of the Æduan people in the form of clearly marked personalities like those of Divitiacus, Dumnorix, and Liscus. We get too some constitutional details of the Æduan commonwealth. Jealous indeed were the Æduan people of the overweening ascendancy of any man or any family among them. The chief magistrate, the *Vergobret*, was chosen for a year, and, however long he survived his year of office, none of his house could be again chosen during his lifetime. But party influence sometimes overcame law among the Æduans, no less than among their Italian brothers. When the Æduan Cotus claimed to fill the highest post in the Æduan state by an irregular succession to his own brother, he might have defended the breach of local law by the example of Caius Marius, who had so often held the Roman consulship in yet more irregular succession to himself.‡

The primacy of the Æduan state among

the nations of central Gaul was not always undisputed.\* The Ædui had standing rivals in the Arverni, the people of the volcanic land of Auvergne. In the revolutions which come within Cæsar's own narrative, the first place passes to and fro between the Ædui and their neighbours beyond the Arar or Saone, the Sequani, the people of the later Burgundian County.† Like the other leading nations of Gaul, like their Roman brethren themselves, the Ædui were at the head of a following of other tribes, whom Cæsar, borrowing a word from the domestic rather than the foreign relations of his own city, speaks of as their clients.‡ An Æduan political inquirer might have given no higher name to Samnites and Etruscans, as they stood before the arms of Sulla gave either citizenship or destruction to all Italy. Æduan dominion or headship was thus spread over a large extent of central Gaulish territory. The land of the ruling race and of their confederate subjects occupied a great part of the course of the Saone and the Loire. It is not without a certain fitness that the modern department which contains their capital bears the name of those two rivers. But that modern department, though it marks the later centre of the Æduan power, takes in only a small part of the Æduan dominion. In those various degrees of alliance and dependence which came under the name of 'clientship,' that dominion stretched over the land from the dwellings of the Turones on the one hand to those of the Ambarri on the other. In more familiar geography, it took in Tours at one end, and Bresse and Forez on the other; it had what was to be Anjou for a neighbour on one side, and what was to be Savoy for a neighbour on the other. Yet, while most of the tribes of northern and central Gaul still survive on the map in the names of modern cities, the great nation of the Ædui has left no trace in the name of either city or district. As the Treveri survive at Trier, so do the Tu-

\* Bell. Gall. i. 20.

† Ibid. i. 19: 'Divitiacum ad se vocari jubet [Cæsar], et quotidianis interpretibus remotis per C. Valerium Procillum, principem Gallie provincie, familiarem suum, qui summam rerum omnium fidem habebat, cum eo colloquitur.' This plainly shows (see Merivale, i. 276) that Divitiacus could not speak Latin. Cicero's witness is given in the book, *De Divinatione*, i. 41: 'In Gallia Druides sunt, e quibus ipse Divitiacum Æduum hospitem tuum laudatoremque cognovi, qui et nature rationem quam physiologiam Græci appellant notam esse sibi profitebatur; et partim auguriis, partim conjectura, quæ essent futura dicebat.'

‡ Ibid. i. 18: 'Summus magistratus quem vergobretum appellant Ædui, qui creatur annuus, et vite necisque in suos habet potestatem.' The law against re-election comes out in vii. 32, 33. There are two rival *vergo-brete*s, as there have sometimes been rival governors in some American states: 'Summo esse in periculo rem, quod, cum singuli magistratus antiquitus creari atque regiam potestatem annuam obtinere consueverant, duo magistratum gerant, et se uterque eorum legisbus creatum esse dicat.' Of these Cotus had succeeded his own brother, and had been appointed in an irregular assembly. Cæsar therefore, when appealed to, deposed him. 'Quum leges duos ex una familia, vivo utroque, non solum magistratus creari viarent, sed etiam in senatu esse prohiberent.' His rival Convictolitanes, 'qui per sacerdotes, more civitatis, intermissis magistratibus, esset creatus; potestatem obtinere jussit.'

\* Pomponius Mela (iii. 2) marks their position very emphatically: 'Aquitanorum clarissimi sunt Ausci, Celtarum Ædui, Belgarum Treveri, urbesque opulentissimæ, in Treveris Augusta, in Æduis Augustodunum, in Auscis Climberrum.' See the note in the *Recueil*, i. 51. We are concerned only with Augusta and Augustodunum.

† Bell. Gall. vi. 12. The result of the changes is 'Ut longi principes haberentur Ædui, secundum locum dignitatis Remi obtinerent.' The Sequani are thus altogether put aside. See Strabo, iv. 8, where he makes an odd confusion as to the rivers Saone and Doubs.

‡ Ibid. vi. 12: 'Summa auctoritas antiquitatis erat in Æduis, magnæque eorum erant clientelæ.' He goes on using the word as a technical term.

rones at Tours, the Senones at Sens, the Bituriges alike in *Bourges* the city and in *Berry* the land. But the Ædui have vanished. Their name is in constant use in mediæval documents; but it is easy to see that it is only in artificial use. In the long records of the church of Autun, the name of Autun, in either its earlier or its later shape, is far less commonly used than phrases like 'Ædua civitas,' 'ecclesia Æduensis.\*' But the fact that, contrary to the rule, the name of the city, not the name of the tribe, has lived on in modern times shows that formulæ like these must always have been in the nature of archaisms. The reason why the city of the Ædui did not follow the same law of nomenclature as the cities of the Bituriges, the Senones, and so many others of their neighbours, is not far to seek.† Avaricum was the city of the Bituriges, Agenticum was the city of the Senones; so to be was the cause of their being. The tribe name was greater than the city name, and it gradually supplanted it. Augustodunum, like Cæsarodunum among the Turones, is a name of a different class, a class which bear the direct Roman and Imperial stamp. Such names have often survived, as Aureliani in the form of *Orleans*, Constantia in the form of *Coutances*; though the instance of Cæsarodunum itself, more renowned under the illustrious name of *Tours*, proves that the rule is not invariable. And the name of Augustodunum had every chance of living. The city which bore it was the head of the Ædui, but it was something more. So Augusta Treverorum came to be, in quite another way and in a far more emphatic sense, something very much more than the head of the Treveri. Still Trier, dwelling-place of Emperors, was itself the old Gaulish post, which had grown into a Roman and an Imperial city. It began as the city of the Treveri in every sense, and it remained so amidst all its added greatness. But Autun was not in this sense the city of the Ædui. To Trier Augusta was a mere surname; Augustodunum was from the beginning the personal name, so to

speak, of the city which bore it. That city was not a Gaulish hill-fort, occupied as a military post, and so gradually growing into a Roman town; it was a new city on a new site, deliberately laid out from the beginning on a great scale, and meant to hold, as a Roman city, a high place among the cities of Gaul. It was the head of the Ædui, but it was not the old head of the Ædui; it was not the traditional spot to which the tribe name would traditionally cleave. It was 'Æduorum civitas;' but it was so only in an official and rhetorical sense, not in the full sense in which, as Augusta was 'Treverorum civitas,' so Agenticum was 'Senonum civitas.' Augustodunum, the Roman city, had supplanted the older Gaulish head of the tribe in its rank and honours. In other words, Autun is Augustodunum; in a sense it is 'Æduorum civitas;' but there is another spot which was 'Æduorum civitas' in a sense in which Augustodunum was not. The Flavia of Eumenius is quite distinct from the Julia of Eumenius; in other words Augustodunum is not Bibracte.

The name Augustodunum proclaims itself without further question to be later than the days of the Dictator. The towns within the Ædian land which find a place in Cæsar's story are Bibracte and Noviodunum. Of the many places bearing this latter name which are to be found in Gaulish geography, the one with which we are now concerned is the post on the Loire which afterwards bore the name of Nivernum or Nevers. The eye of Cæsar had marked the advantages of the site, where the hill, in after days to be crowned by the church of the bishops and the palace of the dukes of Nevers, rises close above the rushing flood of the greatest of purely Gaulish rivers.\* Here he had gathered together all his stores, his horses, hostages, corn, money, and baggage of every kind. But they were gathered together only to become the prey of the revolted Æduans, to be parted out or carried away to Bibracte, the capital of the nation.† Bibracte appears over and over again as the head of the Ædian nation,‡ as at one stage the meeting-

\* This will be seen at once by turning over the pages of the cartulary of the church of Autun; but the opposite result will come in looking through the narratives, historical and legendary, in the second volume of the *Recueil*. 'Augustodunum' and 'Augustidunum' are the usual forms. 'Urbs Ædua,' 'civitas Æduorum,' are found, but seemingly only in the high polite style, as in the second life of St. Leodgar (*Recueil*, ii. p. 680).

† This, of course, applies only to the capital of each nation; smaller posts constantly kept their local names, as in the Ædian land itself: 'Autissiodorum' and 'Nevernium' remain in the form of Auxerre and Nevers.

\* Bell. Gall. vii. 55: 'Noviodunum erat oppidum Æduorum ad ripas Ligeris opportuno loco positum.' So Dio, xl. 88, where the Greek form is *Νοοιοδοῦνόν*, a spelling of some little importance in the history of the Latin letter V. This Ædian Noviodunum must be distinguished from other places of the same name in Cæsar's narrative.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. i. 28: 'Bibracte, oppidum Æduorum longe maximum et copiosissimum.' vii. 55: 'Bibracte, quod est oppidum apud eos maxime auctoritatis.'

place of the enemies of Rome,\* as at another stage the winter quarters of Cæsar himself.† When Strabo wrote, it is Cabillo that appears as the city of Ædui, but Bibracte is still deemed worthy of mention as a military post.‡ The words of Eumenius show that it was one of the many towns in Gaul and elsewhere which received the name of Julia. But between Strabo and Eumenius it would be hard to find another mention of Bibracte. We now hear only of Augustodunum as the Æduan capital, and, as early as the reign of Tiberius, Augustodunum already appears among the chief cities of Gaul.

It has been a point of honour with many local inquirers to maintain that Bibracte and Augustodunum are the same, that the Æduan capital lived on without interruption on the same site, with only a change of name. Yet the passage from Eumenius which has been insisted on as proving the identity of Bibracte and Augustodunum distinctly proves the contrary. Bibracte, otherwise Julia, is opposed to Augustodunum, otherwise Flavia, and the city of the Æduans is declared to be, not Julia but Flavia.§ The passage just quoted from Strabo proves the same. It points to an interval when Bibracte had lost its old headship, but when Augustodunum had not yet taken its place. In no other state of things could any one have spoken of Chalon as the city of the Ædui, and of Bibracte only as a military post. Monumental evidence also leads distinctly to the same conclusion, namely, that Bibracte was not destroyed,|| that, under its new title of Julia, it went on as an inhabited town, but that it had yielded the first place among Æduan dwelling-places to the new foundation of Augustus which received his name. On a high hill which may be seen from Autun to the north-west, known as Mont-Beuvray, a corruption doubtless of the ancient name, most extensive remains of a Gaulish and Roman town are to be seen. The description of its

defences make the inquirer long at once to make his way thither. Now the best local opinion, supported by the manifest reason of the case, sets them down as marking the place of the elder Æduan capital. We will not enlarge on them, because we cannot speak of them from personal knowledge. It would be easy to copy descriptions; but there is no life, and not much profit, in such a process. The present literary *vergobret* of the Æduan state, whose help would have been willingly given at a more favourable season, declined all help in January, 1881, and strongly dissuaded any attempt on Mont-Beuvray, at such a moment. It was indeed an exceptional time. The Ædui seem to be a people favoured by nature. While the rest of Europe was overwhelmed by snowstorms or driven to and fro of fierce winds, the hill of Augustus enjoyed weather, cold indeed, but cold simply with honest frost, which put no hindrance in the way of research. Not far from Autun, within the Æduan land, stands one of many Avallons. But just then the mythical privileges of that name, certainly not shared by the West-Saxon spot which also bears it, seemed to be shared in good earnest by the later Æduan capital. Not so with the older one; the height of Bibracte was reported to be deep with snow, and an examination of its ditches to be wholly out of the question. We must be excused then, if we simply record the fact that modern research has distinctly shown that Bibracte and Augustodunum are two distinct places, and then go on to speak of Augustodunum and not of Bibracte. For, after all, it is not Bibracte, but Augustodunum, which became the sister city of Trier, which rejoiced in the Flavian name, and received the visit of a Flavian Emperor.

There is then no doubt that the new Æduan city was a new erection of the days of the prince whose name it bears. Whether the hill of Augustus now became for the first time the site of human dwellings we have no means of judging; it is enough that it now became for the first time the site of a great city. At Autun then we have a good opportunity of studying the kind of plan which was followed in that age in founding a great city in a favoured province, in cases where a definite plan could be freely carried out, and where the creators of the new town were not hampered by older works or older traditions. We are at once struck by the wide difference between the ground-plan of Autun and the ground-plans of two other classes of Roman towns with which we are able to compare it both in our own island and elsewhere. When the city

\* Bell. Gall. vii. 68.

† Strabo, iv. 8: *Αἰδοίων ἔθνος, πόλιν ἔχον Καβυλλίων ἐπὶ τῷ Ἀραρί καὶ φρουρίον Βιβρακτα. Καβυλλίων* is Cabillo, the modern *Chalon* on the Saône, which modern spelling is striving to confound with *Catalauni* or *Châlons* on the Marne. Cabillo appears in Bell. Gall. vii. 90 as the winter quarters of Quintus Cicero.

‡ See above, iv. p. 8.

§ Ibid. vii. 90.

|| The Abbé Rochet (p. 7), arguing that Bibracte and Autun are the same, takes some pains to show that Bibracte was not destroyed; but there never was the least reason to think that it was, and the monumental evidence now proves the exact contrary.

grew out of a Roman camp, whether the camp occupied the site of a Gaulish or British *oppidum*, or was first pitched to besiege or to control a Gaulish or British *oppidum*, we are commonly struck by the small size of the original Roman enclosure. It is so at our own Lindum and Eboracum; it is so at that North-Gaulish Mediolanum which has changed into Norman Evreux; it is so in the Norman capital itself, where the name of Rothomagus has, like Augustodunum, been simply contracted, and not wholly cast aside. At York and Lincoln the greater part of the Roman dwellings must have lain in thickly inhabited suburbs outside the original Roman wall. The other class of towns seems not to have had a military origin. A site was occupied, as caprice or convenience dictated; houses grew up, covering an irregular space: in later times, when the *Pax Romana* had become less sure, the inhabited space was fenced in by a wall which followed its shape and dimensions. Towns of this class show a walled enclosure of much greater size, but of much more irregular shape, than those which were in their beginning strictly *castra* or *chesters*. We might say that Rome itself is the greatest example of cities of this second class, the vastest in its scale, the most irregular in the outline of its walls. What Aurelian did, what, as far as we can see, Servius did ages before him, was to fence in whatever extent of ground had become the inhabited city of their several times. At home we may see an inclosure of this kind at Calleva or Silchester, with its large irregular area so unlike the small square *chester* of the colony of Lindum. Autun, neither a mere military post which has grown into a city, nor yet a casual collection of houses which it was afterwards found expedient to fortify, but a site deliberately laid out as a great city in the first days of the Empire, is quite unlike either class. Its extent is far greater than the original extent of Lincoln or Evreux; its ground-plan is far more regular than that of Silchester, incomparably more regular than that of Rome. The enclosure forms nearly a regular parallelogram; some change or some special reason has caused a slight departure from this plan at the south-eastern angle; but the parallelogram is regular indeed as compared with Rome or Calleva; it is vast indeed compared with that of the mere camp-cities. Modern Autun, like modern Rome, like modern Soest, has shrunk up within about half the space fenced in by the walls of Augustus. Modern Autun is in truth a city within a city, even more distinctly than modern Rome. For the forsaken parts of Rome—some of which are now fast becoming again

inhabited—were never fenced off by a new wall from the inhabited city of the last four centuries. But modern Autun has its own wall, which on two sides uses parts of the Roman wall, and leaves the remainder of the Roman city outside the new enclosure. Thus the greatest monuments of Augustodunum have to be looked for, sometimes, as at Rome, among fields and gardens—on the hill of Augustus we cannot add vineyards—sometimes on roads so far from the heart of the city as to be almost rural. The Roman wall may be traced through by far the greater part of its extent, sometimes, as we have said, employed in the later defences, sometimes standing free far away from them. The two gateways which are the greatest remains of Augustodunum stand far away from the modern streets, and need a walk of some length to seek for them. It is really one of the best comments on the peculiar history of Autun that the railway-station lies within the Roman wall, within the northern gate, the great gate of Arroux. Still Autun follows the law of all cities. Wherever the *pomerium* is drawn, suburbs spring up beyond it. Though the great mass of the city lies within the later as well as within the earlier wall, yet scattered houses, and even straggling streets, have here and there made their way beyond the later enclosure, sometimes even beyond the Roman wall itself. At Autun too, as in other cities, monastic settlements arose under the shelter of the fortified enclosure. Here it was not, as usual, a single great abbey, a Saint Ouen's or a Saint Augustine's outside the walls. Several considerable monasteries lay outside the later city, and each monastery naturally gathered a little colony of lay dwellings around it.

The site which was chosen for the new city has some likeness to several famous spots in the northern part of our own island. As at Edinburgh, as at Stirling, as at Carlisle, the main streets of Autun climb up the slope of a hill to the highest point occupied as the main fortress. It is no slight ascent from the river, from the ancient river-gate, from the modern railway-station, to the *castrum* of Augustodunum, now marked in the general view by the cathedral church of Saint Lazarus. And when the height is reached, the descent on the other, the northern side, is far more steep and sudden than the gradual rise from the south. But the hill of Autun differs widely from the hills which are occupied by the three British cities. It is no mere narrow ridge; a great extent of ground slopes gradually upwards towards the height, and the direction in which it slopes is opposite to the direction of the three

British hills. The southern view too on which we look from the *castrum* of Augustodunum is of a different kind from the northern view on which we look from either of the three British castles. Edinburgh, Stirling, Carlisle, were all of them, at the day of their foundation, border fortresses looking out on a hostile land. Edinburgh and Carlisle were reared, each in its day, as bulwarks of the northern English land against the Scottish enemy. Stirling was reared as the bulwark of the English realm which had taken the Scottish name against the true Scots of the mountains. But Augustodunum, reared in the heart of the Roman Peace, looked out on no distant or hostile land. No wild mountains far away lie open to the view from the southern gate of Autun. Neighbouring hills, almost forming part of the city, rising at once on the other side of a narrow valley, form the immediate view from the *castrum*. We might almost say that the Appian way, more strictly the Ostian way, of Augustodunum lay on those neighbouring heights. There rises, as the most prominent artificial object in view, one of the chief Roman antiquities of Autun, a tomb crowning one of those hills, a pyramid after the type of that of Caius Sestius by the gate of Saint Paul. But the pyramid of Autun has been less lucky than its southern fellow, in that the picking away of all its hewn stone has made it well-nigh shapeless. The tomb on the southern hill is in a manner balanced by another Roman building standing on the northern flat, beyond the gate and beyond the river. This building stands out boldly, with the general air of one of the square donjons which the Norman raised both in his own land and in ours. Locally it bears the name of the temple of Janus; but the name is one of those random guesses with which the inquirers of a past age seem to have been thoroughly satisfied. What it really is it might be hard to say; but it is said that signs have been found showing that it was most likely surrounded by columns, perhaps of wood. Anyhow it makes a chief feature in the view from many points, and it falls in well with the general effect of the northern side of the city. In the general effect, that side, the side towards the river, is the most Roman side of Autun. The remains of the wall skirt the banks of the Arroux, and the road which crosses the bridge is spanned by that which, in a general view, is the more effective of the two Roman gates of Autun. Its two great arches, the smaller arches on each side, the tall arcade above, are perhaps even more striking in their present imperfect state than they could have been when Eumenius sang the

praises of the *Ædun* city, or in the earlier days when Tacitus witnessed to its greatness. Grand as the gate seems in approaching the city from outside, its look is yet more wonderful as we go down to it from within. The peculiar character of Autun helps to increase the effect. We go down through the straggling street of the northern suburb: a range of arches catches the eye, which look at first like the arches of a distant aqueduct. As we draw nearer, the main arches below come into sight, and we see the northern gate of Augustodunum rising beneath us in all its ruined majesty. The eastern gate, known as the gate of Saint Andrew, is hardly seen from any such effective point, because the road does not lead so distinctly up and down to it. But it is really a better design, and notwithstanding some modern 'restoration,' it is better preserved. It is wonderful to conceive any one not being a Pope 'restoring' a Roman gate, yet the deed has been done both at Rheims and at Autun. In this gate the smaller side arches are set in projections, which increase the effect of light and shade. Nor is the effect lessened by the close neighbourhood of a huge round tower, in after times turned into the apse of a church. Autun may well be proud of its ancient approaches from the east and north. We will not put them on a level with the Black Gate of Trier; but they may hold their own against aught of their kind at Rheims, at Nîmes, or even at Verona, still more against anything that is to be found at Rome itself.

The other chief view, from the southern side, the view from the opposite hills and from the nameless pyramid, is rather a view of mediæval Autun than of Roman Augustodunum. The havoc of the Revolution has taken away from Autun its right to be called, as of old, the city of fair bell-towers; the cathedral keeps the only ecclesiastical tower of any importance which remains; but, as seen from the pyramid and from the slopes beneath it, the church rises nobly above the walls, and its lofty spire is girt with a crowd of smaller towers, military and domestic. And indirectly this view is a view of Roman Augustodunum. Though the gate at this side, the gate of Rome, has vanished, yet the line of the walls remains, and the cathedral church and its belongings mark the site of the ancient *castrum*, the citadel of the Roman city crowning its highest point. In its way, the church is, as we shall presently see, the most instructive of all witnesses to the abiding nature of Roman art in the Roman city. But at present we have to deal with it only as calling up the memory of the specially Roman quarter

of Autun. The part of the city which afterwards put on a specially ecclesiastical character was at first the stronghold where the power of Rome emphatically dwelled in the form of her legions, even in days when the men who bore the *pilum* and broadsword on Gaulish ground were themselves mainly men of Gaulish blood.

The walls of Autun are emphatically the walls of Augustus. Local pride points to their construction as marking them for the work of the founder of the Empire, in opposition to the later forms of construction more common in the Roman buildings of Gaul and Britain. Augustodunum might rejoice to be called Flavia; but her walls are Augustan and not Flavian. No layers of bricks, bricks thick and far apart, disturb the uniformity of their stone construction. But some eyes may venture to be better pleased with the more varied look of the later fashion, and one thing is certain, that no such mighty stones are to be seen in the walls of Augustodunum as strike the beholder almost with awe in the older part of the wall of Agenticum. On the west side the Augustan wall was kept as the wall of the later and smaller enclosure. For that very reason it has here undergone far more change, having been, like the walls of Rome, repaired and patched in successive ages. No gate is preserved on this side, but at one point a Roman bulwark has been carried up into a bold turret of the twelfth century, one of those adaptations of earlier work which always come home to us with a special life. At another point, within the precincts of a revived religious house, besides vaults which are now underground, another mighty tower of the original defences survives. But the Roman wall is really best studied on the ruinous northern side above the river. There it stands, broken down indeed and crumbling away, but at least not confused with later work. It is by following the circuit of the forsaken wall, by marking how wide a space beyond the modern city was taken within the range of the Augustan enclosure, that we take in the full force of the words in which the greatest historian of Rome brings the new Ædunan capital before us in the days when the walls of Augustus were still in their freshness.

This, our first picture of Augustodunum, comes in the seventh year of Tiberius, the twenty-first year of our æra. That was one of those moments when the history of Trier and of Autun flows in one stream. It was a moment when Treveri and Æduni joined in an attempt to throw off the dominion of Rome, a dominion which was not yet fully accepted even by all of those who were enrolled among

her citizens, and who bore the very name of her princes. Julius Florus among the Treveri, Julius Sacrovir among the Æduni, were the leaders of the movement, and the name of the Ædunan chief seems to point him out as one, like Divitiacus before him, who was skilled in all the priestly lore of the Druids.\* In those days the city of Augustus by the Arroux ranked higher than the city of Augustus by the Mosel, if indeed Augusta by the Mosel had yet become a Roman city at all.† Tacitus strongly marks Augustodunum as the head of the Ædunan state, as a wealthy city, and, above all, as a city one of whose special characters was to be a seat of liberal studies. There the noblest youth of Gaul were gathered together as in an university, and the rebel chief took care to arm the students in his cause, as a pledge, among other reasons, for the adherence of their parents and kinsfolk.‡ Weapons, doubtless the weapons of Roman warfare, were secretly made and distributed among these young assertors of Gaulish freedom. But among the forty thousand men at whose head the priestly deliverer held the walls of Augustodunum, those who carried Roman arms numbered but a fifth part. The rest of the host consisted of various irregular contingents. There was a mixed multitude with knives and hunting-spears; there was a band of slaves in training for the gladiatorial shows—for the young city already had its amphitheatre. These last wore defensive armour of such a form that its wearers were equally unfitted to give blows and to receive them.§ At the head of this strange force, Sacrovir ventured to meet the Roman legions in battle at the twelfth milestone from August-

\* Tacitus, Ann. iii. 40. He remarks of both the rebel leaders: 'Nobilitas ambobus et maiorum bona facta, eoque Romana civitas olim data, cum id rarum, nec nisi virtuti pretium esset.' Merivale (v. 218) notices that the name of Sacrovir 'seems to mark him as a man of priestly family, and armed, therefore with all the influence of his proscribed caste.'

† On the date of the foundation of the colony among the Treveri, see Historical Essays, Third Series, p. 77.

‡ Tacitus, Ann. iii. 48: 'Augustodunum, caput gentis, armatis cohortibus Sacrovir occupaverat, et nobilissimam Galliarum sobolem, liberalibus studiis ibi operatam, ut eo pignore parentes propinquosque eorum adjungeret. Simul arma, occulte fabricata iuventuti dispersit.' Dr. Merivale calls it 'The Imperial University of Augustodunum.'

§ The description given by Tacitus in the same chapter is singular: 'Adduntur e servitiis gladiatura destinati, quibus more gentico continuum ferri tegimen (cruppellarios vocant) inferendis ictibus inhabiles, accipiendis impetribiles.'

todunum. The Roman commander Caius Silius was hastening through the land of the Sequani. We may therefore picture to ourselves the Ædunan host marching forth under the arches of the eastern gate, the gate of St. Andrew.\* We hardly need Tacitus to tell us that Rome had the victory; but his description of the battle foretels warfare of many ages later. We seem to be reading some tale of mediæval Italy, when he tells us how the legionaries took axes and hatchets to hew at the iron-clad gladiators, as at a wall, and how, when the bodies sheathed in iron were once overthrown, the victors took no further heed to them. Dead or alive, wounded or whole, when they were once down, the weight of their iron burthen took away all chance of rising.† Sacrovir and the relics of his host fled to the city. They dared not defend it. The leader and his most trusted companions betook themselves to a neighbouring country-house, and there died, partly by their own hands, partly by flames of their own kindling.‡

No special vengeance seems to have lighted on the Ædunan city as the punishment of this revolt. Twenty-six years later it received a signal honour. It is now that Tacitus records that remarkable speech of the Emperor Claudius, of which a literal report has been preserved to us on the brazen plates of Lyons.§ It is not often that we have such an opportunity of testing the real character of the speeches which an ancient historian puts into the mouths of the actors in his tale. The genuine speech of Claudius and the speech devised for him by Tacitus have their subject and their general

line of argument in common, but nothing more. Not only the mere words, but the particular illustrations which are chosen, are different. But the general line of Claudius' real argument is so thoroughly preserved that we begin to hope that other speeches, at all events in the writings of the same historian, may have at least the same degree of genuineness. Claudius here shows at his best; his wife and his freedmen had for a moment left him alone. Those of the Gauls who had been admitted to Roman citizenship prayed that they might be further admitted to the honours of the state, that they might be allowed to sit in the Senate of what was now their country. Men of the narrow-minded turn which shows itself in all times and places opposed the proposal. But the Imperial antiquary knew the history of Rome, and he knew what had made Rome great. Rome, unlike Athens and Sparta, had drawn her kings, her senators, her noblest houses, his own Claudian gens itself, from other cities and nations. She had kept her power longer than Athens or Sparta, because she had freely extended the privileges of the ruling city to allied and conquered commonwealths. The Imperial will would doubtless have prevailed, even if it had been backed by weaker reasons. To grant the prayer of the Gauls was simply to follow a crowd of precedents dating from the days of Rome's first being. In memory of the ancient kindred, the first Gaulish senators were chosen from among the Ædunan brothers of Rome.\*

It is characteristic of the history of Gaul under Roman rule that we have to leap over more than two hundred years before we come to another distinct mention of the Ædunan city. The next time that we hear of Augustodunum is in the second half of the third century, in the days of another Claudius. We have now reached the times when we have Eumenius for our guide. We have already hinted at the character of the four orations which have come down to us from his pen. Three were spoken at Trier, to the Flavian princes, the elder Constantius and the great Constantine. One, the second in order, was spoken in the forum of Autun to a local governor, a mere 'vir perfectissimus,' who had no claim to the majesty and divinity of Cæsars and Augusti. From these discourses we learn that, in the days of the tyrants, when Tetricus bore Imperial sway in Gaul, Augustodunum underwent a

\* Dr. Merivale (v. 216) says: 'The site of this battle must, in all probability, have been to the north of Augustodunum, on the road into Belgica, from whence the Romans were advancing.' This would bring them in by the gate of Arroux. But Tacitus (iii. 45) says: 'Silius . . . vastat Sequanorum pagos, qui finium extremi, et Æduis contermini sociique, in armis erant. Mox Augustodunum petit.'

† Tacitus, Ann. iii. 46: 'Paulum moræ attulere ferrati, restantibus laminis adversum pila et gladios: sed miles, correptis securibus et dolabris, ut si murum perrumperet, cedere tegmina et corpora: quidam trucidibus aut furcis inertem molem prosternere, jacantesque, nullo ad resurgendum nisu, quasi exanimis linquebantur.'

‡ Ibid. 'Metu deditionis in villam propinquam cum fidissimis pergit. Illic sua manu, reliqui mutuis ictibus occidere. Incensa super villa omnes cremavit.'

§ Tacitus gives his version of the speech, Ann. xi. 24 (Church and Broderip's Ed.) See also Oselli's Tac. Ann. excursus to Bk. xi. The truer report is still to be seen on its brazen tablets at Lyons, and is printed. See W. T. Arnold, 'Roman Provincial Administration,' p. 128.

\* Tacitus, Ann. iii. 46: 'Primi Ædui senatorum in urbe ius adepti sunt, datum id fœderi antiquo, et quia soli Gallorum fraternitatis nomen cum populo Romano usurpant.'



seven months' siege and a final capture at the hands of some rebel bands. Eumenius applies to the besiegers the epithet of *Bagaudæ*, famous a little later as the name of the first recorded *Jacquerie*. Our local commentator tries hard to prove that the phrase is merely a name of scorn bestowed on the forces of a prince who, as he was not finally successful, was reckoned in the list of rebels and tyrants. Eumenius does not mention the name of Tetricus, but he has a distinct reference to the way in which the power of Tetricus came to an end. The faithful inhabitants of the Ædunan city were, as in the days of the first Cæsar, the first to seek aid from Rome. The brothers of the republic called on Claudius, their lawful prince, to come to their help against the rebels, and to win back all the Gaulish lands to his obedience.\* Could he have come, the tie of ancient brotherhood would have given Gaul peace, without any loss to the power of Rome, without any *Catalaunian slaughter*.† This last phrase carries on our thoughts over not far short of two centuries, to the day when Aetius and Theodoric saved Aryan and Christian Europe on the Catalaunian fields. But the reference is to a less famous strife on the same ground. The prayers of Augustodunum were for a season unheeded. The Illyrian prince to whom she cried for deliverance had to leave the work to be done by an Illyrian successor. Claudius was busy with the Gothic war

which gave him his surname. He had to drive back invaders from beyond the bounds of the Empire, and had to endure the presence of rebels within its provinces. He could not come to the help of the Ædunan state as the first Cæsar had done. Augustodunum was constrained to open her gates to the dreaded enemy—the '*Bagaudæ*,' the '*Gaulish rebels*'—and, according to the witness of her own orator, she suffered no small amount of havoc at their hands. The recovery of Gaul had to wait for another reign; but in those days reigns were short, and stout hearts from the lands beyond the Hadriatic were ready to fill each other's place in quick succession. Claudius could not come to hinder; Aurelian came to avenge. He overthrew the host of Tetricus at Châlons, and received to his favour the Emperor who forsook his own followers.\* In our imperfect materials for those times, our notices of the event of Châlons come only from the summaries of Eutropius and Aurelius Victor, to whose statements this allusion of Eumenius, spoken in the presence of Constantine, gives a singular confirmation.

The blow which had now fallen on Autun had brought her very low. The bounty of Constantius and Constantine raised her again. The father restored her public buildings; the son remitted no small share of the heavy taxation which, we are told, pressed more heavily on the barren Ædunan soil where no vines would grow, than it did on the more fertile parts of Gaul.† Eumenius himself, professor of rhetoric in the schools of Autun, the schools which had once been famous, and for whose restoration he so earnestly pleads, enjoyed princely favour and a comfortable salary. Of that salary he was ready to make a munificent use for the benefit of his art and his city. He was ready himself to bear the cost of the restoration of the schools in their ancient home, between the capitol of Augustodunum and the temple of Apollo.‡ The Ædunan city, now rejoicing in

\* Eumenius twice refers to this siege. The first place is in the discourse, '*Pro Scholis restaurandis*,' 4: '*Civitatem istam, et olim fraterno populi Romani nomine gloriatam, et tunc demum gravissima clade percussam, cum latrocinio Bagaudicæ rebellionis obsessa, auxilium Romani principis invocaret.*' In the other passage (*Gratiarum Actio*, 4), he says, addressing Constantine: '*Attende, quæso, quanti sit, Imperator, quod Divum Claudium, parentem tuum, ad recuperandas Gallias primi sollicitaverunt: expectantesque ejus auxilium, septem mensibus clausi, et omnia inopiæ miseranda perpassi, tunc demum irrumpendas rebellibus Gallicanis portas religerunt, cum fessi observare non possent.*' M. Rochet (pp. 34-43) is anxious to show that the troops of Tetracus might be called *Bagaudæ*. But the true *Bagaudæ*, peasants stirred up to revolt by local oppression, come somewhat later, A.D. 285; while the siege of Autun must have happened in 270. The chief passages about them are in Aurelius Victor (*Cæsares*) and Eutropius, lib. ix., and especially Salvianus de *Gubernatione Dei*, v. 5. They appear, too, where one would not have looked for them, in the *Chronicle of Prosper*, A.D. 437. This may perhaps give some help to M. Rochet's laxer use of the name.

† *Gratiarum Actio*, 4: '*Sine ullo detrimento Romanarum virium, sine clade Catalaunica, compendium pacis reconciliatis provinciis attulisset fraternitas Æduorum.*'

\* Aurelius Victor (*Cæsares*) mentions the fact: '*Tetrici . . . cæsæ legiones, proditore ipso duce.*' Eutropius, lib. 9, gives us the place—I venture to change the place of a comma—'*Aurelianus superavit in Gallia Tetricum, qui, a militibus imperator electus, apud Catalaunos, ipso Tetrico prodente exercitum suum, cujus assiduas seditione a ferre non poterat.*'

† Eumenius gives a number of curious details on this head in the sixth chapter of the *Gratiarum Actio*. The vineyards had died out; the level country had become swampy; and he winds up, '*Nec possumus, ut Aquitanis aliisque provinciis familiæ est, novis vitibus locum ubique metari; cum supra saxa perpetua sint, infra humilitas precinosa.*'

‡ This is the main subject of the second dis-

the name of Flavia, eager to be again at once a prosperous and learned city, had once enjoyed the heavenly delight of beholding within its walls—though only for a single day—the prince at whose sight cities and temples sprang up, as flowers sprang up under the couch of Jupiter and Juno.\* Constantine, as he drew near to Autun, had looked down on the city from one of the southern hills, and had wondered that he saw no man; he entered the city, and wondered at the vast multitude which had come together to greet him.† He is prayed to renew that happy day, to forsake for a season his Imperial home at Trier, and to give another moment of bliss to the city which his father and himself has called into fresh being, the Flavian city which above all others bears their eternal name.

The rhetoric of the orator, in looking back to the visit which had been, in looking forward to the visit which he hoped would be, incidentally gives us some pictures of the city as it was in his day. Constantine entered Autun by a gate flanked by towers, which towers, by a somewhat bold figure, are said to have bowed to greet or embrace him.‡ One wonders that Eumenius did not liken them to the Symplégades converted to a milder mood. This loyal gate could not have been either of those which still remain; it must have been the gate of Rome, looking towards the southern hills. From the gate the Emperor was led through streets adorned in their best array—the best array

course of Eumenius, *Pro Scholis Restaurandis*. He makes the offer in chap. 6. In chap. 14 he quotes a most friendly letter from the Emperor Constantius to himself, in which that prince speaks of 'Augustodunensium oppidum,' a form which Eumenius himself does not use. The Abbé Rochet enters at great length on the various reasons which have been given for the name 'Menianæ,' applied to the schools of Autun, into which we need not enter. The building was (*Pro Scholis Restaurandis*, 9) 'Præcipuo loco positum, quasi inter ipsos oculos civitatis, inter Apollinis templum atque Capitolium.' A flood of eloquence follows. The local editor has much to say about the site, but at all events no architectural remains are left.

\* This wonderful flourish comes in the Panegyric of Constantine, 22: 'Nec magis Jovi Junonique recubantibus novos flores terra submisit, quam circa tua, Constantine, vestigia urbes et templa consurgunt.'

† *Gratiarum Actio*, 8: 'Miratus es, Imperator, unde se tibi tanta obviam effunderet multitudo, cum solitudinem ex vicino monte vidisses.'

‡ *Ibid.* 7: 'Cum tu, quod primum nobis signum salutis fuit, portas istius urbis intrasti? Quæ te habitus illo in sinum reducto, et procurrentibus utriusque turribus, amplexu quodam videbatur accipere.'

that a city just arising out of poverty through his own bounty could supply. The ensigns of the guilds, the instruments of the musicians, above all, the images of the gods whom Constantine still worshipped, were brought forth in his honour.\* Through all these marks of rejoicing he was led to a building described as the palace, in the vestibule of which the *ordo*, the decurions, the local senate, threw themselves at the Emperor's feet.† On the splendour of the temples, above all on that of Constantine's patron Apollo, Eumenius does not fail to enlarge. The restorer of the city is implored to come and visit them again.‡ It is to be noticed that Apollo is the only deity on whom the orator at all emphatically or seriously enlarges. Constantine would seem to be passing towards the new faith through a stage of monotheism which as yet consisted in exclusive devotion to a single deity of the old pantheon. The Homeric tales of Zeus and Hère have become figures of speech; the worship of the pure god—for the Apollo of Constantine is undoubtedly the sun-god—is still a perfectly grave matter. It is not wonderful then that we hear nothing of the image of the Berecynthian Mother which a later writer tells us that Autun contained in its pagan days, and from whose worship the *Ædun* people were turned by the preaching and the wonder-working power of the holy Bishop Simplicius.§ The wild rites of Asiatic worship—perhaps the rites of some native Gaulish deity shrouded under the Asiatic name—were, we may be sure, not to the liking of Constantine in his transitional state of mind. Other buildings are glanced at, for which the researches of local antiquaries have found sites;|| but no strictly architectural remains of the Flavian æra rise anywhere above the ground. The existing

\* *Gratiarum Actio*, 8: 'Exornavimus vias quibus in palatium pervenitur paupere quidem suppellectile; sed omnium signa collegiorum omnium deorum nostrorum simulacra protulimus.'

† *Ibid.* 1: 'Cum in illo aditu palatii tui stratum ante pedes tuos ordinem, indulgentiæ tuæ voce divina, porrectaque hac invicta dextera sublevasti.'

‡ Eumenius has much to say about the temple of Apollo in both of his speeches to Constantine. In the Panegyric 21, the Emperor is told how all the temples of Autun call for him, 'præcipueque Apollo noster, cujus ferventibus aquis perjuria puniuntur, quæ te maxime oportet odisse.'

§ This story is told by Gregory of Tours, '*De Gloria Confessorum*,' 77, which will be found in the *Recueil*, ii. 467, where the date is given as about A.D. 364.

|| Aqueducts are specially mentioned, also a circus; but buildings which do not stand up and show visible features are of little interest except on the spot.

glories of Autun are her walls and gates. The city contains no such actually abiding buildings of Roman days as we see at Nîmes and Vienne, or as the humbler temple which strikes the eye with a kind of surprise in the midst of the forum of Assisi.

One building there once was at Autun, the site of which has been found and hidden again, which perhaps the shortness of Constantine's stay hindered from being put to any practical use on that day. Autun, like Trier, had, as we have seen, its amphitheatre from the earliest days of its being; but Eumenius has not the pleasure of recording any such shows in his own city as those which he records with such delight in the city which he would fain have his own city be like in all things. Constantine had brought no Frankish prisoners with him to be torn to pieces to make an *Æduan* holiday. Nor do we hear of the building which, next to walls, gates, and towers, has left the fullest signs of itself within the city. The site of the amphitheatre, once laid bare, has now again to be looked for; the extensive traces of the theatre, beyond the modern and within the ancient walls, must draw to themselves the notice of every eye.

The history of Roman Augustodunum may be said to end with the discourses of Eumenius. We cannot carry on our tale as we can at Trier, still less as we can at Ravenna, whose day of greatness is still a century distant. The *Æduan* city had no day of greatness answering to theirs. The hope of Eumenius that Autun might be like Trier was not fulfilled. Local patriotism believes that Autun ranked beyond doubt next after Trier among the cities of Gaul. They argue from the existence of a 'palatium' among the buildings of Autun that it must have been at least an occasional dwelling-place of Emperors. Yet, when the headship of Gaul was taken from Trier, it passed, not to Autun but to Arles; and it is hard to find traces of an Imperial visit to Autun after the one day which was spent there by Constantine. We are tempted to think—indeed Eumenius might be understood as implying—that the city never fully recovered from the blow which it suffered in the days of Tetricus. It is only its own orator who sings its praises. Ausonius and Venantius Fortunatus, who have so much to tell us about Trier, have nothing to tell us about Autun. Sidonius Apollinaris gives it hardly more than momentary glances in a few letters to *Æduan* friends.\* The city is seldom men-

tioned in the records of the revolutions which brought Gaul under Gothic, Burgundian, and Frankish rule. The chief event in the later history of the city is a taking and frightful harrying by the Saracen masters of Spain and Septimania in the earlier part of the eighth century, before Charles Martel had set bounds to Mussulman invasion in the West.\* This blow no doubt marks another step in the downward progress of Autun. We have documents in favour of the *Æduan* church from the Carolingian kings and emperors; but they hardly played the full part of Constantius and Constantine towards the *Æduan* city. The history of Autun in later times is mainly ecclesiastical, and among its bishops it numbers some remarkable men, from the martyr Leodgar† to the apostate Talleyrand. We have no need to follow their course, nor yet the course either of Burgundian dukes or of local counts, through the whole range of the mediæval and modern times. But one or two points of special interest stand out. The vast space fenced in by the walls of Augustus became gradually thinned of inhabitants, and the great *Æduan* city shrank up into two small towns on either side of the void space of the ancient forum to which the name of *Campus Martius* has got transferred in later times. The ancient *castrum* on the height, once the seat of the dukes, became the city of the bishops, while the lower town, from the forum towards the river, became the city of the counts. The union of the two by the later wall, in days so modern as those of Francis the First, made the Autun that now is. Down to the Revolution, Autun was pre-eminently a city of churches and monasteries, within and without the walls. But nowhere has havoc been more thorough. One ancient church only of any size remains, the cathedral church of Saint Lazarus. It is at first very puzzling, in turning over the documents in the cartulary, to find the chapter of Autun commonly spoken of as the chapter of Saint *Nazarius*, while *Lazarus* is

praises his friend's learning, we begin to hope that it was gained in the schools of Autun. But unluckily it came from Auvergne, a land of which the Bishop of Clermont goes on to sing the praises. In v. 18 he congratulates Attalus, the first recorded Count of Autun, on his appointment to that office. See the account of the Counts in the Introduction to the Cartulary, p. lxiv.

\* This is recorded in the chronicle of Moissac: 'Anno dccxxv. Sarraceni Augustodunum civitatem destruxerunt iv. feria, xi. Calendas Septembris, thesaurumque civitatis illius capientes, cum præda magna Spania redeunt.'

† Two Lives of this saint will be found in vol. ii. of the *Recueil*.

\* In iv. 21 he writes to Aper, whose father was *Æduan*, and his mother *Arvernian*. As he

the dedication of the church itself. One is even tempted to suspect some confusion between names so much alike. The fact is that the see was translated from one church to another within the bonds of the *castrum*, from the church of Saint Nazarius to the church of Saint Lazarus, and that the chapter chose in its acts to keep to the more ancient style. Amid the pitiless destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings of Autun, we cleave to the one which is left to us, and all the more as, by a strange kind of figure, the church of Saint Lazarus may be said to continue and to end the series of the Roman buildings of Augustodunum.

We say in a figure, for the great church of Autun does not continue the series in the same literal and physical way in which the great church of Trier continues the Roman buildings of its own city. There is nothing at Autun answering to that wonderful pile, built in Roman, renewed in Frankish days, and afterwards gradually changed into the outward likeness of an ordinary German minster. Three points will strike the visitor to Autun cathedral at the first glance. Its direction with regard to the points of the compass differs widely from that which is usual among churches north of the Alps. It does not point east; it does not, like its neighbour of Nevers and so many German churches, point east and west at once. The high altar at Autun stands, perhaps not quite due south, but certainly far more south than east. In the general view from the hills this unusual position is a gain. The church fronts the beholder as he approaches the city. The temple reared in the *castrum* of the *Ædun* city, the church which may have supplanted some of the seats of pagan worship to which Eumenius invited Constantine, still points not to Jerusalem but rather to Rome. Again, we are surprised to find in central Gaul a church with a central tower and lofty spire, suggesting thoughts of Normandy and England. Lastly, as the most striking outward feature of the church, we mark its magnificent western—more truly northern—porch, or external *narthex*. Is something of this kind an *Ædun* fashion? A smaller porch of the same kind is well-nigh all that is left of the cathedral church of Macon, an *Ædun* diocese taken out of that of Autun. And both Autun and Macon seem to have something in common with the inner *narthex*, lower church, western church, whatever we are to call it, of the wonderful abbey of Tournay, an outpost, like Macon, of the *Ædun* land, by the border stream of Arar or Saône. But it is not any of these features, save perhaps in some measure the central tower, which gives the

church of Autun its marked and special character. The *narthex* alone would make it a remarkable building, well worthy of study as a building; but it is the treatment of the interior which shows that those who reared it knew well where they were working, and felt the influence of the spot. It is a building, in its main internal features all but an unchanged building, of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But it is utterly unlike any building of that date, either in Italy on the one hand, or in northern Gaul and England on the other. It has more in common with the churches of Aquitaine and other parts of southern Gaul; but its likeness to them does not go beyond the main feature of its construction. Like them, it eschews columns; like them, it uses the pointed arch; but it has no likeness to those peculiar proportions of the Aquitanian churches to which, rather than to any strictly architectural detail, they owe their special and marked character. Its mere proportions are rather those of a Northern church; but it has nothing else that is Northern about it. The pier-arches and the barrel-vault are pointed; so are the arches which support the central cupola. For a cupola forms the natural crown to the four arms within, though its presence could hardly have been inferred from the tower and lofty spire which a later age raised over it without. All this so far shows a strong fellowship with Aquitaine, a fellowship not wonderful in a district which lies nearly central between southern and northern Gaul. And, as in Aquitaine, as in Sicily, the use of the pointed arch is here no sign of coming Gothic. It is rather, as in Sicily, a sign of the influence of the Saracen; some perhaps would say that it is merely a sign of the fact that, in some constructive positions, the pointed arch is more convenient than the round. Now a church with pointed arches, a church of mainly Northern proportions, can have very little likeness to a Roman building in its general effect. Nor does the church of Autun affect classical character in those ways in which buildings of its own age often do affect it. It is no basilica, either made up of actual classical columns and capitals, or else built in as near an imitation of them as the skill of the builders would allow. The capitals, wrought with figures and legends, are not of a specially classical type. Far nearer approaches to the Corinthian model can be found, not only in the specially Roman lands, but in France and even in England. The Roman models which the *Ædun* architects of the eleventh and twelfth centuries followed were their own gateways. The reigning feature through-

out the whole church, that which gives it its special character, is the flat fluted pilaster. It occurs everywhere; it supports the roof; it is grouped to form the pillars; it supplies the place of the smaller columns wherever smaller columns would naturally be looked for. Such pilasters are not uncommon wherever the style is influenced by Roman models; but there is perhaps no other building on such a scale in which they so completely form the characteristic feature from one end to the other. They may be seen rather largely at Tournus and in the small remains of the church of Macon; but at Autun they are dominant. And it is singular how much of Roman character is given by the steady use of this one piece of detail throughout a building which is not specially Roman in other ways. This suggests the question, Were the gates then, as now, the chief remains of the ancient city? The gates were there to influence the architectural developement of a local style; it may be that successive revolutions had left little else to influence them. The architect of Autun cathedral must have been a man of observant and eclectic mind. If his city had been still rich in columnar buildings, they would surely have supplied him either with materials or with models. What did the Saracen invader find at Autun in the eighth century? What did he destroy and what did he spare? We have no means of answering; the frightful blow of the Saracen capture is set down in our meagre chronicles without a single detail. The utter destruction of the other great churches of Autun in modern times leaves the visitor without the means of judging whether Saint Lazarus stood alone, or whether it was one of a class. The only contemporary ecclesiastical buildings which survive are two small chapels; one of these, in the lower part of the town, now forming a highly interesting museum, does so far agree with the great church as to give its main arch the pointed shape. Here are questions for the *Ædian* antiquaries, questions which they may likely enough have examined and answered in some of their many publications. The visitor from other lands can do no more than put the questions and leave them unanswered.

The *Ædian* city then, if not the peer of Trier and Ravenna, must at least be admitted as a lowlier member of their company. It differs from them, among other things, in this, that no monuments are left of the times of which we have the fullest record. We know Autun best in the short time when she boasted herself as Flavia; but the existing remains are either earlier or later than her Flavian days. We have the walls and gates

of Augustus; we have the church of the days of bishops and counts; we have the *castrum* abiding in the fortified ecclesiastical precinct; but we have no certified traces of the palace of Constantine, of the temple of his patron god, of the capitol of Augustodunum, or of the schools which stood between the temple and the capitol. We can but guess at their sites, or at most identify them at pleasure with masses of buildings which present no architectural feature. Still, with so much that is lacking, there is much that is present. Autun, as a Roman city, as a city rich in existing Roman buildings, as a city which stands out with a momentary brilliancy in the transitional period of Roman dominion, has at least no rival in its own region. The prayer of Eumenius that Autun might be like Trier, if fulfilled then, is hardly fulfilled now. But it is still more certain that no other city of Britain or northern Gaul can, in the department where Autun is specially strong, pretend to be like Autun.

E. A. F.

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ART. II.—*Carlyle, and Mrs. Carlyle: a Ten-Years' Reminiscence.*

I HAVE been requested to tell the story of what I personally know about Carlyle and his queenly Wife. I was intimately connected with him in his work for a space of more than ten years, and have been an occasional visitor at his house almost to the last. But I never took the slightest note of anything I ever heard or saw there; and never, until quite recently, had any thought of putting on record any facts I personally knew about him. In truth, I have always conscientiously shrunk from the bare possibility of such a thing. During the last few months, however, the thought has occasionally recurred to me with increasing force that some such thing was a duty which I should almost certainly some day and somehow be called upon to discharge. Not many of his readers have had such possibilities of really knowing him as have fallen to my share. But my knowledge of him is necessarily so mixed up with my own personal experiences, that I was utterly at a loss how to handle such a delicate business without offence to a very natural feeling of self-reserve. Then, again, I felt how great a difficulty I should have in wisely determining what it would be right to say, and what to withhold. Altogether, the more I thought of the task, the more impossible it

appeared to be. After much anxious consideration, however, I at last consented to try what I could do. I thought I could at least say something that would be interesting, even if I could not venture to say all. Then came the publication of Carlyle's own *Reminiscences*, with which no one can have been more painfully shocked than I have been. My first feeling was that, if I had never known him personally, after reading those sad pages, I should never have wished to know him. But I sincerely thanked God that I had *really known him*; far too well not to be able to distinguish his own better self from any such distempered nightmares of his sorrow-stricken heart, as those which his readers are now on every hand either angrily or sorrowfully discussing. And, feeling that no sternest truth told in loving reverence could be so harsh as the distorted judgment he had thus almost unwittingly been fated to pronounce upon himself, I at once resolved to tell the story of my own personal experience with perfect frankness; confirming it as I went on with such letters of general interest as from time to time I have received from him and Mrs. Carlyle; which letters, as I think I shall be able to show that I fairly earned them, and as they would be quite unintelligible in any other hands, I trust I may be pardoned for giving to the public.

It will not be necessary for me here to dwell upon my own early indebtedness to Carlyle's teaching. It will be sufficient to say that my experience in those opening days of my life was probably similar to that of many another enthusiastic young spirit, longing for some worthy career, and at last driven to attempt literature as the only outlook. It was in the midst of such perplexities that I first became acquainted with Carlyle's writings, and, I may almost say, became baptized with his spirit. Not that I ever accepted his teaching as final and sufficient in itself, but that it helped to give me a far more practical insight into the obligations of a really Christian life than I had ever before possessed. The opportune and lasting help I thus obtained I have always felt as a debt which no efforts of mine could ever repay. But, as I have said, I never could surrender my own judgment to even Carlyle's authority; and, on reading with vivid interest his wonderful '*Life of Cromwell*,' all my loyalty of heart could not shut my eyes to what to me was and is a serious misreading of Cromwell's conduct on two important public occasions; amounting to a reluctant admission, not merely of disingenuousness, but even of actual untruthfulness.

After pondering long on these matters, and on my own seeming presumption in coming to such independent conclusions, I at last found courage to write a tolerably full statement of the different view to which I had been led, together with the evidence which seemed to me to clear Cromwell from what I could not help feeling to be a stain on the heroic simplicity of his character. I have now but a general recollection of what I actually said. I dare say the letter was sufficiently exuberant, for my whole mind was then in a seething ferment, and I well remember that I hardly knew how to express the new strange thoughts which were gathering within me. But I am very sure it was in no way lacking in reverence to Carlyle himself. Perhaps the reader can imagine my mingled feelings of delight and perplexity upon receiving by return of post the following interesting and, I can now see, singularly characteristic reply—

*Chelsea, 29th December, 1850.*

DEAR SIR,—It is a real satisfaction to me to be chidden from that side of the Cromwell Controversy; and I am well pleased to read your letter.

I do not find that essentially we differ at all in our notion about those matters either of the Protectorship or of the Kingship; but if the business were raised into *speech* between us, one knows not how far it might still go! A fact is a fact, and all men that do see it, must see it alike; but what each man will then say upon it—how you, or I, or Oliver will then see best to *name* the fact—there we shall by no means be sure to be 'alike,' but must rest well satisfied with some approximate agreement! Goethe says, with deep insight and meaning, 'The instant we begin to speak, we are more or less wrong; the first word we utter, there is error in it.' A truth of which Oliver's great inarticulate history will, at every turn, remind one.

With many thanks for your good-will to me, and much fellow-feeling with you in your reverence for Oliver, whom I only wish both of us, and all men, could a little resemble in their life pilgrimage—I remain, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Certainly I had no notion, in writing, of lodging a complaint against Carlyle's treatment of Cromwell, for I have always looked upon the book as a perfect marvel of faithful loyalty and singleness of purpose. Next to my desire to clear Cromwell, I believe my strongest feeling was that perhaps it would be a pleasure to Carlyle himself to know of one who appreciated Cromwell as highly as even he did, and perhaps on comparatively independent grounds. I was a good deal amused at the notion of so great a man feeling himself 'chidden' by such a

mere nobody as myself; and perhaps I felt some slight twinges almost of repentance. But what impressed me most was, that clearly Carlyle was not a man to care to reconsider a judgment once deliberately pronounced. Altogether the letter was a great satisfaction to me; and in times of depression 'you, or I, or Oliver,' often encouragingly recurred to me, to make me try to be a little less unworthy of such almost unimaginable companionship. The rest of the letter must be left to speak for itself, if any one should care to penetrate and profit by its pregnant significance.

Two years after this, the conviction had become very strong in me that it had hardly been seemly to have written to a man to whom I owed so much in a way that could possibly be construed into a rebuke; and I resolved to write one more brief letter, to clear my own conscience; and, if possible, to entirely remove all such feelings, if they ever existed. But, alas for human purposes! how little are their issues in our own hands! I had no reason to think so then; but I have since had sad enough reason to wonder whether even that letter of mine was not partly construed into a 'chiding' hint to him, that there were other and far higher claims upon our consciences than any he had yet urged upon us. The letter was very short, but of course I felt bound to be entirely frank. After expressing my heartfelt gratitude to him for what he had taught me, and for the contentment of mind to which I had thus been restored, I said that, 'next to my sovereign Lord and Master Jesus Christ,' it was to him that I was indebted. Again by return of post I received as kind a letter as one man ever wrote to another. And that letter finally decided for me that literature was not a possibility to which I could ever look, without some far more urgent call than any I had yet been conscious of.

*Chelsea, 29th March 1852.*

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is very kind and good; and I know very well, by old experience of my own, what it means. In a world so full of contradiction and confusion I may honestly accept your loyal feeling towards me with thanks and satisfaction; and to yourself also it signifies much that you have such feelings, and have found some course for them, in days like ours. Persist in that disposition, whatever hindrances occur, so long as you can.

If I have ever taught you any truth, let me offer or reiterate this one advice about it, That you be earnest, without delay, to *do* it; and not at all earnest to *say* it, but rather careful *not* to say it, till the irresistible necessity arrive. If such necessity never arrive, then understand that *you* are all the richer; you have the thing still circulating in your

blood and life, and have not thrown it out of you, it or any part of it, by speech. This is truer than perhaps you think at present; you will see it better by and by. Of all the devouring Molochs to which souls 'pass through fire,' and are burnt, too truly, into phantasmal inanity and *death-in-life*, there is none comparable, in horrible efficiency and all-destructiveness, to the eloquence Moloch (called 'Literature,' 'Stump Oratory,' &c., &c.), who stands crowned as a god among these poor bankrupt generations! 'Do, with all thy might what thy hand findeth to do:' speak of the same only to the infinitesimal few; nay, oftentimes to nobody, not even to thyself!

With many wishes and regards—I remain (sorely short of *time* for most part), yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

For four years after this I wearily plodded on, weighed down with many disappointments and perplexities, in about as insignificant a career as ever tried the faith of crushed enthusiasm. By this time, after an absence of some years, I was living in London; and I chanced to learn that Carlyle wanted help. I was told that he was hard at work on Frederick the Great; and that he was also preparing to issue a collected edition of his works, for which he wanted good indexes. I saw at once that my opportunity had at length come; and that there was now a possibility of doing something really useful while I lived. I was still unmarried, and my needs were as moderate as my means, and I had my evenings as free as I chose to make them. So I wrote him a rather long letter, explaining what was necessary, and volunteering my services; upon which I received the following friendly yet cautious invitation—

*Chelsea, 14th December, 1856.*

DEAR SIR,—Your Letter is very loyal and good; your offer altogether kind and friendly. I am not without help, volunteer and hired, in these troublesome Enterprises of mine; nor is there an immediate necessity for more. But I make no doubt you, too, could do acceptable service, if you continued steadily inclined that way.

Perhaps you may as well come and see me at any rate; we shall then see better what is doable, what not. On Tuesday Evening we are at home, my Wife and I as usual; Tea is at 7½ o'clock: if I hear nothing from you, let us expect you then for an hour and half.—Believe me yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I smiled as I read the limitation of 'an hour and half,' and wondered what sort of long-winded visitor he expected to find me. Punctual to the time, I knocked at the door. I was conducted upstairs into the drawing-room; and Mrs. Carlyle, who was sitting at needlework by a small table, rose to receive

me. She was very kind, but reserved, and I thought looked strangely sorrowful, as if some great trouble were weighing her down; I thought she looked ill, and yet there was evidently something more depressing than mere bodily suffering. She said, 'Mr. Carlyle would be down presently, but had not finished his afternoon sleep;' adding, in a slight tone of disparagement, 'He always takes a long sleep before tea, and then complains that he can get no sleep at night.' While I was wondering at this strange reception, Carlyle himself entered. He bowed somewhat ceremoniously, and we shook hands. He then bade me be seated, and tea was brought in. Of course we talked as we sipped our tea; but what I chiefly remember is the strange feeling of reserve which seemed to have taken possession of all three of us. Gradually Carlyle began to thaw, probably as he gradually perceived that he had not caught such a gushing enthusiast as he may not unreasonably have expected. At nine o'clock I made a movement, indicating that I was aware that the time allowed was up. But he again bade me be seated, kindly said there was no need to hurry away, that he always went out for a walk before bed, and that he would walk out with me. In this assurance Mrs. Carlyle kindly joined, and I again sat down, feeling considerably more at ease than before. After this the conversation became more specific and almost genial, although I recollect very little which would be worth repeating. Mrs. Carlyle said little, merely putting in an occasional remark. At length Carlyle abruptly introduced the business which had brought me there, and which I had been waiting for him to refer to. Perhaps my face brightened at this, but certainly his own reserve there and then fell from him, and for the first time I felt that I saw Carlyle himself.

He told me the *Lives* of Sterling and Schiller were the first things requiring attention; and that his wish was to have a summary of each chapter, and an index of both *Lives*, to be placed at the end of the book. That, if I found myself fit for the work, and the work fit for me, he could at least promise me enough of it. But one absolute condition was, that he himself was not to be worried about it, his thoughts being entirely absorbed in other work. In short, that superfluous talk (including writing) was, on all occasions, the one thing to be avoided. He handed me the books, and, at eleven o'clock instead of nine, we went out together. He walked with me a mile or more on my road, talking in a kind, fatherly way, which sent me home gratefully triumphant. Mrs. Carlyle was again very kind at parting; but

I saw, with a feeling of perplexed disappointment, the same weary look, almost of indifference, which I had noticed when I entered. I little knew then the wearing misery of her life, and little thought how anxiously she was foreboding that all this 'romantic devotion,' as she afterwards called it, on my part, and Carlyle's ready acceptance of it, must inevitably end in trouble to us both. This was the time which Carlyle, in his *Reminiscences*, so sadly speaks of, as 'the nadir of her sufferings.' I may as well say at once that her anxious forebodings were never quite fulfilled. Troubles enough there undoubtedly were, and, as will be seen, disappointments too, on both sides. But I think I may confidently say that our relation was one of unbroken mutual esteem from first to last.

I set to work upon the *Sterling*; and, when I had finished it, sent it with a short note, thinking it best not to trouble Carlyle by calling until he had looked at it and wished to see me, especially as I still had the Schiller to go on with. While preparing the index, &c., I noted two or three little points which seemed dubious, and called attention to them by slips of paper between the leaves, on which I wrote only what was necessary, thinking it would thus be very little trouble for him to glance at the page, and then do anything or nothing as he saw fit. There was nothing of any great importance. He had spoken of *Sterling* in his first few years as being still in 'long clothes;' and I pointed out that this was a form of expression usually applied by mothers to the bird-of-paradise apparel, in which they adorn their infants before there is any possibility of the little feet alighting on the ground, and was hardly applicable to a boy trotting by his father's side. I also called attention to an extract which had evidently been tucked-in after the rest was written, and which wanted some slight grammatical dovetailing. Besides this, there were two or three instances of what seemed to be imperfect punctuation.

It was not long before I received the following very encouraging acknowledgment. I think it may probably have been by return of post, for he was always very prompt in such matters. I suppose he had not then specially noted my small critical temerities.

*Chelsea, 30th January, 1857.*

MY DEAR SIR.—Your work, I can well perceive, is faithful, solid, and judicious; in substance just what was wanted. I have not yet had time to go into it in practical detail, but so much I can see, and certify to you. Surely I owe you many thanks—for what you



have done, and for what you are still doing and willing to go on doing.

Both Summary and verbal Index will be wanted (that is now my plan) for this volume, and for the Collected Works in general. I mean that there shall be such a summary as you have drawn up for Sterling (only briefer, perhaps) to each volume; and then that there shall be printed in the last volume a General Index, which of course is only to be got by doing a verbal Index for each volume; so that the Printer (altering the page Nos. to the new form of the volumes) may at length melt all the Indexes into one.

In this point of view I will beg you to proceed; and you shall have plenty more of work, if you like it—no fear of that! For except the *French Revolution* (which is to be sent you in a day or two) and *Cromwell* which will come next, none of the volumes hitherto have either Index or Summary.

It appears clear to me the only fault of this Sterling Summary, and Sterling Index perhaps still more, will be their *over* minuteness; which surely, as you remark, is a fault on the right side, and easy to mend. However, I shall *see* practically (I hope, when once some present hurries are over), and judge for myself. Meanwhile please go on with the *Schiller*, without abatement of vigilance, but keeping that (probable) fault in your eye. The Summary to each volume ought not, I think, to exceed seven or eight pages at the outside;—how much of your MS. that amounts to you will see when the *French Revolution* comes; and you can try to conform in some measure to that condition. By the Index to the *French Revolution*, you will also form some judgement about the degree of detail requisite in a General Index. Nothing important to be omitted, nor anything insignificant let in; that is the clear Theory;—but as to Practice, in that, as in all things, we require (as the Hindoo Algebraist says of Quadratic Equations in complex cases) 'a clear judgement and the blessing of God!'

So soon as you have done *Schiller*, do not fail to bring it. I mean yourself with it, that we may have another meeting;—the sooner the better; and in fact so soon as you have got the *French Revolution* Index examined, more especially if I have got your *Sterling* well looked into withal, it might be good that we met. Yours with many thanks,

T. CARLYLE.

Upon receipt of this encouragement I at once wrote, offering to prepare a summary of *Cromwell* to be added to the existing index, and to be in time for the third volume, as they only came out a volume per month. Perhaps I was even a little urgent, for I well recollect feeling how glad I should have been to give the whole story of *Cromwell* such a thorough study, as the faithful preparation of a summary would necessarily involve. But I certainly had no other feeling in making the offer, besides the desire of helping Carlyle in his work. I can honestly say I

never allowed any bias of my own to prevent my summaries and indexes from giving a perfectly frank indication of the contents of the books to which they referred. Upon this point Carlyle very soon became entirely satisfied. But these were early days with us; and I suppose, for many reasons, he deemed it necessary to give me a timely caution against any tampering with the royal prerogative. Accordingly I received in reply the following significant manifesto from the throne—

Chelsea, 4 February, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—There is not to be any Summary to *Cromwell*; alone of all the volumes those three are thought not to require one; the story being so straight, with so good an Index, which goes along with it. No doubt a good Summary would be advantageous too; but it would take trouble, and the third vol. is already too large.—Please, therefore, continue the *Schiller* with your best skill;—briefer, your one improvement. That vol. is to follow the *Cromwell*.

I looked over *Sterling* last night. There appear to be no 'errors of the press,' then? I take your careful survey as guarantee of that. These are the chief things to be looked after as you read. Breaking in upon the Text,—of course it must be done if there is an absolute *mistake*; but otherwise I always avoid it with a kind of shudder! The thing has congealed itself so; cold and hard now, burning hot as it once was; so let it lie in God's name!—I will alter 'long clothea,' for that seems to be a real error; and I am glad to know it, there and for the future.

I am here for you any evening whatever, for an hour or so, Tea at half past 7;—you will come, at any rate, when the *Schiller* is done, or when you want the *Sterling* back, or care in any way to come. 'Next week,' so far as I remember, all evenings are alike.—Yours always truly obliged,

T. CARLYLE.

I confess I felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus sharply pulled-up, when I was not even *looking* the wrong way. But it recalled to my mind my old *Cromwell* temerities, which I suppose my urgency about the *Cromwell* Summary had disagreeably revived; and I saw clearly enough what it all meant. There was really nothing in my very trivial memoranda, that could with any reason be called 'breaking in upon the text,' but he evidently had a very real horror of anything of the kind, and he resolved to nip all that sort of irrelevancy in the bud. 'Well,' I thought, 'if so, so let it be.' But I was not going to be daunted, or even disheartened: so I at once emphatically replied, as I well recollect, that my one wish was to help him; not to meddle or hinder in any way; and that, if he would always let me know clearly how I could serve him best, he

might depend on my doing it, to the best of my ability—faithfully and in singleness of heart, as before God!

After these two little flashes, we evidently understood each other better. I went 'next week' as desired; and was much delighted at the cordiality with which both Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle received me. I was especially surprised and delighted at the change in Mrs. Carlyle. She had been very kind before; but with a patiently hopeless look, like a mourner standing by an unclosed grave. But all this had now passed away. All the blinds were drawn up in her house of mourning; and her face was illuminated with the brightest of welcomes. I never knew any one who could deal out little flatteries so pleasantly and judiciously. I have seen it administered by the spoonful, like brimstone and treacle; and even laid on copiously, as if with a plasterer's trowel. But she knew better. She knew the sensitive points exactly; and, if she chose, could touch them so delicately, that it almost seemed like a happy inadvertence; and she could also prick them with the deftest of needles, if she saw fit. She expressed a good deal of bantering astonishment at, what she called, 'my accurate knowledge of baby-linen;' and was altogether cheerful and congratulatory.

Some weeks after this, Carlyle wrote to me again. He was getting anxious about the remaining volumes; and especially to know how much of them I was willing or able to undertake. Up to this time, I believe my impression had been, that most of them were otherwise in hand; and I looked upon my own share as little more than a pleasant evening occupation, from which I was gaining at least as much as I was giving. The following letter opened out a much more serious view of the business—

*Chelsea, 17 March, 1857.*

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you have done with those Biographies; nor are they yet wanted;—but they will be, infallibly, in four weeks hence, they and the *sequel* to them; which latter is still in *nubibus*, and begins to look dangerous to me!

I think it ought to be the *Miscellanies*; which will need some little shifting (I believe) in some of the outskirts (change of Appendix into Text, &c.), and especially will need Summary and Index well done.

Will you be so kind as consider *practically* what you could do, and what you would like to do, in the matter; then bring me the *Sterling* (so soon as ready) any evening; and let us decide something about that other matter. If you find yourself unequal or uninclined to the *Miscellanies*, I have another offer for that (unexceptionable, save that I shall have too

much talk upon it; which is a serious fault, —*wool*, and not *ory*, being the matters in quest!)—and in case of the worst, we can get plenty of *other* work to hold your helpful hand in use.—Believe me, yours sincerely,  
T. CARLYLE.

I responded heartily to this summons; and determined to do my utmost to keep pace with the printer; although I was more occupied and worried with my own private responsibilities than I quite cared to admit. After this my visits became less formal, and were entirely pleasant and encouraging. Mrs. Carlyle and I seemed to get on very happily together. She said, she didn't see why Carlyle (she always called him 'Carlyle' when in her best moods) should have me all to himself; and enlisted my services in many little practical difficulties of her own. She once, in those early days, told me, in her pleasant half-flattering, half-bantering way, that I was 'the only one she had ever heard Carlyle speak of, without what Sir Robert Peel would call "mitigating circumstances"!'. After some little time, I ventured to send him a short essay of mine, 'The Poetry of Life,' which had appeared in 'Chambers' Journal' previous to my Carlylean era, in which I had endeavoured to express my notion of the Christian ideal. It was not that I attached any special value to the essay; but I thought, flimsy as it might seem to him, it would at least show him my own ethical standpoint, and might call forth some observations from him which would be of value to me, and might even lead to a closer communion of thought between us. The next time I went, after we had transacted our business and I was about to leave (for it was only a passing call, in the early part of the day), he returned me my little paper, with a serious, almost-grieved look, but without a word of comment. Mrs. Carlyle was equally silent; and I had to go my way, pondering what such omens might portend. I see now clearly enough that, even in those early days, they must already have looked on me as a kind of feeble Irving; with much of his spirit of willing helpfulness; but utterly without his great gifts, for which perhaps chiefly they had both admired him. I have no doubt they were sincerely grieved at the thought, that here was another earnest life brought close to them, equally bound to be wrecked in the vain struggle after the impossible and unattainable. In our subsequent intercourse Mrs. Carlyle tried, many times and in many ways, to impress on me a wholesome sense of all such disastrous futilities. Carlyle seemed as yet to content himself with absolute silence on such impracticable topics;

probably waiting for some freer opportunity; and perhaps hoping that a course of steady hard work might of itself grind much of it out of me. But I shall have to recur to this subject hereafter. Of course all this was not conducive to any very free sympathy of thought or feeling. Indeed I soon found, even in our freest moments, that there was a distinct distance between us which neither could genially cross.

While on the subject of indexes and summaries, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that they cost me far more labour than Carlyle had any idea of. But I got my own advantage out of the work, and never left any passage until I was satisfied that I had got the full meaning of it. I soon found that I could not comfortably do both indexes and summaries simultaneously. It was like trying to pull to pieces and put together at the same time; and the one mental operation painfully interfered with the other. My method accordingly was, to do the index first; and, when that was completed, to go carefully through the book again, and thus gather a coherent view of each passage as a whole, and so make the general summary. In preparing the indexes, I carefully noted down, not only each person, place, and fact of sufficient importance, but also each distinct idea or group of thoughts. Whenever a person or place of sufficient importance was named for the first time in any connection, I gave a reference. When the mention was only casual, I simply entered the number of the page against the name. But whenever anything specific was said of such person or place, I made the reference proportionally specific. In this way I tried to make the index, not merely a verbal reference, which was all Carlyle asked for or expected, but an approximately complete key to the intellectual contents of the book. And I will venture to say, that any one desiring to get Carlyle's whole meaning as to any person or leading thought, would find himself considerably aided by referring to the index, and attentively tracing his line of thought as thus indicated. I also considered it an indispensable point to make both indexes and summaries, so far as possible, approximately intelligible and interesting by themselves, even without special reference to the book. That I was not altogether unsuccessful in this attempt, may perhaps be credited when I mention that, on the publication of the first two volumes of Frederick, 'The Quarterly Review,' in a rather disparaging notice, sarcastically pronounced the index to be the only intelligible part of the book! Of course this was not saying much for the

intelligence of the reviewer; but I was greatly amused at the time at his extreme critical sagacity.

The following two rather characteristic letters will almost explain themselves—

Chelsea, 10 April, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—After you were gone I began to remember that the Goethe (*Wanderjahre*) Introduction was not among the others in Appendix to Vol. I. [of *Miscellanies*]. Please put it there; they will thus all be in a lot,—and it will help the size of your volume, too. If you stick the above piece of MS. ['Note of 1857:' introducing 'Preface to *German Romance*'] at the beginning of said Appendix (completing the footnote); and then will add, by way of footnote, at the end of each name, e.g.—From Musäus were translated *Dumb Love* (or whatever they are); from Tieck, &c.,—we shall have that matter fairly winded up.

I find the other day there was a rather queer little Paper of mine, turning on the 'Opera,' printed in some Annual or other,—I cannot say in what London Annual, except that presumably it had once been Lady Blessington's, and that certainly this No. of it was published by Lady Blessington's Niece, next year or second-next after Lady B.'s death. Perhaps 1852 or 3? The Piece indisputably exists; I saw a piece of it yesterday, no farther gone. If you could fall in with any reservoir of extinct Annuals, or otherwise hunt up this Piece at any time, it would be ready against vol. 4 of *Miscellanies*. But do not mind much at all. I think I can inquire it out myself, by due expenditure of force, if hard come to hard. Or perhaps it may fall in of its own accord, from some quarter while we are going on.

This is enough for the present. We hope to see you again some evening before long.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The 'rather queer little Paper' did somehow fall in of its own accord, and may be found in vol. iv. I consider it one of the clearest sun-glances, into the *intrinsic fact* which underlies all social makebelieve, that even Carlyle has given us,—like the letting-in of sudden daylight! Think, what the finest 'Opera' would be in such a predicament. Indeed such flashes of revelation—the sudden letting-in of daylight—may be briefly said to constitute the essential characteristic of Carlyle's appointed work. He let in daylight upon our pleasant and self-flattering illusions; and the effort was not in all cases exhilarating.

Before leaving the 'Translations from German Romance,' it will be interesting to mention, that the copy which Carlyle gave me to cut up and arrange for reprinting, was a copy of the original edition published in 1827, in four volumes. To my surprise, I

found upon the flyleaf of the first volume, the following verse, evidently written by a much younger hand than that which indited the intricate MS. with which I had become so familiar—

AN J. W. CARLYLE.

So ist das werklein nun vollbracht;  
Drum nimm's, mein holdes weibelein,  
An Dich, im Schreiben, hab' ich stets gedacht,  
Und Es und Ich wir sind ja Dein!

T. CARLYLE.

I looked at this, now pathetic little verse, very sadly at the time, thinking, 'to what base uses may we come, Horatio;' and wondering whether this little glimpse into the past threw any new meaning into Mrs. Carlyle's notions about the inevitable fruitlessness of 'romantic devotion,' which she was already seriously warning me 'would never do.' I never referred to it; thinking it might only revive painful memories; and put it tenderly away among my sacred mementos, to be ready if asked for, which it never was.

The following may be interesting, as affording a passing glimpse of Carlyle actually at work—

*Chelsea, 26 July, 1857.*

DEAR SIR,—If you get this to-morrow morning in time—if not, then next day,—will you again call at Robson's: Mr. R. *may* (tho' I do not think it likely), want sight of a Book,—which the enclosed slip [Mem. for London Library] will put into your possession for his behoof.

Had there been nothing but that, I should hardly have troubled you, but what I chiefly want is, that you speak to Mr. R. about *Book iii.*, which is not yet come in hand tho' he has it;—and which, I now bethink me, has probably no places marked for being printed 'small.' If Mr. R. will take in hand to fix these himself (or suggest them, with *marks*), it will be a great favour; for I absolutely abhor looking into that dismal MS. again! But I doubt he will not, and in that case there will be nothing for us but that you bring it to me,—and report what the limits of *time* are! . . . I give you plenty of work; but work useful to me was what you wanted.—Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I do not recollect what came of this, but have no doubt that Mr. Robson, in this as in all other cases, did his best to help Carlyle out of his difficulty. In fact, I have often been astonished at the amount of vexatious and really editorial work which he cheerfully took upon himself whenever necessary.

But at the time of which I am now writing, while I was thus struggling with work which I wholly liked and appreciated, the ill-luck of weary and utterly incompatible labour, which has dogged my footsteps

through life, was already barking at the door. One day I found Carlyle in great tribulation of spirit about maps and battle-plans, which had become necessary to illustrate the *Frederick*, then seething and spluttering on the anvil at the fiercest white heat; and which maps and plans he had found himself quite unable to arrange. He had tried his hand at them, and had at last thrown them from him in utter loathing and despair; and now wistfully appealed to me, to say 'whether amongst my many facilities of help, even map-making might not possibly be one.' I never listened to any appeal with feelings of more real dismay than I listened then. I knew well that, do what I would, the whole thing would be as unconquerably intolerable to me, as it had already proved to himself. I had had long and very bitter experience, not of map-making and battle-plans, but of very kindred employment; and I knew with inward shuddering what it must mean for me. But what was I to do! Was I to refuse him, and throw him back upon his own despair, when he was so confidently and really so pathetically looking to me for deliverance! 'No,' I thought; 'I have put my hand to the work; and I will push through with it, come what may!'

I never saw Carlyle look so really grateful as when, with many misgivings, I promised to try what I could do. But from that time my labours with him were almost as weary a struggle as his own. My only satisfaction in now looking back upon them is, that notwithstanding all my repugnances, I did succeed; and gave him almost perfect satisfaction in every instance. So irksome to me was the misery they inflicted, that, in after years, I could never hear him refer to them (as he often gratefully did, as the one thing in which I had really helped him), without a twinge of pain; partly, I confess, of disappointment, that it should be what I cared for least that he valued and remembered best. The method was, I took the printer's 'slips' or 'proofs,' or sometimes his own rough copy, and read carefully, with the German map spread before me. I had to verify every step taken, and every place described or mentioned; and then accurately select such portions of country and such details as were necessary to illustrate the given description. With the battle-plans the problem was greatly more abstruse. In this case, I had to gather into my own mind, from the given description (wonderfully graphic, I admit, or the thing would not have been possible), an accurate picture of the plan of battle, and of the arrangement of the opposing forces, generally at the moment of attack; and then, with a few

strokes and dots here and there on an insignificant-looking bit of map, indicate their several positions. If any one should think this an easy task, with an eye like Carlyle's to scan it when done, I would like to see him try to do it. It is true, I had battle-plans in confusing abundance to help me; one large book, or perhaps two books, some two feet square, expressly, and in strictest confidence, lent him by the Prussian Government. But all those various plans were not always of much real help for the express purpose in hand. Either they were vaguely inaccurate, or they gave the positions of the forces at a different moment from that which the description required; and on the whole I was generally, after much puzzling, thrown back on Carlyle's own words, and on my own little bit of map of the country. In a brief letter of instructions which I got about this time Carlyle significantly concludes—

You wanted *work*,—and are like to get it!  
—Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

*Chelsea, 11th June, 1857.*

In connection with the map-making, I had one little triumph which really interested me. Neither from Carlyle's words, nor from any maps in his possession (all most excellent maps for modern purposes) could I at all make out what were the actual limits of Prussia when Frederick came to the throne. Nor could Carlyle himself help me in the matter. He could only tell me with certainty what his written words had already told me, that this place, that place, and the other place belonged to him; but the actual outline of his scattered kingdom would nohow disclose itself. I could have given the correct modern map, and have left the enterprising reader to work out the problem for himself; or to find it baffle him, as it was already baffling me. And I do not suppose Carlyle ever expected anything else was possible. But I could not rest to leave it so. And at last I found, in a collection of old maps in the King's Library at the British Museum, the very map I wanted. It was a very rude affair. But there, plainly daubed in, was a rude outline of the old Prussian kingdom; and Carlyle's story about the matter became as clear as daylight. By this fortunate discovery, I was enabled to show the boundaries of Prussia, as they were when Frederick came to it; as they were when he left it; and as they were at the time of writing. What they now extend to, or are likely to reach, perhaps Prince Bismarck will be better able to inform us. I have no manner of doubt that both he and Moltke were greatly indebted to Carlyle for the invincible

precision and success of their wonderful campaign; and, from a letter which Carlyle received from Bismarck on his Eightieth Birthday (greatly to Carlyle's satisfaction), I should be inclined to infer he would hardly scruple to acknowledge his indebtedness.

The following memorandum will at least serve to show that the map-making business was now steadily progressing—

*Chelsea, 16 Sept., 1857.*

MY DEAR SIR,—That small patch of an 'Article' that came from *Leigh Hunt's Journal* for some volume (not yet printed) of the *Miscellanies*,—is referred to in some Proofsheet (of the Book on Fr<sup>ts</sup>) which Robson is now correcting. Would you, to-morrow or as soon as possible, send or give him the short Title of it and the No. of the volume it goes into. He will then be able to say: 'IV, (?) § 'so-and-so; and thus get thro' that little hitch.

N.B. You *are* doing, or see how you are going to do, a small Map of 'Cleve and Jülich'? I think, in that very sheet, it will be necessary to *refer* to that map;—and you might bid Robson, at the same time, put in the reference (as he did in the Baireuth-Anspach case), before the slips come back to me.—Yours in the usual haste,

T. CARLYLE.

With all this map-work painfully dragging about me, I suppose I began to fear that I might possibly be getting a little behind with my indexing, &c.; and must have written something to that effect which I now only vaguely remember. My next letter is the following—

*Chelsea, 18 Oct., 1857.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Never mind that little rub in the least! Robson and Chapman are '*thick* on the withers,' we may hope; and as for me, I really do not wince at all,—not the least matter to *me*. It is surely a thousand times better to do the thing well, and to the bottom, when one is at it!—I have only one feeling, that of thankfulness to you (and to Providence for sending me *you*);—coupled with a perceptible regret, which is not wholly regret either, that you should have got such a load of work laid on you which was not your own but mine! However, we cannot help that just yet. The plain truth however is, it would have taken a round sum of money to pay anybody for what you are now doing; and I believe, and perceive, no amount of *money* (with me to lay it out, here and now) could have got it done *so*, or at all like *so*. Robson appealed to me, the other day, Whether I did not think those Summaries well done,—as well as any person could have done them? To which my answer was decidedly affirmative. . . . If you were thro' this particular pinch, matters will go easier.

It was very well you set the Wood-Engraver going. No harm in being '*too soon*,—one cannot be too soon. I have got the Chapter I was talking of, which refers to a new little Map, quite finished (tho' hardly legible!)

and it is ready: but there is not the least *haste*; another little Map that was to follow (Fr<sup>th</sup> first Campaign 1784, while a lad, in the Rhine Country) has *not* got its Chapter yet:—so the Two may *wait* for one another—unless you will *volunteer* to call some evening, and tell us a little of your news. Yours ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

I believe after all that I had everything ready in time, for I find a brief note of map-instructions, dated 13th December, which concludes—'The Summary of Vol. IV. seems to be *frustrate*.'

I was much pleased at the time with these few emphatic words, for the summary referred to actually extended to seventeen pages; nor could I honestly condense it into less. The prescribed limit, it will be recollected, was 'seven or eight pages at the outside;' but I never could manage it, without leaving out much which I felt really ought to be indicated. I had been still more gratified with a similarly brief note of approval, referring to the previous volume. For in that instance I had been again at my temerities; and was curiously waiting to see what would come of it. I had long before been vividly impressed by Goethe's wonderful little phantasy called 'Das Märchen' which seemed to me a kind of imaginative apocalypse of our own era. And, now that I was called upon to make a summary of it, how was I to do it? To make a bare summary of the incidents of the tale, minus the subtle and suggestive glamour in which the whole is wrapped, as in a golden cloud, would have been to throw together a mere jumble of nonsense. Neither was it possible to make a readable summary merely of Carlyle's quaint elucidations; and perhaps still less to fuse the two together. After brooding on the matter some little time, I at length determined to make a summary of what I myself saw in the meaning of it; and then see how it would look as a whole. The little thing came out of its shell better and brighter than I had even hoped; so I ventured to let it fly, to alight wheresoever it listed. I ought to say that, after the first index and summary of Sterling, Carlyle never once saw any of them until they were in print, and, I believe (excepting 'Sartor,' which I have next to speak of), never once altered, or suggested the altering of a word; so that the responsibility of what I wrote rested entirely with me.

I had now got to the 'Sartor Resartus.' It had often struck me as remarkable that, among all Carlyle's writings, there was no other instance of anything bearing even a semblance of what we call 'fiction.' The whole tendency of his singularly vivid im-

agination was, not to 'body forth forms unknown,' but to discern and accurately picture to itself, living or once-living realities. And it had seemed to me, that the rather straining and cumbrous humour of the introductory chapters, and of several other similar passages throughout the work, probably arose from his inability to shake off that inveterate tendency, even when it was evidently cramping the free play of his thought. But now, upon reading the book more closely for the sake of the index, a new light dawned upon me; and I saw clearly enough that it formed no such remarkable exception as I had supposed. He had already written his earnest essays on German Literature and the chief German Writers; and his whole soul was saturated with their thoughts, and kindled with the new intelligence and hope they had awakened in him. 'But,' as he himself confesses, 'man is emphatically a proselytizing creature; no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be practically imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof?' While thus labouring 'in pain to be delivered' (which indeed was the marked characteristic of his whole life), he was, as he has recently told us in his 'Reminiscences,' one day suddenly impressed with a feeling of—'astonishment at *clothes*.' How strange, that man alone (of course including woman), born naked, and essentially naked, should clothe, and adorn, and only partially reveal himself to others! Could any symbol be more apt of the 'open secret' of this universe? It was the thought he had long been dimly feeling after; and instantly the whole Goethean Transcendentalism (which we may sufficiently distinguish from that of Fichte and Emerson, by calling it rather—transcendent Realism), began to gather into shape around it. He would write a Philosophy of Clothes; and embody, in the person of its Professor, the genesis and growth of that strange new Life-Experience, which then in Germany had first found clear utterance in the world; and in 'nine months' the book was completed. If any one, with this thought to guide him, will now read the opening chapters of 'Sartor,' and especially chapters iii. and iv. 'Reminiscences' and 'Characteristica,' I think he will find, as I did, the cumberdomeness of the movement entirely gone; and instead of a laboured attempt to trace an impossible portrait, a humorous and richly suggestive sketch of German literature and literary-life; first, as it appeared to those who knew nothing about it; and then, as it gradually disclosed

itself to his own more earnest gaze. Especially I would call attention to the seventh and eighth paragraphs of chapter iv.; in which surely no one can fail to recognize the express lineaments of Richter, Novalis, Goethe, and Fichte. I may also point to the singular account of the 'genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher,' with the covert allusion to a far-off connection with Persian mysticism; but really dating from the time of Frederick the Great and the return of peace. And lastly, to the strange hint in the final chapter, that 'safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London.' Rather a long stretch of life, even for a Clothes-Philosopher! Of course Carlyle was far enough from limiting himself to a mere reproduction of German thoughts and suggestions. He illustrated and emphasized his subject in a thousand ways, from his own extensive store of knowledge, and especially from his own consciousness and from the deep-felt experiences of his own life. No one can doubt of whom he was thinking while describing Teufelsdröckh's first encounter with the fair Blumine; yet even here, after a few graphic touches, he faithfully passes on to his immediate subject, the 'love-ideal' of German Romance.

When I had come to this conclusion as to the secret of 'Sartor Resartus,' I at once saw what an opportunity it would give me for a speculative analysis, similar to the short sketch I had already given of 'Das Märchen.' But would Carlyle approve of a similar liberty being taken with his own book, when it would necessarily have to appear as if by his own authority? Of this I was very doubtful. However the attempt was worth making; and I made it. When the summary was ready, contrary to my usual practice, I took it to him, and urged him to look it through, before sending it to press, as I was not at all sure as to its suitability. But he insisted that it was quite unnecessary; that he had no time for it; and must just leave it to what he called my 'wise discretion.' This was all very flattering; but I felt more than ever that it would not do to let it rest so. I sent it to be printed; and, as soon as I got the proof, I wrote to him; again urging him to look it through now that it was in print. In a letter, containing other business matter, of no special interest now, he answered, 'I have no doubt the 'Sartor' is considerably illuminated by your faithful labour upon it. I will with great pleasure read the Proof-sheet (and send you my remarks), if you can get me one in time . . . We hope to see you on some future occasion before long.' I

sent the proof accordingly, and promptly received the following reply; the kindness of which, I trust, more than compensated me for any disappointment I may naturally have felt.

Chelsea, 8 Jan., 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—This is a very elaborate, clever, and indeed poetical performance; but I fear it will not do for a 'Summary,' or mere Invoice of Contents; to the common run of readers it would not be intelligible; and it is far too long! . . . I grieve much for the immense trouble you have taken with it: however, it will not be *lost* trouble, all of it, either. Meanwhile the question is, What can be done? . . .

Make Robson throw off a few copies of this Proof which I now have, and we will keep it *in memoriam*. And be patient with me, and with your fate!—I am here always till half-past 8.—Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

The next time I called, Mrs. Carlyle was very kind and sympathetic; and full of friendly admiration for what she called my 'little poem,' which she said I 'really ought to publish.' Twenty years afterwards I acted on her advice; and it now forms an appendix to a little book of mine, in which I have tried to apply practically some of the ideas I got from 'Sartor;' \* and I thought, if it did nothing more, it would at least serve as an honest confession of my indebtedness to perhaps the most original, suggestive, and characteristic of all Carlyle's works.

The following letters must speak for themselves. I suppose I had called his attention to the fact, that the then coming volume contained fewer pages than any of the series—

Chelsea, 15 Jan., 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear of your being rapidly under way again. There is no remedy for Latter-Day Pamphlets; the volume must just stand of the stature it is,—probably the readers will find they have enough for their money.

I am going into Hampshire to-morrow (Saturday)—till probably Wednesday next. Do not call on Tuesday therefore with the 'Cüstrin;' let it be Thursday, please. But my Wife wants you to call on *her*, on Monday, or the first day you have; some money she wants you to pay for her at Coutts's Bank in the Strand.

The 'Journey to the Reich' is, more than half of it, in type; if you have the Map ready, you might as well bring it here to lie by me while the Proofs are getting corrected. There was one passage about the Pleisse and the Elster, 'up the Pleisse and then across the Elster,' which I could not understand completely (not having any *good* map), and was afraid might be wrong. You will now

\* 'Extra Physics; and the Mystery of Creation.' Hodder and Stoughton.

however, have a complete opportunity of *reading* and re-reading the thing; which perhaps may profit the Map in some point or other. I forget if the *track* of the Journey was indicated by some dotted line or otherwise? Nor do I know whether it can conveniently be done if not. In any case, the Map will be of essential service to every *good* reader,—and no bad or careless one will get the least hurt from it.

On Monday, then, or as soon as you pass this way,—for the Coutts-Bank concern. Thursday Evening (or as soon after as you are ready) for the Cüstrin and me.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

*Chelsea, 18 Feb., 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR,—After a great deal of shuddering, I have taken your fine map in hand (Journey to Reich), and given you what hints I could: it is to be feared they will not much *carry* you on their back; but I trust to your own faculty for a *good* issue nevertheless. Nay, already there are few such maps for perspicacity, good sense, and amount of information, under such circumstances. I enclose the 3 slips of memoranda, that you may read them over (if possible), and ask me about dark points when we meet.

Monday Evening next (if you are free) will do: I will then *give* you the map; and do not *wish* my old eyes to be bothered with it further,—if you can help . . .

The *Sartor* is come; and looks very road-worthy: I am only sorry at the endless trouble you have had with it! But that is what you are not apt to grudge in such cases. Only I will say, Don't go too deep; *dispatch* your next two volumes *taliter qualiter*. We shall want you infinitely more to do an Index of the Fried<sup>l</sup> 2 vol. Index, no Summary will be needed yet. Index of your doing!

If you write nothing, I will expect you on Monday Evening; if another Evening will suit you better, write.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

During all this time, as may be supposed, I was a frequent visitor at Cheyne Row; and afterwards, much more so. I generally looked in in the forenoon, that time being usually most convenient to me. My practice was to go straight up to Carlyle in his sky-lighted study, and arrange whatever matter I had to consult him about; and then, as I passed down, have half-an-hour's chat with Mrs. Carlyle in the drawing-room. They were generally very pleasant half-hours. Sometimes there was some trifling commission to execute; sometimes a little difficulty, mechanical or other, she wanted to consult me about. Once she asked my advice about two mirrors which she was thinking of for her drawing-room. The room has three long front windows with narrow slips of wall about eleven inches wide between them; and she wanted the mirrors,

reaching from floor to ceiling, to fit into the recesses and cover the wall; but she had had so much trouble with workmen that she almost dreaded to think about it. I told her that if she liked I would get them made and put up, without her being troubled about it at all. She was gratefully incredulous; but was pleased to think if anybody could get it done, I could! So I at once took accurate measure of the two spaces; and told her she need think no more about it, till the mirrors were ready to go up. 'But suppose they won't fit when they come?' she said, rather alarmed at my coolness. However I took sufficient care about all that, and promised to be present when they were brought home. They were successfully put up, and fitted into their places like fingers into a glove. She often referred to them afterwards, and to the improvement they had made in the room.

It must have been about this time too that I gradually became alive to the intense dreariness of her own life. She had such a perfect mastery of herself, and such a stoical resolution to shut in her own misery from the eyes of the world, that I suppose not many even of her intimate friends ever knew how much she was actually suffering. It was not merely the feeling of utter loneliness, arising from Carlyle's moody absorption in his own work. All this, I believe, she could have borne without finching. Indeed she had such an unshaken faith in his genius, and such a queenly appreciation of her own prerogatives as his Wife, that I am convinced she would not, even at the worst, have exchanged her lowly position for the highest in the land. I cannot for a moment suppose that their two lives were really blended into one. How, on such terms, could they be? But she was by no means deficient in that last infirmity of female hearts, a jealous sense of 'property' in her husband, of which all poachers would do well to beware. Indeed, I have heard it hinted that all women instinctively regard their own lovers, husbands, sons, brothers, &c. (if thought worth having), as peculiarly belonging to themselves, and act accordingly, with results. But of course we are not all bound to believe that. She showed also a true feminine intolerance for anything in her own sex which she did not herself understand; especially if it aimed at an ideal with which she had no sympathy: as was indeed almost unpardonably her case with regard to Irving's true-hearted and devoted Wife; as Carlyle himself, unconsciously, yet too plainly, and even cruelly, testifies. Yet, I venture to believe, she would have been as much shocked as any one at his incredibly



bitter fanatical 'anti-fanatic' version of it. 'Oh those "unspeakable" men,' I can fancy her exclaiming, almost with horror, 'how stupidly blundering they are, taking every silly thing so dreadfully in earnest!' There had, too, been some superficial love-passages between Irving and herself in their young days; and I can quite believe this also may have given piquancy to her feeling of antagonism. No one who knew her can doubt that she would fully appreciate the triumph of having once had the choice between two such men; and, with all her almost invincible heroism, she evidently had not quite magnanimity enough to generously forget it. I always think that any woman who can amuse herself and friends by talking of such tempting little victories, could not have been altogether incapable of some little tantalizing complicity in bringing them about! At the time I knew her, she possessed plenty of resources of her own, and friends and acquaintances in more than abundance; and she well knew how to hold her own in all wordy warfare, and give tit for tat all round with sparkling vivacity. She had also a mischievous delight in treading on the delicate toes of the conventional proprieties; and I have heard her say the most audacious things with a look of demure unconsciousness, which would have broken out into the pleasant, or sharpest, mocking astonishment, if you were simple enough to profess being shocked. She sometimes tried those shafts at me, to see whether I would wince; especially with reference to what she was pleased to call my 'youthful enthusiasms,' and even more serious matters. But when I saw her deftly aim them, I generally allowed them to glance past me, being no match for her with that kind of swift, sharp-pointed artillery. Once she told me 'it was mostly mad people who came running after Carlyle,' leaving me to make my own application. It must have been on one of these occasions that she mentioned, as a kind of general remark, 'what a comfort it was sometimes to have stupid people about you, it saved so much trouble!' All this sort of thing, I should say, she fully enjoyed, while it was alive and on the wing; but, when she was again solitary, the reaction was proportionate. It was not, as I said, merely Carlyle's absorption in his work which weighed on her spirit; she knew this was inevitable, and would have cheerfully faced it, if only for the vantage-ground it gave her with the world. The misery was to be shut up alone with him, when he himself was struggling under his burdens in utter wretchedness and gloominess of heart. When his dark labour-pains were strong upon him, I suppose

he was the most absolutely wretched man I ever saw. Even to stand firmly on one's own feet in the presence of such misery and consequent irritability, was well-nigh impossible. But what she felt most keenly of all was, that he never seemed to realize that misery is the most contagious of all diseases. He saw her always invincibly devoted to him; and he thought her lot peaceful and happy in comparison with his own. He never saw the misery his own misery was inflicting upon her, and gradually sapping the very life out of her. I have heard her, many times, speak of their life at Craigenputtock with absolute shuddering; and I do not wonder when they left at her gayly proposing to 'burn our ships,' and so prevent the possibility of return! I once took an opportunity of referring to what Sterling had said about her skill in writing; and ventured to wonder that she did not still try to find a little amusement in that way. But she shut me up very sharply by saying,— 'Oh, Mr. Larkin, one writer is quite enough in a house.' And yet, I ought to say, I never once heard an angry word pass between themselves. If Carlyle had not himself written so frankly of these things, I should never have dared to write what I am now writing. I have hardly spoken of them to any one, for I felt them to be troubles which God only could be trusted with; but they sank very deeply and sorrowfully into my own heart. She was anxious too about me; and often warned me that I was looking for a recognition which I should never gain. By this time, notwithstanding Carlyle's very kind and hearty appreciation of my poor services, I had begun to see rather deeply into the inevitable truth of this gentlest friendly forboding. Even Carlyle's praise, always frankly conscientious, was far too serious and admonitory ever to be lightly accepted like Mrs. Carlyle's playful flatteries. They always seemed to tacitly imply,— 'This is my clear and emphatic approval, so far. Take heed that you continue to deserve it.' In fact, I not unfrequently recalled his own grim words: 'Hardly for the flower of men will love alone do; and for the scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do.' He evidently thought it was something to stand clear of that latter category.

I never knew a man more free from all personal vulgarities of any kind, or one whose presence carried with it such clear unassuming dignity of manhood; which I can only describe as a certain royal graciousness of manner, as different from a spirit of condescension as wisdom is different from personal pretentiousness. He had too, on all

occasions, such a graphic discernment of all the facts he knew, and such a world-wide wealth of knowledge to liberally dispense, that few 'kingdoms' have been more grandly real or more honestly won. His very failings were of a kingly order, and almost compelled respect by their absolute and evident sincerity. Of his mocking Berserkir hilarity, and overwhelming power of speech when roused by worthy opposition, we have often been told; but, for my own part, I greatly preferred his half-silences, when one seemed to commune with his heart rather than with his head. At such times of quiet converse I have sometimes known him as simple, as gentle, and as open to conviction as any child. It is the recollection of such moments that keeps his memory so reverently dear to many friends, often constrained to differ from him, and even to put a higher interpretation than his own on the very truths he had taught them. Both Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle had singularly expressive voices, and yet singularly different from each other, like the many tones of a powerful organ and the perfect modulations of a mellow flute. They both spoke heartily, with their genuine native accents, but with the easy grace of cultivated sincerity, and with no other rusticity of manner than daring to be true to the soil from which they sprang. They simply brought with them, into the midst of the French-polished upholstery of London conventional life, a vocal memory of the fresh breezes and living echoes of their own mountain streams, pine-trees, and thousand-tinted heather. But I should say that, even in his most genial moods, there was never anything we could call really 'playful' in Carlyle's thoughts or way of looking at things, as there so often was in his Wife's. I can hardly imagine that even in childhood he ever practically knew the meaning of happy 'play'—the pretty innocent skipping of kids and lambs, the simple bubbling-over of the cup of joy! I can only picture him as 'weary and heavy laden' from his birth. Laughter he had of many kinds; scornful, genial, triumphant; and even a strangely sympathetic laugh of reproving pity; but I should say, never the clear ring of overflowing heartfelt joy. Even his humour, richly abundant as it was, was never playful, like Shakespeare's, or like Thackeray's at his best; but always either grim, or sadly pitiful, or else merely grotesquely admonitory. No sunny glances of childlike mirth and innocence ever sported within the sanctuary of his grimly earnest soul: more like a warning iridescence playing around purgatorial fires, half-revealing and half-concealing the incommunicable reality, was the grimly

pathetic banter in which he so frequently shrouded the message his soul felt bound to deliver. 'My friends, I do not laugh,' he says once; 'truly I am more inclined to weep.' 'Self-conscious' he has been called, as if in disparagement of his sincerity. Yea, fearfully self-conscious, almost from the cradle to the grave. How else could he have written of it, and wrestled with the sore disease, with such terrible emphasis and struggling horror? It was the bitter root of all his life-long suffering and dyspepsia, both spiritual and bodily.

A feeble unit (he says) in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness, Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living. The men and women around me, even speaking with me were but Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets, and assemblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as a tiger in his jungle. . . And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not what. For the God-given mandate, Work thou in Welldoing, lies mysteriously within, in Promethean, Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed.

Did his readers look upon all this as empty rhetoric? If so, perhaps, after his own confessions, they will now judge more wisely; or, some of them, perhaps even less. Perhaps few men have been more self-conscious, whether unhealthily or healthily; have felt more bitterly the contrast between their own Ideal, and the 'poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual:' more longed for a worthy career among their fellows; or more heartily despised all insincere, vaguely conventional flatteries; or more really hungered and thirsted after an effectual human recognition. Yet all this, he declares, partakes more or less of spiritual disease. The only healthy self-consciousness he has defined to be—'When Know thyself has been wisely translated into—Know what thou canst work at.'

With all this grim earnestness I do not suppose Mrs. Carlyle ever had any deep or real sympathy; and I sometimes think she may once have greatly over-estimated her own ability to rally him out of it. Perhaps she never altogether gave up the attempt. She was always very ready with playful surprises whenever a fair occasion served. One morning, after I had finished my business upstairs, I looked in at the drawing-room as usual, when she asked me whether Carlyle

had mentioned 'that little paper he was to speak to me about.' I said, 'No; but that I supposed he had forgotten it, and that I would go back to inquire.' I went back; but Carlyle knew no more about it than I did. At last he got up from his table, where he was busily writing, and came down to ask her what it was. I followed him. She let us get close up to her table, where she also was writing; and then held up before us a slip of paper upon which, while I was gone, she had written—'The 1st of April!' Carlyle and I looked at each other, laughing heartily at our mutual bewilderment; and he then strode off, and returned upstairs to his study. Whereupon she was highly triumphant at having, as she said, 'brought down *two* such philosophers with one shot!'

V Once I recollect a bantering allusion to 'Carlyle's friends, the immortal gods!' but I forget what the occasion was. She never hesitated about quizzing him, just as she did every one else; and I noticed that he always seemed to rather like it. Once he was giving me some little bit of copying or map-making to do, and was elaborately impressing on me the importance of dispatch, but at the same time, of there being no actual hurry about it; which was a way he had, like touching-up with the whip, and holding-in with the bridle at the same moment. I intimated my perfect understanding of his wishes; and quoted Goethe's well-known words, which had once made a deep impression on me, 'like a Star, unhasting and un-resting.' 'Ah,' interposed Mrs. Carlyle, 'Carlyle is always hastening, and *never* resting'; which, indeed, was the saddest fact of both their lives. She was once very severe upon what she called Goethe's 'hard heart.' 'No one,' she said, 'but a hard-hearted man, could have treated a pathetic character like poor little Mignon, as *he* had treated her. If, for the sake of his story, he was bound to kill her; at least he was not bound to make stuffy speeches about it, and—embalm her!' Meanwhile Carlyle looked on benignly, as if he were listening to some pretty innocent prattle, but said nothing. I recollect the interest excited at the publication of 'Adam Bede,' and how much Mrs. Carlyle was amused with the character of Mrs. Poyser. She told me Carlyle had read two or three chapters, and then threw the book down; refusing, for some reason of his own, to look at it again. She lent me the volumes, and I did more than Carlyle; for I read them through with very great but very mingled interest. I wondered how any one could have doubted that the story was written by a woman. None but a woman, I thought, could have drawn such a merciless picture of

poor little Hetty in the dingy solitude of her own room; and certainly no man would ever have called her a 'chit' and a 'minx,' for such childlike little vanities, as any loving and trusting girl would, in her youthful delirium of hope, almost inevitably have indulged in. And I still trust, for the credit of my own sex, that no *man* could have followed the down-trodden victim so pitilessly to her death, and have let off the real scoundrel of the story with considerate extenuations and almost with pitying admiration. I have never looked at the book since; but, as I now recall the picture it left on my mind, I should be inclined to say, the really gifted authoress, in the early consciousness of her own great power, and in a moment of indignant ambition, had said to herself,—'Go to, I will take Goethe's Margaret, and show those foolish lords of creation how such a daintily dimpled hussy ought to be treated!' Certainly Goethe, with all his 'hard heart,' treated a singularly parallel case somewhat differently. I do not know whether it is this sort of thing which is generally meant by 'second only to Shakespeare.'

Another significant little anecdote concerning Mrs. Carlyle which belongs to long afterwards, may as well be told now. She had a little pet lap-dog, named Nero, of which she was very fond. Carlyle used to take Nero out with him for a run, every night when he went for his eleven o'clock walk; and I often noticed, when I have walked with him, how carefully he looked after his little charge; occasionally whistling to him (not exactly with his lips, but with a small pocket-whistle), lest he should run astray or otherwise come to grief. This little dog at last grew old and asthmatic, until it was a misery to look at his sufferings; until, in short, like many another little pet, he had to be kindly and painlessly put out of his little troubles. This was a great grief to Mrs. Carlyle, who never could quite reconcile herself to the clear necessity. She was telling her grief to a lady friend, who, I believe, had not been very long married, when her friend, trying to say something to comfort her, suggested, 'Why not have him stuffed?' 'Stuffed!' said Mrs. Carlyle, with a flash of indignation, 'would you stuff your Baby?' She was always very tender-hearted with her pets, and especially with her servants, whom she tried in every way to attach to her; sometimes, but not always, with perfect success.

In the summer of 1858, Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle went on a visit to Hampshire, to Lord Ashburton's; and I had undertaken to look in occasionally at Cheyne Row to see

that all was well. On the 6th of August she wrote me the following letter, the first I ever received from her—

*Bay House, Alverstock, Hants.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Will you give my Charlotte the half-sovereign on Saturday. I am not coming home for some time yet. The place suits me famously; and already I both feel and look quite different from the 'seedy Party' that took leave of you at Chelsea! I get some human sleep here, and no longer cough at all in the evenings, and very little at any time. I have a long drive in an open carriage every day; and every day eat *two* dinners, one at half after one, and the second at eight,—this system answers perfectly.

But oh, Mr. Larkin!—my watch! If it didn't go and stop, at a quarter to five, the very first morning! I tried every persuasion to make it go on again; but beyond nine, it positively would not go. I now for the first time see the sense of those Great Bells, which make such a terrible row in aristocratic houses. They are in aid of visitors whose watches refuse to go! If it weren't for 'the getting up Bell,' and 'the breakfast Bell,' and 'the servants' dinner Bell,' and 'the dressing Bell,' and 'the dinner Bell,' I don't know what would become of me; for to tell the time by *feeling*, in a strange house, thrown loose from one's home habits and occupations, is quite beyond me.

Mr. Carlyle is still in the vague about Germany. His going will depend, I think, on Lord Ashburton's success in looking up 'a man with a yacht!'

I had a fine sail in Portsmouth Harbour the other day, and went on board *The Urgent*; and got two 'splashes' of brown paint on my new dress!—There are Forts here, and a Camp, and everything a reasonable woman could desire!

Remember me kindly to your mother.—Yours most truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Reading this pleasant little letter, at once suggested to me to give her an equally pleasant surprise in return. So I wound up my own watch, packed it carefully in wadding in a little box, put the key inside, and upon the watch a slip of paper on which I had written, 'Please wind me up!' This I posted, together with a letter; picturing to myself what her surprise would be, but little thinking how deeply she would feel such a simple act of playful goodwill. The following grateful acknowledgment must speak for itself. To me it was, and the recollection of it much more is now, worth many watches.

*Bay House, Alverstock, Hants,*

10th August.

OH, MY DEAR MR. LARKIN, upon my honour I all but burst into tears (!) this morning, at your kindness! and I astonished the company at breakfast, by the new views of the world it had given me! It was impossible to keep

one's stand on Misanthropy in the face of that watch! 'Excuse me,' said a Lady-visitor to the mistress of the house, who had taxed her with not returning her salutation on entering the room, 'I was so confounded at hearing Mrs. Carlyle say, "it was a good world," that I quite forgot myself.'

It came to hand *going*, the watch! and I wound it up immediately. It gave me such an odd feeling of *aliveness*, that ticking away amongst cotton, all along the rail from London to here; I felt inclined to say to it, 'How do you do? dear little thing,' and to expect an articulate answer.

I am all the more thankful for it, that the Bells were no longer to be trusted. On Sunday morning I sat reading, wearying for my breakfast, till a House-maid bounced in with dust-brush and pitcher and the usual &c.'s. I stared, and so did she. 'It is not time to go down, is it?' I asked. 'Oh yes, Mam, breakfast must be nearly over!' 'But only *one* Bell has rung yet.' 'Yes, but *that* was the Breakfast Bell; no Prayer-Bell rings on Sundays!' And so I had to go down to reproaches on my laziness, accompanied by the coldest tea and the toughest toast!

We have the loveliest weather here, and I flourish 'like the green Bay Tree,'—unhappy simile! I have been once to 'The Island,' (as they say here), and am going again. We have a Lady in the house, who, tho' the oldest of us, has an untiring love of 'expeditions,' and in *her* hands we are safe from stagnation at all rates. To-day, after luncheon, she is going to take me on board *The Renown*. It is the gayest country place. A quarter of a mile off is a field all covered with snow-white canvas Cones; which, in my simplicity, I took at first for the most stupendous gipsy-encampment. But it is a regular *Camp*, where some two thousand soldiers idle about. Then, just outside the gates, a grand new Fort is building, the most interesting peculiarity of which is, that the guns of it, if ever they are fired, *must* smash right through this House.

I am not going home this week either. So that blessed Dog [Nero] must just console himself with the Sparrow! [a stray nestling, which had been picked up in the garden]. When I do return, it is possible I shall soon start off again! as soon as I have got clean ribbons to my bonnet, and a few other feminine necessities supplied. It is very dreary spending one's life coughing alone, in that House of Cheyne Row, with which I have hardly any associations that are not saddening, or worse;—*very* dreary. And why should I do it? when I am not needed for 'the cares of bread' (as Mazzini calls housekeeping), or the cares of buttons, or of *mislaid papers*! Whether Mr. C. goes to Germany or not, I don't think he will be home till October. So I have still a good few weeks in which to 'wander at my own sweet will.'

If all have gone right, Mr. C. is at this hour showing the Lions (or rather, the Lambs) of Dumfries to Lord Ashburton. Lord A. had arranged to leave London to-morrow morning with his eldest sister, for the Highlands; con-

sequently he took a sudden whim to start from London to-day, and spend an evening and morning with Carlyle at Dumfries, leaving his sister to proceed to Glasgow as she can. He is perfectly charming, that man, for giving those about him a never flagging series of surprises!

I continue to improve in health; hardly cough at all now; and have bloomed out into the most captivating of head-dresses—'regardless of expense.

Love to your Mother, and to all your family remember me; and believe in my gratitude and affection.

JANE CARLYLE.

On the 16th she again wrote, as follows—

*Bay House, Alverstock,  
Monday.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Nothing is badly arranged here except the Post. I had opened my desk to write this note yesterday morning; when it occurred to me, that till 5 o'clock of Monday no letter could leave for London—according to the actual arrangements! Plainly neither of the Miss Barings has ever had lovers;—a lover! the slightest expectation of a *declaration by post*, would have sufficed to change all this!

Will you, at your first convenience, give Charlotte six more shillings. I allow her eight shillings a week, with *et ceteras*; and that will make her right, up to Saturday, when I return, please God. I am wanted to stay till the 23rd (Monday), but I think I had best get home this week; that I may the sooner be ready to start for—Scotland! Yes, indeed, Mr. Larkin, to such a pitch of courage (in the groom's sense of the word) have I arrived! Mr. C. is to sail from Newcastle to Hamburg to-morrow; may be absent still four or five weeks; having then nobody to *do for* at home (for I don't consider myself indispensable to Nero and the Sparrow), why should I sit there 'like owl in desert,' sinking down into depths of despair again! Especially as I have a dear little cousin so bent on my coming, that she will meet me at Carlisle 'to have my bed and tea ready for me.'

Now, dear Mr. Larkin, don't you foresee what will happen? Don't you feel as sure as if I had already told you, that I shall be wanting next to know about trains to Carlisle! the times—the fares? Yes, it is a fact! I want you to riddle *that* out of Bradshaw for me! But what you *can't* be foreseeing, the least in the world, is, that I shall also want you to find out about trains to Liverpool! and then about trains from Liverpool to Carlisle! Some weeks ago, there was a train from London to Liverpool, the fare by which, first class, was only a pound. If this continues, I have been thinking I might go that way, and take a night's rest at Liverpool, for about the same money as going all the way from London to Carlisle at one fell rush!

You will help me, with your miraculous capacity of understanding Bradshaw, when I come. Shall I see you at tea, at six o'clock on

Saturday evening? Don't mind writing; I shall hear when I arrive.

Please to tell Charlotte she need not be putting down the drawing-room carpet. She wrote to me the other day, to say that she 'thought Mr. Larkin a very nice gentleman, and the house was still standing on the same spot!' You need not prepare her for my second exodus. I will break it to her with feminine tenderness on my return. Poor child, I hope she won't go to the bad, with all this cessation of work and of supervision!

Your watch ticks loving compliments, and would like to know when it is to be restored to its native fob: like the Pope at Avignon, 'what surprises it most, is to find itself here!' I promise it the joy of seeing you on Saturday evening; but whether of going home with you, that will depend! The other Lady-visitor's watch took to 'jibbing!' A very fine gold repeater. And *she*, rash woman, took it and left it at ——— tho' I took her aside, and told her that the man was a knave, and had no knowledge of watches. The two facts were plainly written for me in his *eyes*. But she would not hear the voice of the 'charmer'; left the watch, went for it on the appointed day, found it *going*, paid seven-and-sixpence for it, brought it home—and found it stopt! And now she is always half-an-hour too late for breakfast,—tho' she *has* a Lady's-maid to go and look at the Hall-clock for her!—Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

The next day, came the following sprightly little note, announcing a further stay—

*Bray House,  
Tuesday.*

OH MR. LARKIN, what a life you have! It is a foretaste of the sort of thing you will have to stand, when married! I am not to be home on Saturday. Miss Baring insists on my staying till Monday, when she goes herself; and it was my bounden duty to succumb.

After all, I couldn't have trimmed my bonnet on a Sunday! I the lineal descendant of John Knox and of John Welsh the Covenanter! Then it is on Monday evening I will expect you.—Yours ever,

J. WELSH CARLYLE.

On Monday accordingly I took tea with her, and gave her the particulars she required from Bradshaw. I persuaded her to take my watch with her to Scotland, although she professed strong misgivings, being afraid 'it might fret, and take to jibbing,' like the other lady's watch. On the 11th of September she again wrote; and again on the 22nd.

*Lann Hall, Tyrron, Dumfries,  
Saturday.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—I have such a headache! Not that I am fallen into the old bad way: I continue well,—comparatively speaking. But I eat a great lump of cold plum tart to supper last night; and the con-

sequences may be conceived! I have tried starving; then tried a long drive; then tried lying down; and all won't take the tight cord off my head! So I sit up, and write to *you*, as the St. Giles's people eat oysters, 'in wera desperation!'

You see to-morrow is Sunday; so, if I miss to-day's post, you can't get your answer till Tuesday; and you have already waited for it too long! Of all the 'secluded glens' ever seen, this is the most extraordinary; for everybody keeps a carriage in it: not 'a gig,' but a coach-and-pair! And so, naturally, everybody is in motion; what they call '*seeing* our friends.' I have been here now a whole fortnight; and it has been one continual explosion of Champagne Lunches all over this glen (Glenshinell), and the neighbouring Glencairn. I believe they are to my honour and glory. But anything serves here for an occasion to make a feast. A retired — of —, the most perfect bore I ever encountered, had just been fêted all round, before I came; and is now being *done* over again, along with me! I never felt more disposition to kill a man who had done me no intentional harm! And there is no love lost between us. Till I came, he 'had the gang all to himself'; and now he can't get a platitude uttered in peace!

But I go away from here the end of next week; and that being the case, you need not send the Frederick [Two volumes were just out] at all. It was for the reading of my cousin *here*, that I wanted it: lumbering books about with me will be an inconvenience. If Mr. C. can spare me a copy 'all to herself,' it will be sent with best grace, in a perfect state, after my return. My journey was altogether prosperous, in spite of its being undertaken on a Friday; except, indeed, that I lost a ring from my little finger, given me by Mazzini's mother seventeen years ago, and engraved with the Young-Italy watchword, '*ora e sempre*.'

Mr. Carlyle has been lost to the knowledge of his family and friends for more than ten days: retained by the blandishments of Olympia Baroness von Usedom, at her Schloss in the Island of Rügen. But he has now rejoined Foxden and Neuberg, and is rushing about the different battle-fields; expecting to be home in two weeks, so far as I can make out his plans. In that case, as I don't think he will return by Leith, I may prepare my mind for returning to that horrid Cheyne Row, where I am always ill, and generally miserable. My kindest regards to your Mother.—Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Thornhill, Dumfries,

Tuesday.

'Let him that standeth on the house-top, &c., &c.' Ach! Yes! dear Mr. Larkin, I was standing on the top of the topmost chimneypot of the house-top; and did not 'take heed,' till I found myself lying all of a heap on my Mother Barth, with such a dust raised about me, as you have seldom seen!—which

means, without metaphor, that my very brilliant career in these parts has suddenly been cut short by an attack of Inflammation; which would probably have saved myself and 'others' all further trouble with me; had it not befallen in the house of a Dr.! the one living doctor I know, or know of, in whom I have retained confidence. His judicious treatment and unceasing cares at the beginning, and his wife's devoted nursing, prevented the malady gaining ground; and I am up now, after only two days and a half in bed, about as well as I was before;—only a little uncertain on my legs, a little confused with the effects of morphia, a little less conceited about my 'improvement,' and a great deal less impatient to set out for London! Set out I *must* however, as early as is consistent with ordinary prudence; for the idea of Mr. Carlyle going about at home, *seeking things* like a madman, and never finding them; and of his depending on the tender mercies of Charlotte for his diet, leaves me no rest,—partly on Charlotte's account, I confess, as well as his own!

So far as I can make out, from his programme, written in the style of The Lamentations of Jeremiah, he will arrive at Chelsea some time of Thursday. He will sail from Antwerp on Wednesday, he says, 'if not sooner,'—and 'twenty-four hours more, and then——!' then he will be at Chelsea, I fancy this to mean. I write to tell you, that you may go and see after him on Friday; and be a Mother to him, poor Babe of Genius, till I come; which will be in the beginning of next week, I expect; if all continue to go well with my bodily affairs. You must not give Charlotte any more board-wages. She will live with her Master 'on tick,' as usual, till I come and resume the charge of that unhappy household. I calculate on leaving this on Friday; but shall be a few days amongst Mr. C.'s relations. Love to your Mother: It has several times crossed my mind with pleasure, what a beautiful pincushion I have, to go home to!—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

The 'pincushion' to which she playfully refers, was a bead pincushion for her toilet-table, which my good old mother had just worked for her; after a pleasant little visit she had made to us. It was on a fine summer afternoon, while Carlyle was away on some former occasion; and, in the evening, she insisted upon riding home on the outside of the omnibus, next to the driver. It had just struck her that she had never done such a thing; and she was determined to know what it was like! Such little bits of audacity she always seemed to thoroughly enjoy.

The next letter forms the last of this pleasant little series: written the 27th of September.

Thornhill—Sunday.

Thanks! dear Mr. Larkin. *One* thing more do for me on this occasion! Meet me at

Euston Square on Wednesday night; and persuade Mr. C. to *not* meet me! The very sight and sound of a Train throws him into *such* a flurry; and he has had too much of it lately.

In this view, I have not told him the hour I shall arrive at. Indeed I don't know it myself: but *you* can find it in Bradshaw, if I merely tell you, I shall return by the same train that took me away. Velocity being a much more important consideration than economy, in my present delicate health. I wonder *how* it is with Charlotte!

I leave here to-morrow, but stop over Tuesday at the same Gill where Mr. C. was so long. I feel horribly frightened at the journey, tho' I stood it so well in coming. Your watch says it will be *so* happy to get back amongst known faces,—watch-faces, of course. I have never neglected to wind it up but once—the night I had those horrid cramps.—Yours in haste, affectionately.

JANE CARLYLE.

Of course I had little difficulty in discovering the train she was to come by, and got to the station in good time to meet her. I saw the train come in. It was very crowded; and I hurried up and down, keeping a sharp look-out; but could see her nowhere. I waited till all the passengers were gone. Then looked into all the carriages, only to find them empty. So I went away, concluding that she had missed the train. The next morning, when I called, much to my surprise I found her at home innocently wondering why I had not met her! The whole play was so well done, that I was completely taken in, and really thought for the moment I must have missed her in the crowd. It was not till afterwards, when I recalled how thoroughly I had been on the look-out, that I saw the clever trick she had played me. The fact is, she must have slipped into a cab, perhaps after she saw me pass her carriage towards the other end of the train; and left me, as she says of herself, 'wandering at my own sweet will.' Whether it was done in a spirit of mere good-natured mischief; or whether she thought, as she was rushing along the line, that Carlyle might feel hurt at my being there to welcome her instead of him, I never actually knew. But she did not refer to the subject again; from which I concluded it was probably partly both, but mainly the latter; and I thought it might just as well stand, as another item to be set to the score of my stupidity; to which score it undoubtedly very fairly belonged. But that it was a well-meant trick, very cleverly played out, I am as certain as I am that I went to meet her—and failed.

I find my presentation copy of the first two volumes of Frederick inscribed 'with many thanks and regards, 30th September

1858.' When he handed me the volumes, Carlyle solemnly and impressively thanked me for the great and unexpected help I had given him in his heavy labour, without which he shuddered to think where he might then have been. I cannot recall all that he said; but the words—'with a luminous silence, and a steady fidelity of effort, beyond all his experience or imagination; if it would be any satisfaction to me to know it,'—have remained with me, as if spoken but yesterday. He then kindly insisted on my acceptance of a cheque (£100), and accompanied it with many earnest wishes for my future welfare.

After this I remember nothing very special, until the beginning of the next New Year, when I received the following further assurance of his grateful appreciation of my services; which I afterwards rather confidently guessed was more especially a kindly instigation of Mrs. Carlyle's.

Chelsea, 6 Jan., 1859.

DEAR SIR,—I got you a *Life-Ticket* for the *London Library* [*St. James's Square*]; of which, if it be not so very useful till our hands are a little freer, I hope you will get a great deal of good in future years. It is the best Lending-Library I know of in London or anywhere else; I believe, some 100,000 volumes in it, in various languages, on all manner of subjects; and you command 10 of them whenever you or yours think good, and have no trouble but the choosing. If I had been King Freidrich, I would have given you a pretty little *Mansion* and grounds, for your merits to me; but that not being so, I have on cheap terms procured you a small *spiritual freehold*, which you are to occupy wisely, for my sake and your own, during the many years which I hope are still ahead for you.

Probably the Library People may have written to you; at any rate I send you the Documents, and bid you go and take possession.

I think there is nothing more just now. I am deep in 'Chapter I,' which has been a terrible quagmire first and last!—Yours very truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

In the summer of the same year they had determined to spend a few weeks in Scotland; Carlyle (and, I think, the Maid and Nero and Carlyle's Horse) to go by sea; and Mrs. Carlyle by rail. Respecting the sea-trip, there had been one afternoon left out for me the following—'*Mem. to Mr. Larkin.*'

I find there is a *wrong* kind of Edinburgh Steamers, sailing at the same hour,—kind to be avoided by us! They anchor at *Leith* (start from I know not what Dock *here*). The kind we are to *get* anchor at 'Granton Pier' (which is two miles beyond Leith), that is the only distinction I yet know;—I think *they* go from St. Katherine's Dock (but am

not sure). This must be well ascertained and attended to: I once *mistook* the kinds before, and suffered by it. . . . Pray try if you can make out, To-morrow (Saturday);—there is *some* Office where you see a Plan of the Ship, engage berths, &c. (I could long much to have a *berth to myself*, without fellow lodger; but that, I fear, will not be possible, even by paying for it): I long to have the thing *settled* in all points, and to be prepared for my fate.

'Standentz' stands quite distinct here, in Orlich's Map of Sohr (which you consulted upon 'Mollwitz')—no hurry about that just now. The hurry is, To get shovelled on board under tolerable terms! Call on Monday, please, and report.

T. C. (*Chelsea, Friday, 3 p.m.*)

I arranged this little matter of the steamer; and, if I recollect aright, it was immediately after the above somewhat heterogeneous freight was got fairly 'shovelled on board,' I trust under not intolerable terms, that I accompanied Mrs. Carlyle to the King's Cross Station, and saw her safely off—promising her as my final good-bye, that, on her return, I would try if I could not be a little sharper than once before! I am not at all clear about the exact dates of either of these separate journeys. Carlyle's memorandum is only dated as above; quite a singular omission for him. Mrs. Carlyle's letters were hardly ever dated; but I have carefully preserved them all in their postal wrappers, and so have no difficulty on that score. On the 4th of July she informed me of her safe arrival.

*Humbie Farm, Aberdour, Fife.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—It would be a disgrace to human nature that I should not have written to you before this, were it not that poor human nature is sometimes not responsible. I don't hold myself responsible for anything I have done, or not done, since I took leave of you at King's Cross! Mr. Barnes [her doctor] told me that 'weakness of mind was the natural and inevitable accompaniment of weakness of body; that no woman, as weak as I was, could make her mind bear up, any more than she could make her legs bear her up!' He ought to know. At all events I find consolation—a melancholy consolation in believing him; and the fact that I have been arrived at my destination a whole week without a word out of my head to you, has no reproach for my conscience in it. I simply accept it as part of my illness.

For the rest, 'the view' is all that could be wished: I never saw so beautiful a view even in a dream! and the 'Farm House' is all that could be asked of a Farm House and more. We have got *two* sitting-rooms after all—a great mercy that! and the whole appointment is of good size, well aired, well furnished and very clean,—no 'small beings,' as Mazzini called them.

Mr. C. bathes every morning, and rejoices

much over the 'soft food' for both himself and his horse. The Horse, he says, 'is in a perfect ecstasy at his plenty of grass and new hay, tho' unable to recover from his astonishment at the badness of the Fife roads.' I shall see to-day perhaps how a horse expresses ecstasy, for I am going to ride him; or, more properly speaking, to fall off him! But next week I hope to have an ass—more adapted than an ecstatic horse to my present spirit of enterprise!

Charlotte is the happiest of girls! The Scotch *men*, she says, are the kindest she ever knew! 'They call her "bonnie wee lassie" as she passes, *without knowing her!*' and the Farmer has gone the length of giving her a *sugar rabbit*, which she 'would be sorry indeed to eat!' she told me.

They all do better than poor me. Even Nero's touch of mange is being cured by sea-bathing. He bathes regularly, from a sense of duty, along with his Master. But I get no strength, and am as sad as death.—Yours affectionately,  
JANE CARLYLE.

I do not quite recollect how it was that I did not at once reply to this sadly characteristic letter. I only recollect how sorry it made me, and how impossible it seemed to do or say anything that could really help her. But ten days after I received the following kindly little scolding—

*Humbie, Aberdour, Fife,  
14th July. (My Birthday.)*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Apparently you don't mean to answer me, unless I give you some trouble. Well,—here it is. Along with this you will get a note for the Servant of Miss Jewsbury's landlady. 'Old Jane,' the woman's name is; and I don't hesitate to say, she is the best woman in Chelsea, not excepting myself! But the note is null and void, until it have got a sovereign inside it. Now there is no Money-order Office here, and to send the coin is unsafe. So what I beg you to do for me is, to put a sovereign in the note (I won't forget to repay it), seal the note, and take it yourself to Miss Jewsbury's; and ask for the cook; and give it to her, with one of your kindest smiles; which indeed I need not desire you to bestow, for I am sure, when you see the woman, you will not be able to help it.

The Post is waiting, so I haven't a moment. God bless you.—Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

My next letter was from Carlyle himself.

*Humbie, Aberdour,  
Fife, 28 July, 1859.*

DEAR LARKIN,—I have been in so utterly somnolent and dreamy a state, I have not till lately recollected that I never even sent you money to pay for the Register Desk, the Broken Window, and other material fractions of things which you were getting set to rights for me! Here at least is money for these objects; pray have them all sleeked off, and put comfortably to rest before I shew face again.

We have done pretty well here, at least I individually have, in regard to what was the



principal intention of the voyage out: recovery of a little bodily improvement, and allowing of the cloudy bottles to settle a little into *sediment*, and become clearer in consequence. Certainly nobody could get into a more opposite way of life than this is from our London one; and for myself I must brag (or confess, I know not which) I have very completely surrendered myself to the genius of the new locality, and gone about as idle as was well possible for me during these five weeks. The place is one of the finest I ever saw for outlooks and situation: seas, mountains, cities, woods, fruitful cornfields; all is here in perfection; solitude, silence and a horse superadded: bathing, sauntering, walking, galloping; lazily dreaming in the lullaby of the woods and breezes,—this has been nearly altogether my employment since you saw me lift anchor. Tho' Edinburgh, by three Steamers daily, is but ten miles from us, and always in view from the windows, I have only been twice in Edinburgh, for a few hours; and then only upon urgent practical call.

I have read or re-read several Seven-Years' War Affairs, too; and cannot get that terrible problem shaken out of my head altogether; but as to sending you reasonable material for doing Maps upon it, I find, on trial, that it will not do;—find in short that I must shove the whole matter off till I get home again; and what will become of it *then* is frightful to think of! A word from you soon will be very welcome.—Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

I am not quite sure of the exact date of the next letter from Mrs. Carlyle. The post-mark looks like 'Aug. 23,' it is either that or 28. In either case, it was but one short month after Carlyle's comparatively happy sketch of his own way of life. Who could have thought, while reading that pleasant little idyl, that the black clouds were already gathering; so soon to burst into an utter drenching of wretchedness and despair?

*Auchtertool House, Kirkcaldy.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—My 'fine sensibilities of the heart' have been kept in abeyance of late weeks, and all the life in me (you know how much or how little it is!) directed towards keeping me in my senses. If I had been writing to anybody, I would surely have written to *you*; but I have been holding my peace, whenever I could get it done with impunity: silence being the wet blanket on the chimney, which enables it to consume its own smoke. Oh, Mr. Larkin! catch me ever again taking my holiday in the country along with a man of genius! I saw from the first that, instead of a holiday, it was going to be the hardest workday I had had for some time: I saw from the first, what all that *walking* as in seven-league boots, and *galloping* like the wild huntsman, and bathing in season and out of season like a merman, and all that consumption of 'soft food,' was working together towards—a bilious crisis, bad enough to make

a poor wife's hair stand on end; and to make her ask herself, twenty times a day, if it wouldn't be better to tie herself up to her bed-post, and be done with it!

We *might* have been so comfortable *here*, if he had not already overdone himself at Humble! A beautiful airy house, with kind little cousins close by to help us and cheer us. But one's life has been made black and bitter, by this—'accumulation of Bile!' And, as a sick man pleases himself in turning from *one side to another* in his bed, so shall I please myself in turning from *the Country to London*. Mr. C. has settled to go to Annandale in ten days. I had intended to make some visits on my own basis; but I didn't then expect to be so worn out in spirits. So now I think I shall go home by myself, after having merely rested a few days with my Aunts in Edinburgh. Most probably I shall take Charlotte to my Aunts for a couple of days, that she may see Edinburgh, which her heart is set on seeing; tho' I don't feel sure that all these indulgences are for the girl's good; and then send her home by the ship she came by. In that case I will write to her mother before-hand, that somebody may go to meet her on landing; tho' I dare say she is quite up to finding her own way, after having seen so much of the world! She wants, herself, to 'go back by the Princess Royal,' having been very happy and hardly sick on her voyage down. Meanwhile I have no trouble to give you on this writing; as I suppose one can learn from a Scotch Newspaper better than in London, what days and hours the Princess Royal sails.

For myself, I mean to go by rail of course; and to stay a night at York to break the journey. It was far too much for me in coming down. Don't tell Geraldine you have heard from me; above all *never* tell her I write in bad spirits.—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I think it was a week after this, that I received the following short letter from Carlyle; the tone of which sufficiently confirms what his Wife had said as to his change of mood; while its quiet allusion to herself affords a significant and very tragic instance of his entire unconsciousness of the suffering and haggard wrestling with herself, which she so heroically shut down from his sight.

*Auchtertool, Kirkcaldy,*

29 Aug., 1859.

DEAR LARKIN.—Hormayr's Anemones, which you seem to have seen at Cheyne Row, is probably not above 2 or 3 lbs. in weight: please *send* it by Post, the first day you can. I am pretty much through my reading here; and Hormayr can be read without maps.

The Mrs. is well; seems really to prosper a little here—and ought to take *all the good weather* with her before leaving. Unhappily to-day it rains, for the first time rather seriously. Harvest is at its height here; sky and earth in general highly favourable to it.

I am to go southward shortly, as you heard;

and indeed shall have little permanency sure till I get wriggled back to Chelsea. My work *there* fills me with terror;—*you* (I foresee) will have a quite slack time with me [!], and Robson a vacant, for a very great while! But surely there will be abundant *Mapping* and *Planning* by and by, if I live. Neuberg is now out of his Translating Enchantment [had translated the first two volumes into German], and can take the Copying and Museum work.

Hormayr by Post, for this day;—sufficient for the day be the evil thereof!—Yours truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

I do not now recollect what it was I had written to Mrs. Carlyle, which called forth the following sad reply; nor could it be of any interest in comparison, even if I did. The letter is only too intelligible, without comment of mine. Perhaps I had tried to say a few strengthening words to help her; but, if so, I must have felt how futile all words were to one who saw her position with such clear steadfast eyes—for, whatever it was, it has left no impression even on my own mind. The post-mark is September 14.

*Craigenvilla, Edinburgh.*

*Tuesday.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Your letter made me very sad: it always does make me very sad now, to see *youthful Enthusiasm* going ahead right against the stone wall of Reality! But never mind: when you have taught yourself, by breaking your head; you will know better. It is the only way one can learn; advising is no good. Yet I will expend a little advice on you, by word of mouth, when I come; for the sake of having discharged my duty as your friend, rather than from any hope of mending you!

I shall be home next week. I cannot specify the day yet; but will write again, in the hope of your coming to meet me. I am resolute for sleeping at York this time, to break the journey; and have learnt the name of a good Inn. My address, after Friday until I set out on my return, will be—'Sunny Bank, Haddington; 'in case you should have anything needing to be said. Your note to Mr. C. about the horse came to Auchtertool, the day after he left for Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan; but I forwarded it immediately, after reading it for my own behoof.

I despatch Charlotte to-morrow (Wednesday), at 8 p.m., by the vessel which leaves Granton at that hour. I am told it is the Princess Royal, the same by which they came from London; but I have not seen it *in print*. The horse is to be sent from Fife, to meet Charlotte and the dog, unless Mr. C. has again made new arrangements about it, without my knowledge! I enclose a note for Charlotte's father. Please give it him, as I don't recollect their number, and Charlotte is out, seeing Edinburgh.—Yours affectionately,

J. W. CARLYLE.

By the same post I received the following hasty note—

*Edinburgh.*

DEAR MR. LARKIN,—One line—no more, or I miss the post. I am just returned from putting Charlotte and the Horse and Nero on board the Princess Royal. Charlotte has the ticket of passage for all three animals. The saddle and bridle are laid somewhere on the ship.—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

The very next day she wrote in great trouble of mind about the horse, which she had undertaken to see safely despatched for London.

*Craigenvilla, Edinburgh.*

*Thursday.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN.—If my character for *sobriety* (whatever else) were not 'above suspicion,' these written documents you are receiving from me might give you room to *think*! Certainly I was never so confused in all my life; so needing to be myself taken charge of, instead of taking charge of others, whether with four legs or two! Mr. C. gave me no instructions about that horse, beyond ordering it to be sent on board the Princess Royal, by my cousin's groom. 'Anybody at Edinburgh would tell me *anything* I wanted to know!'—and my three maiden Aunts, living out at Morningside, are as ignorant about Steamers and Horses and 'all that sort of thing' as sucking doves; and I absolutely have not seen a male creature 'to speak to' since I arrived in Edinburgh!

The night before last, I was so bothered in my mind about having to take Charlotte and the dog to Granton, and meet the horse there, and arrange them all on the ship, that I awoke for good at four in the morning; frightened by a horrid dream, that my Cousin's respectable old groom had presented himself on the pier at Granton—in Hessian boots with lapeta, and a Cocked-hat, and not a vestige of a horse, tho' the ship was just on the point of sailing! Nevertheless, I found in the waking reality of the case, 'old John' all right; looking for me, to show me the horse, quite contentedly looking out of its box in very handsome headgear. I patted his neck, and gave him my blessing; and paid the 'three pounds' demanded for his passage, and thought I had done all that England, or Mr. Carlyle, or the horse's self expected of me. But—oh horror!—last night, in the middle of prayers, it flashed through me like a knife, that the three pounds were surely not so much as Mr. C. had paid coming down, and that I should have paid something for *food* for the poor horse! What! if after all my anxiety and trouble, I had *left it to be starved*! This idea suggested itself in connection with a half-crown old John told me he had 'paid for hay, and must tell Charlotte about.' Would half-a-crown's worth of hay be enough for him? And, if not, would Charlotte have the sense to pay for what else he required? Surely, surely she would spend what was needed on the poor horse. Do write to me immediately to Sunny Bank, Haddington, to put my mind at ease, if possible, on this head. I shall get no sleep

till I hear the horse is all right at Silvester's Stables, and that heedless little girl with her equally heedless little dog, all right at Cheyne Row. To-day I go into the country to see an old servant, the dear old 'Betty' you must have heard me speak of.—Yours affectionately,  
JANE CARLYLE.

I was able very soon to 'put her mind at ease;' and on the 20th she briefly informed me of her intended return home.

*Sunny Bank, Haddington.*

*Tuesday.*

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—You make the very Posts do the Impossible for one,—your letter reached me on Sunday! I shall be home on Friday, please God. But as I mean to arrive by daylight, I won't have you waste time in coming to meet me. By daylight I can manage quite easily by myself; so I won't tell you the train I shall come by; indeed, I don't yet know it. I have resolved to lessen the strain of the long journey by sleeping at York. I am clearly much less nervous, since I am 'up' to such a resolution as stopping in a strange inn.—In breakneck haste, yours affectionately,  
JANE CARLYLE.

I suppose things now returned once more to their old routine. But long before this, in addition to map-making, my labours had gradually come to include the deciphering and copying-out of the more intricate and least intelligible bits of Carlyle's sometimes singularly intricate manuscript, as the following note will sufficiently testify.

DEAR SIR,—Could you call to-morrow at the London Library, and bring me *Œuvres de Voltaire*, vol. 89 (in which there are *marks* I wish to see): I will then give you some (abstruse enough) copying to do.—In haste of haates,  
T. CARLYLE.

*Chelsea, 8 Feb. 1859.*

I recollect, on one occasion, he had been worrying himself, almost beyond endurance, over some unusually refractory specimen, which had stubbornly resisted every attempt to force it into shape, when to his relief I entered his study. He at once handed me the page-of hieroglyphics to take away and make a fair copy of; saying, with a kind of self-mocking, self-pitying laugh,—'I cannot make out the sense of it, but I have no doubt *you* will be able!' On another occasion, on handing me a similar piece, he said despairingly,—it was 'almost like asking for the interpretation, without even giving me the dream!' I was always thoroughly interested in this kind of work, which had for me nothing of the intense dreariness of battle-plans and map-making. It was especially interesting to me to find how I could sometimes, as it were, meet his thought halfway, and see what he was trying to express, even before I had got all the words together.

But I was not very ready at it either; I seldom could do this sort of thing at a glance. I generally had to puzzle and brood over it, until the idea seemed almost to come of its own accord. As I said, Carlyle never realized how much trouble these things sometimes cost me, nor did I care to speak much of it. In fact, as a rule, it was of no use talking to him about trouble; it only made him disinclined to trouble you. But some idea of the difficulty of these literary puzzles may be formed from Mr. Robson's description of some MS. which Carlyle had considered sufficiently intelligible for printer's copy. Long after I had been helping him in this way with what he considered the specially difficult bits, he wrote me the following note, enclosing an emphatic protest from Mr. Robson, certainly not before it was called for.

DEAR LARKIN,—Will you come to me To-morrow:—you see Robson is fallen nearly desperate! Bring the Book 'Orlich' with you; I sometimes need it here. 'Fontenoy' I suppose is not ready yet?—In haste, yours always,  
T. C.

*Chelsea, Thursday, 10 p.m.*

*March 14, 1861.*

DEAR SIR,—I send you the slips completing the chapter, but I have not been able to make out a great deal of it, though I have spent far more time over it than I can spare; and the poor Compositors are at their wits' end. In fact, the whole of this part ought to be copied out. I never saw such imperfect copy before. Much of it is mere abbreviation, and referring backwards and forwards. I am quite out of heart with it; and fear, if there be any more like this, I shall be obliged to send it to you as it comes from the hands of the Compositors, as I cannot find time, among my many calls upon it, for deciphering such copy. I am sorry to write this, and have deferred till I can no longer get on.—Your obedient servant,

CHARLES ROBSON.

*Thomas Carlyle, Esq.*

Of course this led to much more copying being thrown on my hands; in fact almost more than I could find time to get through with. This sometimes occasioned delays, and called out little spurts of impatience; but they were nothing more than spurts, and I tried to think nothing of them. If I could only have got rid of the maps, &c., I should have done very well. But this was clearly impossible, without throwing the whole thing up, which I was very far from even thinking of. So I struggled on as well as I could; and I can say now what I could not quite feel then, that it was perhaps, after all, the very best discipline that could have been inflicted upon me. By this time I had removed to Brompton, chiefly for the purpose

of being nearer to Cheyne Row. Of course I was now frequently there, generally looking in some three or four times a week. Occasionally I spent the evening there, in which case I always joined Carlyle in his eleven o'clock walk. Those quiet walks I felt to be a great privilege, and generally found them highly profitable; but sometimes not so profitable. I had all along been tacitly and uncomfortably conscious that both he and Mrs. Carlyle were greatly concerned about me, lest I should persist in wasting my life in mere spiritual abnegations. On one occasion, I suppose, he felt constrained to clear his own conscience towards me, as he has since told us he once did towards Irving. I well recollect his speaking to me of Irving in very sorrowful and affectionate terms; of his great gifts; his truthful, affectionate, and courageous heart; and how it was all wasted and wrecked on the maddest of futilities; ending only in a heartbroken half-consciousness that his life had been a disastrous mistake. He also told me that he had been credibly informed that, towards the end of it all, he had been heard to lament how different it might all have been, if he had kept nearer to himself; or at least (as he conscientiously explained) that was the conclusion he had himself drawn from what he had been told. It was in no spirit of boasting, or of proud self-sufficiency, that this was spoken; but in the deepest sorrow and pity; and, at the time, I had no doubt whatever of its being the simple fact, although I am now convinced that it was almost an entire misunderstanding on his part. Self-reproach, Irving may have felt in his own sensitive conscience, that he had not been even more faithful in his testimony to his early friend; but assuredly few 'last days' were more tragically unfaltering than his. I knew, from the time Carlyle began to speak, 'for quickly comes such knowledge,' that he was trying to teach me by a parable; and I would gladly have set his mind at rest about me. But I could not feel that his impressive parable had any real bearing on my case. I knew nothing of Irving at that time, but what I had gathered from vague rumour and from himself; and, from all I had thus learnt, I imagined that Irving and I were far wider apart in spirit than perhaps I could now honestly maintain; and my chief wonder was, how Carlyle could even hypothetically place me in any similar category. Perhaps in this case, as in so many others, he saw more clearly than I did. Still he had no facts to warrant him in speaking out quite plainly to me. He could hardly have cautioned me against a too unshaken faith in the love and truth of

Jesus Christ; nor could I for a moment suppose that he even wished to do so. In truth, I can most positively assert that such an intention was as far from his heart as it was from my own. He was really trying to warn me against the pretentious sanctities and other abominations of desolation which are so often foisted upon us in its stead. If we had begun to argue as to what was pretentiousness, and what was really that Christ-like meekness and integrity of heart which will one day inherit the earth, I suppose we might have argued till we quarrelled, and yet have been no wiser; such 'doubts' being preëminently of the class which he himself has taught us can only be solved by life-experiment and silent faithfulness to what we already know. I confess, with some shame of conscience, that only since reading Carlyle's Reminiscences, have I read Mrs. Oliphant's noble tribute to Irving's memory, which revealed to me, in its deeply pathetic reality, the saddest yet most faithful attempt to put new wine into old bottles perhaps ever placed on record: how much better that was than clinging galvanically to mere empty bottles, or even replenishing them from the fermentations of a prurient imagination, let those who are able to see the difference judge. I think it very probable, indeed almost certain, that it was the publication of the Life of Irving which set Carlyle speaking to me about him. But what I know is, that I felt we were both reaching out to each other in the dark; ineffectually, and to our mutual disappointment.

On another occasion he referred in terms of utter condemnation to the subject of so-called 'spiritualism'; evidently wishful to know how I regarded it. I said the basest thing about it was, its miserable attempt to turn the awful *stillness* of Eternity into a penny peep-show. He entirely agreed with me; and yet I could see that my rejoinder was not what he wanted. He wanted me to declare my total disbelief in the whole thing. But this, with the Bible before me, I was not prepared to do. We had many little tentative encounters of this kind, but never got to any actual disputation. Once he spoke in strong disparagement of the pitiful inconsistency of some one, I forget now who it was, professing to believe in his teaching, and *also* in the nonsense taught in the name of religion. But this again was far too widely aimed to touch me, and I let it pass. Why should I feel called upon to defend generally the 'nonsense' of so-called religion, when my life had been a struggle to gain, if possible, its practical and living wisdom? I never could talk with him freely and unreservedly on such subjects. I always had

an uncomfortable perception that there was a whole world of thought, to me of more than vital moment, which to him was as nothing. How then could we wisely talk about it? I also felt that he himself had a kind of wounded consciousness of something of the kind; and that he sometimes even resented it as 'the unkindest cut of all.' Of course all this arose as much from my own faultiness as from his. I often longed earnestly enough to talk frankly with him; but my own ideas were still far from being clearly defined. Many thoughts and purposes were rising and jostling against each other in my mind, which refused to take shape: and Carlyle was not a man to go to with a bewildered and bewildering difficulty; especially a difficulty beyond his own power to solve. This was precisely my case; and it was the one sore point between us at which we continually touched. I see now that he must have felt more deeply hurt at this palpable want of faith in him, than at the time in my seeming insignificance, I could at all have imagined. 'Here, at last,' he must at such times have thought, 'a disciple has come to me who evidently understands my God-given message; and yet even he has only a half-hearted belief in me!' The fact is, it was enough for me then, as in so many other cases of perplexity and doubt, to fall back on his own wise words,—'Do, with all thy might, what thy hand findeth to do:' speak of the same only to the infinitesimal few,—nay, oftentimes to nobody, not even to thyself!' These words, when I first read them, sank very deep into my heart. Indeed there are periods in every one's life, and also in the Life-History of the world, when to '*die in the Lord*,' even to our best hopes and truest purposes, is the only real heroism for the time possible to us. But this highest and most sacred of all heroism is possible even in the darkest hour: 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers; rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He will give thee thy heart's desire!' And yet I must confess, I also, for my own part, could not help feeling somewhat hurt and disappointed. 'Here was I, striving to live faithfully in my own poor way according to his own wise teaching; and, because I was not, what he had so strenuously warned me against, a glib talker or mere intellectual coruscation of any kind, but had my own silent distresses and perplexities to struggle with, he was dissatisfied with me!'

Generally speaking, this sore feeling was altogether tacit and unacknowledged between us; and I even doubt whether he knew that I was distinctly conscious of it. It was not a thing we could well have spoken of: we

could only have hoped to mutually outlive it. But on two occasions, and only two, perhaps while suffering from more than ordinary constitutional irritability, he quite lost all wise control of himself; and showed me, in a momentary flash of anger, what I would gladly never have looked upon, but which was far too significant to be honestly omitted. One morning, when I entered his study, I found him as usual sitting at his table, but evidently in a condition of great suppressed irritability; with Mill's treatise '*On Liberty*' lying before him; which some one, perhaps Mill himself, had sent him. I believe the book had recently been published, but I cannot say positively. Certainly I had until then never seen it, or heard of it. After I had discharged my trifling business, he rose angrily from the table with the book in his hand, and gave vent to such a torrent of anathema (glancing at Christianity itself, as if Christianity had been the inspiration of it), as filled me with pain and amazement. He addressed himself directly to me, almost as if I had written the book, or had sent it to him, or was in some way mixed up with it in his mind. I felt terribly hurt; but what could I say in protest against such a wide-rushing torrent of invective? I had never read the book; and did not know how far I might agree with it, or even whether I might not execrate it in my own heart as utterly as he did. Neither did he expressly charge me with any complicity with its ideas. But he did, in his haste, say things which he ought not to have said; and which, I am sure, we both, afterwards, painfully wished had never been spoken. In fact, I could see that he was even tragically sorry, almost as soon as his constitutional irritability had thus found unlicensed vent. I do not think that I made him any direct response. We parted soon after in perfect friendliness; but, too palpably, another shadow had fallen between us. God help us all in our manifold infirmities. I know the book well enough now, and the ghastly issues to which it inevitably points, with its accurate balancing of enlightened self-interests, and its deification of every man's own heart; and I will only say that, putting myself honestly in Carlyle's place, I do not wonder that his indignation was beyond endurance. It must have been to him, in the incisiveness of its attack and the taking popularity of its style, like a vision of the great red dragon standing triumphant before him, ready to devour the fruit of his soul's travail as soon as it was born. Since that day, I have never heard him express more utter abhorrence of anything than I have, more than once in late years, heard him ex-

press of the crowing, God-denying, death-stricken spirit, now making such 'great signs' with our fashionable sciences and life-philosophies,—and all the world wondering after it!

The second occasion to which I have referred, occurred long afterwards, and was altogether trivial in comparison: a mere straw marking the hidden disturbance of the stream upon which it floated. This time it was in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Carlyle was present. He was asking me to do some trifling mechanical service for him, similar to what I had done once before, and, lest I should have forgotten, proceeded to give me altogether wrong instructions. Of course I corrected his mistake, and explained to him how the thing had really been done; but I could see that he was not altogether himself, and I know I spoke as tenderly as I could. Perhaps even this touched him painfully, and gave offence; as if I were assuming to have more self-control than he had. Anyhow, he only grew more and more irritable, as I tried to convince him that it could not possibly be done in the way he said. He stormily insisted that he was right, and that *he surely* ought to know. We were both standing looking at each other. I sorrowfully knowing that mechanism would not alter its conditions to please either of us; and he, in his loose-fitting coat, and with his long sceptre-like pipe admonitorily sweeping the air, angrily and utterly refusing to be convinced. He finished by saying, in strangely measured, sarcastic cadences,—‘It may—be perfectly—credible—to *you*—that I am entirely—devoid of sense;’ and then impatiently left the room. Mrs. Carlyle and I looked at each other in despair. Meanwhile he had betaken himself to the garden, to try to smoke off his irritation. I think I have seldom been more reverently affected and even humbled, than when, in about five or ten minutes, he again entered the room, frankly admitting his error, and expressing his great regret that he should have allowed himself to be so carried away. I have often thought of this sterling honesty and touching self-correction in so great a man; and have lately remembered it in his behalf, while reading the similarly hasty outpourings of his feverishly troubled heart, which have been so unreservedly published and so angrily criticised—

No reckoning made, but set to his account  
With all their imperfections on his head.

In 1862 I married; and, mainly at Mrs. Carlyle's instigation, took the house, No. 6, next door to him, which was then falling vacant. We all thought this would prove a

very convenient and pleasant arrangement; but I soon found that it was a mistake, so far as I was concerned. Carlyle had become so accustomed to apply to me in every little difficulty, that, now that it could be done so conveniently, it grew to be a very serious tax upon my time, without giving me the satisfaction of feeling that it was at all of corresponding advantage to him. Mrs. Carlyle continued as sorrowfully and as kindly affectionate as ever; but I felt more and more distinctly that I should never get nearer to himself by more frequent intercourse. On the contrary, his spirit of irritability and impatience became more frequent, and I have no doubt more unconscious on his part, the more outwardly familiar we became; and I often had painful misgivings as to how far I was justified in thus giving way to him. But there was really no help for it, except by weakly leaving him in the lurch, and deserting him in the midst of his difficulties. But the thought of Mrs. Carlyle's deplorable position in such a case, would of itself have been enough to have prevented such a thing, even if my own spirit had broken down. From first to last my position with Carlyle was that of a friendly volunteer, anxious to render him all the help in my power: and I much doubt whether so long and so intimate a connection would have been possible on any other terms. But it must not be supposed that he allowed me to render all these services altogether for nothing. I have already mentioned the first cheque, and the very friendly way in which he insisted on my accepting it. After this there were several presents of £50, handed or posted to me, as occasion served, in a spirit of no less friendliness. At one time I even thought that our connection might possibly grow into something like permanence: but it was not so ruled in our separate destinies, as the whole story and the sequel will sadly show.

One consequence of my living so handy was, that there was not often any necessity for writing letters, which had now generally dwindled into—‘Please come.’—‘Come for a moment.’ ‘Will you come to me To-morrow Morning as you pass.’—‘Dear Larkin,—Will you call this Evening, as you go home; there is some MS. to copy (very cramp in parts). T. C.’—‘Dear Larkin,—Could you copy me the Inclosed (readable to *you*) before, or by, 10 o'clock to-night! Yours always. T. C.’ Once he handed me a circular which he had received from the London Library, asking for the return of Strauss's ‘Life of Jesus,’ which, by some mistake, had got entered to him. He asked me to call, the first time I was passing, and explain that he had never had, or seen the

book. Upon looking at the circular, which I brought away with me, I found that he had written in blue pencil—'Please don't trouble me about this Book any more! I never had it, never saw it (nor wished to see it, nor shall wish), your Copy or another.—T. C.' With which emphatic 'shaking the dust off his feet' I heartily concurred, and still concur.

My poor story is now approaching its conclusion, and I will try to sum up what remains to be said in as few words as possible. Carlyle has told us of the serious accident which happened to his Wife, on her returning home one evening in 1863. I recollect that evening perfectly, and also the scene of helpless misery which in a few words he so distinctly photographs. But 'the eye only sees what it brings the means of seeing;' and he little thought it was his own presence which had suddenly produced the collapse which struck him so painfully. To make the picture which thus fixed itself on his memory intelligible, it will be necessary to explain, or perhaps, as he would say, 'to reiterate,' that few men have been constitutionally less able to cope with unexpected difficulties than he was. In any case of confusion or embarrassment, it was sheer misery to have him even standing by and looking on; his own irritable impatience was at once so contagious and so depressing. It was a constant struggle on Mrs. Carlyle's part, either to keep him out of the way, or to take the opportunity of his being away from home, to effect any changes which might have become necessary; and this as much for his own sake as for hers. On the evening in question, I was sitting quietly at home, when I heard a gentle rap at the door; and was informed that Mrs. Carlyle's servant wished to speak to me. She told me that Mrs. Carlyle had just been brought home in a cab, seriously hurt by a fall, and begged I would come in at once. I went instantly, and found her on a chair in the back room of the ground floor, evidently in great pain. As soon as she saw me, she said, 'Oh, Mr. Larkin, do get me up into my own room before Mr. Carlyle knows anything about it. He'll drive me mad if he comes in now!' We at once consulted as to how we could best carry her up; when, just as we were about to do it, he entered, as he tells us, looking terribly shocked and even angry. I saw he was annoyed at my being there, instead of him; so I said as little as possible, helped him to carry her upstairs, and then left. On the following morning I called to inquire how she was, and found she had given word that I was to be asked to go up and see her. She was full of thanks, and

told me it would be a great comfort to her if I would come up every morning for five minutes, as she knew she should often be wanting some little thing done; and pleasantly added, 'It will be something to look forward to.' In this way I carried into effect many little arrangements for her comfort, which she had thought over during the previous day.

The second illness to which Carlyle refers was far more serious. She was decreasing in strength from day to day, and from week to week, and sinking into the saddest despondency and gloom of horror. I suppose no one who really watched her, ever thought to see her leave that bed alive. She herself had long given up all real hope. But one day she astonished me by telling me, she had made up her mind that if she must die, she might just as well die elsewhere as remain where she was, with nothing but the dreariest associations about her. She had consulted the doctors, and they had agreed that, with an invalid carriage, she might possibly still have strength to carry her as far as St. Leonards; and that, in short, she was resolved to try, even if she died upon the road. She then said, that 'as usual' she must depend on me to help her. She had arranged everything. An invalid carriage was to drive up to the door. She was to be lifted into it on a couch. The carriage would then drive to the station, where it would be placed on a kind of truck, and she would thus be taken from door to door, without any further exertion on her part. All she wanted me to undertake was, when all was ready, to carry her downstairs in my arms, and lay her upon the couch; the attendants would then lift her into the carriage. But, she added despairingly, 'This time, I have insisted on Carlyle keeping out of the way till I am safe in the carriage. I don't think you'll find me very heavy.' I was there at the time agreed, and carried her down as easily as if she had been a child of twelve years old. I was literally appalled at the shadow to which she had become reduced. After laying her gently upon the couch, I went to the front door to see that the carriage was ready to receive her; when I was still more shocked at the hideous receptacle to which she was, all unsuspectingly, about to be consigned; far more like a 'hearse,' as Carlyle calls it, than a carriage; into which the living corpse was to be slid feet first, through a small door behind! I saw at a glance the whole horror of the thing, as it would strike her; but it was too late to interfere, for she was already being carried from the house. I shall never forget the agony of the stifled

shriek which she could not suppress, as they lifted and pushed her in; or the look on her face when she was in, as I stood at the side-door trying to cheer her. I do not know whether such cruelties are still practised on helpless invalids in the name of mercy, but I earnestly hope not. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered herself, Carlyle (who was not before present, as he afterwards imagined) was sent for; and I bade her good-bye, deeply feeling that it was the last poor service I should ever render her. But the end was not yet; for, after many months of suffering, she came back to us seemingly almost herself again.

During their stay at St. Leonards, I received the two following short letters from Carlyle, which may be interesting.

*St. Leonards, 29 May, 1864.*

DEAR LARKIN,—Your parcel came, perfect, yesterday at 3 p.m.;—carriage 1sh + 2d. for portorage (1: 2d. in all; a most cheap accommodation,—thanks to you withal).

Robson has sent me a heap of Proof-matter; but no part of those unblest *Two Sheets*,—without which I cannot stir from the spot. Sad to say!—I am writing to him again, to be instant about it. So you need not call.

We are doing tolerably well here,—our Patient, I do think, slowly recovering; I too trying to *work*, tho' under the above entangling circumstances. The weather is cool, clear, summer-like; highways whirling with insupportable *dust*; but in the country lanes there is beautiful riding,—so *silent*, clean, amid seas of verdure; and the prettiest little Hamlets of Old English type I have seen for many a year. Nothing to object to, except the excessive steepness, and the perpetual changing of level; but that also has its advantages. With kind regards.—Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

*St. Leonards, 28 June, 1864.*

DEAR LARKIN,—We are not very flourishing here; my poor Wife being in a *sleepless* way again, for a couple of weeks past (tho' with less of *pain* than formerly), and is at present in great suffering from that cause.

Are you doing anything at the *Maps*? Torgau is off in a complete state, this evening; and all the 'Battles' (some 7 or 8 of them unmapped yet, I think?) are ready for you. I am fighting as if for life to get forward! Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Two days after I had a letter from Mrs. Carlyle, but not in her own handwriting, only dictated and feebly signed by her, asking me to look for a small box and send it to her: a letter evidently dictated in great depression of heart, in which she says—'I think you must curse the day you wrote that first letter to Carlyle, which brought you into never ending trouble with us. . . . Every emotion, even one of gladness, brings

on my torture: a fine state of nerves to front such a world as this in. Kind regards to your Wife. Ever affectionately yours, JANE CARLYLE.

Soon after this they left St. Leonards. Mrs. Carlyle spent a few weeks in Scotland, and then returned to Chelsea, where Carlyle was now at work again. Towards the end of the same year we removed to Camden Town. I was still struggling hard to keep up with Carlyle's actual requirements, and generally succeeded, although he was constantly worrying both himself and me with fretful anticipations of failure, of which the following note will give some indication—

*Chelsea, 9 Feb., 1865.*

DEAR LARKIN,—Everything now waits on you; I hope there will be no delay! More especially as I am to leave Town 'on the 20th' (Monday come a week),—which was appointed as Publication Day. The Indexes, as you have long understood, are to go all into *one*. Some corrections (I think, *mainly* in regard to Voll. 1 & 2) are marked in my Copy here; you had better call, and copy them off, some morning while still in time.

Silberberg ought to go into your ultimate map; Gross Tinz, I conclude, you have put in;—perhaps Silberberg too (n<sup>d</sup>. of Glatz, s<sup>d</sup>. of Schweidnitz): if so, all right. *Kavaler* or big Atlas of Plans belongs to Lord de Grey, Carlton Terrace, (or Garden? near by Marlboro' House): *clean* them as much as you can, and tie them together for delivery (cannot be too *soon*, after so many years exile!)

I do not recollect that I had anything more to indicate, at present. I depend on you for exactitude and despatch.—Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Perhaps my toughest struggle, so far as limited time and sheer push of hard work were concerned, was that fusing together of the separate indexes into *one*, as above referred to. There had been an index to the first two volumes, another to the third, and another to the fourth; and now there was the manuscript index to the fifth and sixth volumes, which was necessarily only partially completed, with the completion of the work itself. All these separate indexes had now to be taken to pieces in detail, and carefully re-arranged into one general index, making seventy-three pages in the original edition. Everything was now ready for publication but this; and Carlyle had not the slightest idea of the amount of actual labour it involved. My Wife and I worked at it together, night after night, till one and two in the morning, as we never worked before or since; and yet he got more impatient with me about it than he had ever been before. Besides this, he took a sudden panic about those large Atlases belonging to Lord de Grey. In the note of February 9th, he had



thought it necessary to remind me that he depended on me 'for exactitude and dispatch;' and, being determined that, so far as I could help it, he should have no just reason to complain, I kept close to the essential work, thinking Lord de Grey could well afford to wait till I was out of the wood. Great then was my surprise and annoyance, when Mrs. Carlyle one day drove up in her brougham, wearied and vexed, and informed me that he had been imagining all sorts of disasters about them; and that, if they were not already returned, she was to bring them away with her, and return them herself. Altogether, I had evidently got more than I could well bear with; or patiently contain; and, at last, the cup ran over. I think it was when I announced to him that the last stroke was faithfully completed, that I gave vent to my pent-up feelings. I have no recollection of the actual words I wrote to him. But I know it was a rather longish letter; that I first expressed my regret for the absolutely unavoidable delay which had occurred; and then reminded him how I had originally volunteered to do the summaries and indexes, in which work I had been thoroughly interested, and always found my own profit; how my work had gradually extended to difficult copying, in which I was also interested; and how finally it had drawn me into maps and battle-plans, which had been work so utterly irksome and abhorrent to me, that I had only compelled myself to it out of personal loyalty to himself; and I wound up by saying, that nothing short of 'Dr. Francis's Gallows' could ever induce me to go through the like again! It was a foolish sort of triumph at the best, that of telling what is often foolishly called 'a bit of one's mind;' and, if I had been only a little stronger, I should never have indulged in it. We hardly ever succeed in such cases; but generally only lay the foundation of further misunderstanding. God knows whether I did good or harm. But I recollect the feeling of relief to my own conscience, as I fancied it, with which I grimly posted that letter. I took the earliest opportunity of calling on him again in the usual way, to let him see that I was as loyal at heart as ever, notwithstanding my fine spirit of independence! When I entered his study, he met me very much as usual, but I could both see and feel that he was greatly hurt; and when I looked in at the drawing-room, Mrs. Carlyle received me with wide-open eyes of astonishment; which might have meant—'*Et tu, Brute!*' or might only have meant—'Are my forebodings at last fulfilled?' Whatever it may have really included, in

the hidden depths of her own heart,—what she meant to *express* was, simple astonishment; and she perfectly succeeded.

At last, to the inexpressible relief of all concerned, the index was not merely completed, but printed; and the last volumes of Frederick were published, Carlyle being then away from town on a visit. Soon after his return, I received the following brief letter of thanks, which (notwithstanding the comparatively stunted, and perhaps slightly injured tone of it), considering all the irritations we had struggled through together, I now prize as highly as any letter he wrote to me. This, at least, was written with clear consciousness of the distance which hopelessly separated us.

Chelsea, 13 April, 1865.

DEAR LARKIN,—We are got home from the Country; and I have at length got sight of the Book in its complete state, and have been looking over it hither and thither—*your* part of it as well, tho' not yet with critical eye. The Plans &c. are very neat and pretty, so much I can testify; nor do I hitherto see above one or two even slight points on which I could have advised alteration, had there been the freest chance for it.

I am very sensible of the great pains you took, the true wish you have had all along (even in your own confusions and distresses) to be helpful to me; and your loyalty in this sore Enterprise from first to last is a thing I shall always remember. Let us be thankful we have seen the *end* of it; which, at one time, and indeed more times than one, seemed almost desperate!—

I enclose you a cheque,—~~crossed~~ so that nobody can steal it; and need not add that if I can ever help you in any honest purpose I gladly will. And so, with my best wishes to Mrs. Larkin and you, and the kindest auguries I can form, I remain,—Yours sincerely always,  
T. CARLYLE.

After the completion of the general index—having faithfully struggled with him, almost with my life in my hands, through what Mrs. Carlyle well called 'the Valley of the Shadow of Frederick'—I considered my long apprenticeship to Carlyle fairly and honourably ended. There were many little friendly services which I still continued to render. Perhaps for some time I was there almost as frequently as before; and certainly we never afterwards met in any other spirit than that of the friendliest cordiality. But in 1866 Mrs. Carlyle died; and Carlyle's life seemed to have suddenly become altogether downcast, haggard, and motiveless. I little knew then the helpless, hopeless, 'late remorse of love,' which was almost breaking his heart; and still less could I have realized that he and his really loved Wife had been living side by side for so

many years, and he as unconscious as the inaccessible rocks of the misery that very unconsciousness was daily and hourly inflicting. Those bitter outpourings of his troubled soul, now so tragically exposed to the public gaze, are to me unspeakably the saddest bits of writing I ever read. Surely such a self-revelation was never before wrung from a tortured heart. The proudest, strongest, most reticent of intellects, by a strange Nemesis, has been fated to confess its own infirmities and tragic insufficiency, as if with the passionate recklessness of a fretful child. And yet, so utterly did the haggard nightmare afterwards depart from his conscious thought, that he did not even recollect that he had written anything about Irving, whom he really loved as a brother. My own conviction is, that when he, long after they were written, gave permission to publish with wise discrimination his crude and unpruned reminiscences, what he recollected and chiefly, if not wholly, thought of, was his heart-broken confession of his lost Wife's unrequited, and till then unheeded life-devotion to himself, so unworthy of it as he then penitently felt. 'Never,' he writes, as if with trembling hand, 'Never in my pretended superior kind of life, have I done, for love of any creature, so supreme a kind of thing.'—'God pity and forgive me.'—And again, 'Weak little darling, thy sleep is now unbroken; still and serene in the eternities (as the Most High God has ordered for us), and nobody more in this world will wake for my wakefulness.'—'I have sometimes thought this dreadful unexpected stroke might perhaps be providential withal upon me; and that there lay some little work to do, under changed conditions, before I died. God enable me, if so; God knows.'—'The Will of the Supreme shall be accomplished. Amen.'

Those strangely photographic reminiscences, with all their unsightly spots and blotches, were real pictures which passed before him in his lonely chamber of distorted horrors: and he never afterwards looked at them, either to remove their blemishes, or even to make them consistent with each other. Witness the two pictures of Lady William Russell, pages 205 and 292; in one of which, sketched in some calmer mood, he gratefully testifies that she really loved his Wife 'like a daughter;' and yet, in a former morose blurring of his own despondency, he could speak of the same kind friend as thinking no more of her than of 'a sweet orange, which has dropped from one's hand into the dust!' They are palpably the same picture, seen only in different lights; and the light in which at different times it was seen by him, was such fitful

light as his own stricken heart at the moment afforded. I have a right to be heard in this matter; for I am among the slaughtered innocents: a standing spectacle of assiduous helplessness! Was ever a brief '&c., &c.' made to express so much? Byron's 'Hail Muse, &c.' was a trifle to it. But it is 'ill jesting with a sair heart.' Many similar, and far more serious inconsistencies with his former, and, thank God, his later self, have been, and doubtless will be, from time to time pointed out; as, in simple justice, they should and must. But imagine any one, or any number of us, man or woman, to become thus suddenly alive to *our own* hidden 'chamber of horrors;' to have the cloak and shield of reticence and of forgetfulness suddenly snatched from us; and ourselves, in the feverish irritation of some unlooked-for agony, driven to find a frenzied relief in laying bare all the grudgings, discontents, ingratitude, sore sensitiveness, and other besetting infirmities of our whole past life, against which perhaps that whole life had been an inward warfare. How do we suppose the best and purest of us would look, in the darkness of that awful light? In the presence of even such an apocalypse of misery, what, with any honesty of heart, dare the stoutest of us do, but cover each his own head with ashes, and sorrowfully recall the divine words of warning and compassion, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!' Even those who have cruellest reason to feel hurt, may charitably remember, for their own comfort and in his behalf, that his whole life at that time was, not merely an inconsistency with itself, but—for a brief, awful, fated interregnum—almost a moral wreck: 'a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!' Let us who are as yet more happily placed, try to see those sad pictures, thus distorted in a glare of misery, with other and kindlier eyes; and, above all, in the name of our common, erring humanity, let us try to judge, not irreverently, of the self-revealed inconsistencies and tragic shortcomings of the greatest amongst us, thus stricken of God, for his own sake and for ours.

The year following the actual writing of the Reminiscences, Carlyle sent me a copy of 'Shooting Niagara: and After?' together with the following kindly little note, which it is very pleasant to me now to remember, and to be able to conclude with.

Chelsea, 3 Oct., 1867.

DEAR LARKIN.—Along with this you receive a thing called 'Niagara,' most part of which you have probably seen before:—nor is that by any means the principal point of my message.

I am again in want of you for a little bit of ingenious service, or at least counsel; and beg you to call here as soon as you can. Every day till about 8 p.m. I am at home;—come, and I will not detain you many minutes.—Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I suppose the pamphlet thus referred to was almost the last thing he ever wrote; and I have always looked upon it—notwithstanding its innumerable half-truths, and its sometimes perverse misreading of character—as the wisest bit of solemn warning and practical advice even he has given to us as a Nation. But it is not my purpose even to attempt to offer an estimate of his value to us, as an inspirer to earnest effort, or as a teacher and witness of important social truths. I have told the story of our intimate personal connection as simply, as frankly, and as faithfully as I am able; and I trust that no one will rise from its perusal, without feeling that he has learnt to know Carlyle better for it, both in his touching human infirmities and in his almost more than human persistence and strength. I never thought that I could have told the sad story at all, until I read his own confessions. He it was who thus showed me what I could do, and how it could best be done, in truest reverence for his memory, and in faithfulness to those higher social truths, now everywhere struggling towards utterance, to which his faithfully earnest life-work was but the herald and the appointed precursor. To conclude, in his own emphatic words, ‘A very great “work,” surely, is going on in these days—has been *begun*, and is silently proceeding, and cannot easily *stop*, under all the flying dunghoops of this new “Battle of the Giants” . . . no less a “work” than that of restoring God and whatever was God-like in the recorded doings of Mankind. Actually this, if you understand it well.’ . . . ‘For England, too, has, and will continue to have, a History that is Divine; an Eternal Providence presiding over every step of it, now in sunshine and soft tones, now in thunder and in storm.’—‘Who will lead us to the golden mountain tops, where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn!’

HENRY LARKIN.

#### ART. III.—*New Policy of the Vatican.*

*Italiani, operiamo! Ne evoluzioni ne reazioni.* Napoli. 1880.

*Italiana, let us set to work! Neither Evolution, nor Reaction.* Naples. 1880.

To those who watch the movements of European politics with a view to the indications

they afford of the direction in which the great currents of civilization are tending, rather than for the sake of the immediate effects of the moves on the great chess-board, there is at the present day no more interesting or instructive subject of study than the struggle for life which the great institution of the papacy is making. I do not mean by the use of this phrase to intimate any opinion that the Papacy is, or is nearly, at its last gasp. Though such is the opinion of many persons, whose judgment is entitled to much weight, I am unable to share it. That great oak, which once overshadowed all Christendom, needed the slow growth of many centuries to reach the fulness of its strength and greatness, and its decay will be proportionately slow, and its fall the work of centuries. Nevertheless, the conditions of its present existence are those of a struggle for life. It is true that, during the whole of the past, those ages when the Church was most markedly a Church militant were the ages of prosperity and growth; and the ages when it appeared to have least necessity for contest were those during which the causes of its fall were silently and imperceptibly maturing themselves. But however the tide of battle may have temporarily ebbed and flowed during the former epoch, the fight was very evidently in its general outcome a winning one, whereas it is now as evidently a losing one.

Of course the nature of the general world-currents, which seem, as far as the future can be read, to be menacing Romanism with destruction, is far too notorious for there to be either interest or advantage in any attempt to recapitulate the evidences of them. And any examination of the probabilities of the future, based on considerations of the requirements of human nature and the progress of civilization, would be a very much larger subject than the present writer has any pretension to treat in this article. It is his less ambitious purpose merely to give the reader an account in outline of the most recent episodes of the contest in that part of the battle-field which is still, as it always has been, the head-quarters of the Papacy.

When the tremendous catastrophe, which was consummated by the entry of the Italian troops into Rome through the breach in the wall at the Porta Pia, stunned the Pontiff and his brethren of the Sacred College with dismay and consternation, the first policy that suggested itself to them was to meet the ruin as a hedgehog meets the attack of his enemies. Turning all its prickly surface outwards to the world, assuming absolute immobility and affecting absolute impotence, the Vatican adopted a policy of pessimism,

which its rulers thought must needs cause somebody to interfere in its favour. It miscalculated the degree of its necessity to the world. It thought that if the fatal nature of the wrong which had been done to it could be by its own attitude made sufficiently patent to mankind, somebody would come to its assistance. But the world had gone further astray from its old ways than Pius the Ninth wotted of; and nobody came to help him. Such a disappointment ought to have taught the Holy See many things. But the lessons with which it was fraught were of too disagreeable a nature, and implied too radical and sudden a change in the maxims which had hitherto ruled the conduct of the Roman Curia, for men of the intellectual and moral calibre of Pius the Ninth and those around him to accept or profit by them. Pius learned nothing. And the attitude of political sulkiness was maintained to the uttermost during the remainder of his life. 'The Revolution'—by which is meant in the language of the Roman Curia the entire body of all those modes of thought, and of that current of events, which has brought to pass the present condition of society in all the countries of the continent—was in their eyes an accursed thing, and it was not for the Church to defile herself by touching it. The Pope shut himself up in the Vatican, and cried aloud *urbi et orbi* the unblushing falsehood that he was held a prisoner there—a falsehood the Nemesis of which is very cruelly visiting the present Pontiff. It was determined that the Vatican, the Curia, the Church and all its adherents, should absolutely ignore the new political constitution to which Rome and the late temporal dominions of the Pontiff were subjected. *Nè elettori, nè eletti!* was the formula in which this determination was expressed. We will be neither electors nor the elected of electors! We will have nothing to do with you! We will not, in any way, that we can possibly help, recognize the existence of *l'Italia legale*—the Italy of the Government *de facto*—as it was, and is, the fashion of all clerical speakers and organs of the press to call the existing constitution of the country under the monarchy of the House of Savoy.

And to this policy of abstention the clerical party unflinchingly adhered as long as Pius the Ninth lived.

Before his death, however, there had been one or two very remarkable indications that such a policy did not approve itself to all those whose position in the Church, and whose reputation for ability and high character, were such as might well recommend their opinions to the serious consideration of the Holy Father, and his brethren of the

Sacred College. Father Curci, of the company of Jesus, had before the death of Pius published, separately from the large work to which it was originally prefixed, the Preface which occasioned so extraordinary a sensation in the Church, and made, one may say, even an epoch in contemporary Church history. The opinions expressed in that work were so violently opposed to the received ideas of the Vatican as to insure the disgrace of the author. This is not the place to attempt a detailed account of the remarkable pages in question. But the general gist of Father Curci's ideas may be stated in a few words. While maintaining that the temporal power of the Papacy had been assigned to it by the Providence of the Almighty, and had been, and would be still if it existed, a blessing and an advantage for mankind, he asserted that no scriptural promise exists on which any hope of its restoration can be founded; that if by Divine Providence it had been given, it had by the same all-wise Power been taken away, certainly to the disadvantage, probably for the chastisement, of the lay world, but by no means certainly to the disadvantage of the Church, though perhaps as a chastisement for its shortcomings also. He urges on the consideration of the rulers of the Church, the uselessness of directing their efforts to the recovery of this temporal dominion, and the urgency of exerting them to the utmost for the extension of the spiritual influences of the Church. He shows the inefficacy of that attitude of abstention which the Church has adopted to this all-important end, and the necessity of using to the best advantage such means as the existing constitution of the body politic yet left in their power for the attainment of it.

Of course the audacious author incurred the severe displeasure of the Pontiff, of the Sacred College, and of his own society. It is not necessary here to recount the incidents of the persecution to which Father Curci was subjected, or those which attended his restoration to the good graces of the Vatican, on the accession of the present Pontiff. It may be remarked, however, that that restoration was one of the most significant of many unmistakable indications, that with the elevation of Cardinal Pecci to the seat of Peter an entirely new spirit had entered the Vatican.

Few readers probably are unaware that the members of the Sacred College, the cardinals, are in theory the counsellors of the Pontiff. And most of them probably are as little ignorant that this theory has but little corresponded with the practice of the papacy in modern times. Pius the Ninth especially

was essentially an autocrat. None of his cardinals ever attempted to dispute his opinion or to manifest one of their own. But there is little reason to suppose that any opinions prevailed to any extent in the Sacred College of a nature opposed to those held by the Pontiff, especially during the latter period of his incumbency. During a reign extending to the unprecedented length of thirty-one years he had of course filled, almost in its entirety, the Sacred College, and equally of course had filled it with men after his own heart. And it will be seen at once that the successor of a Pontiff whose reign has been thus remarkable, must needs, unless indeed he be disposed to continue in all respects the policy of his predecessor, come to his task under peculiar difficulties. In most cases during the long history of the papacy, the Sacred College at the demise of a Pope has been divided into two or more sections, generally marked by strong enmities and rivalries, consisting of the 'creatures' of the two or three or more previous Pontiffs, who have created them. At the death of Pius the Ninth all the College, with the exception of Cardinal Schwarzenberg and one or two others, consisted of his creatures.

Under these circumstances, the first act of the new Pontiff, if it was one eminently characteristic of a man animated solely by a single-hearted desire to do his duty in the arduous position to which God had called him in a spirit of truthfulness and fidelity to the better theories of the Church, was humanly speaking scarcely a prudent one. He called together the members of the Sacred College, and reminding them of the nature and duties of their position in the Church, announced his intention of governing it by the means and with the aid of their counsels. The result has been that his path from that time to the present moment has been one of almost insuperable difficulties—of difficulties, at all events, so great as to have availed to render many of his wishes and designs for the amelioration of the position of the papacy and of the Church inoperative.

One of his first cares concerned the simple and very necessary, but not for that reason the more easy, object of economy in the administration of the world of the Vatican itself. Abuses of all sorts existed, and had existed there for many years past. Take one little specimen of what was in one shape or another going on in every part of the vast administration. The officers of the *Dataria*, the department through which pass all dispensations, permissions, and the like, always received all fees, which by im-

memorial custom are large and many, in gold, while they accounted for them to the pontifical treasury as though they had been paid in paper! thus pocketing from ten to twelve per cent. on the amount.

Again, though the Pope declared himself a prisoner unable to leave the Vatican, all the horses and all the state carriages of his time of kingship were maintained in the stables and coach-houses, together with a whole staff of superior and inferior officials for the care of them. The Vatican had become a veritable nest of parasites. Sundry cardinals occupied suites of apartments there, while the families of grooms, sweepers, and servants of all sorts had obtained abusive possession of whole streets of dwellings. Leo the Thirteenth unflinchingly suppressed all these abuses; with the creation of how great an amount of enmity and anger in high quarters and in low quarters may be readily imagined.

But it very soon became evident that the new Pontiff was bent on far more serious departure from the path of his predecessor. And the opposition to his ideas became more serious also. It is well known that Pius the Ninth—at all events during the latter part of his pontificate—was surrounded by Jesuits, and in accordance with the accustomed policy of the company, was led to imagine that he was ruling autocratically, while in truth he was being used as their puppet. Giovanni Mastai was a man admirably adapted by his faults and weaknesses to play that part. Possessed of a very limited intelligence, but of boundless vanity, and having that theatrical turn of mind which delights in representation and semblance, he was easily satisfied with the worship of all around him, accorded not, as he imagined, for the sake of what he did, but on account of what he abstained from doing. Never was there a man more open to flattery, nor one less delicate in appreciating the flavour of what was offered him. The policy then of Pius the Ninth had been the policy of the Jesuits. And from the first manifestation of Leo the Thirteenth's disposition to modify that policy, he has had to contend not only with the opposition of the majority of the Sacred College, but with that of the fathers of the company.

One of the most marked features of that modification of the policy of the Vatican, as it existed under Pius the Ninth, which has been inaugurated by the new Pontiff, is the conciliatory attitude which has been assumed towards the civil power in every country, and in all the cases, unhappily but too numerous, in which disputes and difficulties have arisen between it and the pre-

tensions of the Church. As regards Germany and the great war of the *Kulturkampf*, the well-known habit of the Pope's great adversary to make use of the daily press has succeeded in preventing the public of Europe generally from knowing to what lengths the papacy has pushed a conciliatory spirit in dealing with it. This will, like other things of the sort, be known some day, and probably at no distant one. For it is likely that the Holy See may so far abandon its old habits and traditions, and so far adopt the lay diplomatic fashions of recent times, as to publish documents in its turn. The simple truth, as regards especially the latter phases of the negotiations between the disputing parties, is that Prince Bismarck has sought by a judicious mingling of promises and threats with regard to the execution of the famous May laws to induce the Pope to exercise his authority over the Catholic deputies of the Prussian Centre, for purposes essential to the Chancellor's policy. And he has failed in this attempt partly from the Pontiff's determination not to exercise his spiritual authority for purposes which appear to him to have partially at least no connection with religion; but partly also from a cause which it is very interesting to note in the present phase of the relations between Church and State in sundry countries. It is simply that the German deputies, however Catholic they may profess themselves to be, are by no means disposed to obey the behest of the Pontiff in any matter connected with their votes in the legislative chamber. 'A word from the Pope,' said Bismarck the other day, 'and all this opposition to my wishes and endeavours would cease!' It is very difficult to believe that the Chancellor really thinks that. But in any case, if he does think so, he is entirely mistaken.

With regard to the yet more unfortunate case of the recent collision between the Belgian episcopacy and the government of that country, the facts are still more ominously indicative of the decay of that perfect discipline which has in past times formed the main source of the strength of the Church. If, in addition to the other many difficulties and dangers which surround it, that ancient fabric be indeed found to have become in these latter days a house divided against itself, the future duration of its active life will assuredly not be long. It has been seen in Germany that the Pontiff has been unable to influence the lay members of his flock. But in Belgium it has become patent to all the world that the bishops have disobeyed him and set his wishes and counsels at naught. In Germany also indeed it is no

secret to those who are in any degree acquainted with the interior life of the Vatican, that the Holy Father has met with very stiffnecked opposition from certain members of the German episcopal body. In this case the fact has not been made notorious to the outer world. But in Belgium not only have several of the bishops acted in direct contravention of the earnest counsels and directions of the Vatican, but have so conducted themselves as to have caused serious misunderstanding, and almost to have caused a breach of relations between the Vatican and the Belgian government; to have cast a doubt, not justifiable by the true facts of the case, on the consistency and good faith of the Holy Father; and to have traitorously betrayed to the outside world the divisions and discrepancies which threaten to destroy the force of an institution whose boasted unity constitutes its main strength.\*

The recent difficulties between the Holy See and the French government have been brought so prominently before the world, that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them as another of the causes which have rendered the path of the Pontiff a peculiarly thorny one. But it may not be equally well known to the generality of readers that these difficulties also have been a source of enmity and opposition from those of his own household. The Pope's policy on this subject may be very briefly and simply stated. While absolutely refusing to yield to the representations of the French Ambassador at the Vatican, so far as to consent to utter one authoritative word of a nature calculated to facilitate the execution by the French government of the decrees of the Ferry law, he has been equally firm in refusing to take any step that could have the effect of bringing the Holy See into collision with that government; and in reply to numerous applications by, and on behalf of, the threatened corporations, he has, while declining to forbid them to avail

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\* It may be observed that no special reference is intended to the incumbent, but not acting, Bishop of Tournay. Rome holds him to be insane; and it is scarcely possible that any other opinion can be maintained by those who have been cognisant of his conduct, and have read his published words, despite the assertions of the liberal party in Belgium. No doubt, as in many another case, Monseigneur Dumont's mind is lucid enough upon subjects which do not touch his passions. But on the subject of his supersession in the administration of his diocese he is a madman. But would his madness have so exhibited itself, or would it have been permitted to afford a subject of scandal to the faithful, and of amusement to the outside world, a quarter of a century ago?

themselves of any legal means of resistance they may have, or may think they have, consistently counselled calmness and moderation. And many among those who surround him have been very strongly of opinion that more might have been done for the menaced religious corporations, and that conciliation towards the civil government has been pushed to an extent unduly prejudicial to the interests of the Church.

In Switzerland, again, the consistently conciliatory policy of the Pontiff throughout the course of the negotiations, which the differences between the episcopacy and the civil powers have rendered necessary, has seemed to the same objecting critics far too yielding, and the concessions prompted by it excessive.

It may be very easily understood that all these incidents, this consistent and strongly accentuated policy of conciliation, have been a perpetual cause of discord and of opposition from a Sacred College, almost entirely filled by the creatures of the late Pope. It is well known, and indeed has already been in fact said, that the policy of Pius the Ninth was as diametrically the opposite of conciliatory as it is possible to conceive. But the extent to which the Holy See was almost prepared to carry this policy of irreconcilability is probably hardly known to the general reader—*almost*, because the rulers of the Church, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' had not quite made up their minds to enter on the policy of purposely, energetically, and consistently rendering the populations of Europe ungovernable by their existing rulers. This, as readers of Church history need not to be reminded, has been a favourite weapon, of the mode of using which the Church has on many occasions shown herself a perfect mistress. But in the present case there were difficulties in the way, which made the rulers of the Church pause. Were those classes, which might in the different countries of Europe have been found available for the purpose of compelling the civil government to come to terms with the Church, sufficiently Christian to give much hope that they could be brought to act as allies of the Church? This might well be doubted. And this doubt prevented the *almost* determination of the Jesuitizing portion of the Church to adopt the policy indicated from becoming an entire determination.

Such was the temper of the Vatican when Pius the Ninth at last died. And such and so great was the change in that temper and policy on the accession of the new Pontiff. The detailed and intimate history of his pontificate thus far would show it to have

been an unbroken continuance of uphill collar-work—a constant swimming against a strong stream of opposition. Leo XIII. has been accused, by those who share his views and purposes, of weakness and vacillation. Undoubtedly he has vacillated, and still vacillates. Probably a man of more nerve, of stronger will, and, it may perhaps be added, of less scrupulously delicate conscience, might have fought the battle which the Pope has had to fight with more undeviating success. The 'Old Catholic' secession shocked the Church with a great alarm; and the threat of the possibility of his acts becoming a cause of schism was an ever-ready bugbear very terrible to the mind of the Pontiff, and has been on several occasions operative to cause him to vacillate, if not in his purposes, yet in carrying them into effect.

It will be observed, however, that it is in the nature of things that a Pontiff's hands should become strengthened, as regards the world immediately around him, as the years of his pontificate increase. The Sacred College is a body of old men; succession is rapid among them; and of course every creation of a new cardinal adds to the College a supporter of the new Pope and the new policy, as each death diminishes by one the party of the preceding policy and Pontiff. Of course this is not the case universally. There are exceptions to the latter statements, and even occasionally, under special circumstances, to the former. But these exceptions are very far from sufficient to prevent the certain progress of the reigning Pope in power as the years of his pontificate go on. To this may be added, in the case of Leo XIII., the great good fortune he has had in securing the services as Secretary of State of such a man as Cardinal Nina, who to distinguished ability and high character joins a perfect community of views and opinions with his master.\*

And now it would seem that this inevitable increase in the strength of the Pontiff's position has reached a point at which he feels himself able to initiate an innovation on the policy of his predecessor, greater than any hitherto attempted, much more calculated to arouse violent opposition from the still powerful *intransigente* portion of the

\* Since the above lines were written, Cardinal Nina, worn out by the unceasing struggle it behoved him to maintain against constant opposition of the most obstinate kind, has retired from the position of secretary, and has been succeeded by Cardinal Jacobini, of whom it may be said that while following the path and the policy of his old master and teacher Nina, he appears disposed to hold the reins, as is natural in a younger man, with a stronger hand.

Sacred College, and the prelates of the Curia, and likely to lead to far more important results in the world which lies on the outside of the Vatican doors. For some time past it has been no secret to those who are at all acquainted with the interior life of the Vatican, that in Leo XIII.'s opinion the time has come when it would be well for the interests of the Church, and at the same time for those of Italy, that the formula, *nè eletti, nè elettori*, and the policy expressed by it, should be abandoned.\* It is quite a matter of course—at least, it is readily understood to be so by those who know Rome and its ways—that this should be both privately and publicly denied in the most peremptory, explicit, and pertinacious manner. And it is in the power of the deniers to show that at a former period of his reign the Pontiff did with regard to the question in hand pronounce a '*non expedit*.' But to this it is very sufficiently replied, that the phrase cited in itself implies the temporary nature of the opinion expressed by it. That which is 'not expedient' at one moment, and at a certain conjuncture, may well become expedient at another. But it is also true that those of the Catholic party who are anxious that their party should take its part in the political life of the country, are unable to produce any officially authoritative word of the Pontiff recalling his '*non expedit*,' and ordering his faithful adherents to go to the polls and vote. And there is good reason for doubting whether the Holy Father will at any future time, at least under present circumstances, be induced to put forth any such word. Nevertheless, it may be asserted with the utmost confidence that no man of any party, at all conversant with the subject, doubts that it is the wish of the Holy Father that the policy of abstention should be at an end, and a policy of active struggle in the parliamentary arena initiated.

Of course the unwillingness of the Holy Father to speak such a word is easily understood. In the first place, it would have to be spoken in the teeth of the most evident opposition from many of those whom the Pope deems himself bound to consider as the appointed counsellors of the Church. But

there is also another reason of a purely political nature. What the result of a determination on the part of the Catholics to vote at the polling places at the next general election may be no man can say. There are many reasons which make it a very specially dark problem. And of course the Vatican is unwilling to become the public authorizer and promoter of a step which may issue in a disastrous failure. Nevertheless, immediately previous to the recent general elections (May, 1880), it was all but decided in the Vatican that the word so much desired by a large number of its adherents should be spoken. Indeed, the public and official utterance of it was only prevented by the exhibition of such violence of opposition as the presence-chamber of a Pope has rarely witnessed. Remonstrances, arguments, denunciations, prophetic menaces, entreaties, prostrations, tears even, formed portions of the weapons which were brought to bear upon the Holy Father, to induce him to rescind his determination. And they prevailed. Hence those who are well aware that their opinions are shared by the Pontiff accuse him of vacillation. The reader perhaps, bearing in mind the responsibilities that weigh upon him, the tenderness of a conscience that recognizes the duty of giving due attention to the opinions of others, especially of those appointed to be his counsellors, the momentous nature of the issues at stake, and the uncertainty of the result of the step to be taken, will judge such vacillation leniently.

There exists, however, an arena on which the Catholic party may have an opportunity of in some degree trying its strength and the efficaciousness of its discipline, before committing itself to the experiment of the next general election. This is afforded by what are called in Italy the *administrative elections*; that is, the elections of provincial and communal counsellors, to whom is confided the administration of the affairs of the provinces and communes. Though, in point of fact, the share taken by the Catholics in these elections during the life-time of Pius the Ninth was very small, it was always understood that the prohibition which debarred all true Catholics from contributing in any way to the constitution of the government set up by the 'Usurper,' did not extend to these administrative elections. And it is now intended that the whole force of the Catholic party shall be exerted on the next shortly coming occasion of these elections for provincial and communal counsellors. And great interest will attach to the effort, as in a measure indicating what the party may be

\* Whether it may still be said (12th June, 1881) that Leo XII. is of opinion that the Catholics should go to the polls, may be doubtful. Certain it is that all those who have most built upon the expectation that he was on the point of expressing such a wish have been disappointed. His most recent utterances have been all the other way. Under what pressure this change has been brought about, it is not difficult to guess.



able to accomplish on a more important arena.\*

But in the meantime it is becoming well understood among the Catholics, and admitted by many of the organs of liberal or anti-Catholic opinion, that the Catholic party is to go to the poll at the next general election, and to put out its whole strength in doing so. It seems, however, at the same time to be clear, that the Pontiff will not commit himself to any authoritative declaration that it is the duty of Catholics, as such, to do so. Circulars have been issued to all the bishops instructing them to take care, by means of the parish priests and of the Catholic associations, which exist in almost all parts of the country, that the names of all good Catholics entitled to vote at the administrative elections, or at those for deputies to the Chamber, be duly placed on the register. And of course this act alone is sufficient guarantee to all Catholics of the wishes of the Vatican on the subject. The attitude therefore of the Pontiff is equivalent to saying, 'Go to the polls and do your utmost to elect such men as all good Catholics would wish to see there. But do not ask me, as Pope, to interfere in a contest which is and ought to be on the outside of my sphere of action.'

And just at this conjuncture, when the wishes and opinions of the Holy Father and those of a large party of the Catholic laity have arrived, or are arriving, at the decision that the attitude of abstention is at last to be abandoned, that the Catholics are to bestir themselves in the political world, and that an effort is to be made at the next elections which, despite the newness of the Chamber just elected, will assuredly occur at no distant day, the pamphlet has appeared the title of which stands at the head of this article. Its appearance has caused a great sensation in the 'black,' or Catholic world; and would have attracted a much larger share of attention than has yet been the case from the liberal and radical parties, were it not that the minds of the men of those parties are for the present exclusively occupied by the miserable and disgraceful contentions between the political leaders of the different

groups in the Chamber, which for some little time past has been scandalizing the country, and leading foreigners to the conclusion that Italy has attempted the arduous enterprise of constitutional government before she was of sufficient maturity for it.\*

The little work in question—it consists of one hundred and twenty-six large octavo pages—is recognized however by the Catholic world as one of the very highest importance. And it is within the knowledge of the present writer that this importance is exceedingly increased by the fact that these pages have been approved, if not altogether inspired, by the Holy Father himself. To what extent the bishops and leaders of the Catholic party have been allowed to be cognisant of this fact, the writer is unable at the present moment to say. But it is highly probable that—at least, as regards those persons—the secret will very soon become, if it be not yet, an open one.

The aims which the writer proposes to the Catholic party, and which he hopes may be attained in strictly legal fashion by the action of that party at the polls, may be stated in very much fewer words than he uses for the purpose.

In the first place, he very strongly protests against any portion of the activity of the Catholic party being used to promote, even as an *arrière pensée*, the return of any one of the dispossessed princes and governments of the peninsula. Any idea of the kind must be definitively and once for all abandoned. 'The present political constitution of Italy ought not to be combatted by Italian Catholics; the consolidation of it, on the contrary, should be fought for by all legal means; in subordination, however, to the duty of having antecedently assured to the Holy See what has already been shown to be necessary for its independence' (p. 82). 'I have already said that, as it would be at the present day not only difficult, but in my opinion for sundry reasons censurable, to entertain the idea of systematically aiming at the destruction of the present political constitution of Italy, so it is no less necessary to create for the pontificate such a situation as shall assure for it, and with it for the Catholic world, the most full and complete independence. And for this purpose, looking, as regards any other means to the same end, to the nature and tendencies of modern society, it must be held that the only prac-

\* Since the words in the text were written, the administrative or municipal elections have been held in sundry cities of the Peninsula. In Rome the clericals have been largely successful, beating the ministerialists in great measure, and the radicals utterly. It is true that this success has been due to a coalition between the constitutional 'moderates' and the clericals, who by virtue of such coalition share the fourteen seats for which candidates were to be elected pretty equally between them. But this coalition itself, even more than the result of it, is a very pregnant sign of the times.

\* It is right to say that since the above censure was written, i.e., during the winter of the present year, the Chamber and the party leaders have conducted the government of the country in a far more creditable and satisfactory manner.

tically possible method of attaining the end in view is the assignment to the Pontiff of a temporal dominion. . . . These two most important aims, the independence of the Roman See, and the tranquil moral settling down of the present Italian government, indicate that if, on the one hand, it is a matter of supreme necessity that Rome should return to the Pope, on the other, for many reasons, among the chief of which is the physical conformation of Italy, it is very questionable whether it can be maintained that its ancient\* temporal dominion ought to be maintained to the Church' (p. 92).

The writer insists further that the territorial dominion to be assigned to the Pope shall be 'equipollente' to that which he previously possessed. It is not easy to understand how any territory shall be 'equipollente'—of equal power—with another unless it be of equal extent, or at least of equal number of inhabitants, save perhaps under certain special circumstances, which do not in any degree exist in the present case. The writer however says that, as to 'the extension of the territory, and as to the nature of its equality of power, he shall shortly have an opportunity of explaining himself more at large.' At a subsequent page, however, he explains the meaning of his term *equipollente* as 'an adjective meaning a dominion of similar power and value to that which the Church formerly possessed.' With regard to the similarity of power, the author goes on to explain that the moral power of a state depends not so much on its size and material strength as on the security of its constitution and ruler; and as to the value, all that would be wanted would be that the Italian government should oblige itself to pay annually to the Pope a sum equal to the difference between the revenue of the territory restored to him, and that of his former dominions.

'This,' says the writer, 'is the idea which I propose, divested of all equivocation and of all feeling of animosity; an idea which ought to be loyally the base of the political programme of the Catholics on their entry into political life, if ever that is to come to pass' (p. 96).

It is an 'idea' which will be received with shouts of derisive laughter by all that portion of the Italian nation which is best known to the rest of Europe, which at present guides, whether on one side of the Chamber of Deputies or the other, the

destinies of the country, and which to a foreigner sojourning in Italy (unless he be a strong Roman Catholic), seems to be the entirety of the nation. It will hardly be accorded the honour of argument or confutation by any of those scoffers. Yet it is worth while to spend a few sentences on showing the exceeding weakness of the writer's plan, looked at as a means for attaining a given end.

It is pertinaciously asserted by the Catholics that the Pontiff is in his present situation not independent, and that the religious interests of all the Catholics in the world require that he should be so. Perhaps it is not for one who is no Catholic to pretend to form any opinion upon the latter point. And for the moment we will waive the consideration, how far, if such independence be necessary to the religion of a Catholic, it is incumbent on the Romans to sacrifice themselves for the purpose of furnishing this necessary independence. But it is very difficult to understand in what respect the Pontiff is not independent in the sense in which those who deny him to be so mean to use the word. When pressed upon the subject, freedom of communication with his flock and with their pastors in every part of the world is the point they insist on. Now how does the fact stand in this respect? The Pope has complete and free use of the Italian post and telegraph offices. Of course it would be replied with the utmost scorn, that the suggestion that the Holy Father's freedom of communication is assured by offering him the power of sending his despatches through the hands of those who are not only not subject but hostile to him, is merely insulting. But how would he be better off in this respect if he were temporal sovereign of Rome? or indeed how was he better off when he possessed all the former pontifical state? In either case all his despatches had to pass into the hands of foreign postal services, unless indeed the Apostolic Court chose to employ a special courier. And that it is equally in its power to do at the present day. It cannot, we think, be shown that the possession of the sovereignty of Rome, or even of the whole of the dominions once possessed by the Popes, would insure to the Pope any greater freedom or security of communication with any outlying portions of his Church than that which he now possesses.

But there is another very familiar sense in which the term 'independent' is used, according to which the Pope may truly be said to have lost the independence which he possessed. And it is probable that the pertinacious and incessant outcry for the

\* By 'ancient' the writer means such as it was, not *anciently* but previous to the recent changes.

restoration of the temporal power, as absolutely necessary to the independence of the Pontiff, has rather this sort of independence in view than any other. A young man is said to be not independent when he lives on an allowance made to him by his father. He is, on the other hand, called independent when he possesses property of his own. Now whereas the Pope was in the latter position when he was a temporal sovereign, he is now in the former. And in that very important sense he is not independent. He has never, as is well known, accepted the income provided him to the amount of three and a half millions of francs annually by the Italian nation in accordance with the arrangement made by the Law of the Guarantees passed at the time of his dispossession. Of course he could not do so without recognizing all that had been done as a series of *faits accomplis*. He has therefore from that time to this been dependent on the voluntary contributions of the Catholic world. And this position is not only one most assuredly of dependence, but it is necessarily a very precarious one.

Any attempt to go into the question of how far the existence of the Church in its present outward form might be compatible with a return to the conditions in which it existed in the days before '*il primo ricco Padre*,' and how far such return might be in the present age of the world advantageous or the reverse to its spiritual influence and extension, would be much out of place here. It is at all events abundantly clear that no such return could be effected without such an abandonment of the famous *sint-ut-sunt-aut-non-sint* policy and philosophy, as would metamorphose the Church into something so wholly different from the wonderful and powerful institution with which the world has been familiar for so many ages, that none, or scarcely any, of its shepherds or of its flocks would think its human form worth in such guise contending for. Speaking politically, then, and without reference to such purely spiritual functions as a pauper bishop may unquestionably exercise, as well as a prince bishop (though even these can hardly by any possibility be in this age of the world exercised by an *universal* bishop), it may be said that the Pope cannot live and perform his functions as such without an income of considerably more than that named by the Italian law. During the years which have elapsed since the papacy was deprived of its temporal dominion, the Pope has been in the receipt of such an income from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. During the pontificate of Pius the Ninth the sums thus

received were very largely in excess of the amount required for the purposes of the Holy See. And there is reason to believe that the See now possesses a certain amount of revenue from funds saved and invested during the period of abundance. But the sums contributed for the same purpose under Leo XIII. have been very much more scanty. It is easy to understand why on many accounts this should have been so. But the general reader will be probably considerably surprised to hear that to these readily understood causes is to be added one far more ominous of future difficulty and danger to the Church—the intentional and plotted action of the Jesuits, with a view to cutting off the supplies from a Pope to whose ideas and policy they are opposed. It is no secret to those who have the means of looking a little behind the scenes, that the great falling off in the amount of Peter's pence since the accession of Leo XIII. has been greatly due to this cause. All this, however, only shows the more clearly that the economic condition of the papacy is, as things at present stand, in a very high degree precarious. And it does not need any great amount of experience in such matters to be perfectly convinced that the voluntary contributions of the Catholics throughout the world, great as their devotion to the Supreme Head of their Church may be, do not offer any sufficient guarantee for the economic existence of the hierarchy as at present constituted.

Such a guarantee, then, is the condition of the 'independence' which the Papacy is demanding with so much not unreasonable, or at least not unintelligible, insistency.

But it is right, while pointing out that this money question is the real knot and nucleus of the matter, to guard the reader against supposing that it is meant to charge the present rulers of the Vatican, and least of all the Holy Father himself, with anything of the nature of grasping avidity or the lust of wealth. Leo the Thirteenth has introduced the strictest economy into every branch of the administration of his household, save the very heavy item of charitable assistance to hardly pressed individuals and churches. The other day his eldest nephew, the son of his brother, was to be married, and the young man applied to his uncle asking him what he could do for him under the circumstances. The Pope *borrowed* one thousand pounds, which he gave him, telling him that it was absolutely out of his power to do more. Shortly subsequently he made over to his family property to the amount of about three thousand pounds, being the entire share of the patrimony

which he had inherited from his father, telling them at the same time that they must look for nothing further at his death, for that he possessed nothing! To those who live in a city every part of which is decorated with the magnificence of Borghese, Barberini, Ludovisi, Altieri, Rospigliosi, Corsini, and many other enormous palaces, all built from the spoils of papal nepotism, the change of times must be striking!

No! The Pontiff and those about him, who constitute the ruling forces of the Apostolic Court, cannot at the present time be accused of pecuniary greed. But they cannot 'get on,' as the phrase goes, without a regular income of about a million and a half sterling. And they are accordingly exceedingly anxious for the independence which would result from a well-guaranteed assurance of such an income. Why then does the papacy so obstinately refuse to accept the provision made for it by the Italian government, which would at all events go a long way towards assuring the desired independence, and which probably might be increased, if the question of its amount alone stood in the way of a complete amicable arrangement of the relations between Italy and the Church! Of course, at the time when the Law of the Guarantees was passed, Pius the Ninth indignantly refused any sort of arrangement which in any degree implied the recognition of *faits accomplis*. But it may be assumed with some degree of confidence that this view of the case would not be found to constitute an insuperable difficulty, if it were the only one that stood in the way of a satisfactory solution of the existing difficulties. The real objection to the acceptance by the papacy of any such solution lies in the imperfection of the guarantee offered. If the Pope were to accept an income awarded to him by the Italian nation, he would enjoy it subject always to the continued approbation of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. And he can hardly be blamed if he decline to consider such a guarantee as carrying with it anything of the nature of assurance. Probably no insurance company in the world would give him five years' purchase for an annuity so secured to him. The question, therefore, at once arises, what possible means can be found of securing the necessary income to the Pontiff in such a manner as to satisfy the Church that it is not at the mercy of precarious circumstances? The Church replies that the only possible means is to be found by placing the Pontiff in the possession, as sovereign, of a certain amount of territory; and—for it is at once seen that the possession of such territory, held at the

good pleasure of the Italian government, would go but a very little way towards providing the desired security—international guarantee of the territory in question by the European powers.

Such is the proposal of the writer of the work we have been examining. But it is remarkable that, while admitting that the Pontiff cannot hope for any such extension of territory as could suffice to supply him with the amount of income necessary, and proposing that the amount obtained thus should be supplemented by the Italian government, he does not advert to the fact that, as regards such supplementary amount, we come back to the same difficulty of finding any guarantee for the continuance of it. Unless indeed the writer means that the proposed international guarantee should be extended also to this payment—an arrangement which, even if all Europe were willing to assume the post that assigned to it, Italy would never for an instant dream of submitting to.

The writer of the work before us takes care, when speaking of the certain amount of territory which he considers might be assigned to the Pontiff, to insist, as might be expected, that Rome itself should form the centre of it. The possession of the sovereignty of Rome is necessary to the Church for a hundred reasons. This, then, is the project for the accomplishment of which the Catholics of Italy are to struggle at the polls and in the Chamber of Deputies—the restoration of the sovereignty of Rome and its surrounding territory, to an extent to be hereafter decided on, to the Pontiff; the guarantee of that arrangement by the European powers; the payment of a supplementary income to His Holiness by the kingdom of Italy, and perhaps the guarantee of the powers for the performance of that part of the bargain also.

Probably the powers to be applied to for such a guarantee, even the specially Catholic powers, would find themselves obliged to decline to undertake any such responsibilities. And as for Italy, the proposal, so far as it attracts any attention at all, will be received, as I said, with a shout of derisive laughter. Of course by 'Italy' is here meant what the clericals are fond of designating as 'legal Italy'; all that Italy, that is to say, which has adhered in act or in sentiment to the new order of things established by the revolution, which dispossessed the old rulers of their thrones.

Now of course, if this derision be justified by the real circumstances of the case, and the ascertained preponderance of public opinion in Italy, there is but little interest in the

speculations, and hopes, and plans of the writer whose work we have been examining, or in those of the party in whose behalf he has written. But *are* the real circumstances such as to justify this derision? This question is at least an interesting, and may be a very important one.

It has been stated on a former page of this article that it is within the knowledge of the writer of it that the pamphlet insisting on the above described solution of the papal question was submitted to, and approved by, if not (as there is much reason to think) originally inspired by the Pontiff himself. He therefore and his advisers do not think the proposals put forth in it ridiculous. And it is to be borne in mind that he and his advisers have very far better means of knowing what the preponderance of public opinion in Italy really is on the subjects in question than any other man or men in the country. No doubt his organs in the public press continually assure the world that the amount of public opinion in their favour is very much greater than it is. But the leaders of their own party are not deceived by any such assertions. They have far better means of knowing the truth on the point; and it would seem that their knowledge has led them to the opinion that it is at least advisable to enter the lists. It is important, however, to observe that the information they possess on this subject is not such as to have induced the Holy Father to place himself avowedly at the head of his faithful adherents to lead them to this battle. The writer of '*Italiani, operiamo!*' is diffuse and urgent on the point, that the Catholics must not expect any direct order from the Pope on this subject; that by acting *without* him they will in fact be acting *with* him, whereas, by waiting or asking for his express commands on the subject, they will be acting *against* him. And there can be no doubt that the writer is thus expressing the Holy Father's ideas and wishes. But there may be other reasons, besides the uncertainty of success, which may operate to prevent Leo the Thirteenth from thinking it right to take any open and avowed part in an electoral struggle. And we have at all events the fact that those who best know the amount of their own forces are disposed now for the first time to send them into the field.

In the next place it is to be observed that those who would raise the loud-voiced shout of laughter, that would impose itself on the world as the shout of all Italy, or at least of all 'legal Italy,' do not include a considerable number of the most thoughtful men in the country, who, themselves perfectly and heartily loyal to the king and constitution of

Italy, are not without haunting fears of future possibilities that may be hatched into realities by the heat of religious zeal and devotion. And to these must be added a considerable number of men whose loyalty to the existing state of things is to a certain degree modified by their alarm at the prospect of having shortly to deal with an atheist nation. It is certainly the case, in the opinion of the present writer, that the Italy of the present day has been within the last quarter of a century approaching more nearly to that condition than any large body social the world has yet seen. Whether the facts of the case might be found to support or to offer any contradiction to the opinions of those who, closely analyzing the supposed state of mind of professing 'atheists,' deny the accuracy of that term, matters little. There is very little speculation in Italy on the subject. Practically very large masses of the people are wholly uninfluenced as regards their conduct by any reference to or regard for any unseen world or unseen being whatever. And this state of things, becoming from day to day more unmistakably evident, has alarmed numbers of thoughtful men even to the extent of leading them to admit the possible questionability of unmodified adherence to a *régime* which excludes or at least leads to the exclusion of all friendship with, or assistance from, the Church. All these possible elements of future alliances are perfectly well known to, and, we may be sure, are fully calculated on, by the leaders of the clerical party.

Now let us, in conclusion, consider what probabilities there may be of that party being found, when noses come to be numbered, to be considerably more numerous than ordinary surface appearances would lead us to suppose. We all of course know what the result was of the plebiscite, which sanctioned the advent of the King of Italy's government to Rome, and the deposition of that of the Pope. The exact numbers matter little. The tens of thousands of 'ayes' were opposed to about as many units who voted 'no.' Never was a sentence of condemnation so unanimous as that then passed on the government of Pius the Ninth! The clericals at that time—the term then including only the clergy themselves and the majority of the greater Roman aristocracy—insisted, and have ever since maintained, that the so-called plebiscite was altogether illusory, and indicated nothing as to the real sentiments of the majority of the inhabitants of Rome and its district. Was there at the time any reason for thinking that these representations had any foundation in fact? And is there now any reason for thinking

that, even if the plebiscite then expressed the real wishes of the people, it no longer expresses them at the present day?

Without intending to claim any remarkable scrupulosity of conscience in the manner of taking the plebiscite for those to whose management that operation was confided, the present writer is not disposed to think that much fraudulent manipulation was resorted to on that occasion. It is probable that every sort of irregularity that carelessness and haste could produce was abundant enough. But fraud was little needed for procuring the result desired. The excited population pronounced their votes with the unanimity of a shouting crowd, infected each man with his neighbour's enthusiasm; and their votes, as manifestations of anything beyond the excitement of the hour, were worth as much as such unanimity generally is. Undoubtedly there were large numbers of the Pope's subjects who hated his rule with a bitter and active hatred. All those classes which chafed under a government which did not permit a man to say, as the phrase goes, that his soul was his own, were unfeignedly delighted at the prospect of escaping from it. But the outcry of those classes is apt to lead an observer to forget the much more numerous classes who only want to eat and drink in peace, and do not at all care about saying their soul is their own. All these, however, voted with equal enthusiasm for the deposition of the Pope and the accession of the King of Italy. Any crowd under similar circumstances would have been likely to do the same. But he who is acquainted with the Italian character will understand how impossible it was that an Italian crowd should do otherwise. The Italian is an eminently social, and not strongly individual specimen of humanity. In no country in the world is swimming against the stream a more odious and carefully avoided performance. To which consideration must be added the natural tendency of all men to fly from ills they have to those they know not of. Life is difficult, and disagreeables are abundant, under any and every government mankind has yet experienced. There are always large numbers to whom any change seems to promise improvement; and those numbers are largest where ignorance is most universal. The change has been experienced, and has not been found to bring with it the expected advantages. No change could have done so. But it cannot be denied that the change of government, which the Romans and the Italians generally have experienced, has not as yet given them all that it might most reasonably have been expected to give. Putting

aside the classes who shout because others shout, and who would always be ready to welcome any change, it is unquestionable that even among those who by comparison may be called the thinking classes, there exists a *very* large amount of discontent with existing institutions. The probability is that the larger part of the discontented would wish to seek for amelioration in other directions than in a return to the past. But there is great reason to believe that, especially in Rome and in the south, the number of those who would gladly undo the work that was done by their plebiscite is not small. The present writer has heard persons well and long acquainted with Rome maintain that if the population were fairly polled to-morrow a majority would be found in favour of the return of the papal government. It is hardly strange that it should be so. Despite all the abominations and immoralities of the papal government, life was easier under it for the many. Taxes were smaller; food was cheaper. Idleness and food were more possibly combinable. And how large is the majority of those to whom these considerations are paramount! There need be no great difficulty then in believing either statement—that the plebiscite manifested nothing or but little that deserved to be called opinion; and that still less can it be deemed to be any indication of the present condition of men's minds. Nevertheless it is certain that almost all the expression of opinion which reaches the ears of those who talk, and the eyes of those who read—save of course among the clericals themselves—is loudly 'liberal.' That portion of the body social which Carlyle calls 'dumb,' we have perforce to leave out of the account; though contingencies may arise in which it would have to be somewhat anxiously counted with. But confining our observations to the articulate portion of the body social, are there any reasons for suspecting that the loud liberalism, which is blatant in every piazza and every coffee-house, may not supply so decisive a demonstration of the futility of clerical hopes, as it would appear to do to superficial observers?

In the first place it must be understood that the Catholic party in Italy is emphatically 'a dark horse.' No man knows or can know what the strength of the clericals as a political party is. At bottom the main cause of this is to be found in that specialty of the Italian character, which was touched on a few pages earlier in this article. It is more specially than elsewhere difficult for an Italian to avow that he is in opposition to the mode of thought and opinion which is prevalent and fashionable around him.

Italians live very much more in public, and less in their own houses than we do. And the only voice that a man hears in the common resorts of men, in the *café*, in the *circolo* or club, in the piazza, is a loud liberal voice. And those are few who in such circumstances have the courage to lift up their own voices in opposition to those of the generality. Nor must it be supposed that every liberal talker, who yet might be found casting his secret vote for the clericals, is a self-conscious hypocrite. He has, to begin with, as of course is natural, very little real opinion deserving of that name of any kind. And as far as this little goes, he is likely enough to let his tongue and brain run together in unison with those around him. But those who know him well are aware that in his case, more markedly than in that of other men, there is a very perceptible and strongly drawn line dividing conversational talk—*discorsi accademici*, he himself calls it, with bitter but unintended satire on the innumerable 'Academies' of his country—from action of any sort. No man has so strong and ever-present a sense of the insignificance of words as compared with the significance of action as the Italian. The most careless of talkers, he becomes the incarnation of careful prudence as soon as a matter in which his interest is touched has to be acted on. And when the action on which he has to decide is one which can be performed in perfect secrecy, it is likely in full as many cases as not to have no reference whatever to the *discorsi accademici* which may have amused a vacant half-hour. It is the impression then of the present writer that the expression of 'public opinion' which meets the ears in Italy is of the smallest possible value in estimating the point in question.

We have lastly to consider the effect of a variety of influences, which are always operating in favour of the Church party. There has been time for those who shouted for the deposition of the Pope and the annexation of his dominion to those of the King of Italy to become old men instead of young. And the approach of old age brings back to the Church a constant stream of those who have strayed from it in youth. Speculative infidelity of the sort which would be as likely to be found among the old as among the young is rare in Italy. The infidelity of the masses is of that sort which illness or old age is apt to put to flight. Another, and probably yet more powerfully operating cause, is the change likely to be produced in a man by marriage. Infidelity is as rare among the women as it is common among the men. And the first duty which a confessor is continually urging on the young

married woman, his penitent, is that of weaning a liberal husband from the error of his ways. And it is not only purely religious zeal which instigates a married woman to strive for that end. It would probably be inaccurate to say that, taking men all in all, there is any probability that the clerical should be a better man than the liberal. But the chances are that he will (among those classes of the body social to which, in view of their numerousness, we may for the purpose in hand almost entirely confine our observation) be in a greater degree such a man as a wife desires to have her husband. He will be likely to be more at home and less at the *café*. He will be far less likely to get into trouble with the police authorities by reason of joining in any of those various means of demonstrating political opinion which are so constantly occurring. He will in all probability be more of what is called 'a domestic man.' All which considerations contribute to persuade the wife to do her best to carry out the priest's behests.

Finally it is to be considered that the clerical party is a silent party. No man goes into places of public resort and proclaims aloud that he is a clerical. Every liberal takes care to do so. And it cannot be doubted that many who do so will not, when the day of giving a *secret* vote comes, go home to their wives and confess that they have voted in the teeth of their entreaties.

For all these reasons it is, as has been said, extremely difficult to form any opinion of what the effective strength of the clerical party at the polls may be found to be. Of course the rulers of the Vatican have much better means of forming an opinion on the subject than anybody else has. And if they decide on sending their adherents to the poll, that itself is a strong presumption that the party is stronger than the liberal world generally suppose it to be.

It will probably not be very long before we shall have an opportunity of forming an opinion with some pretensions to accuracy on this point. The present parliament will, one may say with tolerable certainty, not be a long-lived one. And it is with a view of preparing for the first appearance of the Catholic party at the polls at the next election that the pamphlet, '*Italiani, operiamo!*' has been published. Of course the great interest and importance of it lies in the fact that the pages were seen and approved by the Pontiff before they were published. It is probable that this will be very vigorously and persistently denied, not by anybody speaking with the authority of the Vatican, but by various organs of those who would be considered its best friends, and whose

mode of showing themselves to be so is to be more papal than the Pope. And the writer of the foregoing pages can but assure his readers that his assertion that the Pontiff has seen and approved, if he did not originally inspire them, is based on information which justifies him in making it with the utmost confidence. He has no doubt of its accuracy.

The last chapter of the work is headed, 'Are these ideas and proposals Utopian?' The present writer may, in conclusion, once again express his opinion that they are so. But—but the whirligig of time brings in very strange revenges! And decidedly there are sufficient possibilities on the cards, and these possibilities are sufficiently momentous to all Europe, to cause the playing of the game to be a very interesting spectacle!

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

#### ART. IV.—*The Land Difficulty in India.*

- (1) *Report of the Indian Famine Commission.* 1880.
- (2) *Mr. J. Caird's Report on the Condition of India, with Correspondence.* 1880.
- (3) *India in 1880.* By Sir R. TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., &c.
- (4) *Annual Abstract relating to British India, from 1869-70 to 1878-79.*
- (5) *England's Work in India.* By W. W. HUNTER, LL.D.
- (6) *The Garden of India.* By H. C. IRWIN, B.A., B.C.S.
- (7) *Report of the Rent Law Commission for Bengal.* (Calcutta Gazette, 1890.)

'Why keep India?' is a question which, however open to theoretic discussion, still seems to admit of only one practical answer. We must keep India because we have inherited the burdens along with the glories of a former age. The inheritance may be more of a plague than a blessing to ourselves. Some of us may even hold that it has proved a doubtful blessing to the people of India also. Many of us are willing to foresee the coming of a new era, when the people of India will find themselves strong enough to cast aside the leading-strings of foreign rule, and wise enough to walk unaided in the path on which we have been doing our best to guide them for so many years past. Whenever that day shall dawn, most of us will no doubt be ready to yield up the burden of an empire which even our fathers never willingly undertook. But none of these considerations has for the present any practical bearing on the question

opened afresh by Mr. Grant White, whatever bearing some of them may have on the best mode of governing India under the present rule.

Far more pertinent and more pressing is the question, What have we done and ought to do for the good government of our Indian Empire? Of what we have done already the world knows something. 'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!' and there is no need here to sound the trumpet which Mr. W. Hunter blew so vigorously last year at Edinburgh. For present purposes, it is enough to remember that India under our rule has been steadily reaping all those blessings which a strong Government, armed with all the best teachings of Western civilization, and impelled alike by its own interests and its higher ambitions to promote the welfare of the governed millions, could bestow. The India of to-day, as compared with the India of the last century, furnishes a fit theme for sober self-laudation. Peace and civil order, equal rights for all under a system of regular laws uprightly administered, a steady progress in the arts, the learning, the appliances of modern civilization—these are solid improvements for which no well-informed Indian would begrudge our countrymen their full share of credit. From this standpoint even Mr. Hunter's dazzling picture may not seem to be greatly overdone.

It is only when we change our point of view and look more closely into certain details, that we miss the shadows and deep tones which a picture more sternly truthful should present. In the second series of his Edinburgh lectures, Mr. W. Hunter himself has enabled us to correct on many points the impressions produced by his first. And his own admissions betray on the whole a close agreement with the conclusions set forth or implied in that weighty and well-considered document, the Report of the Indian Famine Commission. When such authorities are found agreeing, we can hardly wonder at the sharp criticisms which less friendly or more outspoken judges are wont to utter on the same theme.

To the present poverty of the people of India, for example, Mr. Hunter points as one of 'the saddest and most fundamental problems with which a State can be called to deal.' This is a fact which Englishmen have taken a long time to realize, and which optimists like Sir Richard Temple still lack the courage or the candour to avow.\* It is

\* See Sir R. Temple's address on the Statistics of India, delivered before the Colonial Institute in December last.



a fact which cannot be slurred over by exultant references to the new Indian loans, or by misleading comparisons of Indian Sepoys with the soldiers of other nations. It may be, as Mr. Hunter puts it, that much of this poverty springs directly from the very excellences of British rule; that the population, once kept down by periodical droughts and epidemics, by 'invasions from without, by rebellions, feuds, and hordes of banditti within, and by the perpetual oppression of the weak by the strong,' has, under our merciful, strong, well-ordered rule kept growing too fast for the growing resources of the country, at a pace still further quickened by the force of social usages deeply rooted in the old popular creeds. People who look on youthful marriages and the begetting of male offspring as a religious duty, are likely enough to increase their numbers without due regard to their worldly prospects;\* and the evil is one which no foreign government can do aught openly to check. Nor is it possible now for a British Government to let its alien subjects die of famine or disease by millions, if any way can be found to save them alive. Against the lawlessness and the violence of former days we have set our faces as a matter of course. From foreign invasion we have made India as safe as England, whatever may be urged to the contrary by a few alarmists, who find no safety in the strongest of natural frontiers, or by those restless enthusiasts who look on fresh conquests as a kind of duty owed by us to the world at large.

In India, as in Ireland, the great mass of the people live upon the land. Trade and industry, apart from agriculture, are followed by a comparative few, most of whom appear to earn little more than a bare subsistence.† The growing pressure on the soil of a population no longer thinned by war and pestilence, is further heightened by the deep-rooted dislike of the natives to emigration beyond sea. In the ten years before 1880 only 162,000 emigrants sailed from British Indian ports; and few, if any, of these sailed with the intention of never returning home. While new lands have been brought under the plough, our very efforts to help Nature in making the fields fruitful have sometimes

issued either in disastrous failure or in very doubtful success. The great Ganges canal, for instance, a work of which any country might be proud, has more than once averted famine from large districts, but it has also tended to turn good land into unhealthy swamps, and to cover once fruitful fields with the saline matter known as *Reh*, brought down by its waters, or percolating through its banks. In the country above Delhi whole fields have thus become white with Reh, and no way of arresting the mischief seems as yet to have been discovered.

In many parts of India, especially in populous Bengal, the struggle for existence has led to the cultivation of those poorer lands which in former days were allowed to lie waste or reserved for pasture. This in its turn has tended to enhance the rents of the better lands; for an agricultural people must live somehow, and landlords, in India as in Ireland, are ready enough to profit by an increased demand for the use of their property. Whether the landlords of Bengal had any right to do so under the famous settlement of 1793, the fact remains that so they did, and so they have kept on doing ever since, in spite of agrarian combinations and the protection secured to the peasantry by the Rent Law, known as the Act of 1859. The peasants, on the other hand, struggling beneath ever new burdens, have done much to impoverish even the best lands by extracting from them all they could, and putting into them nothing in return. The manure that might have enriched them is used up as fuel in default of the wood once gathered from the neighbouring jungle; the land knows no rest from constant cropping; and the cattle, shut out from their old pastures, grow weak and sickly for want of sufficient food, and of that cheap salt which a paternal Government has put almost out of their reach. The pressure of a salt-tax, reckoned at sevenpence a head, however light it may seem to our English notions, means to the poorer millions of India a serious impost on one prime necessary of all animal life. It is not many years ago since the late Lord Hobart, as Governor of Madras, warned Lord Northbrook, then Viceroy, against checking the consumption of salt in Southern India by any further addition to the existing duties, which already seemed to him at least as high as the people could safely bear. Even Sir Richard Temple admits that the salt-tax is 'in some degree felt by the poorest classes,' and that 'in the North-Western Provinces, and elsewhere also, there have been signs indicating that the tax, if raised too high, would affect the consumption of salt by the people, and would

\* Sir R. Temple however ('India in 1880'), holds that early marriages do not tend to produce large families.

† Out of 190 millions in British India, 176 millions form the rural population. Some of these are traders or artisans who have small holdings, while the labourers are mostly employed on the land.—*Famine Report*.

deter them from giving it in sufficient quantity to their cattle.\*

Some measure of the poverty of the people may be found in the scanty harvest yielded by the license-tax laid on trades since 1877. Although the trading classes of British India are numbered at over three million adult males, the tax as first levied on all but the very poorest yielded only £900,000, while later exemptions in favour of incomes below 500 rupees have brought the receipts down to little more than half a million. Among the contributors to this tax, not the least fruitful are the Mahajans or money-lenders, who have helped so greatly to make life harder for the native peasantry under our rule. Usury flourishes more than ever under a system of law which, aiming at equal justice to all classes, tends virtually to arm the usurer with new means of squeezing his poor and plundered debtors. Every Mahajan is not a harpy, any more than every Irish landlord is prone to rack-renting and unfair evictions. Many a Mahajan deserves the credit claimed by Sir R. Temple for his class in general.† But the evidence furnished alike by Famine Commissioners, civil officers, and private persons, all goes to prove the growing indebtedness of the people under our rule, and the extent to which the wealth of the country has passed out of the hands of the landed classes into those of the village usurer. If the rates of usury have decreased somewhat under our rule, the protection which the civil courts afford to unscrupulous or greedy creditors has largely increased the numbers of their yearly victims. Happy is the rayat who, having once fallen into the money-lender's clutches, can escape the utter ruin which a bad season, his own carelessness, a greedy or dishonest creditor, and the decree of a law-court worked on English principles combine to make doubly sure. If sometimes, in despair at the doom which makes him a landless beggar, or a virtual bondsman, he turns upon his persecutors, and takes the law into his own hands by slaying the village usurer, or burning his house down with all its contents, who can wonder at excesses which find their parallel among Christian peoples nearer home?

Another measure of the poverty of the people seems to offer itself in the records of recent famines. During the famine of 1877 in Southern and Western India, more than five million people died of hunger or of the diseases that beset the famine-stricken. In the North-Western Provinces, during the

following year, a million and a quarter are reckoned to have perished from like causes. Many of these lives might doubtless have been saved by timely care and larger outlay on the part of the State, by measures such as Lord Northbrook steadily applied to the Bahar famine of 1874. But neither to official negligence nor yet to the actual failure of crops over a wide area should we look for a full explanation of these woful losses. During the Orissa famine of 1866 vast numbers of people died because no food had been brought betimes into the country, to replace the fast-failing stock of former years. No amount of money could in their case have relieved the suffering caused by actual want of food. During the worst months of 1877, on the contrary, food was pouring into the dearth-stricken provinces as fast as railways, steamers, carts, and beasts of burden could bring it on. The grain-dealers could not be expected to sell their stores at a loss, and few of the suffering classes could afford to pay famine prices for their daily meal. Their little savings, if they had any, soon disappeared; the village usurers gave no more advances, and those who could not or would not find relief on the public works underwent a course of slow starvation in the midst of comparative plenty. They grew weaker and weaker, sickened and died by thousands, not because food was wanting, but because money was scarce. The difference of a few rupees more or less may be said to have made all the difference between life and death to hundreds of thousands of luckless villagers in Southern and Western India.

How little progress some parts of India seem to have made under our rule may be gathered from Mr. Hunter's own admissions concerning the Madras Presidency. Throughout nearly the whole of that large province the land revenue assessments are settled directly with each rayat or husbandman from year to year. During the twenty-five years before 1879, although the cultivated area had increased by two-thirds, and the population by 43 per cent., the land-revenue had increased by only one fourth; while the average rate of assessment per acre has fallen by more than 23 per cent. From other sources we find that even in 1879, when the land revenue was largely swollen by the arrears of the two years preceding, the receipts were only half a million higher than in 1870.\* The seeming increase amounted, in fact, to none at all. Nor has this result been compensated by improvement in other directions. The total

\* 'India in 1880,' pp. 237, 238.

† Ibid. pp. 79, 117.

\* Statistical abstract for 1889 to 1878, p. 27.

revenues of the Madras Presidency at the end of the last decade stood no higher than at the beginning, while those of Bengal, Bombay, and British Burmah had largely increased. Even in Bengal, where land now sells for fifteen and even eighteen years' purchase, and the people at large seem to be comparatively prosperous, the discontent which springs from poverty and real suffering has sometimes broken out in agrarian movements and in organized resistance to the landlord's demands. The landlord's right to enhance his rents on the smallest provocation, was limited, as we know, by the Rent Act of 1859. But all tenants under twelve years' standing were left outside the pale of State protection, to take their chance in the open market against eager rivals and rack-renting Zamindars. Their cry for help at last reached the ears of the Bengal Government; and in 1879 a Commission appointed to consider their complaints declared that the growing competition for land, unchecked by law or custom, must reduce 'the whole agricultural population to a condition of misery and degradation.' It was wrong, they added, to allow the continuance of an evil which involved the wretchedness of the masses, if any amendment of existing laws could 'by itself, or in conjunction with other measures, obviate or remedy the misfortune.'

It is pleasant to know that a Bill embodying the views of the Commission has already been laid before the Bengal Council. Some of its provisions are sweeping enough to make the hair of an English landlord stand on end. But, as Stuart Mill long since pointed out, English notions of land-tenure differ widely from those which prevail in most parts of the world. In Bengal, at any rate, the rights of the cultivators were acknowledged to a certain extent by the Settlement of 1793. The same principle was carried further by the Rent Act of 1859, and the new Bill aims only at consummating the good work then begun. It proposes for one thing to extend to tenants of three years' standing the rights of occupancy formerly conferred on those who had held for twelve years. Such tenant shall be liable to eviction only for non-payment of rent, for breach of some agreement which carries forfeiture of his lease, or for refusal under certain conditions to pay an increased rent. Due notice of such enhancement must be given to the rayat three months before the year's end. If he elects to give up his holding, the landlord must pay him, as compensation for disturbance, one year's rent at the increased rate, 'within the first month of the ensuing year,' in default of

which the tenant shall be free to retain his holding at the old rent. Any rayat, moreover, who may be evicted on any of the grounds aforesaid, shall receive compensation for 'any improvements made by him upon the land at any time while he cultivated or held it.' These improvements include buildings, tanks, wells, irrigation and drainage works, embankments, and repairs in general; fruit-trees and all lands which the rayat has enclosed or reclaimed. It is evident therefore that, before the landlord can raise his rent, he must make up his mind to pay the outgoing tenant a sum equivalent to several years of the increased rental. The practical result would be, in Mr. Hunter's words, 'to give a more or less complete degree of tenant-right to all cultivators who have held their land for three years or upwards; that is, almost the whole agricultural population of Bengal.'

In the case of rayats who have held for twelve years, the principle of tenant-right is to be applied without stint. They at least will have no cause to complain of a measure which would enlarge their existing rights into a kind of permanent tenure, transferable by sale, gift, or inheritance, and further enriched by one-half of that 'unearned increment,' as Mill called it, the whole of which has hitherto gone to the landlord's profit. Henceforth, that is to say, rayats of this class in Bengal will share equally with their landlords in every rise in the market value of the land or the crops which the growth of trade, industry, population, or other causes apart from the agency of either landlord or tenant may bring about. In short, if this new Bill becomes law in anything like its present shape, the peasantry of Bengal will have gained everything which a just government could fairly or safely yield. The twenty-year tenant can never have his rent raised on any pretext; the twelve-year tenant will have virtual fixity of tenure, liable only to possible re-adjustments of rent on a fixed scale and a definite principle; while tenants of three years' standing will be guaranteed against rack-rents and unfair evictions. By way of a check upon the Mahajan's power of abusing the forms of law against his debtors, it is also proposed to restrain the rayat from mortgaging his land, by declaring all such mortgages void in law, while no right of occupancy shall be saleable in execution of any decree save for non-payment of actual rent.\*

The populous and fertile province of Oudh has been not unjustly called 'the garden of India' by the able author of some

\* 'Report of the Rent Law Commission.'

well-written and instructive 'Chapters on Oudh History and Affairs.' From these it appears that, however fair to look upon, 'the garden is but badly kept after all.' A paradise perhaps for the few hundred Talukdars whom Lord Canning took under his protection, it seems to be far enough from a paradise for the millions who live upon the land. In a province nearly as large as Scotland, and about four times as populous, the great bulk of the people 'wear away their lives from hand to mouth, and year to year,' as Mr. Irwin puts it, in a constant struggle with the rent-collector and the village usurer, on lands which they mostly hold as tenants-at-will, always liable to be turned out of their little holdings at the pleasure of a grasping landlord or a merciless agent. For some part of the year they depend on the money-lender for the scanty food that just keeps them alive. According to Mr. Irwin, who, as a member of the Oudh Commission, has studied the whole subject at first hand, and draws his own conclusions from a wide range of facts, the bulk of the Oudh peasantry are worse off now than they were under native rule, for want of that protection which their present masters have granted only to the Talukdars and the few small landholders who found salvation under the Rent Law of 1868. The degree of tenant-right which Lord Lawrence secured for the Panjab and the North-West Provinces has not yet been conceded in any practical sense to the half-starved, ill-clad, debt-laden, rack-rented husbandmen of Oudh. The concessions made to them in 1868 have thus far benefited only the few whose ancient rights had not been wholly swept away by the Talukda. How many of the two million tenants-at-will are yearly evicted we cannot say; but of late years the notices of ejectment have averaged thirty thousand a year. In most cases the evicted tenant either takes to some form of robbery, or becomes a slave for life to the village Baniya whose usuries have drained him of his last anna.

It appears, in short, that our present mode of dealing with land-tenures in Oudh is tending to turn the mass of its peasantry into 'cottiers of a debased type.' Of course, under such conditions, no improvement of the land is possible. You cannot expect a yearly tenant to lay out much money or money's worth on the few acres which he holds at the pleasure of a landlord who lays out nothing on them for himself, who may evict the tenant whenever it suits him, and enhance his rent as often as he likes. Efficient remedies for a state of things so hurtful to all concerned are not far to seek. As

Mr. Irwin justly remarks, 'the one great boon which we can bestow upon' this class of tenants 'is perfect security of tenure, at a rent either fixed in perpetuity or at least not liable to be enhanced by the caprice or greed of an interested individual.' Without fixity of tenure in an agricultural community, where the land is mainly tilled by petty cultivators, the very first condition of industrial growth, that 'to each man be assured, with the utmost attainable certainty, the fruits of his own labour,' can never be realized. The peasantry of Oudh, or of any other part of India, are entitled to, at least, as much security as the landlords who pay rent directly to the Government enjoy. It may still be a question whether the land-revenue should be settled for thirty years only, as in Oudh and the North-West Provinces, or for ever, as in Bengal and Bahar. But there can be no question that an underfed, rack-rented, pauperized peasantry are a danger and a disgrace to any civilized government. 'We have heard,' says Mr. Irwin, 'a great deal of the necessity of creating a feeling of security in the minds of landlords. Would it not be well to try the novel experiment of creating a similar feeling in the minds of tenants?'

Mr. Irwin's conclusions are amply justified by the Famine Commissioners themselves. Several pages of their report are taken up with a survey of the relations of landlord and tenant in various parts of India, followed by a discussion of the legislative changes required for the redress of existing grievances. Such testimony from such a quarter speaks for itself.

From all quarters (they declare) it is reported that the relations between the landlord and the tenants with occupancy rights are not in a satisfactory state, and are becoming yearly more and more hostile; so much so that a landlord will generally refuse any aid to his occupancy tenants when they are in difficulties, and will do all that he can to ruin them and to drive them off the land.

In such a struggle might, as usual, is prevailing over right, and 'there is reason to fear that in many parts of the country the occupancy rights have been irretrievably impaired.' Even in Bengal, the Commissioners tell us, 'large portions of the agricultural population remain. . . in a state of poverty, at all times dangerously near to actual destitution, and unable to resist the additional strain of famine.' They remind us how, in 1878, Sir Ashley Eden, the Lieutenant-governor, spoke of Bahar as needing 'some ready means of enabling the rayat to resist illegal distraint, illegal enhancement, and illegal cesses.' The duty of the Government

to protect the cultivators' rights in Northern India is based in part on their historical claims to such protection, and partly on the ground that security of tenure must bring good to all who enjoy it, since, as a rule, the privileged tenant is better off in many ways than the tenant-at-will, in a country where competition forces the rents up to a ruinous height, and men crowd each other upon the land. The Commissioners therefore urge the necessity of enlarging 'the numbers of those who hold under secure tenures,' of 'widening the limits of that security,' and of guarding and strengthening the just rights of the tenant-at-will, 'by any measure that may seem wise and equitable.' For the benefit of this latter class, the growth of which 'cannot be looked on without serious apprehension,' they propose that any tenant-at-will who has paid by instalments, over and above his rent, a sum representing the landlord's gain on a yearly tenancy, shall thereby obtain the full rights and privileges of an occupancy tenant. Eviction without due notice is also to be forbidden wherever such a practice exists. As for the occupancy tenant, his rent should 'be altered only at the same time as the revenue,' or once in thirty years; while the landlord's efforts to overrule or efface his tenant's legal rights should be frustrated by new precautions, and his powers of ejectment for arrears of rent limited and restrained by the ruling of a Rent Court.

If in Bengal the popular discontent flames out mainly against the landlord, in Western India, as in Madras, it commonly vents itself upon the money-lenders. Some years ago, in the time of Lord Northbrook, the peace of India was disturbed by a violent outbreak of the peasantry in Puna and other districts of the Bombay Presidency. In Bombay the land-revenue is settled with each holder for a term of thirty years; the Government taking about a half of the estimated rental. Maddened by the pressure of hard times, and the dread of yet worse to come, through the failure of the law-courts to save their holdings from the creditors' grasp, some of the peasantry wreaked their rage on the property or the persons of the hated money-lenders and their supposed friends. The riots of course were put down; but an official inquiry into the causes of the prevalent discontent has since resulted in an Act for the relief of the Deccan rayats, which aims at dealing thoroughly with the evils so eloquently described by Miss Nightingale. Under this Act a system of village registry has been established, as a safeguard for the rayat against unfair claims. No deed for the payment of money, or of charges on pro-

perty, shall be deemed valid unless it has been properly executed before the village registrar. The money-lender must grant receipts for all payments made to him, and produce a yearly statement of his accounts. Small suits of ten rupees and under may be settled as in Madras by the village Munsif. In the case of larger suits before the regular Courts, all unreasonable interest shall be disallowed, nor shall the interest ever exceed the principal. The sum decreed against the debtor shall be paid by instalments fixed by the Court. If the decree be for less than fifty rupees, the Court may discharge the debtor at once on payment of as much as he is able to pay. Debtors for larger amounts may claim the protection of an Insolvency Act. In every case due inquiry shall be made into the history of the debt; and in no case may the rayat be imprisoned in execution of a decree for money, nor may his holding be attached or sold unless it has been specifically mortgaged. Even then the Court may use its discretion about selling the property, or letting it for not more than twenty years. In other cases the Court may allow the debtor's holding to be cultivated for seven years or under, on the creditor's behalf, and partly for the debtor's own support; after which period the debtor may be discharged. In the case of an insolvent debtor, only his movable property, less the implements of his trade, is liable to sale for debt; and a moiety of his holding may be managed for the benefit of his creditors.

It will thus be seen that the Act of 1879 tends to secure the husbandman from the utter ruin to which under the old law he was liable, often through no fault of his own. And it also warns the village usurer against the risks involved in lending money on terms which the law, in the interests of all concerned, will no longer sanction. That such a scheme will ensure absolute justice in all cases we cannot venture to expect. The idle and the thriftless may sometimes be saved from merited suffering at the cost of an honest creditor. But all possible drawbacks count for nothing, in view of its certain efficacy in promoting the happiness of the greatest number, and shielding the weaker millions from the encroachments of the stronger few. The Famine Commissioners are men of mark and experience in India or at home; and yet they agree in suggesting that certain principles of the Deccan Rayats Act should be extended to other provinces besides Bombay. They even raise the question whether the new law goes far enough in protecting the debtor who has mortgaged his land; and they propose that, instead of alienating his property even for a

term of years, the debtor should be allowed to retain the management of his land, and pay off the mortgage by instalments to be collected half yearly by the Revenue Courts. Only in the event of his failing to pay the instalments should he be ejected, and his rights in the holding sold. For fixing the rate at which the instalments should be paid, they hold that no greater boon could be offered alike to debtor and creditor, than by employing the services of the revenue officer, 'as a supplement to cheap and accessible civil courts.' He it is who has the best means of knowing how much the debtor can pay, and of realizing the needful instalments of his debt at the least possible cost and risk to the creditor. With the reduction of his risks, the latter should be made to accept a lower rate of interest, varying perhaps with the circumstances of each district, but not much exceeding the six per cent. at which native merchants now usually borrow from each other.

In the matter of mortgages also, might not the collector be empowered to settle fair terms between lender and borrower, after due inquiry into preliminary points? Such at least is the plan suggested by the Famine Commissioners, who would withhold from any mortgage deed not openly ratified before a collector, the right to be accepted as proof of more than 'a simple unsecured debt.' No mortgage of the new sort should, they advise, be allowed on property already encumbered, nor would the mortgager be suffered to retain his rights of sale and transfer so long as the mortgage remained unredeemed.

Cheap and accessible courts of justice are an obvious need in a purely agricultural country, where the peasantry are mostly too poor, ignorant, and weak to protect themselves. It is bad enough for a small landholder to be sued by a Baniya or Mahajan for a debt which has somehow swollen to six or seven times its original amount.\* The chances are that the real debt has been wholly or in part paid. But it is nearly certain that a decree will issue against the debtor for the whole sum claimed, and it is quite certain that stamps and fees will make a large addition—often as much as one-fifth to the debtor's loss. Mr. Caird, one of the Famine Commissioners, in a recent letter to Lord Hartington, contrasts the heavy outlay of an Indian suitor on stamps and fees with the very light charges of the Small Debts

Courts in Scotland. In these courts the official tax on a suit for £12 never exceeds four shillings. No pleader, moreover, is allowed except by order of the judge with the consent of both the parties. 'They appear personally, and the case is heard and disposed of in a few minutes. . . . An appeal can only be taken in very exceptional circumstances, and is not made use of once in a thousand cases. The whole time occupied, from the issue of a summons to the decree of the Court, does not exceed five days.' In India, on the other hand, the ruling powers maintain with odd complacency that a stamp-tax of 17 per cent. on the value of litigated property, besides lawyers' costs, is 'not inordinately costly,' and that delays in the disposal of petty causes are 'not excessive,' although the duration of a contested suit averages 44 days in the North-West Provinces, 89 in Bengal, and 250 in Madras and Bombay.

In 1871 an Act was passed enabling a landowner or his tenant to borrow money from the Government for the purpose of making certain improvements on his estate. It was a praiseworthy measure, but somehow it seems to have missed its mark. Among the causes assigned for its failure are the inertness of native underlings, the delay, trouble, and cost involved in applying for a loan, the high rates of interest required, the short period for which the loan is allowed to run, and the rigid strictness of the rules for punctual repayment. To these may be added, the general unwillingness of landholders to spend money on improvements which may furnish an excuse for enhancing their assessments to the land-revenue. That their fears are not wholly groundless, no impartial person will deny. In some few provinces indeed, as in the Panjab, it is a standing rule among revenue officers that the makers of new wells shall be protected from enhancement for a term of twenty years, while repairers of old wells and diggers of watercourses shall enjoy the like advantage for ten years. This may help to explain the fact that, in 1877, the Panjab stood first on the list of borrowers for the purpose of land improvement. But in several other provinces no definite rule seems to have been adopted, and in Bombay alone has any such rule obtained the force of law. As matter of common justice, we hold with the Famine Commissioners that the landholder should be guaranteed by law against all enhancements on account of improved value given by himself to the land, 'for such a period as shall secure to him such a reasonable return on his investment as will encourage the prosecution of improvements.' The same

\* In 'The Nineteenth Century' for June, 1880, Sayad Amir Ali quotes 'a case from his own forensic experience,' in which a debt of Rs. 4000 had swollen in ten years to Rs. 80,000.

principle should of course be applied to 'privileged tenants' of all classes, numbers of whom are still liable to eviction without receiving a rupee of compensation for improvements of their own making.

Mr. Caird, in common with many other critics, finds grave fault with the rigid rules enforced throughout India for collecting the land revenue, and pleads strongly for a return to the old principle of payment in kind, not in money. His arguments on both points have been so fully answered by the Indian Government, that we need not dwell upon them here. Even if the old system of produce rents were the best in theory, its practical drawbacks seem to have justified the Moghal emperors in substituting money payments for payment in kind. The example set by them has been everywhere followed by our own countrymen, and in most cases by the native princes attached to our rule. In Bahar, where corn rents are commonly paid to the landlords by their tenants, the rayat is 'infinitely worse off than in Bengal,' where all rents are paid in money. So little do the people at large care for the old system, that the tenants in the Panjab have struggled, hitherto in vain, to get their corn rents commuted into money. It is the landlords who resist their demands. In the North-West Provinces a like struggle has generally resulted in the victory of the tenants.

It is hard also to see how the demand for more elastic methods of raising the land revenue could be conceded in any large measure by a civilized government. As the Famine Commissioners themselves admit, any uncertainty as to the amount of his yearly payments to the State would do the landholder more harm than good. In very bad seasons he can already claim the remission or the postponement of his share of the State demand. It is probable, however, that reasonable indulgence is not always shown to real suffering, and that arrears of revenue are sometimes exacted with more zeal than discretion. The most merciful of collectors are often powerless against the desire of a Government to make both ends meet. In the interests of all concerned a larger discretion might safely be conferred on the district officer, who, going to and fro among the people, may be trusted to gauge with general accuracy the measure of their claims on the forbearance of the State. He should have full liberty to suspend or remit so much of the Government demand as the circumstances of his district may seem at any moment to enjoin.

All such improvements as those we have pointed out in the land tenures of India

would go far to solve the problem of national well-being in a country where agriculture is the mainstay of life. Security of tenure has never failed to encourage thrift and industry among those classes who live by the land. And it tends to counteract the working of customs that sanction unlimited subdivision of landed property. It is likely too that some other of the reforms suggested by the Famine Commissioners in common, or by Mr. Caird alone, might easily be adopted with good results. The creation, for instance, of an Agricultural Department on the plan drawn out by the former, would give a wide and healthy impetus to all forms of industry connected with the land. It makes nothing against such a scheme that something like it on a small scale has been tried already to little purpose. With regard again to Mr. Caird's plea for enlarging the powers of the local Governments, the Indian Government itself agrees 'in much that he says about the expediency and economy' of such a course, and holds out the hope of soon going further in the path first trodden by Lord Mayo.

But after all said and done, there remains, we think, the yet greater question of the land-revenue itself. Ought the land-revenue to be fixed for ever, as in Bengal, for one year as in Madras, or for thirty years as in the North-West Provinces? No one in these days dreams of justifying the principle of a yearly assessment, which has tended only to impoverish the people and to check the agricultural growth of Madras. But many persons still object to any form of land settlement which debars the Government from claiming its rightful share of the profits due, not to the landholders' own industry, but to the growing value of the land. To them it seems that a readjustment of the land-revenue once in thirty years or so secures a fair division of those profits between the landholder and the State, and thus enables the latter to meet its growing liabilities with enlarged means. Experience, however, does not seem to justify this preference of long settlements to settlements fixed for ever, as in Bengal. We have all heard of the suffering caused in many parts of Bombay by the high rates at which the land-revenue was re-assessed in 1864, and the following years. Similar complaints have often reached us from the North-Western Provinces. And the cost of these revised settlements appears to have outbalanced the actual gains. A well-informed writer on Indian topics has shown that in the ten years following 1869, the net yield of land-revenue would have exceeded by 2½ millions the sum actually realized, had the permanent settlement been

then in force.\* That periodical revisions of the land-tax are a source of great expense to the State, and of harassment to the people, the Indian Government has frankly confessed. Very significant also is the fact that the people of Madras, Bombay, and the North-West Provinces give way sooner under the stress of famine than the people of Bengal. It seems clear, moreover, that even a thirty-year settlement fails to encourage the laying out of money on the land. As Mr. Caird observes, a man who holds a few acres of *inam* land at a low quit-rent, in addition to a holding rented on the usual terms, will spend all his savings on the improvement of the former, while he 'will not lay out a penny on the holding which is liable to future increase of assessment.'

It is generally allowed that the people of Bengal are better off on the whole than the people of any province under a periodical settlement. This fact alone makes strongly in favour of perpetual settlements. A comparison of the total revenues yielded by each province points to the same conclusion. Bengal, with a permanent land-tax of four millions, now raises a total revenue of nineteen millions.† Of the eight millions raised in the North-West Provinces and Oudh, less than three millions are drawn from other sources than the land-revenue. Madras shows a total of eight and a half millions, about half of which is raised directly from the land. Bombay, with a land-tax of three and a half millions, furnishes a total of ten millions. These figures tend at any rate to show that, in spite of a land-revenue settled for ever, Bengal contributes to the general income at least as large a share, in proportion to her size and the numbers of her people, as any other province in British India. In short, the unearned increment of which the Government deprived itself by the settlement of 1793, has been made up to it in various ways; while in respect of general wealth, commercial and industrial progress, and capacity to bear the strain of new taxation, no other province can compete with Bengal.

In view of all this, and of the fact that the land-revenue in each of the other great provinces has almost stood still for many years past, the time, we think, has come when the principle that has worked so well in one of our oldest provinces might safely be applied to the other three. A perpetual settlement, based on the village or even on the *Rayatwar* system, and assessed in accor-

dance with the most enlightened rules, would be a boon of the highest value to all who came within its reach, and a source of ever-growing satisfaction to the Government that offered it. Under right conditions such a measure would yield more than all the advantages, with none of the drawbacks, that have marked its working in Bengal. This boon which Lord Halifax would have granted twenty years ago to the prayer of Lord Canning, might well be extended to the Panjab also. And it ought, we think, to be supplemented by another boon for which Lord Canning pleaded in vain—the right, namely, of redeeming the land-tax by payment of a lump sum, 'equal in value to the revenue redeemed.'

This is the principle for which Mr. Caird also contends when he advises the Indian Government to 'offer every facility for changing the tenure into freehold,' for the purpose of carrying out a scheme which would do so much for the improvement of agriculture, and would bind the landed classes so strongly to their rulers. Mr. Caird would establish in each province a Freehold Commission, empowered to change any applicant's tenure to freehold at a rate equivalent to twenty years' purchase. Instead of paying the whole sum down, the landholder might be allowed to complete his purchase by payments carried on through thirty-five years. If such a process could be effected on a large scale, the Government for many years to come would have no cause for anxiety about ways and means, while every freeholder would be giving the Government a hostage for his loyalty in exchange for the means of bettering himself and adding to his country's wealth.

That India was richer once than she is now, may be inferred from what we know of the revenues raised by the Moghal emperors. In the first year of the seventeenth century, Akbar's land-revenue amounted to seventeen and a half millions sterling, while the whole of Jahangir's revenues from all sources came up to fifty millions. In the middle of the same century, Aurangzib drew from the land alone as much as thirty-five millions, and before the end of the century his total revenues were reckoned at eighty millions, all but a fraction of which was raised from his Indian provinces.\* At this moment we contrive to raise with some difficulty a total revenue of sixty millions from a dominion wider than that of Aurangzib.†

\* 'Political and Financial Requirements of British India.' By J. Dacosta. Allen and Co. 1880.

† Or 18½ millions if we exclude Assam.

\* 'The Revenue Resources of the Mughal Empire in India.' By E. Thomas, Trübner and Co. 1871.

† That is the outside amount of 'ordinary revenue,' including opium receipts.



This is not much to boast of as the result of British rule over two hundred millions of people. With all allowance for Moghal rapacity, and the necessity imposed upon us of taxing lightly a huge mass of alien subjects governed by a few thousand Englishmen, it seems to argue a serious decline in the taxable resources of India during the last two centuries. Be that as it may, we seem already to have touched the point at which, for the present, fresh taxation becomes a danger as well as a difficulty. It may be easy to raise loans at 4 per cent. on Indian revenue, because the lenders know that behind India stands the virtual guarantee of Great Britain. But, as Mr. Hunter himself puts it, 'no financial dexterity will get rid of the poverty of the Indian people, which lies at the root of the poverty of the Indian Government.' The Indian revenues have not stood still, but their advance has not kept pace with the growth of new demands upon them. And some items of existing revenue appear doomed to ultimate extinction or else to large reductions. Most of the cotton duties have gone already. The export duty on rice will have in due time to go. A license-tax yields but little in comparison with the evils incident to its collection. A cry is already going forth for the repeal of the salt duties. On the continuance of the opium revenue at its present figure it is unsafe to calculate for more than a few years. Of the new taxes which have sometimes been proposed, there is hardly one to which strong objections might not be fairly offered. The tribute which India pays to England in the shape of home charges keeps on increasing at an unpleasant rate. A rupee worth only 1s. 8d. means for India the loss by exchange of three millions a year. An Afghan war, begun without provocation and continued with a reckless disregard for costs, has saddled India with a new and heavy burden.

In view of all this, economy and retrenchment are obviously needful for our own interests no less than India's. And for this end we must act more fairly by the people of India than we have hitherto done. In common justice to the natives, and in fulfilment of pledges more than once renewed, we must yield them a much larger share than heretofore in the civil service of their own country. There are few posts in that service which qualified natives could not fill as efficiently as our own countrymen, and at less cost. In the army also native officers might safely be entrusted with commands higher than that of a single company. What native officers of mark and mettle could do in trying circumstances, the annals of our earlier

wars in India have abundantly shown. It is a scandal to this country that statesmen like Sir Madhava Rao should find their only hope of preferment in the native states, that a Todar Mal or a Shitab Rai is impossible under our rule, and that none but a native Prince, or Lord of very high degree, can look for a seat in the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

It may be impossible to reduce the strength of the British garrisons in India; but the cost of maintaining them might be sensibly reduced by doing away with two of the Commanders-in-chief, and by allowing the Indian Government to keep an army of its own, enlisted solely for Indian service. In justice to the rest of India, the native states should be required to contribute much more largely than they do now towards the general expenses of the government under whose protection they have flourished as they never did before. Above all things it is absolutely necessary, in the present state of India's finances, that we should give up all thoughts of conquest or aggression beyond India's natural frontier, and turn our minds from an insane dread of Russian intrigues to the carrying forward of that wise domestic policy which Lord Lawrence upheld so earnestly in one of the noblest minutes ever penned by an Anglo-Indian statesman.

L. J. TROTTER.

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ART. V.—*The Revised Version of the New Testament.*

*The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the Greek: being the Version set forth A.D. 1611 compared with the most Ancient Authorities, and revised A.D. 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Published by Henry Frowde, Oxford Warehouse: 7, Paternoster Row. By C. J. Clay, M.A., Cambridge Warehouse: 17, Paternoster Row.*

THE revised version of the New Testament has excited a greater public interest than any book ever published in England. A sale of upwards of a million copies in a few weeks is an unprecedented incident in the history of publishing, beside which the greatest successes of our popular writers appear insignificant. This interest in the revised New Testament has not of course been entirely a religious interest. The Bible is not only the rule of Christian faith and the chief book of Christian devotion, it

is one of the greatest, and certainly the most familiar, of English classics, and as such it is regarded with much interest and even affection by many who would not call themselves Christians. But much the greater part of the interest felt in the new version has been of a religious character. It shows that whatever the changes that may have come over theological opinion of recent years regarding inspiration and kindred topics, the Bible remains very much where it was in the reverence and affection of the English people.

We may go a step further. The publication of this book and the interest it has created are an evidence of an enhanced interest in the Bible. The same reasons which have led the scholars of our time to study the original texts of Scripture more diligently than in former times, have led to a demand for a more accurate version for the use of the people. If awakened intellectual curiosity, and even scepticism, are to be reckoned among these causes, a deepened sense of the value of Scripture is the main cause. The scholars who met at Westminster were not expected to make a more beautiful English version of the Scriptures, which was felt to be impossible, nor was the removal of obsolete words, which were not seriously inconvenient, the main service expected from them, but a revision of the authorized version, in which the original meaning of the texts should be preserved with the utmost possible fidelity. In order to judge the new version fairly we must remember that this was the character of the demand which called it into existence.

Our times and the age of the Reformation have many points of resemblance; and their common desire for a revised Bible is not one of the least interesting. In the sixteenth century Bible followed Bible, and revision followed in quick succession. Tyndale's Testament and Coverdale's Bible, the Geneva Bible, and the Bishops' Bible, not to mention other revisions, showed the eager desire of the people to have a Bible, and a correct Bible—a desire so eager that neither the jealousy of the court nor of the church could restrain it; and royal and episcopal authority had to be bestowed upon a translated Bible. It is impossible not to feel the significance of the fact that, after having slept since 1611, the question of revising the Bible should have been revived in our time, and a new version issued in the year 1881.

Before passing judgment on the work of the revision of 1881, it is needful to understand the exact nature of the task which the revisers undertook to perform, and the conditions under which they undertook it. The revision dates its beginning from a motion

which was made in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury on the 10th of February, 1870. The mover was the late Bishop of Winchester, and the seconder the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The motion asked for a committee, 'to report upon the desirableness of a revision of the authorized version of the New Testament, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Greek text originally adopted by the translators, or in the translation made from the same, shall on due investigation be found to exist.' On this motion being adopted, a committee of both houses of Convocation drew up a report on the subject, which they embodied in a series of resolutions. One of these was: 'That in the above resolutions we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except where in the judgment of the most competent scholars such change is necessary.'

It will be seen from the above resolution that the revisers were neither required nor permitted to alter the authorized version unless the reasons for such alteration were of a conclusive character. Additional emphasis was given to the conservative character of their work by certain rules agreed to by the committee of Convocation on the 25th day of May, 1870. The second of these rules was: 'To limit as far as possible the expression of alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions.' The fifth rule limited the company's power of alterations by prescribing, 'To make or retain no change in the text on the second or final revision, except two-thirds of those present approve of the same.' The cautious spirit of the resolutions, and the advantage given to those opposed to changes by the rule which required two-thirds of a majority in order to effect a change, created an apprehension in the minds of some who were favourable to a real revision, that the work would be timidly and incompletely accomplished, and that many 'plain and clear errors' would reappear in the new version. This is a fear which has been signally disappointed. The revisers have done their work with thoroughness and with courage. We shall have occasion to notice before we close what we consider to be the defects of the new version, arising mainly from its somewhat rigid spirit of scholarship, natural enough in a company composed mainly of academical clergymen; but it is fortunate the revisers erred on this side, rather than on the side of laxity and capricious lawlessness. One of their number, Dr. Vance Smith, in an article in 'The Nineteenth Cen-

tury' for June, finds fault with certain renderings, and appeals to a future revision to do justice to words and thoughts which have been long misrepresented, 'to the sore discredit with many thoughtful minds of the Christian gospel.' If the revisers had set themselves to rehabilitate the Christian gospel to 'thoughtful minds,' or had sought to work out any special crotchets of their own, they would have bitterly disappointed the great expectations formed of them. Such a revision would have been 'an abomination,' to borrow a phrase from Archdeacon Denison, in the sight of all fair-minded scholars who, whatever their religious views, concur in the wish to give to Englishmen a true account of the words of Christ and of his apostles. We shudder to think what might have been the result had a company of revisers come together at Westminster determined to carry out a particular set of views, whether to conserve the ideas of the past, or to adapt the New Testament to Dr. Smith's 'thoughtful minds.' The idea almost makes us withdraw our wish that they had been somewhat less stern in their adherence to rigid law and rule.

The revisers have done their work without fear and without favour. With their eyes fixed upon the Greek text, upon grammars, lexicons, and concordances, they have worked *secundum artem*, and have given no heed to the voices on one side or on the other which would have sought to draw them from the paths of philological integrity. We regret for some reasons the exclusive devotion of the revisers to the Greek original, and their too great willingness to sacrifice their mother English to the strict requirements of the foreign tongue. It would have been better in a popular translation to leave some shades of meaning unexpressed rather than endanger the obscurity of the text by the use of unusual modes of expression likely to perplex plain readers.

The revisers might have satisfied themselves with translating one of the best texts now in use. They acted wisely in reserving to themselves full liberty to select whatever readings approved themselves to their judgment. A company which contained Dr. Scrivener, Canon Westcott, and Dr. Hort, and for some time, we believe, Dr. Tregelles, not to mention other most competent judges, formed the strongest court of appeal that ever sat in Europe on the question of the various readings of the New Testament. The text which they adopted has been published by the University presses, and the new English *Textus Receptus* will henceforth be one of the purest and best in existence. Its similarity to the text of the beautiful

text just issued by Messrs. Macmillan under the editorship of Dr. Hort and Dr. Westcott, shows the leading part that must have fallen to these scholars in the determination of this fundamental question. We shall not attempt to enter upon a detailed criticism of the text of the revisers. They have, as in other matters, gone by a somewhat rigid rule, and allowed the authority of the few old MSS. which we possess to be not only dominant but almost tyrannous. If a rule was to be followed, it was, of course, the safest and most intelligible to follow A, B, C, D, &c. But as our oldest MSS. belong to the fourth century, it is obvious that caution is to be exercised in receiving even their testimony. Notwithstanding the authority of the old MSS., we cannot reconcile ourselves to the reading adopted in Rom. v. 1. The English reader will find that the changes made in the revised New Testament through changes of reading are not very numerous, nor usually important, though one or two of them are very interesting. We would specially call attention to Matt. ix. 17, Mark ix. 22, 23, Heb. iv. 2, 1 Tim. iii. 16, 1 John iii. 1, Rev. xvii. 8.\* The comparatively few changes made in the text, and their slight importance, is an example of a conservative result coming from what was once looked upon as a source of as great danger to the Christian faith as the higher criticism is supposed to be at present.

As was to be anticipated from a company of translators containing eminent historical critics, every effort is made in the Revised Version to preserve in the translation whatever serves to mark to the English reader the exact time at which the books of the New Testament were written. A successful instance of this is their uniform retention of the definite article before 'Christ.' Before His resurrection our Lord was not called Jesus Christ, but Jesus, who claimed to be the Christ. For some reason the definite article was sometimes omitted by King James's revisers. Its restoration is a special advantage in Matt. ii. 5, 'He enquired of them where the Christ should be born.' In their translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the revisers have happily preserved to the English reader the sense that he is listening to a voice from the first century, and that sacrifices were still offered in Jerusalem. We now read in Heb. ix. 6, 'the priests go in continually into

\* A very clear and interesting account of these changes will be found in the 'Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament,' by Alex. Roberts, D.D. (Cassell and Co.)

the first tabernacle accomplishing the services; but into the second the high priest alone, once in the year.' Those who know Roman history, and the great part which the Prætorian guard played in the history of the Empire, will read with a strange interest the revisers' version of St. Paul's words Phil. i. 13, 'My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard.'

The revisers have made an excellent contribution to the historical understanding of New Testament times by their removal of the misleading 'Grecians' from Acts vi. 1 and the substitution of 'Grecian Jews.' They have, of course, altered the utterly absurd 'Easter' of Acts xii. 4 into 'Pass-over.'

Another, but less fortunate attempt to preserve the sense of the time when the words were written, is the change made in the rendering of the tenses in Matt. i. 22, Matt. xxi. 4, xxvi. 56. The old rendering was, 'All this was done that it might be fulfilled.' The revisers render, 'all this is come to pass.' 'These tenses,' it has been said, 'preserve the freshness of the earliest catechetical narratives of the gospel history, when the narrator was not so far removed from the fact that it was unnatural for him to say, 'This is come to pass.' We fear that the retention of the present tense will simply confuse the English reader, and make him imagine that the quotation was made by the speaker and not by the evangelist, which is certainly not the view of the revisers. In their treatment of Old Testament names the revisers have not been so much historical critics as usual, but they have acted most wisely. The great religious teachers of the Old Covenant ought assuredly to be spoken of by their old Hebrew names, and not under ugly Hellenistic disguises. Historical justice, as well as practical convenience, are served by superseding Esaias, Jeremy, and Osee by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea.

The Epistle to the Hebrews still appears as the Epistle of the Apostle Paul. As it is improbable that any of the revisers believe Paul to have written it, we might have anticipated that they would have removed a title resting upon no authority. They say honestly in their preface that they have 'deemed it best to leave unchanged the titles.' Had they removed the name of St. Paul, it would certainly have been difficult to fill the vacant space. It would hardly have been suitable to head it, 'the Epistle of an Anonymous Man;' but we know as little about the authorship as did Origen, who declared that the name of the author was known to God alone. The clever guess of

Luther that Apollos was the author would have been out of place in a text founded upon historical authorities.

It is greatly to be regretted that the company have not revised the 'heading of chapters and pages,' as they were directed by rule 1st. They abstained from doing so, they say, because such a revision 'would have involved so much of indirect, and indeed frequently of direct interpretation.' The necessary work of making these headings could not possibly have been committed to better hands than that of revisers who have shown themselves throughout the work both painstaking and eminently impartial. We trust that they will supply the deficiency in future editions.

A very persistent attempt has been made throughout the revision to amend the rendering of the tenses. It has been long a common complaint against the former translators that they were careless in this matter. Until recent times all writers on New Testament Greek were accustomed to say that the New Testament writers themselves constantly indulged in an interchange of tenses, and violated the rules of classical Greek. It has been shown by later grammarians that this is by no means the case, at all events, to the extent alleged, although Winer carried his opposition to the old view too far. The revisers evidently entered upon their work determined to reform the rendering of the tenses; but they have sometimes found them too hard for them, and in reading the results of the amendment, one is disposed to think that King James's revisers possibly attempted so little not because they were ignorant of the force of Greek tenses, but because they felt they could not be imitated in English without harshness and obscurity. An American writer on the English language, Dr. Marsh, made the remark, about the Gospel of John as revised by five English clergymen, 'that an American cannot help suspecting that the tenses are coming to have in England a force which they have not now in this country, and never heretofore have had in English literature.' The sarcasm might be repeated regarding some of the tense-renderings in the new version.

Certain of the changes made by the revisers in rendering the tenses were needful, and will be felt to make the sense clearer. Such a change is to be found in the rendering of Luke i. 59, where the old version renders, 'They called him Zacharias, after the name of his father.' The revisers have changed this into, 'They would have called him Zacharias after the name of his father.' It is in the rendering of aorists and perfects that King James's revisers are alleged to

have shown most carelessness. They have sometimes decidedly obscured the meaning of St. Paul, through rendering his aorists which were designed to denote a past event with the perfect which has a present reference. Rom. vi. 1 sqq., 2 Cor. v. 15, are examples of a great improvement made by the revisers, who have given to the aorists their proper meaning, and brought out that Paul regarded the great change from sin to righteousness as having been realized in a definite act of the past.

The revisers seem to have been reluctant to admit that perfects are ever used in the New Testament with a purely aoristic force, or that an aorist may stand for a perfect. To evade the necessity of admitting the former, they render Rev. v. 7, 'He came and he taketh (*ἐλάφεν*) out of the hand of him that sat on the throne.' And again Rev. viii. 5, 'And the angel taketh (*ἐλάφεν*); and he filled it (*ἐγέμισεν*) with the fire of the altar.' In Heb. xi. 28 they have not ventured to render, 'By faith he hath kept the passover,' although they place 'hath made' on the margin. In 2 Cor. xi. 25 they preserve 'have I been' of the authorized version.

It has been denied that the aorist ever stands for the perfect in the New Testament, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in certain cases it does. The explanation of Buttmann is satisfactory—

Inasmuch (he writes) as the relation of time expressed by the present is compounded, as it were, of that of the aorist or that of the present—the action having its beginning in the past (aorist), but extending either itself or in its effects down to the time being (present)—in cases where the aorist is used in the sense of the perfect we must take this view of the matter: that the aorist was not intended to express both relations of the perfect at once, but that the writer for the moment withdraws from the present and places himself in the past, consequently in the position of a narrator. This position is uniformly the most natural for the act of composition; and from it there results of itself, if not a positive aversion to the perfect, yet a greater preference for the aorist. The continuance of the action, therefore, and its working down to the present time, resides, not indeed in the tense, but in the connection; and the necessary insertion of this relation is left in any case to the hearer.

As examples of this, Buttmann cites Heb. viii. 1, where however the revisers translate, 'We have such a high priest, who sat down.' And Matt. xxiii. 2, where the revisers render, 'the scribes and the Pharisees sit (*ἐκάθισαν*) on Moses' seat.' The revisers have been uniformly desirous to em-

ploy the present with the future force when they have found it in the Greek. The old translators did so when they thought fit, as in 1 Cor. xv. 32, 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,' but they employed the future when it seemed more clear and fitting. The following from the new version are not improvements: John xiv. 3, 'If I go to prepare a place for you, I come again;' Rev. ii. 22, 'Behold I do cast her into a bed.'

The complaint is as old as Bentley that the English translators of the Bible did not pay sufficient regard to the force of the Greek article, and that they omitted it when it ought to have been expressed. It has been often restored by the revisers; we think too often. They have rendered Matt. vi. 25, 'Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment.' In Matt. viii. 12, 'There shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.' In some cases we are at a loss what meaning the revisers attached to the article which they have restored, and we are tempted to suppose that it was some occult reference which the plan of their marginal notes prevented them from expressing. This is possible, for we find in the revised version the rendering Heb. xi. 10, 'He looked for the city that hath the foundations.' We always regarded this as a simple contrast between an established city and a movable tent. Dr. Lightfoot, one of the most eminent of the revisers, in his excellent book 'On a Fresh Revision of the New Testament,' thus writes—

A definite image here rises before the sacred writer's mind of the new Jerusalem such as it is described in the Apocalypse, 'The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb (chap. xxi. 14). The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones' (chap. xxi. 19 sq.) But in our version the words are robbed of their meaning, and Abraham is made to look for 'a city that hath foundations'—a senseless expression, for no city is without them.

In Acts ix. 2 and elsewhere the gospel is called 'the way,' an expression which needs no special explanation, as it was a most natural expression for Hebrews to apply to their new 'walk' or manner of serving God. But Dr. Lightfoot finds the explanation of it in our Lord's word, John xiv. 5, 6, 'I am the way.' 'The gospel,' he says, 'is Christ and Christ only.' Both interpretations seem curiously fanciful, and unlike the usual sobriety of Dr. Lightfoot's thinking.

There is one part of the revision work which has already provoked a good deal of discussion, and which is likely to supply speakers and writers of a certain class with a subject for some time to come. We refer to their employment of Hades, their rendering of Gehenna, and their substitution of 'the evil one' for 'evil' in the Lord's Prayer. One of their number, Dr. Vance Smith, in an article to which we have already alluded, blames his fellow revisers with some asperity for their use of the word hell, because such a rendering recalls 'the long descended notions of the darkest ages of mediæval superstition.' But introduction of polemical heat into this discussion is needless. The revisers were neither called upon to defend traditional beliefs nor to explode superstitions, but to translate. Dr. Vance Smith approves of the word Hades being left, as it is in the revision, untranslated. 'This treatment of the word,' he says, 'inasmuch as it is a proper name, is correct.' Hades need no more have been treated as a proper name than Ouranos; and although the revisers may have acted wisely in leaving it untranslated, such a procedure on the part of a translator is to be regarded rather in the light of a confession of impotence than as a triumph of his art. By leaving Hades untranslated—and Dr. Smith thinks they should have left Gehenna untranslated—they have done nothing to help those who feel in difficulty. These mysterious words on the page and margin of the Bible must have a meaning, and teachers of the young and uninstructed will assuredly be asked to unfold it. One effect of leaving Hades untranslated will be to show clearly that it is a mistake to regard it as a colourless term for the unseen world. Although it has not the revolting associations of the word Gehenna, it assuredly often carries with it the idea of loss, of defeat, and of Divine displeasure. If not, what is the meaning of Acts ii. 26: 'My flesh shall dwell in hope; because thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades'? Unless the idea of judgment is connected with Hades, what significance is there in the words of our Lord, Matt. xi. 23: 'Thou Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted into heaven? thou shalt go down into Hades'?

With regard to the already famous rendering of the revisers of Matt. vi. 13 and Luke xi. 4, 'Deliver us from the evil One,' we confess we share in the general regret that they felt it needful to adopt this rendering, although it is absurd to inveigh against the translation of upright scholars in the spirit of excited partisanship. In our judgment it is a case in which they might have

permitted the old translation to remain, even although they were not prepared to pronounce unhesitatingly in its favour. It is not 'a plain and clear error.' The neuter *τὸ πονηρὸν* is used at least twice in the New Testament for evil in the sense of moral wickedness (Luke vi. 45, and Rom. xii. 9), and this makes the retention of the old rendering at all events possible on the ground of usage. The use of the preposition *ἀπο* rather than *ἐκ*, on which some have relied as establishing the personal reference, is by no means conclusive. It is frequently used by Hellenistic writers where the native Greeks would have preferred *ἐκ*. Meyer, who is a philological dogmatist, and is disposed whenever possible to press philological considerations as conclusive, does not venture to do so here. He translates in the same way as the revisers, but adds, '*τοῦ πονηροῦ* may be neuter (Augustine, Luther—see, however, Catech. Maj. pp. 352, f.—Tholuck, Ewald, Lange, Bleek, Kanphausen) as well as masculine (Tertullian, Origen, and Chrysostom, Theophylact, Erasmus, Beza, Maldonatus, Kinnoel, Fritzsche, Olshausen, Ebrard, Keim, Hilgenfeld, Hanne). In the former case, it would not mean 'evil' in general, but, according to the New Testament use of *πονηρός*, as well as the context, *moral wickedness* (Rom. xii. 9). However, it is more in keeping with the concrete graphic manner of view of the New Testament (Matt. v. 37; xiii. 19; John xvii. 15; 1 John ii. 13; iii. 8, 12; Rom. xvi. 20; Eph. vi. 10; 2 Thess. iii. 32) to prefer the masculine as meaning the devil.'

Great stress has been laid upon the adoption of the masculine rendering by the Greek fathers, who, it is said, must have known the force of their own language. However weighty their authority, it cannot be said to settle the matter, especially as they were disposed, to find references to the devil where no modern scholar would find such. Thus some of them find such a reference in Matt. v. 25, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly.'

Although we are of opinion that the revisers might have left the venerable and familiar words untouched, we are at loss to see why so much heat should be transported into the discussion. The neuter rendering settles nothing. If any one has a doubt whether Christ and His apostles spoke of a prince of evil, half an hour's examination of the New Testament will convince him that they did. Those who deny the truth of the doctrine must do so on the ground that Christ and His apostles shared in a groundless contemporary belief. If those who deny this and similar doctrines would frankly take

this ground, we should be saved from many disingenuous and forced interpretations of Scripture.

In one important particular the revisers of 1881 have taken a different course from the revisers of 1611. They have taken particular pains throughout the entire work to preserve uniformity of renderings and to translate a Greek word wherever it occurs by the same English word; and a great number of the changes which we find in the revised version owe their origin to this attempt to secure uniformity. These are the alterations which are described in the preface as 'necessary by consequence.' It is curious to note the direct antagonism in which the present revisers stand to their predecessors in this matter, who defended the liberty which they took in the following half-serious, half-humorous strain. It occurs in their preface, a document which deserves to be better known than it is, and deserved to have been retained in our Bibles rather than the dedication to the king—

Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle Reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because, they observe, that some learned men have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places, (for there be some words that be not of the same sense every where), we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as for example, if we translate the Hebrew or Greek word once by *purpose*, never to call it *intent*; if one where *journeying*, never *travelling*; if one where *think*, never *suppose*; if one where *pain*, never *ache*; if one where *joy*, never *gladness*; and thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them, if we may be free? Use one precisely, when we may use another no less fit as commodiously? A godly father in the primitive time showed himself greatly moved, that one of new-fangledness called *καρβάρων, σκίμπος*, though the difference be little or none; and another reporteth, that he was much abused for turning *curcubita* (to which rendering the people had been used) into *hedera*. Now if this happens in better times, and upon so small occasions, we might justly fear hard censure, if generally we should make verbal and unnecessary changes. We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards

a great number of good *English* words. For as it is written of a certain great Philosopher, that he should say, that those logs were happy that were made images to be worshipped; for their fellows, as good as they, lay for blocks behind the fire: so if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always; and to others of like quality, Get you hence, be banished for ever; we might be taxed peradventure with St. James's words, namely, to be partial in ourselves, and judges of evil thoughts. Add hereunto, that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling; and so was to be curious about names too; also that we cannot follow a better pattern for elocution than God Himself; therefore He using divers words in His holy writ, and indifferently for one thing in nature; we, if we will not be superstitious, may use the same liberty in our English versions out of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, for that copy or store that He hath given us.

It is possible that the varieties of renderings adopted by the older company were owing, to some extent, to the circumstance that they were divided into six different companies meeting in three different towns, and never, so far as we know, conferring together. But this does not explain the various renderings found in the same page, and their own words show that they regarded these variations as literary beauties and not as blemishes. As any one will anticipate, who is familiar with modern exegetical literature, the revisers regarded this levity in choice of words as a fault of the first magnitude; and they put themselves to the most elaborate pains to rectify it. Professor Newth has described their proceedings in his interesting 'Lectures on Revision.'

'Although the company had endeavoured throughout the whole course of its work to preserve, as far as the idiom of the English language permitted, uniformity in the rendering of the same Greek word, it had not been possible, when dealing with each passage separately, to keep in view all the other passages in which any particular word might be found. It was therefore felt to be desirable to reconsider the revised version with exclusive reference to this single point; and the pages of a Greek concordance were assigned in equal portions to different members of the company, who each undertook to examine every passage in which the words falling to his share might occur, and to mark if in any case unnecessary variations in the English had either been introduced or retained. The passages so noted were brought before the notice of the assembled company, and the question was in each case considered whether, without any injury to the sense, the rendering of the

word under review might be harmonized with that found in other places.\*

Nothing could have been more thorough. First, the great drag net of the company catches the larger fish; and afterwards each member arms himself with a small net, and the whole pond is so completely netted that not a single minnow is permitted to escape. It may seem ungracious to find fault with those who laboured with such conscientious zeal in the public service, but we cannot help regarding this attempt at uniform rendering as one of the chief sources of the literary faults of the version. King James's revisers, by holding themselves free to use whatever word seemed most suitable to the English context, or which sounded best, gave themselves a great advantage, of which their version bears clear marks. They produced the most beautiful version of the New Testament in existence; a translation which surpasses the original; for, although the style of the Greek New Testament has beauties, it cannot be affirmed that it holds the place among Greek books which the English New Testament holds among English books. The revisers, by depriving themselves of the liberty which their predecessors enjoyed, have done something to mar the literary beauties of the work.

There are certainly not a few instances in which the harmonizing hand of the new revisers is felt to be an advantage. St. Paul especially, among the New Testament writers, frequently used a word, or a class of words, with persistence through several sentences, because he wished by the repetition of the word to give emphasis to certain ideas. When at all possible, the translator ought to bring this out in the translation. In the following passages the revisers have harmonized with advantage the language of the authorized version—

Col. ii. 9: 'In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in him ye are made full.'

Rom. vii.: 'I had not known sin, except through the law; for I had not known coveting, except that the law had said, thou shalt not covet; but sin, finding occasion, wrought in me through the commandment all manner of coveting.'

2 Cor. i. 5-7: 'As the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort also aboundeth through Christ. But whether we be afflicted, it is for our comfort and salvation; or whether we be comforted, it is for our comfort, which worketh in the patient enduring of the same sufferings which we

also suffer; and our hope for you is steadfast; knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so also are ye of the comfort.'

A comparison of the above passages with the Greek and with the authorized version will show that the apostle is better represented in the new version than in the old. It is not of such changes we complain, but of changes by which familiar and well-fitting words have been displaced to make room for words which do not fit well at all, in compliance with the anxious desire for uniformity. To give an example, the words of Simeon, Luke ii. 32, part of the *Nunc dimittis*, and having therefore a special claim to consideration, are altered into, 'A light for revelation to the Gentiles.' This is not a whit more faithful than the beautiful words of the authorized version, 'A light to lighten the Gentiles,' a rendering which came from Tyndale, and which has been adopted by every version with the exception of the Reims' version, which has the same rendering as the revisers. The object of the change was to translate *αποκάλυψις* by revelation, because it is elsewhere so rendered.

Another instance of the needless spoiling of the authorized version is to be found in the new rendering of 1 Peter ii. 4, which is doubly injured by the rejection of the 'harmless archaism' 'disallowed,' and by the substitution of 'elect' for 'chosen.' The old version runs, 'To whom, coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.' For this the new, but here we think the inferior, version substitutes, 'Unto whom coming, a living stone, rejected indeed of men, but with God elect, precious.'

At the root of this wish to secure uniformity of rendering, there is the erroneous notion that the New Testament writers, who wrote in popular speech and for the people, had given to their language that exactness of phraseology, and had observed the strict adherence to the same word, when speaking of the same thing, which is to be found in the pages of scientific and philosophical writers. This idea, which some modern commentators have carried to such an extent as sadly to injure the freedom and naturalness of the New Testament speech, has evidently influenced the revisers.

Matt. xviii. 3 appears in the revised version as, 'Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven!' Although the word 'converted' has become unfortunately too much specialized in our religious phraseology, it seems doubtful wisdom to abandon

\* Lectures on Bible Revision by Samuel Newth, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.



a word which has so much moral meaning and impressiveness for the unimpressive word 'turn.' 'Repentance' might have been abandoned for the same reason. Like every one else, we regret to lose 'charity' from the 13th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians. Rightly or wrongly it got a place there, and by means of its place has gained a position in English literature and in the affections of Englishmen from which it cannot be dislodged. We are glad that the revisers have not removed the word 'Comforter' from the 14th chapter of St. John, although they have rightly placed the more accurate renderings, Advocate and Helper, on the margin.\*

The revisers occasionally manifest a certain helplessness in finding a well-fitting expression to supersede anything that is amiss in the old version. Their English resources seem to have been less considerable than their Greek; but this should hardly have been so as the translations of the Master of Balliol, and of Mr. Church and Mr. Brodripp, show that the art of translation is not a lost art in England. Perhaps the fitting word and felicitous expression occur less readily to the large company than to the solitary student, although a large company make good critics. It was a sagacious saying of Purvey, in his 'Prologue to the Wycliffite Bible,' that one should translate 'as clearly as he could to the sentence, and have many good fellows and cunning at the correcting of the translation.' To give one or two illustrations of what we mean, John i. 30, 'A man which is preferred before me' is perhaps a paraphrase, but is better than the helpless and almost unmeaning literalism, 'A man which is become before me.' The familiar passage, John v. 35, 'He was a burning and a shining light,' gives place to, 'He was the lamp that burneth and shineth.' Professor Newth probably gives the reason of revisers for making the change when he writes: 'It gives an entirely wrong impression of the passage. As thus read it sets forth the pre-eminence of John, whereas its true import is to emphasize the subordinate nature of his office and work. Christ, as stated in the first chapter of this gospel, was "the light." In comparison with Him, John was a lamp which, in order that it may give light, must first be kindled from some other source. He was the lamp which is kindled, and (so) shineth.' But will the English reader gather all this from the lame

and ungainly literalism of the revisers? 'The fulness' of Col. i. 19 will hardly suggest to the English reader what the revisers mean it shall.

The chief weakness of the revisers throughout has been a want of popular sympathies and of a sufficiently quick perception of what would not perplex plain people. A certain want of tenderness to the subtle rhythm and beautiful cadences of the English Bible, and a forgetfulness that a slight change may spoil an entire sentence, may be also noted. This may be partly imagination on our own part, and may arise from the familiarity of our ear with the former version. If the very excellent revision of the Westminster revisers were now to be handed over, first, to a committee of sensible country ministers, who would point out what expressions are likely to perplex the 'plough boys' for whom Tyndale wrote his New Testament, and were afterwards submitted to a committee of pure men of letters for their suggestions, we should probably get a perfect revision of the New Testament.

It is almost impossible in a critical paper to avoid dwelling mainly on the demerits rather than on the merits of a book. Our business here has been criticism and not panegyric, and we have said little of numerous improvements made by the revisers; but we cannot close without again expressing our sense of the high value of this version, which is an honour to the scholarship of our time, and a gift of real value to the Christian Church. The marginal notes will be found to be a mine of information, and will be helpful to the student of the Greek Testament as well as to the English reader. Whether this revision becomes, as its predecessor did, the New Testament of England for a long period, or is soon superseded by another, we feel sure that the English New Testament will always continue to bear many marks of the painstaking hand of the revisers of 1881.

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#### ART. VI.—The French Republic.

- (1) *Restauration de la Légitimité et de ses Alliés.* Par E. LITTRE. Paris, 1873.
- (2) *Origine et Chute du Second Empire.* Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1874.
- (3) *Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.* Par JULES FAVRE. Paris, 1875.
- (4) *Grandeur ou Déclin de la France. Questions des années 1874 et 1875.* Par EMILE de GIRARDIN. Paris, 1876.

\* Comforter has in its derivation the meaning of Strengtheners. This is the meaning of *comfortans* in the vulgate, and this was, perhaps, the meaning attached to Comforter by the revisers of 1611.

(5) *L'Élu du IX<sup>e</sup> Arrondissement. Questions de l'année 1877.* Par ÉMILE de GIRARDIN. Paris, 1878.

'GUIDED by Providence more visibly than any other nation, France has been specially chosen to resolve revolutionary questions. France is that sacred mount whence the Eternal issues in thunder His commands to the world: France is the Sinai of Providence.'\* In this sublime flight of grandiloquence, reaching almost to the ridiculous, there is claimed for France, not only the foremost place in the agitation of revolutionary questions, but—inferentially at least—a decisive influence in moulding those great changes which are acknowledged as epochs in European progress. The latter assumption may be questioned, but the former, so far from being an empty boast, may fairly claim to rest upon a basis of facts stretching over a century of history.

Countless have been the attempts to describe and criticize the political convulsions of that century. However dissimilar in character, they at least present us with many unquestionable conclusions of a broad, general character. It has been shown that the Revolution of 1789 was a natural product of the unbridled and ruinous despotism consummated by Louis Quatorze, and of that despicable government which, in the name of Louis Quinze, trampled upon the honour and interests of France. It has been shown that the Revolution, swayed by political ignorance and a motley host of passions, though fully capable of destroying institutions which had cost ages to build up, had no capacity, or even settled desire, to construct a stable government; and that the rapidly succeeding violent changes which were imparted to the form and spirit of the Republic were infallibly hurrying her into the arms of a military dictator. It has been shown that the First Empire was brought to a close by the selfish and sanguinary ambition of Napoleon, by the rapidly exhaustive action of a pitiless conscription, and by the intolerable weight of the material burdens heaped upon an infatuated nation. It has been shown that the Restoration was compromised by its most ardent friends—that 'Legitimacy ruined the legitimate monarchy.' It has been shown that Louis Philippe, wilfully blind to the limited nature of the power he had been able to snatch from the Revolution of the Barri- cades, spent eighteen years in a hazardous pursuit of personal government. It has

been shown that the Second Republic, assailed from its birth by the vague but profoundly agitating forces of socialism, proved to be a mere stormy transition from a liberal government amenable to parliamentary control, to a democratic despotism founded upon what was termed a *plébiscite*, that is to say, upon universal suffrage manipulated and directed by a single will. The Second Empire, like the First, 'began with a crime and ended with an invasion.' It derived its chief support from the peasantry, who feared the old Monarchy because it seemed to foreshadow the revival of claims which would imperil the existing tenure of land; and who feared the Republic because it, too, seemed disposed to threaten unpalatable claims. But the Empire contained elements of danger far more formidable. True, it might, whilst trampling upon the political liberties of the people, guarantee the social conquests of the Republic; but, like its predecessor, though in a less peremptory attitude, it was ever a menace to the peace of Europe; and it made the welfare of France, in the widest acceptance of that term, subordinate to personal and dynastic interests. Fortunately it possessed few elements of durability. In spite of all its apparently successful appeals to the opinions and passions of the people, it showed a consciousness of its weakness—at least in a despotic form—even at the time when it had reached the most promising point in its career. In 1857, the apparition of an Opposition which counted five members broke the unanimity of subservency which had previously characterized the Corps Législatif: it was the first faintly audible protest against absolutism. In 1860, certain privileges tending to give voice, if not substance, were granted to the Chamber. The general election in 1863 increased the number and ardour of the Opposition; and, in 1867, additional concessions were granted to the spirit of liberty. The culminating point in this rapid transformation of the Empire was reached at the end of 1869, when M. Ollivier was commissioned to inaugurate a liberal régime. These spasmodic attempts on the part of Despotism to inhale the bracing atmosphere of freedom were mere illusions born of weakness, vacillation, and a consciousness of rapidly waning popularity; for there was no consistent, and certainly there could be no sincere, agreement between gross Cæsarism and Parliamentary institutions. Spurred, however, by its waning fortunes, the Empire had entered upon an ungenial course, retreat from which was found to be increasingly difficult; whilst a perpetual backward glance—an 'obstinacy

\* 'La Révolution et l'Ordre Chrétien.' Par Auguste Nicolas. Paris, 1878.

in indecision,' as Ollivier calls it—added to its weakness and embarrassment. It had also been rudely smitten by the battle of Sadowa. 'Your prestige,' says the Queen of Holland, in a letter addressed to the Emperor on the 18th of July, 1866, 'Your prestige has diminished more during the last fortnight than through all the preceding years of your reign.' 'That child,' said the Empress, pointing to her son, 'will never reign if nothing be done to efface Sadowa.' War seemed the only possible escape from two formidable embarrassments. Conscious that recovered prestige would restore his power, the Emperor might, in reference to promised political reforms, echo the words which his uncle had muttered while signing the *Acte additionnel*—'Nous verrons après la victoire.'

Responsibility for a disastrous war often rests upon a shifty foundation. In the present case, every party, except that which embodies what may be termed the Legitimists of Imperialism, has attempted to shake the weight from off its shoulders. The Emperor cannot, of course, be exonerated from responsibility; but the responsibility of his will is less clear. He strongly asserted to the King of Prussia his unwillingness to plunge into hostilities, an assertion which is supported by numerous indirect, and not a few direct, proofs. At all events, it seems but fair to admit that it was far less the Emperor than the Empire that clamoured for war. France herself is not, indeed, without stain in this matter; for assuredly she showed many signs of alacrity to follow in the wake of the Empire.

In material resources, a fair equality subsisted between the belligerent forces: the obvious disproportion was in preparedness and in skilful generalship; whilst in the moral aspects of the contest the disparity was yet more glaring. Launched with a shout of confident levity, the hazardous and criminal venture in search of means to re-endow despotism with its pristine vigour rapidly foundered. It was Despair appealing to Hazard, the stake being an Empire—an Empire that, only a few months before, a *plébiscite* had reaffirmed upon the apparently solid basis of 7,000,000 yeas!

By the ignominious nature of its exit, the Empire had rendered its immediate resurrection a hopeless contingency. That the Republic should lay claim to the vacant position—a position from which it had formerly been expelled by the treacherous manoeuvres of the now fallen Emperor—was both just and, under the circumstances, scarcely evitable. The mode of transference, however, has been severely criticized.

There can be little doubt that Napoleon the Third, by surrendering his sword into the hands of the King of Prussia after the battle of Sedan, virtually surrendered the government of France into the hands of the Corps Législatif, the only remaining legally constituted authority, for the Regency was but a name. To the Chamber, therefore, were addressed appeals urging it to take some definite and decided course which should leave no excuse for action to the fomenters of insurrection. But the Corps Législatif could not yet realize the fact that the grasp of the dead Empire had relaxed its hold. On the 4th of September, whilst the mob was thundering at its doors, the inconsistency of timidity determined it to refer all propositions for the immediate government of the country to the tardy judgment of a Committee. Among the pressing proposals made to it was one presented by M. Thiers, and supported by forty-seven other deputies. It was expressed in the following terms:—'Vu les circonstances, la Chambre nomme une commission de Gouvernement et de défense nationale.' 'Une Constituante sera convoquée dès que les circonstances le permettront.' This motion, which differed but little from that formulated by the Republican deputies, was not adopted, time was lost, and anarchy was already afoot. The situation was critical. In presence of the hesitation of the Corps Législatif, the proclamation of the Republic became inevitable. The all-important question demanding instant answer was, On whom should the responsibility for that act rest? The choice lay between a frantic populace and the minority of the Chamber. Fortunately for France the latter assumed the initiative. But though the Republic was proclaimed, it was not imposed upon the nation as a definitive *régime*. The distinctive title chosen by those who had caught the reins of power whilst slipping from the hands of an Assembly paralyzed by conflicting fears and interests, and that preserved them from falling into the grasp of those who, in a very summary manner, would have imposed upon France the destructive yoke of the Commune, was of a temporary character, solely indicated a pressing necessity—'Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.'

The new Government, characterized by M. Guizot as being 'neither revolutionary nor reactionary,'\* was presided over by General Trochu, and composed chiefly of the Republican Deputies for Paris. It has been

\* M. Guizot à les Membres du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.

censured for not immediately convoking a Constituent Assembly. This imputation is amply refuted by the acts of the Government. In presence of the terrible crisis through which the country was passing, the expediency, nay, the practicability, of obtaining a faithful representation of the political views of the nation was doubtful. How, for instance, could the twenty-six departments in immediate contact with the enemy be able, even if willing, to respond to such an appeal? The national thought was forcibly driven into one channel from which no unrelated subject was likely appreciably to drive it. Besides, was it probable that such a highly important decree, issuing from a Government improvised but yesterday, and wielding a very doubtful and unstable authority, would meet with the obedient acquiescence which its nature so imperatively demanded? Under such circumstances a little delay was pardonable. The error which, in spite of the most palpable condemnatory facts, the Government, in common with the nation itself, obstinately cherished, was the supposition that a prolongation of the war could retrieve, at least partially, the military disasters which weighed so heavily on the national pride. No doubt the exaltation of despair was there; but it was mainly the obstinacy of wounded vanity clamouring for revenge at any cost. Concurrently with the war frenzy, which for a brief season aggravated the deplorable condition of France, there existed on the part of the Government a wise anxiety to summon a Constituent Assembly. A decree to that effect appeared on the 15th of September, and on the 18th M. Jules Favre, Minister for Foreign Affairs, sought an interview at Ferrières with the Prussian Chancellor to negotiate terms of peace, or, at all events, the necessary preliminary to a general election—an Armistice. But France and Prussia, as represented at Ferrières, failed to arrive at the moderate level where agreement was possible. The exaggerated patriotism, and possibly the exceptional feelings of distrust, animating the negotiators, confined concession within unacceptable limits. A similar mission undertaken at the end of October by M. Thiers proved equally barren of results. In the meantime the enemy had reached the gates of Paris, and made it expedient that the Government should have a second centre of authority at Tours. But the disastrous current of events still flowing on unchecked rapidly cooled the war fever, and disposed the national spirit to yearn for peace. A change so perfectly in accordance with the hard facts of the situation was soon detected; an armis-

tice rapidly followed, and on the 8th of February, 1871, a general election enabled France to give determinate expression to the yearning. The Assembly thus called into existence met at Bordeaux, chose M. Grévy as its President, and nominated M. Thiers 'chef du pouvoir exécutif de la République Française'; an appellation which, on the 31st of August, was, in accordance with the *Proposition Rivet*, supplanted by the more general and important title, 'Président de la République Française.'

This Assembly, in reference to the legitimate extent of its powers, its special attributes, and its general character, has been the subject of many and bitter controversies. It was convoked by a decree which, hastily formulated, prescribed neither its powers nor its duration. Its palpably direct mission was to pronounce the verdict of France in reference to the war; and that mission was so immediately all-absorbing that it overshadowed, or rather displaced, all allusion to the powers and functions usually belonging to a political assembly. Left in doubt as to the limits of its authority, the Assembly, in the preamble to the laws relating to the organization of the executive power, assumed a constituent character. It alleged many specious reasons to justify this assumption; but the special and temporary purpose for which it was convened gives considerable consistency and force to the wide dissent that greeted such a high-handed proceeding. That France attached little political significance to the elections may be inferred from the fact that only 5,500,000 votes—barely representing half the number of registered electors—were recorded. At that critical conjuncture men of peace and of local consideration were generally esteemed more eligible as representatives than popular politicians. There existed, indeed, in presence of the warlike ardour displayed by the chief members of the Government, a positive reluctance to elect Republicans. Under such exceptional circumstances it is not at all surprising that the Assembly contained a far greater number of Royalists than was justly due to the actual political influence of the Royalist party. It could not, therefore, be regarded as a fairly accurate representation of the political sentiments of the French people. And this was fortunate. In the ears of the representative of the Empire, the execrations of the French nation were yet ringing: to the popular mind, the old Monarchy presented a portentous aspect, inspiring a vague and mysterious fear—a fear which tradition, in numerous more or less exaggerated forms, had planted there. Nothing remained but the Republic. A

political election would have called into being, as was proved in 1876, an Assembly containing a large Republican majority. Supreme, the Republic of 1871 would probably have been a mere resurrection of the Republic of 1848, and, inspired by the old fanatical spirit of change, would have hurried France, through a series of wild experiments, to the brink of destruction. Thanks to the doubtful political character imparted to the elections, the Republic possessed during six years little more than a nominal existence. The numerous groups into which the Assembly was divided tended to keep it in a state of equilibrium. Profoundly antagonistic, these groups, by forming temporary coalitions, created majorities which, powerless to conquer exclusive advantages for any one of the coalesced parties, served to curb, steady, and chasten the Republic.

To render this state of political neutrality as perfect as possible, the majority of the Chamber hit upon a device known as the 'Pacte de Bordeaux'—an attempt to fashion Provisionalism into a system of government. By that Pact, power was chiefly divided between the Assembly and the President of the Republic. It was based upon an elaborately manœuvred combination of contrarieties. Even between its two chief components there existed in reality a profound antagonism. By his greatest enemies, the President of the Republic could not be accused of double dealing. His patriotism and sincerity were beyond suspicion. On the other hand, the majority of the Chamber exhibited a character entirely destitute of those qualities. No protestations of patriotism and of devotion to order could disguise the fact that it represented a huge combination of inextricable party intrigues, and of perfectly defined antagonistic party interests. Its unity of action was achieved through the temporary abnegation of certain distinctive views held by each of its constituent members. Its hearty accord was confined solely to one object—the thwarting of any proposed measure which might tend to consolidate the Republic. It presented the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Imperialist, each flourishing his flag, and each fostering in his heart implacable hatred towards his temporary coadjutors. To style such a motley combination a Government was a gross mockery. It was never intended to act but to wait. There was little cause for surprise, therefore, that a statesman so single-minded and earnest as M. Thiers, involved in such a network of animosities, should very soon suffer intolerable mental disquietude, and become restive. His political preferences were towards Con-

stitutional Monarchy, but he saw that the chances of success at present vouchsafed to that form of government were nearly as remote as the probability awaiting the restoration of its rivals; and he was not one to allow any favoured political ideal to stand in the way of the obvious duty he owed to his country. He was perfectly sincere when he declared the Republic to be 'le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins.' No doubt this opinion gained strength after his accession to the Presidency, though it never entirely overshadowed in his mind the Pact of Bordeaux. On the other hand, the members of the Right, even among themselves, rarely acted loyally towards that Pact; and they contrived not only to render it a dead letter to the Republicans, but unceasingly to use it as a weapon against the Republic.

More numerous and influential than either the Orleanists or Imperialists, the Legitimists were the most confident. The Orleanists advanced few pretensions, and for the most part showed more discretion than energy. The Imperialists were less reserved. They presumed to represent the sovereignty of the people; but it was a sovereignty under tutelage, and therefore a mere fiction. Their claims to monarchical sovereignty, in the full dogmatic acceptance of that term, was a grotesque assumption; and surely they could hardly venture to stand forth as the representatives of victorious Cæsarism! The Legitimists, on the contrary, were no pretenders, no usurpers; they were the true disciples of the hereditary monarchical principle in all its rigid purity. But to what part of the old Monarchy, with its *Parlement*, its *Remontrances*, its *Lits de Justice*, could the slightest vitality be imparted? The whole was little more than an historic remembrance, rapidly following the footsteps of Feudality. In France, any attempt to remount the stream of time in a political direction would have little or no chance of success; but it must be admitted that the Legitimists—unlike the other so-called Conservative parties—made no fictitious or even doubtful claims: their error was in presenting those claims in an impracticable form.

Throughout his numerous manifestoes issued in 1871 and 1872, and in his famous letter which appeared on the 22nd of October, 1873, the Comte de Chambord expressly declares his determination to subordinate his worldly interests, both immediate and prospective, to that doctrine of 'right divine' by which he has ever been implicitly guided. Though this unqualified deference to an obsolete political dogma—to a fiction which has lost its quickening power, and has become a mere phantom of the past—par-

takes far too much of unreasoning prejudice, it nevertheless contains a loftiness of feeling which, in these latter days, is very rarely attained. Then, again, it may sneeringly be regarded as an act of fatuity—a mere fetich worship—to bow before a Flag, and erect it as a symbol of destiny; but at least it stands forth in bright contrast to the adoration of gross ambition, and of yet grosser mammon, to which the world is generally addicted. The Comte de Chambord has destroyed the faintest chance of becoming King of France: he has signed his abdication: he has wrecked the hopes of his followers, and probably of the Legitimist cause itself: he has passed into the domain of history in the folds, as it were, of his flag: but, for such rare devotion to principle, he has assuredly earned the respect of all whose opinion is of value.

The Legitimist party, however, was not disposed to follow dutifully in the footsteps of its self-sacrificing chief; but, with obstinate pertinacity, continued to pursue schemes opposed alike to the determination of the Comte de Chambord and to the wishes of France. More noisy and unjustifiably assertive than those of the Legitimists, the plots of the Imperialists were equally barren of favourable signs. As to the Orleanists, their boldest essays at plotting rarely advanced beyond a few timid whispers; the only determinate action upon which they ventured being an acquiescence in what was termed the 'Fusion,' which subordinated the claims of the younger to those of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon; whilst the Republicans, with a self-restraining power that astonished the world, not only confined their opposition within strictly legal limits, but shrewdly interposed no barrier to the headlong stream of folly which was hurrying their opponents to destruction. Placed as a guiding power in the very centre of the coalescing yet intrinsically antagonistic factions of the Majority, M. Thiers soon perceived the full extent of their inherent incapacity, and the impossibility of effecting any durable concert between them. He felt and declared that the Republic presented the only harbour of safety for France. In his memorable message at the opening of the short and stormy session of the Chamber in November, 1872, he says: 'The Republic exists, it is the legal Government of the country; to wish for anything else would be to desire another revolution, and that the most terrible of all.' This message hurried towards explosion the disagreements which for some time had been visibly gathering between the President of the Republic and the Right. On the motion of M. de Kerdrel, a Commission

consisting of fifteen members was appointed to examine the Message. To this duty the Fifteen did not confine themselves; but, in place of the reforms shadowed forth in the Message, proposed a Parliamentary Commission, to prepare a law defining ministerial responsibility, a proposition designed to arm the Right against the President and his Ministers. The work of the Fifteen was presented to the Chamber by its chief designer, M. Bathie. It was a confused production, containing much apparent consideration for M. Thiers; but its entire scope and aim were summed up in an energetic recommendation to form a 'Gouvernement de Combat.' As a counter movement to this aggressive act of the Right, the Ministry, through its chief member, M. Dufaure, moved that a Parliamentary Commission consisting of thirty members should be appointed to prepare a law, not only to determine the conditions of ministerial responsibility, but to define the attributes of other important public powers. This motion was carried by a small majority. Instituted on the 29th of October, 1872, the Commission of Thirty, after toiling assiduously until the end of February, 1873, laid before the Assembly, through the medium of its reporter, M. de Broglie, the products of its labours. A measure founded on the work thus tardily brought to a close was passed by the Assembly on the 13th of March. The most important clauses of this measure were the confirmation of the constituent powers of the Assembly, and, in place of the *Constitution Rivet*, the institution of certain regulations which would tend very materially to cripple the power and action of M. Thiers. To effect the latter of these objects had been to the majority of the Commission, who were nominees of the Right, of primary importance. The President of the Republic could not but resent such jealous restrictions to the scope of his authority. Often had there occurred divergences of opinion between him and the Majority, and on several occasions he had, somewhat hastily, perhaps, threatened to resign. But the irksomeness of his position had now reached a point at which resignation became not only justifiable but almost imperative. The Right had conclusively proved, through the spirit and work of the Commission of Thirty, that it had cast aside all hesitation in reference to its dealings with the President of the Republic. The monarchical spirit by which it was animated naturally inspired a dread of the consequences to which the rapidly increasing Republican tendencies of M. Thiers might lead. But that spirit had always exercised nearly as potent a sway over the Chief of the State as over

themselves. The difference which determined the course taken by each consisted in the fact that M. Thiers was loyal to France, whilst the Right was but loyal to a party.

One of the latest ostensible causes which led to the resignation of M. Thiers on the 24th of May, 1873, was the success of the ultra-Republican candidates for Marseilles, Lyons, and especially of the Radical, M. Barodet, for Paris. It was taken for granted by the Right that such elections proved that France was in need of protective guidance; though it could hardly be pretended that she had hinted at such a need, or had shown even the slightest symptom of fear. Another more immediately exciting cause was an intimation by the Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure,—a Republican of the most conservative type,—that the Cabinet considered it inexpedient to prolong the existing provisional political state, and that the Republic should be acknowledged as the established form of government. This caused a crisis, which terminated in the triumph of the Right. M. Thiers yielded to the perverse and impolitic spirit opposed to him, and resigned a position for which, in nearly all respects, he was eminently well fitted. Thus the Monarchical factions, incautiously hurried, either by an obsolete political faith, or by gross personal interests, towards 'Restorations' which had left few pleasant remembrances in the mind of the nation, wantonly deprived themselves of the services of the only statesman fully qualified to give a truly conservative direction to the political current. Strange infatuation, inconsistency and ingratitude! It seems hardly credible that politicians, not bereft of common sense, should thus snatch the helm of State from the elected of twenty-six departments; from the man who, on the 5th of September, 1872, was proclaimed by the National Assembly to have '*bien mérité de la patrie*;' from the man who, with single-minded devotion, had assiduously laboured for the salvation of France, with results which had marvellously corresponded with the intents; from the man who had brought to a signally successful issue arduous and delicate negotiations with a victorious neighbouring nation, and at the same time, under exceptionally difficult circumstances, had secured the internal tranquillity of his country.

The resignation of M. Thiers may be said to close the first stage in the career of the Republic. It was a stage of sore trial. Long and doubtfully, under neutral colours, had the Republic to battle for the recognition even of its name. After many irritating controversies, its existence was at length tolerated as a convenient temporary expedient to bar the ingress of anarchy, and to keep

the course free for the advent of the Legitimate Monarchy. It was invoked as being a Government suited to difficult times, tantamount to anonymous, and well adapted to the manoeuvres of all parties. Amidst such imminent danger and supreme contempt it bore itself with laudable resignation. No doubt it winced occasionally, but always with wariness. The marvellous caution which it exhibited was as embarrassing to its enemies as it was unexpected and reassuring to its friends; for in no former state of existence had the Republic ever shown that it possessed the quality of prudence, much less a systematic power of self-control. To these novel manifestations of character it owed in great part its ability to escape the dangers incident to a precarious position, and to enlist in its service the powerful support of M. Thiers. That the erewhile ardent advocate of Constitutional Monarchy, the Minister who had occupied so prominent a position in the Government of Louis Philippe, should proffer countenance and aid to the tottering Republic was, indeed, a reassuring sign of widespread significance: it appeased the fears of the timid, gave confidence to the moderate, and rallied to the standard of the Republic the doubtful adherents of all political parties. For the nature of that support was well known: it was distinctly presented in words forming part of the Presidential Message in 1872: '*La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas*.' So potent to sway opinion was the example thus set by the man who, for half a century, had occupied a prominent place in the political arena of French politics,—ever battling, on the one hand, against the advocates of a reactionary policy, and on the other, against the fanaticism of liberalism,—that it is hardly assuming too much to regard M. Thiers as the founder of the Third Republic.

During this weak stage in the career of the Republic, the Legitimists were afforded an opportunity for the restoration of their cherished *régime* more propitious than any that had presented itself since the fall of Charles the Tenth. Their attention, however, was so captivated by the attractions of the situation that many grave difficulties were overlooked or despised. 'Perish France rather than royalty! formed,' according to M. Girardin, 'the basis of their thoughts and actions.' This, in exaggerated language, implies that their overstrained fidelity to principle, however worthy of respect from certain points of view, blinded them to the impolicy and injustice of refusing to acknowledge the fairly admissible claims of many modern innovations in

politics and sociology. Such a rigid devotion to Legitimacy in its entirety sacrificed the Legitimate cause to a mere sentiment. In a manifesto issued by the Comte de Chambord in 1871, this feeling is embodied in its most uncompromising form. Thus was an accidental moment of bright promise obscured and lost by the perverse obtuseness of unwise scruples; whilst the future in its most probable aspects gives no promise of yielding such another.

In choosing a mere soldier to fill the eminently political office left vacant by an illustrious statesman, the parties included in the Right were satisfied that he would maintain 'order'; that is to say, suppress, and perhaps use in the interest of some form of Restoration, any physical outbreak of Republican impatience. They were satisfied that at least a tacit understanding existed between them and Marshal MacMahon, that the latter would be guided in his political course by their acknowledged leaders; and there was secretly entertained by each faction a not altogether vague hope that the Marshal might be induced to favour the pretender to whom it had sworn allegiance, and for whose accession to power it was willing to sacrifice any conflicting political inclination of France. It is very probable that this secret expectation decided the choice of the temporarily united members of the Right.

The Marshal, like most soldiers, is a conservative; but he has shown no very definite—certainly no obtrusive—political preference. In familiar conversation with a friend, he is reported to have said: 'This is how it is: I belong by my family to the old Monarchy, by my career to the July Monarchy and to the Empire; and now, you see, I am obliged by duty to aid in establishing a *régime* for which I have no great love.' That he is, in every sense of the term, a Legitimist, as M. de Girardin asserts, is an opinion which appears much too exclusive. If he permits his sentiments, in deference to hereditary claims, to hover round the Legitimist cause, his gratitude is due to the fallen Empire. He has few strong feelings, and they are never surcharged with enthusiasm. That he is an honourable man is unquestionable; but that he is an honest politician is not so unhesitatingly defined. To his timidity and awkwardness in the region of politics, and to his want of cordial intimacy with politicians, may charitably be attributed this doubtful aspect of his political conscientiousness. He is fully conversant with military etiquette, but he seems never to have studied with attention the code of political honour.

Directive political power, which had hither-

to be exercised by the President of the Republic, passed in nearly its entirety to the Right of the Assembly. This power was mainly delegated to the Duc de Broglie, who, by education and association, is a Constitutionalist. But the Duke has little respect for Constitutionalism except in a Monarchical form; he cannot stoop to recognize it when associated with Republicanism; in that guise it becomes Radicalism, and subversive of 'order.' He places Monarchy before Liberty. Hence his apparently anomalous leadership of the partisans of Despotism.

As Vice-President of the Council, M. de Broglie soon found that the heterogeneous elements of the Majority which had combined to overthrow M. Thiers were, for the work necessarily devolving upon the Government, little amenable to control. The perversities, the prejudices, the passions of parties disconcerted the most carefully devised movements. The law, passed on the 20th of November, 1873, relating to the Septennate, encountered obstinate resistance from the Imperialists. But M. Rouher vainly contended against an Act which, in presence of the impracticable principles publicly announced by the Comte de Chambord, suited the Fabian policy of the Legitimists. It was carried by the aid of the conservative Republicans; for it was obvious that a great gain would accrue to the Republic if its existence, under any form, were legally prolonged to seven years. Then immediately followed the nomination of a Commission of Thirty to organize the Septennate, and to prepare the Constitutional Laws. In this Commission, as in the Assembly itself, disagreement was sharply defined. The Republican minority sincerely desired to fulfil the mission assigned to it; but the majority, who regarded the Septennate merely as a 'preface to the monarchy,' studiously laboured to impede the work of the Commission. Ruling its action, they perverted its course into innumerable byways, led it into labyrinths of interminable discussion, and checked its progress at every turn, until the nation, and even the Assembly itself, became impatient, and forced them to accept decisive guidance. How, indeed, could they, who openly paraded their monarchical preferences, be expected to further the enactment of any measure which would tend to consolidate the Republic? The occurrence of unexpected difficulties had, no doubt, somewhat modified their lofty pretensions, but had failed to lessen their persistent opposition to the Republic. From the unconditional restoration of the old Monarchy with its White Flag, the 'Fusion' had gradually de-



ascended to a comparatively modest constitutional position compatible with the acceptance of the flag of the Revolution, and of institutions which the Chamber might propose to the future Henry the Fifth. Assuming, however, that the Comte de Chambord had fully acquiesced in such concessions, it was now too late. But the Legitimists obstinately ignored the fiat of their chief, opposed the strong current of public opinion, and defied the plainest dictates of prudence. Their aspirations, therefore, ever running counter to their prescribed duty as members of the Commission, it is not surprising that, as the months glided on, little progress was made save in angry discussion. But eventually the necessities of the situation, and the fear of Imperialist schemes, appealed successfully to those members of the Right Centre whose common sense still retained a wholesome control over their political preferences; and they entered the path of concession by timidly accepting a proposition, admirably drawn up by M. Wallon, defining the Septennate. That proposition was carried by a majority of *one*. The importance of the vote was clearly shown by the unbounded wrath it occasioned both to the Legitimists and to the Bonapartists. But the influence of the extreme Monarchical factions was on the decline. The Right Centre had decided, in a republican sense, an important question. Retreat would now avail them little, and the inconsistency of rejoining the ranks of obstruction retained them in the path of moderation. Besides, they gave some credence to M. Wallon's assertion that 'the object of the Commission was to organize the provisional.' Hesitation was cast aside, and the construction of the Governmental edifice progressed rapidly. The Constitutional Laws were passed by increasing majorities; and, finally, on the 25th February, 1875, by 425 votes to 254, the Republican Constitution in its present form was established.

A majority of the Assembly had imparted what was thought to be substance to the Republic; but, in presence of the monarchical regrets which yet possessed many among that majority, it was substance hardly distinguishable from shadow. Fortunately for the Republic, those regrets were not fortified by the spirit of identity, but were separated by conspicuously conflicting aspirations. The Duc de Broglie, for instance, was an able representative of the Right, yet he stood aloof from the Commission of Thirty, though that body was chiefly composed of conservatives. Of late years he has assumed a position which, to say the least, is equivocal. The last time M. Thiers, as President of the Republic, addressed the

Assembly, he turned to M. de Broglie, and, with merited yet regretful asperity, reproached him for having accepted the leadership of parties from whose alliance in any form his father, the illustrious Duc de Broglie, would have recoiled with abhorrence. In truth, the present Duc de Broglie is far less devoted to his political principles than to his political tastes. His *beau idéal* of liberty is fashioned in an aristocratic mould. His opposition to the Empire was determined and consistent; his opposition to the Republic is equally bitter, but, in a political aspect, utterly inconsistent. Owing to the absence of concord between him and the Thirty, he had, some weeks before the passing of the Republican Constitution, placed his resignation in the hands of the Marshal-President; but, in presence of the critical state of public affairs, its acceptance was deferred until the 11th of March, when, after many abortive negotiations, the Marshal induced M. Buffet to form a Ministry.

There was little dissimilarity between the late Vice-president of the Council and his successor. The former loved liberty only when allied to royalty; the latter would not tolerate liberty unless it were controlled and trammelled by 'order' so stringent as to be nearly akin to tyranny: his conservatism overshadowed, if it did not extinguish, freedom.

The birth of the new Constitution necessarily implied the dissolution of the Assembly which had been elected in 1871—an Assembly in which indecision and dissension had reigned supreme; an Assembly that, bewildered by the broadly marked variety of its wishes, ever feared to give full scope to its power; an Assembly very imperfectly representing French political opinion, yet, with characteristic inconsistency, responding to that opinion by contributing to found the Republic.

The Chamber of Deputies, issue of the general election which had taken place on the 20th of February, 1876, presented a marked difference to the old Assembly, in the all-important fact that the majority instead of remaining with the Right crowded to the Left. The Senate also, which had been in great part elected on the 30th of January, showed a willingness to accept the Republic. The chief immediate effect of this change in the direction of political power was to overthrow the Buffet Ministry: the wishes of the nation were otherwise little heeded amidst the clamours of warring factions. It was, by no means surprising, indeed, that, under the supreme irritation caused by the result of the elections, the spirit of Party, then in the plenitude of a

strength pampered through many years, should show no sign of abatement when the mild and equitable sway of M. Dufaure had succeeded to the intolerant and grossly partial rule of M. Buffet. And yet it would be difficult to find, at any period of French history, a statesman better qualified than M. Dufaure to assuage the animosities of parties. His rare moderation, long experience, and perfect disinterestedness, admirably fitted him to guide the Republic in its then passion-stirred condition. But recent events seemed to have banished even the ghost of conciliation from the haunts in the Assembly where it had hitherto palely lingered. M. Dufaure was too liberal for the Right, too conservative for the Left. The veiled opposition which he encountered from those who professed to support the new *régime* was utterly indefensible, wanton, and impolitic. Intoxicated with success, the Republicans failed to perceive that moderation, wielded with the authority and eloquence of M. Dufaure, would be the best check to all assaults upon the young and yet unstable Republic. On this occasion the prudence which had so admirably served them since 1870 was absent: the old impracticable spirit seemed again to inspire them. To this irritating and grossly injudicious opposition, M. Dufaure, on the 2nd of December, 1876, succumbed; and on the 12th, M. Jules Simon accepted the vacant place in the Cabinet. To him a less adverse spirit was shown, mainly because the tone of his republicanism was somewhat less conservative than that of his predecessor. The current of Republican restlessness, however, was too strong to remain satisfied with the supposed advance thus achieved: it still chafed against many prudential restraints to its progress. The new Ministry soon found that it could rely with no certainty upon the consistent and steady support of the Left; whilst the members of the Right, exasperated and alarmed at the increasingly untoward drift which political affairs were taking, determined to make a supreme effort to recover their lost supremacy. They perversely refused to admit that they had squandered on unessentials the only moment which had presented itself favourable to their cause; and that, under existing circumstances, it would best beseech them, for the repose of France, and indeed for the future of their own cherished *régime*, to adopt an attitude of mere expectancy. The extreme imprudence of the course which commended itself to each of the two great parties was so obvious that nothing but the influence of political fanaticism or passion could have induced either to adopt it. To the appeals for support to carry out their reactionary policy,

secretly and persistently addressed to him by the Right, Marshal MacMahon gave a no very reluctant assent. In political foresight he is conspicuously deficient; and his political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say personal, preferences strongly disposed him to side with the Right. On the 16th of May, 1877, he summarily dismissed M. Jules Simon, and reinstated the Duc de Broglie as President of the Council, with M. de Fourton as Minister of the Interior.

THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY—as yet the most memorable and important day in the life of the Republic—witnessed a political act which, in depth of fatuity, has rarely if ever been surpassed. It was an act which sealed the death-warrant of the very ambitions it was intended to serve; an act which substantially affixed the corner-stone to the yet unfinished edifice of the Republic. It was done under the pretext of ‘order,’ and in the name of ‘conservatism:’ in reality it was a ‘legal’ *coup d’état*, an assumption of personal government for the furtherance of political projects hostile to the existing *régime*. There were days, sadly frequent, during the First Republic, when any analogous strain of authority would have been infinitely justifiable and praiseworthy. Then, indeed, ‘order’ and humanity itself were often outraged; but on the 16th of May not the faintest shadow of disorder could be detected; and, as to the form of government, the French people had recently declared, with unequivocal emphasis, their preference for the Republic. Indeed, the act of the 16th of May can only be extenuated as the random blow of expiring hope, the gambler’s last appeal to the dice—a supreme act of despair. The Republican majority in the Chamber had, no doubt, given many justifiable causes of umbrage to the defeated partisans of the Monarchy; and were but too prone to obtrude offensively the fact that their opponents had been weighed in the political balance and found wanting. They often indulged in the dangerous pastime of coquetting with Radical extravagances; and in truth they had sorely tried the patience of statesmen sincerely devoted to the Republic. For the most part, however, such unquiet displays were but the overflowing exultations of men just freed from an onerous obligation of political reticence and self-abnegation.

In spite of what was called the *Protestation* of the 363,—a motion of want of confidence in the Ministry, carried on the 19th of June by a majority numbering two-thirds of the Chamber,—the Government persisted in its determination to pursue a policy of resistance. It opened the campaign by an

attempt to snatch victory from the Ballot-box. On the 23rd of June, Marshal MacMahon, with the concurrence of the Senate, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. There were two courses open to the Government: either to overthrow the Republic by means of a military *coup d'état*, or, by straining legal forms to the utmost at the coming general election, to impose, as under the Empire, official candidates on the constituencies. The first alternative was dangerous, and yet more doubtful than dangerous. Civil war was an eventuality from which both Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie shrank with commendable prudence. The other alternative, therefore, though it must have sorely tried the valorous spirit of the Marshal, and the fastidious political taste of the Duke, was vigorously adopted. And what was the result of four months' untiring activity? Official candidates, and official interference, stooping to pick up crumbs of aid even in the most insignificant byways, signally failed. Never, perhaps, were political efforts so prodigiously unscrupulous followed by more bitter and justly merited disappointment.

The elections of the 14th of October, grossly swayed though they were by official pressure, re-affirmed the verdict of the French people, recorded only a few months before, in favour of the Republic. But defeat so thorough and hopeless was hard to digest; and it was only reluctantly that M. de Broglie was brought to acknowledge the stern logic of facts. When at length he retired, there yet lingered phantoms of dead hopes, among which was the expedient of a *Cabinet d'affaires*, thrust forward as a last feeble protest against Republican supremacy. Nor was the Marshal-President long in following into retreat his late chief political colleague and adviser. He had been warned by one of the most trusted leaders of the Republican party that he would have either 'to submit or to resign.' '*J'y suis, j'y reste*'—a resolve far easier to realize on the Malakoff bastion than in the Presidential chair. Uttered in the former position, it was but an audible sign of physical courage; in the latter, it was the utterance of a boast expressive alike of unseemly defiance and of a short-sighted ignorance which could perceive amidst the intricacies of the political future no possible conjuncture incompatible with its maintenance. Submission was tried. M. Dufaure was invited to form a Ministry, and to exert the moderation for which he was conspicuous, and the long political experience which gave him authority, to prop up the discredited Septennate. It was too late. The provocations so unwisely heaped

upon the Republican party could not be easily appeased. The Marshal was besieged by unpalatable demands. He had, with becoming deference, yielded to the will of France; now, in deference to the dictates of his own code of honour, he refused to follow the course prescribed by his political opponents; and on the 30th of January, 1879, with the banner which he had borne visibly tarnished, surrendered the Presidency of the Republic.

At this point, the Republic may be said to have reached clearly defined limits of a second stage. Here its probationary period closes, and it now enters into the uncontested possession of its sovereign rights. To the self-discipline hitherto commendably practised it was indebted, to an extent which it would be difficult to overestimate, not only for the acquisition of unexpected strength, but for a likely prospect of durability. There were two very prominent causes which had contributed to preserve it from the intemperate courses to which it seemed inveterately, if not innately, addicted, and to surround it with a sobering yet bracing atmosphere: the selection, by the Monarchical majority in the first Assembly, of Marshal MacMahon to succeed M. Thiers as Chief of the State, and the quasi *coup d'état* of the 16th of May. The Marshal was a Royalist President of the Republic, and the discipline of fear which he imposed upon the numerous Republican parties contributed to remove the asperities which sundered them, and to impart more cordial and ready unity to their action. The 16th of May gave effective, but not, it is to be feared, durable impression to this unity. Union brought strength and its usual concomitant, success. On the other hand, the Monarchical parties had no common bond of union except hostility to the Republic: on no other point affecting a determinate form of government was agreement possible. The result was a series of spasmodic movements generally in uncertain directions; or if any project assumed a serious aspect, it was either compromised by some inherent weakness in the action of its special advocates, or it was kept in a state of timid suspension by fear of intestine revolt. Though constrained in 1875 to accept a Republican Constitution, they made no truce with the Republicans. With the active support of the President of the Republic, they snatched the reins of Government from the hands of those who consistently held them, and made a final attack upon the Republic—an attack perilous in the extreme, and yet more impolitic than perilous. From this act of desperation the Legitimists emerged, not only

utterly discredited, and with their weakness in its fullest extent exposed to the light of day, but the halo of respect that had hitherto environed the Legitimate cause faded from the popular view; whilst the cause itself, now reduced to impotency, has probably passed to its final resting-place in the pages of history.

By yielding to the current of his feelings, Marshal MacMahon not only freed himself from duties for the due performance of which he could boast of very few qualifications, but he freed the Republic from the last link which had hitherto constrained her will. An immediate proof of this absolute emancipation presented itself in the selection of M. Jules Grévy to fill the position just vacated by the Marshal. No selection could have been more judicious. The present Chief of the State possesses in an eminent degree a quality rarely found in French statesmen, though exceptionally important to them, and pre-eminently so at the present time—political discretion. This by no means implies that he would compromise his political principles, but that he would render their practical application strictly amenable to equitable and moderate guidance. His political convictions are infinitely stronger than his political passions; passion, indeed, in any form finds very restricted scope in his nature. There is a serene dignity, both in his bearing and in his language, which is never impaired by the slightest admixture of affectation or of theatrical display. His principles, his professions, and his actions are ever in perfect accord. His temper is so profoundly calm and equable, that in its depths the unwary explorer might be led to anticipate the discovery of some trace of weakness; but all such speculations would lead to inevitable failure, for fear has no lurking-place there. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he inflexibly pursues, in a judicial spirit, and with judicial gravity, the moderate course which his judgment has traced out. On the other hand, though modesty and unobtrusiveness are by no means conspicuous features in the French character, M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, certainly presents them in exaggerated and injudicious forms. Aware of his countrymen's venial weakness for the pomp and glitter of external show, and of the hitherto indissoluble association popularly supposed to exist between imposing ceremonial and many of the official, and not a few unofficial, acts of the Chief of the State, he systematically abstains from gratifying such harmless tastes and prejudices. This apparently trivial deficiency in what may be termed

the holiday clothing of his office, probably creates more public dissatisfaction than M. Grévy is aware of. At all events, it is a marked, if not serious, deficiency in one elected to fill a position occupied until a recent date by a long and ostentatious line of sovereigns. To a limited extent, a just appreciation of M. Grévy's character is afforded in the few following words uttered by a political opponent, M. Schneider: 'At a time when the generality of statesmen are notoriously deficient in political integrity, it is a veritable pleasure to meet with a character so grave, so pure, so elevated as that of M. Grévy.'

From a state of accidental obligatory usurpation, through the semblance of legal life conferred by a tolerated name, onward to a vitality bestowed merely to minister, as a convenient temporary expedient, to hostile interests, the Republic emerged at length into a condition of untrammelled existence. A few months had wrought a thorough transformation in all the chief elements of power: the President of the Republic, the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the majority in the Senate, and—possibly for the mere caprice of giving completeness to the metamorphosis—the Ministry, were all replaced or radically modified. Yes, M. Dufaure, who had so materially aided to free the Republic from an arbitrary state of existence, was constrained, by the perverse restlessness of certain sections of the Left, to cede his place in the Cabinet to M. Waddington. The change was impolitic as well as ungrateful; for though it would have been difficult to detect any difference in the balance of conservative Republicanism professed by the two statesmen, the former enjoyed a visible preponderance in political influence. That influence might have saved the Cabinet from many weak hesitations and concessions. Its stern conservative bearing was sorely needed to resist the importunate pressure of Republican groups ever prone to agitation and to hasty experiments. Shorn of that influence, the Ministry soon became conscious of the ebbing of its authority; and, possessing no great consistency of character, and no firmness at all, was driven, after much bootless conciliation, and much feeble resistance, to seek in resignation escape from intolerable embarrassments.

It is universally admitted that the Waddington Administration conducted the foreign policy of France both with judicious moderation and with dignified firmness. Why was its conduct of Home Affairs so deficient in the latter of these qualities? The Cabinet was fortified by several votes of confidence passed by the Chamber of Deputies;

it possessed the cordial support of the President of the Republic; whilst to the political temper of the nation it responded yet more harmoniously. There can be little doubt that the resignation was referrible to a cause which has mainly contributed to destroy every French government, whether monarchical or republican, that has existed since the fall of the old Monarchy—an inveterate tendency in the dominant political party, urged and scared by intolerant adherents, to hurry with intemperate and tyrannic haste towards the extreme practical development of their distinctive political tenets. It was not M. Waddington, or even his policy, that gave weighty umbrage to the Left, but the fact that the Minister belonged to the Left Centre. Fortunately for the Republic, this change was more apparent than real; for immediately M. de Freycinet succeeded M. Waddington as President of the Council, he hastened to assure the Chamber that the Ministry was inspired by 'a prudent and circumspect policy, suited to the situation of France.' The policy thus broadly enunciated differed from that which M. Dufaure had practised mainly in the fact that it was not supported by equal political influence and experience. But, as already remarked, it came from the Left and not from the Left Centre; that was an amply compensating fact. No doubt, M. de Freycinet had garnered a considerable amount of popularity during his tenure of office as Minister of Public Works in M. Dufaure's Administration. The speeches which he delivered at that time in various parts of France repeatedly embodied, in emphatic language, the Republic which he desired to see established—'wise, liberal, progressive, and tolerant.' It may be assumed, moreover, that M. de Freycinet was trustingly regarded by those patriotic enthusiasts who, in 1870, believed that the victorious progress of the Germans could be checked, in spite of the disheartening absence of any disciplined French army to oppose it. The energy which, as Minister of War, signalized his conduct at Tours, where, in conjunction with other members of the Government, he exerted himself to stem the adverse course of events, or at least to prevent abruptness from adding its harsh features to defeat, was not forgotten. To this exciting period in his public career is also to be referred the commencement of a close political relationship between him and M. Gambetta. It was, indeed, mainly through the powerful influence of the President of the Chamber that he became Prime Minister. But the symptoms of independent political action which began to develop

themselves shortly after his elevation to the Premiership, culminating in his pacific and moderate speech at Montauban—a speech which raised him to a high place among contemporary French statesmen—rapidly disclosed a marked, if not hostile, difference between his political opinions, which the responsibilities of office had tempered with discretion, and those of the statesman whose political course power without responsibility had determined in a contrary direction.

To the absence of accord between the self appointed Dictator and the President of the Council may be clearly traced the enforced resignation of the latter on the 18th of September. This difference of opinion was not confined to the mode of carrying out the March Decrees, but, in its full expression, would probably represent a disagreement extending over a wide area of Home and Foreign policy. But though master of the situation, M. Gambetta prudently restrained his political ardour within the bounds of moderation. He insisted upon a literal interpretation and fulfilment of the Decrees, and M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous Seventh Clause in the Bill upon superior education, was fittingly installed President of the Council. Beyond this the new Cabinet differed but little from its predecessor, save, indeed, that, in reference to the external relations of France, it showed a positive determination towards a more defined policy of cautious reserve—M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, M. Thiers's *fidus Achates*, being chosen to succeed M. de Freycinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Reviewing the numerous Cabinet crises which, during the Presidency of M. Grévy, have palpably had their origin in Ministerial weakness, the last change was certainly less valid, less capable of vindication, less intelligible indeed, than any of those which preceded it. The chief responsibility for this seemingly chronic Ministerial instability is obviously referrible to the Republican majority. That majority includes many impulsive members who are continually urging it to attempt short cuts towards what they regard to be the goal of perfection. Hesitation is foreign to the nature of these political enthusiasts; and they rarely fail to show that supreme indifference to adverse or even dangerous probabilities which naturally characterizes all narrow devotion to a policy of extremes. There is also, as the events just narrated prove, another notably disturbing influence to which the Cabinet often finds itself subjected. It is asserted by some that this influence derives its source and activity from the patriotism, by others from the ambition, of the President of the

censured for not immediately convoking a Constituent Assembly. This imputation is amply refuted by the acts of the Government. In presence of the terrible crisis through which the country was passing, the expediency, nay, the practicability, of obtaining a faithful representation of the political views of the nation was doubtful. How, for instance, could the twenty-six departments in immediate contact with the enemy be able, even if willing, to respond to such an appeal? The national thought was forcibly driven into one channel from which no unrelated subject was likely appreciably to drive it. Besides, was it probable that such a highly important decree, issuing from a Government improvised but yesterday, and wielding a very doubtful and unstable authority, would meet with the obedient acquiescence which its nature so imperatively demanded? Under such circumstances a little delay was pardonable. The error which, in spite of the most palpable condemnatory facts, the Government, in common with the nation itself, obstinately cherished, was the supposition that a prolongation of the war could retrieve, at least partially, the military disasters which weighed so heavily on the national pride. No doubt the exaltation of despair was there; but it was mainly the obstinacy of wounded vanity clamouring for revenge at any cost. Concurrently with the war frenzy, which for a brief season aggravated the deplorable condition of France, there existed on the part of the Government a wise anxiety to summon a Constituent Assembly. A decree to that effect appeared on the 15th of September, and on the 18th M. Jules Favre, Minister for Foreign Affairs, sought an interview at Ferrières with the Prussian Chancellor to negotiate terms of peace, or, at all events, the necessary preliminary to a general election—an Armistice. But France and Prussia, as represented at Ferrières, failed to arrive at the moderate level where agreement was possible. The exaggerated patriotism, and possibly the exceptional feelings of distrust, animating the negotiators, confined concession within unacceptable limits. A similar mission undertaken at the end of October by M. Thiers proved equally barren of results. In the meantime the enemy had reached the gates of Paris, and made it expedient that the Government should have a second centre of authority at Tours. But the disastrous current of events still flowing on unchecked rapidly cooled the war fever, and disposed the national spirit to yearn for peace. A change so perfectly in accordance with the hard facts of the situation was soon detected; an armis-

tice rapidly followed, and on the 8th of February, 1871, a general election enabled France to give determinate expression to the yearning. The Assembly thus called into existence met at Bordeaux, chose M. Grévy as its President, and nominated M. Thiers 'chef du pouvoir exécutif de la République Française'; an appellation which, on the 31st of August, was, in accordance with the *Proposition Rivet*, supplanted by the more general and important title, 'Président de la République Française.'

This Assembly, in reference to the legitimate extent of its powers, its special attributes, and its general character, has been the subject of many and bitter controversies. It was convoked by a decree which, hastily formulated, prescribed neither its powers nor its duration. Its palpably direct mission was to pronounce the verdict of France in reference to the war; and that mission was so immediately all-absorbing that it overshadowed, or rather displaced, all allusion to the powers and functions usually belonging to a political assembly. Left in doubt as to the limits of its authority, the Assembly, in the preamble to the laws relating to the organization of the executive power, assumed a constituent character. It alleged many specious reasons to justify this assumption; but the special and temporary purpose for which it was convened gives considerable consistency and force to the wide dissent that greeted such a high-handed proceeding. That France attached little political significance to the elections may be inferred from the fact that only 5,500,000 votes—barely representing half the number of registered electors—were recorded. At that critical conjuncture men of peace and of local consideration were generally esteemed more eligible as representatives than popular politicians. There existed, indeed, in presence of the warlike ardour displayed by the chief members of the Government, a positive reluctance to elect Republicans. Under such exceptional circumstances it is not at all surprising that the Assembly contained a far greater number of Royalists than was justly due to the actual political influence of the Royalist party. It could not, therefore, be regarded as a fairly accurate representation of the political sentiments of the French people. And this was fortunate. In the ears of the representative of the Empire, the execrations of the French nation were yet ringing: to the popular mind, the old Monarchy presented a portentous aspect, inspiring a vague and mysterious fear—a fear which tradition, in numerous more or less exaggerated forms, had planted there. Nothing remained but the Republic. A

political election would have called into being, as was proved in 1876, an Assembly containing a large Republican majority. Supreme, the Republic of 1871 would probably have been a mere resurrection of the Republic of 1848, and, inspired by the old fanatical spirit of change, would have hurried France, through a series of wild experiments, to the brink of destruction. Thanks to the doubtful political character imparted to the elections, the Republic possessed during six years little more than a nominal existence. The numerous groups into which the Assembly was divided tended to keep it in a state of equilibrium. Profoundly antagonistic, these groups, by forming temporary coalitions, created majorities which, powerless to conquer exclusive advantages for any one of the coalesced parties, served to curb, steady, and chasten the Republic.

To render this state of political neutrality as perfect as possible, the majority of the Chamber hit upon a device known as the 'Pacte de Bordeaux'—an attempt to fashion Provisionalism into a system of government. By that Pact, power was chiefly divided between the Assembly and the President of the Republic. It was based upon an elaborately manœuvred combination of contrarieties. Even between its two chief components there existed in reality a profound antagonism. By his greatest enemies, the President of the Republic could not be accused of double dealing. His patriotism and sincerity were beyond suspicion. On the other hand, the majority of the Chamber exhibited a character entirely destitute of those qualities. No protestations of patriotism and of devotion to order could disguise the fact that it represented a huge combination of inextricable party intrigues, and of perfectly defined antagonistic party interests. Its unity of action was achieved through the temporary abnegation of certain distinctive views held by each of its constituent members. Its hearty accord was confined solely to one object—the thwarting of any proposed measure which might tend to consolidate the Republic. It presented the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Imperialist, each flourishing his flag, and each fostering in his heart implacable hatred towards his temporary coadjutors. To style such a motley combination a Government was a gross mockery. It was never intended to act but to wait. There was little cause for surprise, therefore, that a statesman so single-minded and earnest as M. Thiers, involved in such a network of animosities, should very soon suffer intolerable mental disquietude, and become restive. His political preferences were towards Con-

stitutional Monarchy, but he saw that the chances of success at present vouchsafed to that form of government were nearly as remote as the probability awaiting the restoration of its rivals; and he was not one to allow any favoured political ideal to stand in the way of the obvious duty he owed to his country. He was perfectly sincere when he declared the Republic to be 'le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins.' No doubt this opinion gained strength after his accession to the Presidency, though it never entirely overshadowed in his mind the Pact of Bordeaux. On the other hand, the members of the Right, even among themselves, rarely acted loyally towards that Pact; and they contrived not only to render it a dead letter to the Republicans, but unceasingly to use it as a weapon against the Republic.

More numerous and influential than either the Orleanists or Imperialists, the Legitimists were the most confident. The Orleanists advanced few pretensions, and for the most part showed more discretion than energy. The Imperialists were less reserved. They presumed to represent the sovereignty of the people; but it was a sovereignty under tutelage, and therefore a mere fiction. Their claims to monarchical sovereignty, in the full dogmatic acceptance of that term, was a grotesque assumption; and surely they could hardly venture to stand forth as the representatives of victorious Cæsarism! The Legitimists, on the contrary, were no pretenders, no usurpers; they were the true disciples of the hereditary monarchical principle in all its rigid purity. But to what part of the old Monarchy, with its *Parlement*, its *Remonstrances*, its *Lits de Justice*, could the slightest vitality be imparted? The whole was little more than an historic remembrance, rapidly following the footsteps of Feudality. In France, any attempt to remount the stream of time in a political direction would have little or no chance of success; but it must be admitted that the Legitimists—unlike the other so-called Conservative parties—made no fictitious or even doubtful claims: their error was in presenting those claims in an impracticable form.

Throughout his numerous manifestoes issued in 1871 and 1872, and in his famous letter which appeared on the 22nd of October, 1873, the Comte de Chambord expressly declares his determination to subordinate his worldly interests, both immediate and prospective, to that doctrine of 'right divine' by which he has ever been implicitly guided. Though this unqualified deference to an obsolete political dogma—to a fiction which has lost its quickening power, and has become a mere phantom of the past—par-

takes far too much of unreasoning prejudice, it nevertheless contains a loftiness of feeling which, in these latter days, is very rarely attained. Then, again, it may sneeringly be regarded as an act of fatuity—a mere fetish worship—to bow before a Flag, and erect it as a symbol of destiny; but at least it stands forth in bright contrast to the adoration of gross ambition, and of yet grosser mammon, to which the world is generally addicted. The Comte de Chambord has destroyed the faintest chance of becoming King of France: he has signed his abdication: he has wrecked the hopes of his followers, and probably of the Legitimist cause itself: he has passed into the domain of history in the folds, as it were, of his flag: but, for such rare devotion to principle, he has assuredly earned the respect of all whose opinion is of value.

The Legitimist party, however, was not disposed to follow dutifully in the footsteps of its self-sacrificing chief; but, with obstinate pertinacity, continued to pursue schemes opposed alike to the determination of the Comte de Chambord and to the wishes of France. More noisy and unjustifiably assertive than those of the Legitimists, the plots of the Imperialists were equally barren of favourable signs. As to the Orleanists, their boldest essays at plotting rarely advanced beyond a few timid whispers; the only determinate action upon which they ventured being an acquiescence in what was termed the 'Fusion,' which subordinated the claims of the younger to those of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon; whilst the Republicans, with a self-restraining power that astonished the world, not only confined their opposition within strictly legal limits, but shrewdly interposed no barrier to the headlong stream of folly which was hurrying their opponents to destruction. Placed as a guiding power in the very centre of the coalescing yet intrinsically antagonistic factions of the Majority, M. Thiers soon perceived the full extent of their inherent incapacity, and the impossibility of effecting any durable concert between them. He felt and declared that the Republic presented the only harbour of safety for France. In his memorable message at the opening of the short and stormy session of the Chamber in November, 1872, he says: 'The Republic exists, it is the legal Government of the country; to wish for anything else would be to desire another revolution, and that the most terrible of all.' This message hurried towards explosion the disagreements which for some time had been visibly gathering between the President of the Republic and the Right. On the motion of M. de Kerdrel, a Commission

consisting of fifteen members was appointed to examine the Message. To this duty the Fifteen did not confine themselves; but, in place of the reforms shadowed forth in the Message, proposed a Parliamentary Commission, to prepare a law defining ministerial responsibility, a proposition designed to arm the Right against the President and his Ministers. The work of the Fifteen was presented to the Chamber by its chief designer, M. Batbie. It was a confused production, containing much apparent consideration for M. Thiers; but its entire scope and aim were summed up in an energetic recommendation to form a '*Gouvernement de Combat*.' As a counter movement to this aggressive act of the Right, the Ministry, through its chief member, M. Dufaure, moved that a Parliamentary Commission consisting of thirty members should be appointed to prepare a law, not only to determine the conditions of ministerial responsibility, but to define the attributes of other important public powers. This motion was carried by a small majority. Instituted on the 29th of October, 1872, the Commission of Thirty, after toiling assiduously until the end of February, 1873, laid before the Assembly, through the medium of its reporter, M. de Broglie, the products of its labours. A measure founded on the work thus tardily brought to a close was passed by the Assembly on the 13th of March. The most important clauses of this measure were the confirmation of the constituent powers of the Assembly, and, in place of the *Constitution Rivet*, the institution of certain regulations which would tend very materially to cripple the power and action of M. Thiers. To effect the latter of these objects had been to the majority of the Commission, who were nominees of the Right, of primary importance. The President of the Republic could not but resent such jealous restrictions to the scope of his authority. Often had there occurred divergences of opinion between him and the Majority, and on several occasions he had, somewhat hastily, perhaps, threatened to resign. But the irksomeness of his position had now reached a point at which resignation became not only justifiable but almost imperative. The Right had conclusively proved, through the spirit and work of the Commission of Thirty, that it had cast aside all hesitation in reference to its dealings with the President of the Republic. The monarchical spirit by which it was animated naturally inspired a dread of the consequences to which the rapidly increasing Republican tendencies of M. Thiers might lead. But that spirit had always exercised nearly as potent a sway over the Chief of the State as over



themselves. The difference which determined the course taken by each consisted in the fact that M. Thiers was loyal to France, whilst the Right was but loyal to a party.

One of the latest ostensible causes which led to the resignation of M. Thiers on the 24th of May, 1873, was the success of the ultra-Republican candidates for Marseilles, Lyons, and especially of the Radical, M. Barodet, for Paris. It was taken for granted by the Right that such elections proved that France was in need of protective guidance; though it could hardly be pretended that she had hinted at such a need, or had shown even the slightest symptom of fear. Another more immediately exciting cause was an intimation by the Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure,—a Republican of the most conservative type,—that the Cabinet considered it inexpedient to prolong the existing provisional political state, and that the Republic should be acknowledged as the established form of government. This caused a crisis, which terminated in the triumph of the Right. M. Thiers yielded to the perverse and impolitic spirit opposed to him, and resigned a position for which, in nearly all respects, he was eminently well fitted. Thus the Monarchical factions, incautiously hurried, either by an obsolete political faith, or by gross personal interests, towards 'Restorations' which had left few pleasant remembrances in the mind of the nation, wantonly deprived themselves of the services of the only statesman fully qualified to give a truly conservative direction to the political current. Strange infatuation, inconsistency and ingratitude! It seems hardly credible that politicians, not bereft of common sense, should thus snatch the helm of State from the elected of twenty-six departments; from the man who, on the 5th of September, 1872, was proclaimed by the National Assembly to have '*bien mérité de la patrie*;' from the man who, with single-minded devotion, had assiduously laboured for the salvation of France, with results which had marvellously corresponded with the intents; from the man who had brought to a signally successful issue arduous and delicate negotiations with a victorious neighbouring nation, and at the same time, under exceptionally difficult circumstances, had secured the internal tranquillity of his country.

The resignation of M. Thiers may be said to close the first stage in the career of the Republic. It was a stage of sore trial. Long and doubtfully, under neutral colours, had the Republic to battle for the recognition even of its name. After many irritating controversies, its existence was at length tolerated as a convenient temporary expedient to bar the ingress of anarchy, and to keep

the course free for the advent of the Legitimate Monarchy. It was invoked as being a Government suited to difficult times, tantamount to anonymous, and well adapted to the manoeuvres of all parties. Amidst such imminent danger and supreme contempt it bore itself with laudable resignation. No doubt it winced occasionally, but always with wariness. The marvellous caution which it exhibited was as embarrassing to its enemies as it was unexpected and reassuring to its friends; for in no former state of existence had the Republic ever shown that it possessed the quality of prudence, much less a systematic power of self-control. To these novel manifestations of character it owed in great part its ability to escape the dangers incident to a precarious position, and to enlist in its service the powerful support of M. Thiers. That the erewhile ardent advocate of Constitutional Monarchy, the Minister who had occupied so prominent a position in the Government of Louis Philippe, should proffer countenance and aid to the tottering Republic was, indeed, a reassuring sign of widespread significance: it appeased the fears of the timid, gave confidence to the moderate, and rallied to the standard of the Republic the doubtful adherents of all political parties. For the nature of that support was well known: it was distinctly presented in words forming part of the Presidential Message in 1872: '*La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas.*' So potent to sway opinion was the example thus set by the man who, for half a century, had occupied a prominent place in the political arena of French politics,—ever battling, on the one hand, against the advocates of a reactionary policy, and on the other, against the fanaticism of liberalism,—that it is hardly assuming too much to regard M. Thiers as the founder of the Third Republic.

During this weak stage in the career of the Republic, the Legitimists were afforded an opportunity for the restoration of their cherished *régime* more propitious than any that had presented itself since the fall of Charles the Tenth. Their attention, however, was so captivated by the attractions of the situation that many grave difficulties were overlooked or despised. 'Perish France rather than royalty! formed,' according to M. Girardin, 'the basis of their thoughts and actions.' This, in exaggerated language, implies that their overstrained fidelity to principle, however worthy of respect from certain points of view, blinded them to the impolicy and injustice of refusing to acknowledge the fairly admissible claims of many modern innovations in

politics and sociology. Such a rigid devotion to Legitimacy in its entirety sacrificed the Legitimate cause to a mere sentiment. In a manifesto issued by the Comte de Chambord in 1871, this feeling is embodied in its most uncompromising form. Thus was an accidental moment of bright promise obscured and lost by the perverse obtrusion of unwise scruples; whilst the future in its most probable aspects gives no promise of yielding such another.

In choosing a mere soldier to fill the eminently political office left vacant by an illustrious statesman, the parties included in the Right were satisfied that he would maintain 'order;' that is to say, suppress, and perhaps use in the interest of some form of Restoration, any physical outbreak of Republican impatience. They were satisfied that at least a tacit understanding existed between them and Marshal MacMahon, that the latter would be guided in his political course by their acknowledged leaders; and there was secretly entertained by each faction a not altogether vague hope that the Marshal might be induced to favour the pretender to whom it had sworn allegiance, and for whose accession to power it was willing to sacrifice any conflicting political inclination of France. It is very probable that this secret expectation decided the choice of the temporarily united members of the Right.

The Marshal, like most soldiers, is a conservative; but he has shown no very definite—certainly no obtrusive—political preference. In familiar conversation with a friend, he is reported to have said: 'This is how it is: I belong by my family to the old Monarchy, by my career to the July Monarchy and to the Empire; and now, you see, I am obliged by duty to aid in establishing a *régime* for which I have no great love.' That he is, in every sense of the term, a Legitimist, as M. de Girardin asserts, is an opinion which appears much too exclusive. If he permits his sentiments, in deference to hereditary claims, to hover round the Legitimist cause, his gratitude is due to the fallen Empire. He has few strong feelings, and they are never surcharged with enthusiasm. That he is an honourable man is unquestionable; but that he is an honest politician is not so unhesitatingly defined. To his timidity and awkwardness in the region of politics, and to his want of cordial intimacy with politicians, may charitably be attributed this doubtful aspect of his political conscientiousness. He is fully conversant with military etiquette, but he seems never to have studied with attention the code of political honour.

Directive political power, which had hither-

to been exercised by the President of the Republic, passed in nearly its entirety to the Right of the Assembly. This power was mainly delegated to the Duc de Broglie, who, by education and association, is a Constitutionalist. But the Duke has little respect for Constitutionalism except in a Monarchical form; he cannot stoop to recognize it when associated with Republicanism; in that guise it becomes Radicalism, and subversive of 'order.' He places Monarchy before Liberty. Hence his apparently anomalous leadership of the partisans of Despotism.

As Vice-President of the Council, M. de Broglie soon found that the heterogeneous elements of the Majority which had combined to overthrow M. Thiers were, for the work necessarily devolving upon the Government, little amenable to control. The perversities, the prejudices, the passions of parties disconcerted the most carefully devised movements. The law, passed on the 20th of November, 1873, relating to the Septennate, encountered obstinate resistance from the Imperialists. But M. Rouher vainly contended against an Act which, in presence of the impracticable principles publicly announced by the Comte de Chambord, suited the Fabian policy of the Legitimists. It was carried by the aid of the conservative Republicans; for it was obvious that a great gain would accrue to the Republic if its existence, under any form, were legally prolonged to seven years. Then immediately followed the nomination of a Commission of Thirty to organize the Septennate, and to prepare the Constitutional Laws. In this Commission, as in the Assembly itself, disagreement was sharply defined. The Republican minority sincerely desired to fulfil the mission assigned to it; but the majority, who regarded the Septennate merely as a 'preface to the monarchy,' studiously laboured to impede the work of the Commission. Ruling its action, they perverted its course into innumerable byways, led it into labyrinths of interminable discussion, and checked its progress at every turn, until the nation, and even the Assembly itself, became impatient, and forced them to accept decisive guidance. How, indeed, could they, who openly paraded their monarchical preferences, be expected to further the enactment of any measure which would tend to consolidate the Republic? The occurrence of unexpected difficulties had, no doubt, somewhat modified their lofty pretensions, but had failed to lessen their persistent opposition to the Republic. From the unconditional restoration of the old Monarchy with its White Flag, the 'Fusion' had gradually de-

ascended to a comparatively modest constitutional position compatible with the acceptance of the flag of the Revolution, and of institutions which the Chamber might propose to the future Henry the Fifth. Assuming, however, that the Comte de Chambord had fully acquiesced in such concessions, it was now too late. But the Legitimists obstinately ignored the fiat of their chief, opposed the strong current of public opinion, and defied the plainest dictates of prudence. Their aspirations, therefore, ever running counter to their prescribed duty as members of the Commission, it is not surprising that, as the months glided on, little progress was made save in angry discussion. But eventually the necessities of the situation, and the fear of Imperialist schemes, appealed successfully to those members of the Right Centre whose common sense still retained a wholesome control over their political preferences; and they entered the path of concession by timidly accepting a proposition, admirably drawn up by M. Wallon, defining the Septennate. That proposition was carried by a majority of *one*. The importance of the vote was clearly shown by the unbounded wrath it occasioned both to the Legitimists and to the Bonapartists. But the influence of the extreme Monarchical factions was on the decline. The Right Centre had decided, in a republican sense, an important question. Retreat would now avail them little, and the inconsistency of rejoining the ranks of obstruction retained them in the path of moderation. Besides, they gave some credence to M. Wallon's assertion that 'the object of the Commission was to organize the provisional.' Hesitation was cast aside, and the construction of the Governmental edifice progressed rapidly. The Constitutional Laws were passed by increasing majorities; and, finally, on the 25th February, 1875, by 425 votes to 254, the Republican Constitution in its present form was established.

A majority of the Assembly had imparted what was thought to be substance to the Republic; but, in presence of the monarchical regrets which yet possessed many among that majority, it was substance hardly distinguishable from shadow. Fortunately for the Republic, those regrets were not fortified by the spirit of identity, but were separated by conspicuously conflicting aspirations. The Duc de Broglie, for instance, was an able representative of the Right, yet he stood aloof from the Commission of Thirty, though that body was chiefly composed of conservatives. Of late years he has assumed a position which, to say the least, is equivocal. The last time M. Thiers, as President of the Republic, addressed the

Assembly, he turned to M. de Broglie, and, with merited yet regretful asperity, reproached him for having accepted the leadership of parties from whose alliance in any form his father, the illustrious Duc de Broglie, would have recoiled with abhorrence. In truth, the present Duc de Broglie is far less devoted to his political principles than to his political tastes. His *beau idéal* of liberty is fashioned in an aristocratic mould. His opposition to the Empire was determined and consistent; his opposition to the Republic is equally bitter, but, in a political aspect, utterly inconsistent. Owing to the absence of concord between him and the Thirty, he had, some weeks before the passing of the Republican Constitution, placed his resignation in the hands of the Marshal-President; but, in presence of the critical state of public affairs, its acceptance was deferred until the 11th of March, when, after many abortive negotiations, the Marshal induced M. Buffet to form a Ministry.

There was little dissimilarity between the late Vice-president of the Council and his successor. The former loved liberty only when allied to royalty; the latter would not tolerate liberty unless it were controlled and trammelled by 'order' so stringent as to be nearly akin to tyranny: his conservatism overshadowed, if it did not extinguish, freedom.

The birth of the new Constitution necessarily implied the dissolution of the Assembly which had been elected in 1871—an Assembly in which indecision and dissension had reigned supreme; an Assembly that, bewildered by the broadly marked variety of its wishes, ever feared to give full scope to its power; an Assembly very imperfectly representing French political opinion, yet, with characteristic inconsistency, responding to that opinion by contributing to found the Republic.

The Chamber of Deputies, issue of the general election which had taken place on the 20th of February, 1876, presented a marked difference to the old Assembly, in the all-important fact that the majority instead of remaining with the Right crowded to the Left. The Senate also, which had been in great part elected on the 30th of January, showed a willingness to accept the Republic. The chief immediate effect of this change in the direction of political power was to overthrow the Buffet Ministry: the wishes of the nation were otherwise little heeded amidst the clamours of warring factions. It was, by no means surprising, indeed, that, under the supreme irritation caused by the result of the elections, the spirit of Party, then in the plenitude of a

strength pampered through many years, should show no sign of abatement when the mild and equitable away of M. Dufaure had succeeded to the intolerant and grossly partial rule of M. Buffet. And yet it would be difficult to find, at any period of French history, a statesman better qualified than M. Dufaure to assuage the animosities of parties. His rare moderation, long experience, and perfect disinterestedness, admirably fitted him to guide the Republic in its then passion-stirred condition. But recent events seemed to have banished even the ghost of conciliation from the haunts in the Assembly where it had hitherto palely lingered. M. Dufaure was too liberal for the Right, too conservative for the Left. The veiled opposition which he encountered from those who professed to support the new *régime* was utterly indefensible, wanton, and impolitic. Intoxicated with success, the Republicans failed to perceive that moderation, wielded with the authority and eloquence of M. Dufaure, would be the best check to all assaults upon the young and yet unstable Republic. On this occasion the prudence which had so admirably served them since 1870 was absent: the old impracticable spirit seemed again to inspire them. To this irritating and grossly injudicious opposition, M. Dufaure, on the 2nd of December, 1876, succumbed; and on the 12th, M. Jules Simon accepted the vacant place in the Cabinet. To him a less adverse spirit was shown, mainly because the tone of his republicanism was somewhat less conservative than that of his predecessor. The current of Republican restlessness, however, was too strong to remain satisfied with the supposed advance thus achieved: it still chafed against many prudential restraints to its progress. The new Ministry soon found that it could rely with no certainty upon the consistent and steady support of the Left; whilst the members of the Right, exasperated and alarmed at the increasingly untoward drift which political affairs were taking, determined to make a supreme effort to recover their lost supremacy. They perversely refused to admit that they had squandered on unessentials the only moment which had presented itself favourable to their cause; and that, under existing circumstances, it would best besem them, for the repose of France, and indeed for the future of their own cherished *régime*, to adopt an attitude of mere expectancy. The extreme imprudence of the course which commended itself to each of the two great parties was so obvious that nothing but the influence of political fanaticism or passion could have induced either to adopt it. To the appeals for support to carry out their reactionary policy,

secretly and persistently addressed to him by the Right, Marshal MacMahon gave a no very reluctant assent. In political foresight he is conspicuously deficient; and his political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say personal, preferences strongly disposed him to side with the Right. On the 16th of May, 1877, he summarily dismissed M. Jules Simon, and reinstated the Duc de Broglie as President of the Council, with M. de Fourtou as Minister of the Interior.

THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY—as yet the most memorable and important day in the life of the Republic—witnessed a political act which, in depth of fatuity, has rarely if ever been surpassed. It was an act which sealed the death-warrant of the very ambitions it was intended to serve; an act which substantially affixed the corner-stone to the yet unfinished edifice of the Republic. It was done under the pretext of ‘order,’ and in the name of ‘conservatism:’ in reality it was a ‘legal’ *coup d’état*, an assumption of personal government for the furtherance of political projects hostile to the existing *régime*. There were days, sadly frequent, during the First Republic, when any analogous strain of authority would have been infinitely justifiable and praiseworthy. Then, indeed, ‘order’ and humanity itself were often outraged; but on the 16th of May not the faintest shadow of disorder could be detected; and, as to the form of government, the French people had recently declared, with unequivocal emphasis, their preference for the Republic. Indeed, the act of the 16th of May can only be extenuated as the random blow of expiring hope, the gambler’s last appeal to the dice—a supreme act of despair. The Republican majority in the Chamber had, no doubt, given many justifiable causes of umbrage to the defeated partisans of the Monarchy; and were but too prone to obtrude offensively the fact that their opponents had been weighed in the political balance and found wanting. They often indulged in the dangerous pastime of coquetting with Radical extravagances; and in truth they had sorely tried the patience of statesmen sincerely devoted to the Republic. For the most part, however, such unquiet displays were but the overflowing exultations of men just freed from an onerous obligation of political reticence and self-abnegation.

In spite of what was called the *Protestation* of the 363,—a motion of want of confidence in the Ministry, carried on the 19th of June by a majority numbering two-thirds of the Chamber,—the Government persisted in its determination to pursue a policy of resistance. It opened the campaign by an

attempt to snatch victory from the Ballot-box. On the 23rd of June, Marshal MacMahon, with the concurrence of the Senate, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. There were two courses open to the Government: either to overthrow the Republic by means of a military *coup d'état*, or, by straining legal forms to the utmost at the coming general election, to impose, as under the Empire, official candidates on the constitencies. The first alternative was dangerous, and yet more doubtful than dangerous. Civil war was an eventuality from which both Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie shrank with commendable prudence. The other alternative, therefore, though it must have sorely tried the valorous spirit of the Marshal, and the fastidious political taste of the Duke, was vigorously adopted. And what was the result of four months' untiring activity? Official candidates, and official interference, stooping to pick up crumbs of aid even in the most insignificant byways, signally failed. Never, perhaps, were political efforts so prodigiously unscrupulous followed by more bitter and justly merited disappointment.

The elections of the 14th of October, grossly swayed though they were by official pressure, re-affirmed the verdict of the French people, recorded only a few months before, in favour of the Republic. But defeat so thorough and hopeless was hard to digest; and it was only reluctantly that M. de Broglie was brought to acknowledge the stern logic of facts. When at length he retired, there yet lingered phantoms of dead hopes, among which was the expedient of a *Cabinet d'affaires*, thrust forward as a last feeble protest against Republican supremacy. Nor was the Marshal-President long in following into retreat his late chief political colleague and adviser. He had been warned by one of the most trusted leaders of the Republican party that he would have either 'to submit or to resign.' '*J'y suis, j'y reste*'—a resolve far easier to realize on the Malakoff bastion than in the Presidential chair. Uttered in the former position, it was but an audible sign of physical courage; in the latter, it was the utterance of a boast expressive alike of unseemly defiance and of a short-sighted ignorance which could perceive amidst the intricacies of the political future no possible conjuncture incompatible with its maintenance. Submission was tried. M. Dufaure was invited to form a Ministry, and to exert the moderation for which he was conspicuous, and the long political experience which gave him authority, to prop up the discredited Septennate. It was too late. The provocations so unwisely heaped

upon the Republican party could not be easily appeased. The Marshal was besieged by unpalatable demands. He had, with becoming deference, yielded to the will of France; now, in deference to the dictates of his own code of honour, he refused to follow the course prescribed by his political opponents; and on the 30th of January, 1879, with the banner which he had borne visibly tarnished, surrendered the Presidency of the Republic.

At this point, the Republic may be said to have reached clearly defined limits of a second stage. Here its probationary period closes, and it now enters into the uncontested possession of its sovereign rights. To the self-discipline hitherto commendably practised it was indebted, to an extent which it would be difficult to overestimate, not only for the acquisition of unexpected strength, but for a likely prospect of durability. There were two very prominent causes which had contributed to preserve it from the intemperate courses to which it seemed inveterately, if not innately, addicted, and to surround it with a sobering yet bracing atmosphere: the selection, by the Monarchical majority in the first Assembly, of Marshal MacMahon to succeed M. Thiers as Chief of the State, and the quasi *coup d'état* of the 16th of May. The Marshal was a Royalist President of the Republic, and the discipline of fear which he imposed upon the numerous Republican parties contributed to remove the asperities which sundered them, and to impart more cordial and ready unity to their action. The 16th of May gave effective, but not, it is to be feared, durable impression to this unity. Union brought strength and its usual concomitant, success. On the other hand, the Monarchical parties had no common bond of union except hostility to the Republic: on no other point affecting a determinate form of government was agreement possible. The result was a series of spasmodic movements generally in uncertain directions; or if any project assumed a serious aspect, it was either compromised by some inherent weakness in the action of its special advocates, or it was kept in a state of timid suspension by fear of intestine revolt. Though constrained in 1875 to accept a Republican Constitution, they made no truce with the Republicans. With the active support of the President of the Republic, they snatched the reins of Government from the hands of those who consistently held them, and made a final attack upon the Republic—an attack perilous in the extreme, and yet more impolitic than perilous. From this act of desperation the Legitimists emerged, not only

utterly discredited, and with their weakness in its fullest extent exposed to the light of day, but the halo of respect that had hitherto environed the Legitimate cause faded from the popular view; whilst the cause itself, now reduced to impotency, has probably passed to its final resting-place in the pages of history.

By yielding to the current of his feelings, Marshal MacMahon not only freed himself from duties for the due performance of which he could boast of very few qualifications, but he freed the Republic from the last link which had hitherto constrained her will. An immediate proof of this absolute emancipation presented itself in the selection of M. Jules Grévy to fill the position just vacated by the Marshal. No selection could have been more judicious. The present Chief of the State possesses in an eminent degree a quality rarely found in French statesmen, though exceptionally important to them, and pre-eminently so at the present time—political discretion. This by no means implies that he would compromise his political principles, but that he would render their practical application strictly amenable to equitable and moderate guidance. His political convictions are infinitely stronger than his political passions; passion, indeed, in any form finds very restricted scope in his nature. There is a serene dignity, both in his bearing and in his language, which is never impaired by the slightest admixture of affectation or of theatrical display. His principles, his professions, and his actions are ever in perfect accord. His temper is so profoundly calm and equable, that in its depths the unwary explorer might be led to anticipate the discovery of some trace of weakness; but all such speculations would lead to inevitable failure, for fear has no lurking-place there. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he inflexibly pursues, in a judicial spirit, and with judicial gravity, the moderate course which his judgment has traced out. On the other hand, though modesty and unobtrusiveness are by no means conspicuous features in the French character, M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, certainly presents them in exaggerated and injudicious forms. Aware of his countrymen's venial weakness for the pomp and glitter of external show, and of the hitherto indissoluble association popularly supposed to exist between imposing ceremonial and many of the official, and not a few unofficial, acts of the Chief of the State, he systematically abstains from gratifying such harmless tastes and prejudices. This apparently trivial deficiency in what may be termed

the holiday clothing of his office, probably creates more public dissatisfaction than M. Grévy is aware of. At all events, it is a marked, if not serious, deficiency in one elected to fill a position occupied until a recent date by a long and ostentatious line of sovereigns. To a limited extent, a just appreciation of M. Grévy's character is afforded in the few following words uttered by a political opponent, M. Schneider: 'At a time when the generality of statesmen are notoriously deficient in political integrity, it is a veritable pleasure to meet with a character so grave, so pure, so elevated as that of M. Grévy.'

From a state of accidental obligatory usurpation, through the semblance of legal life conferred by a tolerated name, onward to a vitality bestowed merely to minister, as a convenient temporary expedient, to hostile interests, the Republic emerged at length into a condition of untrammelled existence. A few months had wrought a thorough transformation in all the chief elements of power: the President of the Republic, the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the majority in the Senate, and—possibly for the mere caprice of giving completeness to the metamorphosis—the Ministry, were all replaced or radically modified. Yes, M. Dufaure, who had so materially aided to free the Republic from an arbitrary state of existence, was constrained, by the perverse restlessness of certain sections of the Left, to cede his place in the Cabinet to M. Waddington. The change was impolitic as well as ungrateful; for though it would have been difficult to detect any difference in the balance of conservative Republicanism professed by the two statesmen, the former enjoyed a visible preponderance in political influence. That influence might have saved the Cabinet from many weak hesitations and concessions. Its stern conservative bearing was sorely needed to resist the importunate pressure of Republican groups ever prone to agitation and to hasty experiments. Shorn of that influence, the Ministry soon became conscious of the ebbing of its authority; and, possessing no great consistency of character, and no firmness at all, was driven, after much bootless conciliation, and much feeble resistance, to seek in resignation escape from intolerable embarrassments.

It is universally admitted that the Waddington Administration conducted the foreign policy of France both with judicious moderation and with dignified firmness. Why was its conduct of Home Affairs so deficient in the latter of these qualities? The Cabinet was fortified by several votes of confidence passed by the Chamber of Deputies;

it possessed the cordial support of the President of the Republic; whilst to the political temper of the nation it responded yet more harmoniously. There can be little doubt that the resignation was referrible to a cause which has mainly contributed to destroy every French government, whether monarchical or republican, that has existed since the fall of the old Monarchy—an inveterate tendency in the dominant political party, urged and scared by intolerant adherents, to hurry with intemperate and tyrannic haste towards the extreme practical development of their distinctive political tenets. It was not M. Waddington, or even his policy, that gave weighty umbrage to the Left, but the fact that the Minister belonged to the Left Centre. Fortunately for the Republic, this change was more apparent than real; for immediately M. de Freycinet succeeded M. Waddington as President of the Council, he hastened to assure the Chamber that the Ministry was inspired by 'a prudent and circumspect policy, suited to the situation of France.' The policy thus broadly enunciated differed from that which M. Dufaure had practised mainly in the fact that it was not supported by equal political influence and experience. But, as already remarked, it came from the Left and not from the Left Centre; that was an amply compensating fact. No doubt, M. de Freycinet had garnered a considerable amount of popularity during his tenure of office as Minister of Public Works in M. Dufaure's Administration. The speeches which he delivered at that time in various parts of France repeatedly embodied, in emphatic language, the Republic which he desired to see established—'wise, liberal, progressive, and tolerant.' It may be assumed, moreover, that M. de Freycinet was trustingly regarded by those patriotic enthusiasts who, in 1870, believed that the victorious progress of the Germans could be checked, in spite of the disheartening absence of any disciplined French army to oppose it. The energy which, as Minister of War, signalized his conduct at Tours, where, in conjunction with other members of the Government, he exerted himself to stem the adverse course of events, or at least to prevent abruptness from adding its harsh features to defeat, was not forgotten. To this exciting period in his public career is also to be referred the commencement of a close political relationship between him and M. Gambetta. It was, indeed, mainly through the powerful influence of the President of the Chamber that he became Prime Minister. But the symptoms of independent political action which began to develope

themselves shortly after his elevation to the Premiership, culminating in his pacific and moderate speech at Montauban—a speech which raised him to a high place among contemporary French statesmen—rapidly disclosed a marked, if not hostile, difference between his political opinions, which the responsibilities of office had tempered with discretion, and those of the statesman whose political course power without responsibility had determined in a contrary direction.

To the absence of accord between the self appointed Dictator and the President of the Council may be clearly traced the enforced resignation of the latter on the 18th of September. This difference of opinion was not confined to the mode of carrying out the March Decrees, but, in its full expression, would probably represent a disagreement extending over a wide area of Home and Foreign policy. But though master of the situation, M. Gambetta prudently restrained his political ardour within the bounds of moderation. He insisted upon a literal interpretation and fulfilment of the Decrees, and M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous Seventh Clause in the Bill upon superior education, was fittingly installed President of the Council. Beyond this the new Cabinet differed but little from its predecessor, save, indeed, that, in reference to the external relations of France, it showed a positive determination towards a more defined policy of cautious reserve—M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, M. Thiers's *fidus Achates*, being chosen to succeed M. de Freycinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Reviewing the numerous Cabinet crises which, during the Presidency of M. Grévy, have palpably had their origin in Ministerial weakness, the last change was certainly less valid, less capable of vindication, less intelligible indeed, than any of those which preceded it. The chief responsibility for this seemingly chronic Ministerial instability is obviously referrible to the Republican majority. That majority includes many impulsive members who are continually urging it to attempt short cuts towards what they regard to be the goal of perfection. Hesitation is foreign to the nature of these political enthusiasts; and they rarely fail to show that supreme indifference to adverse or even dangerous probabilities which naturally characterizes all narrow devotion to a policy of extremes. There is also, as the events just narrated prove, another notably disturbing influence to which the Cabinet often finds itself subjected. It is asserted by some that this influence derives its source and activity from the patriotism, by others from the ambition, of the President of the

Chamber of Deputies. It seems to underlie every change, to control, with mysteriously powerful devices or suasion, the hopes or fears alike of the influential statesman and of the pothouse politician. The reiterated assertion—made of late with overstrained vehemence—by the wielder of this occult political lever, that no such interference has ever been exercised, is so strikingly at variance with numberless unambiguous appearances as to be altogether incredible. In this influence there lurks a danger which is not entirely imaginary. The Republic seems oppressed by the weight of that persistent nightmare, the 'One-man power'; an incubus which, from the Monarchical habits of the French people, seems obstinately determined to haunt it, and—until the impressions of tradition lose their effective spell—subject it to the discretion or caprice of some popular individual.

M. Gambetta has certainly contributed more than any other French statesman—M. Thiers excepted—to shape the course and destiny of the Republic. That he has hitherto declined to accept Ministerial responsibility is one of those enigmas of character over which it is but charitable discreetly to spread a veil. No doubt the world is apt to draw from such conduct inferences which give it a by no means disinterested aspect. By accepting the Presidency of the Chamber, M. Gambetta ensures an excuse for continuous reserve, a reserve which he considers promotive of his obvious ulterior designs: a firm advance in influence and power—when assured of an unequivocal majority of the Chamber—as President of the Council, and then an easy transition to the Presidency of the Republic. In this self-banishment from official life in all its precarious or dangerous aspects, he seems animated by a shrewdness of self-seeking which reaches even to cynicism. The greater part of what he does—and he does much—is done stealthily. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that whatever he does, whether openly or secretly, is rarely detrimental to the interests of France. There have been, it is true, certain very doubtfully beneficial Ministerial changes of late years which must be attributed in no small degree to his extra-constitutional, if not unconstitutional, influence. He occupies an anomalous position on the political stage: he wields power which, on the one hand, is inconsistent with Parliamentary Government, but which, on the other hand, conduces, in certain directions, to the welfare of the Republic.

This tribune *par excellence*, this 'creator and destroyer of Cabinets, this Warwick of

the French Republic,' began his public career in 1869, as Member for Belleville. He is indebted in great part for his present political eminence to the troublous times through which his country has passed. But that he possesses oratorical power of the highest order is incontestable. His passionate and trenchant language, uttered in a voice of wonderful compass and flexibility, is ever under control. His caution, indeed, often seems so overweighted by calculation that it sinks to the level of what appears to many the grossness of self-interest. Be that as it may, the young Republic owes him special thanks and rewards for the energetic devotion to her cause of the remarkable powers with which nature has endowed him. During the time of her sore weakness and trials, he impressed what is termed *Opportunisme*—the preparation of that which will best adapt itself to existing circumstances—with extraordinary effect upon the least tractable adherents of the Republic; and he taught Republicans that the cause they advocate is far better served by discreet reticence and legal warfare than by any form of violence however determined and elaborate. All this was admirable. But since the fall of Marshal MacMahon, M. Gambetta has, with increasing strides, diverged from the path of moderation. It may be assumed that at present he endeavours to model his political utterances and his veiled political acts to suit the probable temper of France at the approaching general election. If such be the case, it is to be hoped that the moderation so unexpectedly revealed at the January Municipal elections—a moderation visibly prefiguring the spirit that is likely to preside at the more important election of Deputies to the Chamber—will induce him to redress his present leaning towards a course of Home Policy provocative of party strife. That he is open to conviction, and yet more open to what may brighten his future prospects, a comparison of the somewhat bellicose speech he made at Cherbourg, and the peaceful accents which he emphasized in his inaugural address at the opening of the present session of the Chamber, amply testifies. France, unequivocally resolved to abstain from any hazardous initiative in foreign affairs, seems hardly less determined to impose peace upon conflicting parties at home, and to place extremes, whether Radical or Reactionary, without the pale of her choice. Is this unadventurous and pacific spirit, which appears to animate a majority of his countrymen in reference to internal political action, accepted by M. Gambetta with a willingness as unreserved as that with which he has accepted the will of France in



reference to her external relations? We fear not. His hesitancy is, no doubt, strongly fortified by the pages of history, and by his own wide acquaintance with the political spirit of his countrymen; but it surely cannot be deemed an incredible act, however seemingly improbable, for that spirit to abandon its stormy courses,—stormy at least in the fervid atmosphere of cities,—and betake itself towards the calm regions of political forbearance.

Though not always absent from the policy of French statesmen, moderation has been too often obliged to make way for the exclusive interests of individuals or of parties; and yet more frequently has it been thrust aside as altogether incompatible with the supposed assured safety of some dominant *régime*. Is it destined, under the restored Republic, to hold on its course far into the future, and influence permanently the counsels of French statesmen? In other words, Does the Republic afford sufficiently favourable data to warrant a reasonable probability that it will reach the average age, not of modern French political institutions, for that would foredoom it to early extinction, but of governments in the wide sphere of the world? Any answer to this question is beset by so many obvious and formidable difficulties, that it would be presumptuous to hazard more than a few apparently probable conjectures towards its solution.

Many able politicians doubt the feasibility of permanently establishing a Republican *régime* in any great European state. This question takes too wide a range to be touched upon here; but as far as France is concerned, it is probable that most of her political and social institutions and traditions which, from long prescription, seemed to be ineradicable, were so ruthlessly overthrown by the Revolution of 1789, that they have left few ruins and not many remembrances behind them.

Alexis de Tocqueville—probably the most far-seeing politician of modern times—predicted that ‘during the greater part of the next hundred years France would be subject to a Constitutional Monarchy, from time to time interrupted by a despotism or by a democratic revolution.’ Wieland held the French nation absolutely incapable of forming a Republic; and this dogmatic assertion was echoed by Moore, the poet, in the unqualified remark, that ‘of all the people in Europe, the French alone are unfit for liberty.’ The two latter opinions have little value beyond the light they throw upon the very prevalent narrowness of judgment which formerly prevailed in both Germany and England in reference to the political aptitudes of the French people. On the other

hand, the prophecy of De Tocqueville shows a rare penetration into those profound political depths where the destiny of nations is revolved and traced. But the grossly dark and mind-withering shadow of the Second Empire had not then fallen upon the French nation, and blotted out the last garish traces of the blood-stained Napoleonic legend. That despotic revolution left nothing behind it but dishonour, shame, and a blasted reputation; and now there lowers, not indeed very menacingly, the apparition of a democratic revolution. But as, within recent years, this form of revolution has probably given the French people a sufficiently bitter knowledge of its quality, there appears to be little fear that it will ever regain sufficient power to assume permanent shape and substance.

At the present time, France, in the sphere of politics, may be said to possess unlimited freedom of action. The Empire is generally regarded as belonging entirely to the past: it leaves not even a presentable representative behind it. The Legitimists, imprudently yielding to the fascinations of historic sentiment, have banished the resuscitation of the old Monarchy, however modified, from all reasonable expectation. No doubt the forces of feudalism yet lingering among the scattered remnants of the aristocracy, and haunting with ever increasingly faltering steps a few remote quarters of the country,—forces possessing little effective energy,—and the really formidable power of the Church, are no doubt zealously and implacably arrayed against the Republic; but they can effect no serious reaction among a people for the most part unsympathetic, if not positively unfriendly. Such being the effete or widely contemned state of its rivals and enemies, the Republic seems to occupy a position above the level of external danger. If, then, there be a shadow of serious peril visible upon it, surely something within its own limits must cast the ominous sign. ‘Do you know,’ observed M. Dufaure to the Radicals towards the close of 1872, ‘Do you know what creates a difficulty for the government which we administer under the name of the French Republic? I will tell you. It is not the form of government, it is the word Republic. In our history it has always appeared accompanied by permanent agitations, by daily new demands, by ambitions ever increasing, as if every Republic were a state of turbulence.’ These remarks convey not only the fears inspired by a word, but really point to the chief, if not the only dangers which beset the present French Government. During its sore trials and perils, the Republic wisely clothed itself

in the unpretending and conciliatory garb of *Opportunisme*. It presented a calm front to its Monarchical assailants, and watched with politic reticence their suicidal manoeuvres. For this expectant attitude—supposed to be altogether foreign to its nature—it was amply rewarded. Yet the very suddenness and all-pervading character of the change imparted to it a phase of doubt. Of late that doubt has been acquiring consistency; for since the Republicans have become possessed of uncontested power, the most active and shortsighted among them have cast many a longing glance towards the past, and excited many a suspicion that the restraints deemed necessary in the hour of danger were reluctantly borne, and have by no means permanently chastened the old turbulent spirit—a spirit always surrounded by dangerous crises, yet for ever protesting to be the defender and servant of the Republic.

The numerous sections into which the advocates of Republican institutions are divided tend, moreover, to foment and perpetuate this restless activity. In both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, distinctly defined and recognized gradations of Republicanism are represented by the Left Centre, the Republican Left, the Republican Union, and the Extreme Left. Nor does it need very close inspection to discover that these divisions are themselves subdivided into compartments which exhibit further shades of dissidence. At each step from the Left Centre to the apex of the Mountain, moderation with its reassuring flexibility decays; whilst energy, and a singular power of inspiring devotion to rigid political dogmas, increase with accelerated intensity. It was to these qualities that the moderation of 1789 gradually gave place to the Terror of 1793. The Third Republic, now fully emancipated, seems to inherit, not the sanguinary spirit of its predecessor,—Heaven forbid!—but a similar tendency towards the institution of certain absolute political forms, and, in the pursuit of change, a profound indifference to all opposing interests or feelings. No step thus directed has been retraced. M. Thiers, M. Dufaure, M. Waddington, M. de Freycinet, M. Jules Ferry, are successive representatives of this progression. The policy of the Republic seems to be abandoned to the spirit of party or sect; nay, it is even made to bend to the dictates of individual caprices and interests. Each group of Republicans that attains ascendancy speedily yields, as if under the fascination of some political spell, to the encroaching energy of its less scrupulous neighbour. This course, if persisted in, points ominously

towards the oft-attained exit of the Republic, where despotism, in its autocratic form, is seen successfully grappling with revolutionary changes. Moderation may be the initial force. It starts the Republic on its course cheered by the good wishes of the people; but before it can firmly settle into a continuous motive power, it finds itself assailed by the irregular and explosive forces of overweening confidence and ambition. With such forces, the impracticable Republicans do their utmost to urge the Republic on a path which, under present circumstances, is probably the shortest she could find to destruction. Such conduct, though running counter to the lessons so bitterly taught in the past, and obviously opposed to the temperate current of contemporary opinion, is, in the vast majority of those who practise it, no doubt perfectly sincere. The danger is there. The despotism of fanaticism, like every other despotism, looks with a jealous and exclusive eye upon liberty. It brooks no teacher; its opinions are its gospel, its law, its uncompromising standard of right and wrong, from which there is no appeal. Herein consists the only vital peril to the Republic, a peril compared to which the sum of all the perils likely to occur from the opposition of all the reactionary parties appears insignificant.

Weakness is by no means an inevitable concomitant of moderation; but it certainly seems to afflict moderate French statesmen when holding the reins of power. At such a time, no quality could be more detrimental to the political well-being of France. It throws shadows of doubt and uneasiness over the political world, insinuates probabilities of danger when all is tranquil, encourages aggressive acts in those to whom the atmosphere of excitement is congenial, and places Ministers at the mercy of factions whose restricted influence would otherwise leave them powerless. To these restless Republican sects the Government has, during the last two years, accorded a license of interference in Ministerial action which has excited much anxiety, and which gives scope for the wildest expectations. Ministry has followed Ministry in rapid succession. Nothing has been durable but change. Statesmen, after courageously installing themselves in the Cabinet, have passed like fleeting shadows through it. Incidents possessing little intrinsic importance have grown into embarrassing obstacles and sufficed to unseat them. Not seldom, indeed, have they been confronted by demands the portentous import of which has imposed too great a strain upon their responsibility, and affrighted them into resignation.

There was profound meaning in the acute remark of M. Thiers, that 'the Republic is only possible without the Republicans.' It is indeed undeniable that the greatest enemies of the Republic have invariably sprung from its most vociferous and urgent advocates—men of exclusive and dogmatic temperament, men of narrow political sympathies, men sensitively intolerant of control, yet ready to exercise a *politique de combat* with unscrupulous energy, and on the most extensive scale. No probability, therefore, of an enduring career can be predicted for the Republic, unless it chooses its administrators from among adherents possessing wide sympathies and moderate aims. There can be little doubt that around such men cluster the sympathies and hopes of the French people. It should not be forgotten that at the general election in 1871, the nation was asked to pronounce its opinion on the question of peace or war; and the result was a choice of candidates irrespective of political bias. At the elections in 1876 and 1877, the Republic was confronted by the Monarchy, and the excitement of the vast issue involved in the contest blurred all shades of Republicanism.

The present Chamber of Deputies no doubt represents the national preference for a particular form of government: the chief mission it received was to defend the menaced Republic. But the election in 1877 pointed to no determinate embodiment of Republicanism. A clearly defined expression of opinion touching the special nature of the Republic desired has not yet been elicited from the French people. The Chamber, like most of the representative bodies that have preceded it, is composed rather of factions than of parties. This is an ominous fact. In the past, it has invariably led to the discomfiture of Parliamentary government, for the Opposition has generally aspired far less to wield power than to overthrow it. As the result of the approaching general election will not affect the safety of the Republic, the electors will probably be left free to record an unbiased and unimpassioned vote. That vote will be a crucial test of political opinion in France.

If the late attempt to change the Electoral Law—to substitute what is called *Scrutin de Liste* for *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*—had been successful, it would have had a marked influence on the result of the elections about to take place. As this measure—the most important that has been discussed in the Chamber since the full establishment of the Republic—will no doubt be made a battle-cry at the elections, and will surely be submitted to the new Chamber, it may not be

uninteresting to glance at the two methods of voting.

Under the *Scrutin de Liste*, the Department would become the electoral unit in place of the *Arrondissement*, and would call upon the vast constituency within its area to vote for a 'List' of candidates. Thus, politically, the individuality of the *Arrondissement*, with its special constituency and its special candidate, would be effaced. The minority, if not completely silenced by the majority, would in all quarters be reduced to impotency. Candidates, largely composed of aspiring political adventurers or sycophants, would be nominated either by a self-constituted Committee in the chief town of the Department, or, more often, by a Central Committee sitting in Paris. Thus the representative power in France would gradually tend to centralize itself, and degenerate into a vast electoral machine, deriving its chief motive power from a single will. On the other hand, *Scrutin de Liste* presents many admirable qualities. Banishing from the representative body a host of crotchety political sects, it would, whilst diminishing the number, consolidate the strength of the various members constituting that body. It would prevent the embarrassing eccentricities which have of late years characterized factions in the Chamber of Deputies both among the majority and the minority, and it would give a Ministry when fairly started on its mission a reasonable prospect of stability.

The *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*, or Uninominal system, to which the *Scrutin de Liste* gave place in 1875, bears a close resemblance to our own electoral method, and thereby, perhaps, enlists our sympathy. But, overshadowing this preference, there are numerous blemishes disfiguring the character of the system. In England it works tolerably well; but in France, where Parliamentary government has not yet become fully acclimatized, it tends to confine the electors' political vision too much within the limits of the *Arrondissement*, to subordinate national to private interests, and to break loose from the prudent restraints imposed by the legitimate claims of party. It gives scope to bribery, and is not above bowing to fear. In spite of these numerous defects, the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* is probably the most effectual political instrument yet devised for arriving at a proximate representation of the national will in all its varied and minute phases.

Both the Electoral methods in question have their good and bad qualities; but in France both are unwisely carried to their extreme conclusions. Like most French political institutions, they are far too logical. A

politics and sociology. Such a rigid devotion to Legitimacy in its entirety sacrificed the Legitimate cause to a mere sentiment. In a manifesto issued by the Comte de Chambord in 1871, this feeling is embodied in its most uncompromising form. Thus was an accidental moment of bright promise obscured and lost by the perverse obtrusion of unwise scruples; whilst the future in its most probable aspects gives no promise of yielding such another.

In choosing a mere soldier to fill the eminently political office left vacant by an illustrious statesman, the parties included in the Right were satisfied that he would maintain 'order;' that is to say, suppress, and perhaps use in the interest of some form of Restoration, any physical outbreak of Republican impatience. They were satisfied that at least a tacit understanding existed between them and Marshal MacMahon, that the latter would be guided in his political course by their acknowledged leaders; and there was secretly entertained by each faction a not altogether vague hope that the Marshal might be induced to favour the pretender to whom it had sworn allegiance, and for whose accession to power it was willing to sacrifice any conflicting political inclination of France. It is very probable that this secret expectation decided the choice of the temporarily united members of the Right.

The Marshal, like most soldiers, is a conservative; but he has shown no very definite—certainly no obtrusive—political preference. In familiar conversation with a friend, he is reported to have said: 'This is how it is: I belong by my family to the old Monarchy, by my career to the July Monarchy and to the Empire; and now, you see, I am obliged by duty to aid in establishing a *régime* for which I have no great love.' That he is, in every sense of the term, a Legitimist, as M. de Girardin asserts, is an opinion which appears much too exclusive. If he permits his sentiments, in deference to hereditary claims, to hover round the Legitimist cause, his gratitude is due to the fallen Empire. He has few strong feelings, and they are never surcharged with enthusiasm. That he is an honourable man is unquestionable; but that he is an honest politician is not so unhesitatingly defined. To his timidity and awkwardness in the region of politics, and to his want of cordial intimacy with politicians, may charitably be attributed this doubtful aspect of his political conscientiousness. He is fully conversant with military etiquette, but he seems never to have studied with attention the code of political honour.

Directive political power, which had hither-

to been exercised by the President of the Republic, passed in nearly its entirety to the Right of the Assembly. This power was mainly delegated to the Duc de Broglie, who, by education and association, is a Constitutionalist. But the Duke has little respect for Constitutionalism except in a Monarchical form; he cannot stoop to recognize it when associated with Republicanism; in that guise it becomes Radicalism, and subversive of 'order.' He places Monarchy before Liberty. Hence his apparently anomalous leadership of the partisans of Despotism.

As Vice-President of the Council, M. de Broglie soon found that the heterogeneous elements of the Majority which had combined to overthrow M. Thiers were, for the work necessarily devolving upon the Government, little amenable to control. The perversities, the prejudices, the passions of parties disconcerted the most carefully devised movements. The law, passed on the 20th of November, 1873, relating to the Septennate, encountered obstinate resistance from the Imperialists. But M. Rouher vainly contended against an Act which, in presence of the impracticable principles publicly announced by the Comte de Chambord, suited the Fabian policy of the Legitimists. It was carried by the aid of the conservative Republicans; for it was obvious that a great gain would accrue to the Republic if its existence, under any form, were legally prolonged to seven years. Then immediately followed the nomination of a Commission of Thirty to organize the Septennate, and to prepare the Constitutional Laws. In this Commission, as in the Assembly itself, disagreement was sharply defined. The Republican minority sincerely desired to fulfil the mission assigned to it; but the majority, who regarded the Septennate merely as a 'preface to the monarchy,' studiously laboured to impede the work of the Commission. Ruling its action, they perverted its course into innumerable byways, led it into labyrinths of interminable discussion, and checked its progress at every turn, until the nation, and even the Assembly itself, became impatient, and forced them to accept decisive guidance. How, indeed, could they, who openly paraded their monarchical preferences, be expected to further the enactment of any measure which would tend to consolidate the Republic? The occurrence of unexpected difficulties had, no doubt, somewhat modified their lofty pretensions, but had failed to lessen their persistent opposition to the Republic. From the unconditional restoration of the old Monarchy with its White Flag, the 'Fusion' had gradually de-

scended to a comparatively modest constitutional position compatible with the acceptance of the flag of the Revolution, and of institutions which the Chamber might propose to the future Henry the Fifth. Assuming, however, that the Comte de Chambord had fully acquiesced in such concessions, it was now too late. But the Legitimists obstinately ignored the fiat of their chief, opposed the strong current of public opinion, and defied the plainest dictates of prudence. Their aspirations, therefore, ever running counter to their prescribed duty as members of the Commission, it is not surprising that, as the months glided on, little progress was made save in angry discussion. But eventually the necessities of the situation, and the fear of Imperialist schemes, appealed successfully to those members of the Right Centre whose common sense still retained a wholesome control over their political preferences; and they entered the path of concession by timidly accepting a proposition, admirably drawn up by M. Wallon, defining the Septennate. That proposition was carried by a majority of *one*. The importance of the vote was clearly shown by the unbounded wrath it occasioned both to the Legitimists and to the Bonapartists. But the influence of the extreme Monarchical factions was on the decline. The Right Centre had decided, in a republican sense, an important question. Retreat would now avail them little, and the inconsistency of rejoining the ranks of obstruction retained them in the path of moderation. Besides, they gave some credence to M. Wallon's assertion that 'the object of the Commission was to organize the provisional.' Hesitation was cast aside, and the construction of the Governmental edifice progressed rapidly. The Constitutional Laws were passed by increasing majorities; and, finally, on the 25th February, 1875, by 425 votes to 254, the Republican Constitution in its present form was established.

A majority of the Assembly had imparted what was thought to be substance to the Republic; but, in presence of the monarchical regrets which yet possessed many among that majority, it was substance hardly distinguishable from shadow. Fortunately for the Republic, those regrets were not fortified by the spirit of identity, but were separated by conspicuously conflicting aspirations. The Duc de Broglie, for instance, was an able representative of the Right, yet he stood aloof from the Commission of Thirty, though that body was chiefly composed of conservatives. Of late years he has assumed a position which, to say the least, is equivocal. The last time M. Thiers, as President of the Republic, addressed the

Assembly, he turned to M. de Broglie, and, with merited yet regretful asperity, reproached him for having accepted the leadership of parties from whose alliance in any form his father, the illustrious Duc de Broglie, would have recoiled with abhorrence. In truth, the present Duc de Broglie is far less devoted to his political principles than to his political tastes. His *beau idéal* of liberty is fashioned in an aristocratic mould. His opposition to the Empire was determined and consistent; his opposition to the Republic is equally bitter, but, in a political aspect, utterly inconsistent. Owing to the absence of concord between him and the Thirty, he had, some weeks before the passing of the Republican Constitution, placed his resignation in the hands of the Marshal-President; but, in presence of the critical state of public affairs, its acceptance was deferred until the 11th of March, when, after many abortive negotiations, the Marshal induced M. Buffet to form a Ministry.

There was little dissimilarity between the late Vice-president of the Council and his successor. The former loved liberty only when allied to royalty; the latter would not tolerate liberty unless it were controlled and trammelled by 'order' so stringent as to be nearly akin to tyranny: his conservatism overshadowed, if it did not extinguish, freedom.

The birth of the new Constitution necessarily implied the dissolution of the Assembly which had been elected in 1871—an Assembly in which indecision and dissension had reigned supreme; an Assembly that, bewildered by the broadly marked variety of its wishes, ever feared to give full scope to its power; an Assembly very imperfectly representing French political opinion, yet, with characteristic inconsistency, responding to that opinion by contributing to found the Republic.

The Chamber of Deputies, issue of the general election which had taken place on the 20th of February, 1876, presented a marked difference to the old Assembly, in the all-important fact that the majority instead of remaining with the Right crowded to the Left. The Senate also, which had been in great part elected on the 30th of January, showed a willingness to accept the Republic. The chief immediate effect of this change in the direction of political power was to overthrow the Buffet Ministry: the wishes of the nation were otherwise little heeded amidst the clamours of warring factions. It was, by no means surprising, indeed, that, under the supreme irritation caused by the result of the elections, the spirit of Party, then in the plenitude of a

strength pampered through many years, should show no sign of abatement when the mild and equitable sway of M. Dufaure had succeeded to the intolerant and grossly partial rule of M. Buffet. And yet it would be difficult to find, at any period of French history, a statesman better qualified than M. Dufaure to assuage the animosities of parties. His rare moderation, long experience, and perfect disinterestedness, admirably fitted him to guide the Republic in its then passion-stirred condition. But recent events seemed to have banished even the ghost of conciliation from the haunts in the Assembly where it had hitherto pally lingered. M. Dufaure was too liberal for the Right, too conservative for the Left. The veiled opposition which he encountered from those who professed to support the new *régime* was utterly indefensible, wanton, and impolitic. Intoxicated with success, the Republicans failed to perceive that moderation, wielded with the authority and eloquence of M. Dufaure, would be the best check to all assaults upon the young and yet unstable Republic. On this occasion the prudence which had so admirably served them since 1870 was absent: the old impracticable spirit seemed again to inspire them. To this irritating and grossly injudicious opposition, M. Dufaure, on the 2nd of December, 1876, succumbed; and on the 12th, M. Jules Simon accepted the vacant place in the Cabinet. To him a less adverse spirit was shown, mainly because the tone of his republicanism was somewhat less conservative than that of his predecessor. The current of Republican restlessness, however, was too strong to remain satisfied with the supposed advance thus achieved: it still chafed against many prudential restraints to its progress. The new Ministry soon found that it could rely with no certainty upon the consistent and steady support of the Left; whilst the members of the Right, exasperated and alarmed at the increasingly untoward drift which political affairs were taking, determined to make a supreme effort to recover their lost supremacy. They perversely refused to admit that they had squandered on unessentials the only moment which had presented itself favourable to their cause; and that, under existing circumstances, it would best besem them, for the repose of France, and indeed for the future of their own cherished *régime*, to adopt an attitude of mere expectancy. The extreme imprudence of the course which commended itself to each of the two great parties was so obvious that nothing but the influence of political fanaticism or passion could have induced either to adopt it. To the appeals for support to carry out their reactionary policy,

secretly and persistently addressed to him by the Right, Marshal MacMahon gave a no very reluctant assent. In political foresight he is conspicuously deficient; and his political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say personal, preferences strongly disposed him to side with the Right. On the 16th of May, 1877, he summarily dismissed M. Jules Simon, and reinstated the Duc de Broglie as President of the Council, with M. de Fourtou as Minister of the Interior.

THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY—as yet the most memorable and important day in the life of the Republic—witnessed a political act which, in depth of fatuity, has rarely if ever been surpassed. It was an act which sealed the death-warrant of the very ambitions it was intended to serve; an act which substantially affixed the corner-stone to the yet unfinished edifice of the Republic. It was done under the pretext of ‘order,’ and in the name of ‘conservatism:’ in reality it was a ‘legal’ *coup d’état*, an assumption of personal government for the furtherance of political projects hostile to the existing *régime*. There were days, sadly frequent, during the First Republic, when any analogous strain of authority would have been infinitely justifiable and praiseworthy. Then, indeed, ‘order’ and humanity itself were often outraged; but on the 16th of May not the faintest shadow of disorder could be detected; and, as to the form of government, the French people had recently declared, with unequivocal emphasis, their preference for the Republic. Indeed, the act of the 16th of May can only be extenuated as the random blow of expiring hope, the gambler’s last appeal to the dice—a supreme act of despair. The Republican majority in the Chamber had, no doubt, given many justifiable causes of umbrage to the defeated partisans of the Monarchy; and were but too prone to obtrude offensively the fact that their opponents had been weighed in the political balance and found wanting. They often indulged in the dangerous pastime of coquetting with Radical extravagances; and in truth they had sorely tried the patience of statesmen sincerely devoted to the Republic. For the most part, however, such unquiet displays were but the overflowing exultations of men just freed from an onerous obligation of political reticence and self-abnegation.

In spite of what was called the *Protestation* of the 363,—a motion of want of confidence in the Ministry, carried on the 19th of June by a majority numbering two-thirds of the Chamber,—the Government persisted in its determination to pursue a policy of resistance. It opened the campaign by an

attempt to snatch victory from the Ballot-box. On the 23rd of June, Marshal MacMahon, with the concurrence of the Senate, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. There were two courses open to the Government: either to overthrow the Republic by means of a military *coup d'état*, or, by straining legal forms to the utmost at the coming general election, to impose, as under the Empire, official candidates on the constituencies. The first alternative was dangerous, and yet more doubtful than dangerous. Civil war was an eventuality from which both Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie shrank with commendable prudence. The other alternative, therefore, though it must have sorely tried the valorous spirit of the Marshal, and the fastidious political taste of the Duke, was vigorously adopted. And what was the result of four months' untiring activity? Official candidates, and official interference, stooping to pick up crumbs of aid even in the most insignificant byways, signally failed. Never, perhaps, were political efforts so prodigiously unscrupulous followed by more bitter and justly merited disappointment.

The elections of the 14th of October, grossly swayed though they were by official pressure, re-affirmed the verdict of the French people, recorded only a few months before, in favour of the Republic. But defeat so thorough and hopeless was hard to digest; and it was only reluctantly that M. de Broglie was brought to acknowledge the stern logic of facts. When at length he retired, there yet lingered phantoms of dead hopes, among which was the expedient of a *Cabinet d'affaires*, thrust forward as a last feeble protest against Republican supremacy. Nor was the Marshal-President long in following into retreat his late chief political colleague and adviser. He had been warned by one of the most trusted leaders of the Republican party that he would have either 'to submit or to resign.' '*J'y suis, j'y reste*'—a resolve far easier to realize on the Malakoff bastion than in the Presidential chair. Uttered in the former position, it was but an audible sign of physical courage; in the latter, it was the utterance of a boast expressive alike of unseemly defiance and of a short-sighted ignorance which could perceive amidst the intricacies of the political future no possible conjuncture incompatible with its maintenance. Submission was tried. M. Dufaure was invited to form a Ministry, and to exert the moderation for which he was conspicuous, and the long political experience which gave him authority, to prop up the discredited Septennate. It was too late. The provocations so unwisely heaped

upon the Republican party could not be easily appeased. The Marshal was besieged by unpalatable demands. He had, with becoming deference, yielded to the will of France; now, in deference to the dictates of his own code of honour, he refused to follow the course prescribed by his political opponents; and on the 30th of January, 1879, with the banner which he had borne visibly tarnished, surrendered the Presidency of the Republic.

At this point, the Republic may be said to have reached clearly defined limits of a second stage. Here its probationary period closes, and it now enters into the uncontested possession of its sovereign rights. To the self-discipline hitherto commendably practised it was indebted, to an extent which it would be difficult to overestimate, not only for the acquisition of unexpected strength, but for a likely prospect of durability. There were two very prominent causes which had contributed to preserve it from the intemperate courses to which it seemed inveterately, if not innately, addicted, and to surround it with a sobering yet bracing atmosphere: the selection, by the Monarchical majority in the first Assembly, of Marshal MacMahon to succeed M. Thiers as Chief of the State, and the quasi *coup d'état* of the 16th of May. The Marshal was a Royalist President of the Republic, and the discipline of fear which he imposed upon the numerous Republican parties contributed to remove the asperities which sundered them, and to impart more cordial and ready unity to their action. The 16th of May gave effective, but not, it is to be feared, durable impression to this unity. Union brought strength and its usual concomitant, success. On the other hand, the Monarchical parties had no common bond of union except hostility to the Republic: on no other point affecting a determinate form of government was agreement possible. The result was a series of spasmodic movements generally in uncertain directions; or if any project assumed a serious aspect, it was either compromised by some inherent weakness in the action of its special advocates, or it was kept in a state of timid suspension by fear of intestine revolt. Though constrained in 1875 to accept a Republican Constitution, they made no truce with the Republicans. With the active support of the President of the Republic, they snatched the reins of Government from the hands of those who consistently held them, and made a final attack upon the Republic—an attack perilous in the extreme, and yet more impolitic than perilous. From this act of desperation the Legitimists emerged, not only

utterly discredited, and with their weakness in its fullest extent exposed to the light of day, but the halo of respect that had hitherto environed the Legitimate cause faded from the popular view; whilst the cause itself, now reduced to impotency, has probably passed to its final resting-place in the pages of history.

By yielding to the current of his feelings, Marshal MacMahon not only freed himself from duties for the due performance of which he could boast of very few qualifications, but he freed the Republic from the last link which had hitherto constrained her will. An immediate proof of this absolute emancipation presented itself in the selection of M. Jules Grévy to fill the position just vacated by the Marshal. No selection could have been more judicious. The present Chief of the State possesses in an eminent degree a quality rarely found in French statesmen, though exceptionally important to them, and pre-eminently so at the present time—political discretion. This by no means implies that he would compromise his political principles, but that he would render their practical application strictly amenable to equitable and moderate guidance. His political convictions are infinitely stronger than his political passions; passion, indeed, in any form finds very restricted scope in his nature. There is a serene dignity, both in his bearing and in his language, which is never impaired by the slightest admixture of affectation or of theatrical display. His principles, his professions, and his actions are ever in perfect accord. His temper is so profoundly calm and equable, that in its depths the unwary explorer might be led to anticipate the discovery of some trace of weakness; but all such speculations would lead to inevitable failure, for fear has no lurking-place there. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he inflexibly pursues, in a judicial spirit, and with judicial gravity, the moderate course which his judgment has traced out. On the other hand, though modesty and unobtrusiveness are by no means conspicuous features in the French character, M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, certainly presents them in exaggerated and injudicious forms. Aware of his countrymen's venial weakness for the pomp and glitter of external show, and of the hitherto indissoluble association popularly supposed to exist between imposing ceremonial and many of the official, and not a few unofficial, acts of the Chief of the State, he systematically abstains from gratifying such harmless tastes and prejudices. This apparently trivial deficiency in what may be termed

the holiday clothing of his office, probably creates more public dissatisfaction than M. Grévy is aware of. At all events, it is a marked, if not serious, deficiency in one elected to fill a position occupied until a recent date by a long and ostentatious line of sovereigns. To a limited extent, a just appreciation of M. Grévy's character is afforded in the few following words uttered by a political opponent, M. Schneider: 'At a time when the generality of statesmen are notoriously deficient in political integrity, it is a veritable pleasure to meet with a character so grave, so pure, so elevated as that of M. Grévy.'

From a state of accidental obligatory usurpation, through the semblance of legal life conferred by a tolerated name, onward to a vitality bestowed merely to minister, as a convenient temporary expedient, to hostile interests, the Republic emerged at length into a condition of untrammelled existence. A few months had wrought a thorough transformation in all the chief elements of power: the President of the Republic, the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the majority in the Senate, and—possibly for the mere caprice of giving completeness to the metamorphosis—the Ministry, were all replaced or radically modified. Yes, M. Dufaure, who had so materially aided to free the Republic from an arbitrary state of existence, was constrained, by the perverse restlessness of certain sections of the Left, to cede his place in the Cabinet to M. Waddington. The change was impolitic as well as ungrateful; for though it would have been difficult to detect any difference in the balance of conservative Republicanism professed by the two statesmen, the former enjoyed a visible preponderance in political influence. That influence might have saved the Cabinet from many weak hesitations and concessions. Its stern conservative bearing was sorely needed to resist the importunate pressure of Republican groups ever prone to agitation and to hasty experiments. Shorn of that influence, the Ministry soon became conscious of the ebbing of its authority; and, possessing no great consistency of character, and no firmness at all, was driven, after much bootless conciliation, and much feeble resistance, to seek in resignation escape from intolerable embarrassments.

It is universally admitted that the Waddington Administration conducted the foreign policy of France both with judicious moderation and with dignified firmness. Why was its conduct of Home Affairs so deficient in the latter of these qualities? The Cabinet was fortified by several votes of confidence passed by the Chamber of Deputies;



it possessed the cordial support of the President of the Republic; whilst to the political temper of the nation it responded yet more harmoniously. There can be little doubt that the resignation was referrible to a cause which has mainly contributed to destroy every French government, whether monarchical or republican, that has existed since the fall of the old Monarchy—an inveterate tendency in the dominant political party, urged and scared by intolerant adherents, to hurry with intemperate and tyrannic haste towards the extreme practical development of their distinctive political tenets. It was not M. Waddington, or even his policy, that gave weighty umbrage to the Left, but the fact that the Minister belonged to the Left Centre. Fortunately for the Republic, this change was more apparent than real; for immediately M. de Freycinet succeeded M. Waddington as President of the Council, he hastened to assure the Chamber that the Ministry was inspired by 'a prudent and circumspect policy, suited to the situation of France.' The policy thus broadly enunciated differed from that which M. Dufaure had practised mainly in the fact that it was not supported by equal political influence and experience. But, as already remarked, it came from the Left and not from the Left Centre; that was an amply compensating fact. No doubt, M. de Freycinet had garnered a considerable amount of popularity during his tenure of office as Minister of Public Works in M. Dufaure's Administration. The speeches which he delivered at that time in various parts of France repeatedly embodied, in emphatic language, the Republic which he desired to see established—'wise, liberal, progressive, and tolerant.' It may be assumed, moreover, that M. de Freycinet was trustingly regarded by those patriotic enthusiasts who, in 1870, believed that the victorious progress of the Germans could be checked, in spite of the disheartening absence of any disciplined French army to oppose it. The energy which, as Minister of War, signalized his conduct at Tours, where, in conjunction with other members of the Government, he exerted himself to stem the adverse course of events, or at least to prevent abruptness from adding its harsh features to defeat, was not forgotten. To this exciting period in his public career is also to be referred the commencement of a close political relationship between him and M. Gambetta. It was, indeed, mainly through the powerful influence of the President of the Chamber that he became Prime Minister. But the symptoms of independent political action which began to develope

themselves shortly after his elevation to the Premiership, culminating in his pacific and moderate speech at Montauban—a speech which raised him to a high place among contemporary French statesmen—rapidly disclosed a marked, if not hostile, difference between his political opinions, which the responsibilities of office had tempered with discretion, and those of the statesman whose political course power without responsibility had determined in a contrary direction.

To the absence of accord between the self appointed Dictator and the President of the Council may be clearly traced the enforced resignation of the latter on the 18th of September. This difference of opinion was not confined to the mode of carrying out the March Decrees, but, in its full expression, would probably represent a disagreement extending over a wide area of Home and Foreign policy. But though master of the situation, M. Gambetta prudently restrained his political ardour within the bounds of moderation. He insisted upon a literal interpretation and fulfilment of the Decrees, and M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous Seventh Clause in the Bill upon superior education, was fittingly installed President of the Council. Beyond this the new Cabinet differed but little from its predecessor, save, indeed, that, in reference to the external relations of France, it showed a positive determination towards a more defined policy of cautious reserve—M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, M. Thiers's *fidus Achates*, being chosen to succeed M. de Freycinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Reviewing the numerous Cabinet crises which, during the Presidency of M. Grévy, have palpably had their origin in Ministerial weakness, the last change was certainly less valid, less capable of vindication, less intelligible indeed, than any of those which preceded it. The chief responsibility for this seemingly chronic Ministerial instability is obviously referrible to the Republican majority. That majority includes many impulsive members who are continually urging it to attempt short cuts towards what they regard to be the goal of perfection. Hesitation is foreign to the nature of these political enthusiasts; and they rarely fail to show that supreme indifference to adverse or even dangerous probabilities which naturally characterizes all narrow devotion to a policy of extremes. There is also, as the events just narrated prove, another notably disturbing influence to which the Cabinet often finds itself subjected. It is asserted by some that this influence derives its source and activity from the patriotism, by others from the ambition, of the President of the

sire to withdraw all reflection and opinion on her own part, and has produced what we are fain to regard as a work likely to become one of our standard English biographies. Certainly the elevated and even heroic character of the subject, and the reticence and self-expression of the biographer, combine to render this nothing more than the desert of the book.

*Edgar Quinet. His Early Life and Writings.*

By RICHARD HEATH. With Portraits, Illustrations, and an Autographic Letter. Trübner and Co.

Messrs. Trübner have certainly done well to add this work to their 'English and Foreign Philosophical Library,' as certainly as Mr. Heath has done a service to English literature in writing it. Edgar Quinet has had no memorial in English literature hitherto, except in the form of some scattered review articles. The most acceptable of these, perhaps, was that of Professor Edward Dowden, which, however, aimed at too much for complete success. For Edgar Quinet was a man of many-sided mind and purpose. It has been well said that he restored a conscience to France. In him we see the moral and patriotic spirit combined with a truly philosophical and humanitarian impulse. If France laid chains on the neck of Germany in the eighteenth century, infecting and materializing all her culture, and weakening her for effective political constructions, Edgar Quinet may be named the chosen medium of conveying into French literature and French culture generally the moralizing and expansive ideas of Germany which had already borne fruit in their own land; and surely this is a service great enough to demand the most grateful appreciation and the most careful study even at this day. He was a poet and philosopher, but it may be said also that he was an active and practical influence. One of his greatest claims to notice is that he interpreted to his countrymen the leading ideas of Herder, and recommended them by his enlightened enthusiasm, his grace of style, and personal fascination. His was precisely such a mind as was fitted for the task. While he had a passion for ideas, he corrected them continually by reference to the outstanding facts of individual and national life. And he restored Religion to its due and sovereign place as a primary agent in the history of humanity, seeing in Jesus Christ the most absolute embodiment of the religious spirit that has appeared. Religion was with him, as with Herder, inevitable and essential, and could not be ignored if humanity was to be viewed in its entirety. From Madame de Staël Quinet had learned as well as from Herder; and the truly patriotic sacrifices that she underwent rather than bend the knee to Napoleon, or prostrate her genius before the idol, had its own effect on his mental life. In addition to his rare powers of thought, and his quick intuitive penetration, he had all the fine sympathy of the poet, which powerfully appears otherwise than in his somewhat diffuse, mystical, and at the same time over-

systematic poems. And when, in addition to this, we have regard to that feeling for nature, and that satisfaction in communion with her, which formed so peculiar an element in his life, we can realize more fully the repose, the complete serenity, the hopes realized on which he dwells with such satisfaction. 'No object of the earth has deceived me,' he says. 'Each of them has proved itself precisely that which it promised. Even the most trivial of things have made good for me what they announced. Flowers, odours, the spring, youth, the happy life in the land of one's birth, good things desired and possessed, did they give pledge of being eternal? And so also it has been with men. No friendship on which I reckoned has failed me; misfortune has even given me some on which I had no right to reckon. I have found men as constant as things themselves.' How different this is from the usual vein of reflection on the part of sensitive and highly imaginative Frenchmen. Quinet's prerogative is that he sees all things in the light of his serene soul; and though he does in no way transfigure or render falsely, he perceives them in their true perspective. 'He attended truly to the course of his inner life; and discovered the entire series of the ages buried, as it were, in his mind,' as Herder declared that one would; and if he is no historian, he writes the philosophy of history. In spite, therefore, of the air of philosophy and of generalization which first presents itself in the writings of Quinet, their secret is really autobiographical. We feel ourselves in a fine air, in communion with a beautiful soul. His 'Confessions' lie under his generalizations, as in a palimpsest, and it is because we thus feel the throb of his heart in close communion with humanity under all his propositions that he still has so great a value for thoughtful and refined minds. Such a biography as that of Mr. Heath is well fitted to be an introduction, and will be welcomed even after Chassin has been studied. He shows us the influences amongst which Quinet grew, the opposing characters that had so marked an effect in the formation of his youthful mind. That old and exacting grandmother is truly admirable, and in his mother we have the most telling contrast to her. We could dwell on his early days with their rich lessons through many pages. We can only find the space to add that Mr. Heath's work bears on every page the proof that it was, as he claims, a labour of love. No pains have been spared; the little woodcuts, liberally introduced, are works of art; and we have here the first portion of a biography which, without blinking any defects in the subject, presents him faithfully in the light of his own ideal, which all true biographies should do. Mr. Heath must before long finish his work by a second volume; for here he stops at the most interesting point with a delivery of the driest philosophy of which Quinet was capable, and that would be a grievous wrong to us, were it not, that, like *Oliver Twist*, we 'ask for more,' and have full faith in getting it, to round off and perfect and complete the story



of a life richer than most in lesson and in generous suggestion.

*Life and Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq.*

By C. T. FORSTER and F. H. B. DANIELL.  
Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In this new and complete translation—the first in English since the imperfect version published by Robert Urie, in 1761—of the famous letters of the Seigneur de Busbecq, Messrs. Forster and Daniell have done a good service, which they have rendered still more acceptable by a very interesting Life, for which M. Dalle of Busbecq has kindly furnished them with some fresh matter. It is a curious coincidence that two neighbouring communes of Belgium should within sixty years have given their names to two of the best diarists of any time, Philippe de Comines and Ogier de Busbecq; writers as diverse in literary standpoint (the elder still steeped in the ideas of feudalism, the younger bright with the new humanity of the Renaissance) as they were akin in loyalty to their masters and keenest observation of men and manners. The popularity of Busbequius—as his name was Latinized—in the 17th and 18th centuries, contrasts strangely with the neglect into which he has fallen since. Nor even then did the popularity of the Turkish itineraries extend to all the letters in the present volumes. Those addressed from Paris to the Emperor Maximilian on the affairs of France were printed only in one rare edition. The reason in either case is not far to seek. To modern readers the correspondences are simply curious—letters of introduction as it were which admit him to a personal acquaintance with the French and Turkish courts, while the one was in the agony of the religious wars and the other drunk with almost limitless power—and enable him to correct by information at first hand a few details in the generally accepted histories. To the men of Busbequius' time, and of at least a century after his death, the special Turkish letters were precious documents of State, storehouses of knowledge from which might be drawn all manner of instruction against that common enemy of whom Christendom up to the days of Prince Eugene continued to cherish a mysterious dread. No wonder if they were translated into half-a-dozen languages and disseminated within some 150 years through more than twenty different editions. The author himself and his family are not less worthy of study than his writings. The Seigneurs de Busbecq are as typical of their time—though of its warlike and more chivalric side—as any Italian follower of Catherine de Medicis or *mignon* of her worthless son. Although the pretty story told by M. Rouziere of the boy Ogier's introduction to Charles V. is too clearly one of the myths that have grown up around this faithful servant of three emperors, it is plain the illegitimate son of George Ghiselin II. and his servant-maid must have been a child of no common promise to have been brought up from the first for higher things than a mere hanger-on of the Seigneur's *château*, and sub-

sequently legitimized at no little cost. The editors show good reason for their belief, that George Halluin, the friend of Erasmus, and connection both of the Ghiselins and of Comines, himself directed the young Ogier's studies. It is certain that his distinction as a student at Louvain contributed greatly to his early legitimization. In the train of Don Pedro Lasso, the Emperor Ferdinand's envoy to the English court at the marriage of Queen Mary with her nephew Philip, Busbequius made his first entry into that diplomatic career which was thenceforth to furnish the occupation of his life. It was in consequence of the high opinion formed of him by Don Pedro that when Malvezzi, the imperial ambassador at Constantinople, was compelled to retire through infirmities brought on by his imprisonment in the Black Tower on the Bosphorus, Busbequius was at once invited to a post which required no common abilities to fill, but which men of ability, under the circumstances, were naturally not over eager to accept. The courage, good temper, and ready wit with which the ambassador discharged the duties of his office, though nose and ears, not to say life itself, were frequently in jeopardy, and the dexterity with which he kept the mighty Solymán amused, when to gain time was to gain everything, have been a little obscured by the very brilliancy of his pictures of Turkish life in the palmiest days of the Ottoman supremacy. Although much of the most noteworthy matter in these letters, such as his travels in Anatolia, his descriptions of Turkish military discipline, the tragic tales of the Princes Mustapha and Bajazet, has been since repeatedly re-told, the Herodotean naturalness of the general narrative is still as pleasing to the 19th century as it could ever have been to 16th century readers. The details of the ambassador's daily life, described with a vivacity never surpassed, and rarely equalled by the skilfullest word-painter of later times, still offer at every turn points of historic or antiquarian interest. The letters written to the emperors Maximilian and Rudolph from Paris—whither, after returning from his eight years' residence in Turkey, Busbequius was dispatched at first to watch over the interests of Maximilian's sister, the widowed Queen of Charles IX. of France, and subsequently to send home reports, as a sort of unaccredited envoy, on French policy under Henri III., with especial reference to the revolt in the Netherlands—though their subject-matter is perhaps more commonplace, are no whit inferior in *verve* and freshness, and portray the French *gentilhomme* of that day with greater decorum, but with a vivid colouring and truthfulness of drawing which Brantome himself could not possibly excel. The editors' translation, if somewhat lacking the racy quaintness of the older versions—a want scarcely made up by an occasional colloquialism, the verb 'to dodge' being a frequent favourite on these occasions—is on the other hand much more accurate. The notes and appendices, and above all, the 'Sketch of Hungarian History during the reign of Soly-

man,' will be found most useful to those who would make or renew that acquaintance with Busbecq which our modern craving for original records and first authorities should render additionally desirable. We should add that the edition concludes, as all such editions should, with a very excellent index.

*Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century to 1884.* By PERCY M. THORNTON. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

It is a grave truth that a line of national policy is very largely the result of a minister's individuality; neither the force and form of events nor the collective counsel of his colleagues can neutralize the clear purpose of a strong individual will; and the more able the minister the more predominant his personal purpose becomes. We have often realized this both in our home government and our foreign policy, and never, perhaps, more disastrously than in the late government of Lord Beaconsfield. In home government, moreover, there are parliamentary and other checks to individual will, from which the minister of foreign politics is comparatively free, so that the nation has often been committed to a course of policy which it had not information enough to check in its inception, and which when comprehended had gone too far for reversal. The wrong-headed policy which led to the Afghan and Zulu wars, and which Mr. Gladstone's government, however it may reverse its principles, can do but little to repair, is a striking illustration. This throws a very grave responsibility upon constituencies.

The power of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs is therefore exceptionally great. In reading Mr. Thornton's volumes we are again and again made to feel it. The very destiny of nations has seemed sometimes to turn upon the diplomatic ability of men like Lord Castlereagh and Lord Palmerston. Often it has been a blessing for the world that our Foreign Secretary has been a man of exceptional power. A weak or wilful diplomatist, especially at great crises, such as the settlement of Europe after the great war at the Vienna Congress, or the settlement of the Eastern Question at Berlin two years ago, may compromise the well-being of nations and the harmony of Europe.

But this makes the task of writing the memoirs of Foreign Secretaries an almost insuperable one. It involves, in fact, a review of the history of Europe. The individual biographical incidents are necessarily very subordinate. The purpose is not to write the biographies of men who have been Foreign Secretaries, but to estimate their official character and doings. Accordingly, Mr. Thornton passes very rapidly over all matters of personal incident or characterization not connected with official history, and gives his chief strength to the latter. It follows of necessity that his work is little more than a criticism upon the chief events of European history comprised within the period marked out. Fully to appreciate it there needs a

familiar acquaintance with the history itself, the references to it being mainly allusive, and the purpose an attempt to appraise individual ability and policy in relation to it. The book, therefore, is more valuable to the instructed politician than it can be to ordinary readers, who do not possess the general knowledge necessarily taken for granted.

Hence, too, both the judgments and the colouring depend largely upon the personal political opinions of the writer. Mr. Thornton has manifestly done his best to qualify himself for his task by acquainting himself with political history and literature. He strives, too, to be impartial, but now and then political sympathies reveal themselves, as when he justifies by allusion recent policy in Afghanistan and Turkey (vol. ii. pp. 292, 294), and thinks (vol. ii. p. 308) that Lord Aberdeen strove hard to prevent the disruption of the Scotch Church in 1848. In one sense, of course, this is true; but perhaps to no one man's political wrong-headedness is the issue more due. He makes out a better case, and one sustained by very diversified testimony, in his elaborate defence of Lord Castlereagh (vol. ii. p. 164). We can hardly think from his veiled polemic here and there against democratic power that Mr. Thornton would have aided in passing the Reform Bill, the results of which, however, he is constrained cautiously to laud. But we cannot discuss the political judgments of which the whole work consists. We can only thus indicate the attitude or sympathies of the judge. We think, too, that Mr. Thornton goes perilously near to wrong when he so euphemizes and apologizes for the profligacy of George IV. (vol. ii. p. 282). We cannot congratulate Mr. Thornton upon his literary style. Throughout it is stiff and awkward. It abounds in exaggerated phrases and strong epithets, not always selected congruously. Its grammatical structure is often at fault, while the sentences are put together in a very clumsy way, thus, 'Absence from the ordinary sensitiveness of human nature frequently appears not to accompany genius.' 'England had unfulfilled her part of the alliance, when,' &c. The work, however, is carefully compiled, and its judgments are studiously fair, although we do not always agree with them. It will be valuable to political and historical students, if not always for guiding their judgments, yet by supplying the evidence and the references whereby judgments are to be formed.

*The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg.* By ANNE AYRES. Sampson Low and Co.

We have here a biographical record of a very earnest and devoted man. As the name implies, the Muhlenbergs were German by extraction, and the founder of the American branch of the family was born at Eimbeck, in Hanover, in the year 1711. Going to America, he traversed a great part of the country, and eventually settled at Trappe,

Pennsylvania. The subject of the present work was born at Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1796. His father was successively Treasurer of his native State, President of the Convention which ratified the constitution of the United States, Member of Congress, and first Speaker of the House of Representatives under Washington's administration. The education of young Muhlenberg was at first entrusted to the Quakers. He was subsequently sent to the Philadelphia Academy, and then to the grammar school of the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained for three years. At the close of his college course he graduated with honours. He proposed to enter the Church, and took part in many philanthropic movements. As an example of his efforts in regard to education it may be mentioned that he obtained the passage of a Bill through the legislature, making the city of Lancaster, where he resided, the second public school district in the State, Philadelphia being the first. Muhlenberg twice visited Europe, and we have pleasant reminiscences of flying visits to Oxford and London, where he met J. H. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and F. D. Maurice. Dr. Newman especially seems to have greatly impressed him. Pusey considered Dr. Muhlenberg the most interesting visitor who had yet come to England from the United States. The latter observed of Maurice, 'He is a lovely man, and just such an one as you would fancy from his books.' Muhlenberg did great and good work in New York. He was a zealous anti-slavery man, supporting President Lincoln in the period of terrible crisis through which the United States passed some twenty years ago. The beneficent work by which Muhlenberg will be chiefly remembered was the foundation of St. Johnland, which he began in his seventieth year. St. Johnland was a brotherhood, established for the following purposes: First, to provide cheap and comfortable homes, with the means of social and moral improvement, for deserving families of the working classes; secondly, to maintain a home for aged men in destitute circumstances, and to care for the friendless and the crippled; thirdly, to assist indigent boys and young men who desired literary education, with a view to the gospel ministry; and lastly, to give form and practical application to the principles of brotherhood in Christ in the community of St. Johnland. In this Christian settlement noble work was achieved. Its founder, who was most benevolent in disposition, died very poor, in his eightieth year. On his tombstone, which is erected in St. Johnland, is inscribed the words, 'In testimony of those evangelical catholic principles to which, as the founder of St. Johnland, he consecrated it.' This work conveys wise, good, and useful lessons. It is the biography of a man whose humanitarian principles and catholic Christian spirit are well worthy of emulation.

*The Makers of Florence.* Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Third and Cheaper Edition. Macmillan and Co.

This is, perhaps, the best book of the many Mrs. Oliphant has written. This third and popular edition shows that its great claim has been recognized. In addition to the three great representative names on the title-page, the volume contains sketches of Arnolfo, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Pandolfini, Fra Angelico, Sant' Antonio, and other more or less illustrious citizens, the whole woven into a graceful tissue of description and history. It is a romance of complex civilization, of which history, art, and religion are the great factors.

*Men Worth Remembering.* Robert Hall. By Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. By DONALD FRASER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hood has delineated Robert Hall very successfully. A wide range of knowledge, a fine instinctive perception, and considerable literary aptitude, make this memoir about the best delineation of the great preacher that we know. Much as one is struck with the marvellous eloquence and general intellectual power of Robert Hall, perhaps a still deeper impression is made by his grand simplicity and godly greatness. A man who might have commanded the highest station was so utterly impracticable, from his lofty and spiritual conception of his ministry, that he remained the simple Baptist minister which he was when he began his professional life, while his class-mate Mackintosh and others of his fellow students, who revered him to the last as greater than they all, attained to high place and dignities. Next to Dr. Stanford's Philip Doddridge, in this series, we place the volume of Mr. Hood. Although inferior to Robert Hall both in power and culture, Dr. Chalmers had some of the characteristics that distinguished him. Interesting contrasts in the eloquence of the two men, both so great in the pulpit, might be drawn, also of the different work which they did in the Church of Christ. Dr. Fraser has retold the familiar story of Dr. Chalmers's life with lucidity and sympathy. Almost necessarily he has largely epitomized the bulky work of Dr. Hanna. His sketch lacks the *vivida vis animi* which characterizes that of Mr. Hood, but his portraiture of the great preacher, and of the Moses of the Church exodus, is both interesting and popular.

*New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail.* By A. A. HAYES, Jun. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Books about Colorado, since Mr. Hepworth Dixon's amusing sketch of Denver City in its infancy, have been on the whole numerous rather than varied. A strong family likeness runs through them all; and if Mr. Hayes's neatly illustrated volume is in every way an exception, it is chiefly that the humours of the wild West, and its familiar romance of lucky miners, daring 'road agents' (*Anglicè*, highwaymen), and enterprising stage-drivers are to be found therein in even unusual profusion. On the other hand it can claim to depict

Colorado in its newest aspect, since, that is to say, the great development of mining enterprise which commenced about three years ago, and to contain, beside the customary amount of florid description, not a few pages which may prove permanently useful to those who visit 'the Centennial State' in search of health, or fortune, or amusement. Perhaps the best chapter is that from which the book derives its second title, or the account of the failure of the Confederate attempt to march northward from Texas upon Colorado, and joining hands with the Mormons of Utah, cut off and occupy the Pacific States. An episode this of the great civil war which has been somewhat undeservedly obscured by the events occurring contemporaneously east of the Mississippi.

*At Home in Fiji.* By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. William Blackwood and Sons.

Miss Gordon Cumming has already given us ample evidence of her capacity to observe, to reflect, and to describe effectively, in her 'From the Hebrides to the Himalayas,' which was simply a delightful book, fresh and vigorous, and with no drawback of conventional conceptions. She brings an open heart and a fresh eye with her; and if it be true, as Carlyle was so fond of saying, that the 'eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing,' he always supplemented this axiom by another, 'the heart sees further than the head.' Miss Gordon Cumming went out as a guest of the Governor of Fiji, and stayed in the island about two years, making, however, a trip to New Zealand in an interval. Her book recounts the experience of a few years ago, but it suffers little from the delay in publication, which is not fully explained. Many besides herself and her host have to be congratulated on the circumstance that she has visited and written of Fiji. She has done for it what only a very select few could have done: she interests us in it. She brings the people near to us, and by her vivid and graceful pictures lets us see the scenes among which she journeyed. And, truth to say, she must be a very energetic kind of guest—never inclined to let time pass without improvement and additions to her experiences, all of which she conveys lightly and gracefully, and often with a subdued touch of fun. And yet she is never in too great a hurry to receive an impression. She has the true traveller's gift—a gift which is often affected in the literary reminiscence, but is more seldom reached in the actual circumstances—the power to make the best of the people, and to appreciate their good points. This implies not only sympathy, but a kind of fine creative instinct—a nature nicely attuned to the true and deeper notes of 'human nature.' Many will be surprised to hear from her that the natives of Fiji are now dignified, polite, kind, and hospitable; and that the Wesleyan missionaries deserve not a little credit for this result; there being 'no fewer than fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches.' Her account of her cruise in the Wesleyan Mis-

sionary schooner is very far from being the least lightsome or instructive of the chapters in these volumes, and does full justice to the zealous missionary workers. The Fijians are declared to be as vastly superior to the Polynesians as the Maoris are to the Australian blacks. Considering that scarcely a generation has passed since they were not only brutal and ferocious savages, but cannibals of a very repulsive type—of which Miss Gordon Cumming gives some very revolting instances—their present condition is one of the most remarkable phenomena to be witnessed. The Fijians, we learn, did not eat men, as some of the Australian blacks did, from necessity, nor as other savage tribes have done, from revenge, but from choice and confirmed liking. They were epicures in human flesh; and, just as in old days of Scottish warfare, the chief's wife would present her men-folk with a dish of spurs, to show that the larder was empty, so a Fijian housewife would display the bare bones of a human body to indicate that her cook's coffers were empty of forage. The father of King Theekombau not seldom returned from his adventurous exploits with the 'bodies of infants hanging from the yard-arm of his canoe, as tribute exacted from their parents.' Like the wild beasts, the Fijians must slay their own prey—this fact, as it would appear, adding a zest to the dish. Miss Gordon Cumming says, on the unseavoursy subject of their cookery—

'I have been told about one great feast for which nineteen gigantic puddings were prepared, the two largest being respectively nineteen and twenty feet in circumference. Verily our familiar Scottish haggis must bow to these Fijian cousins, and confess himself to be no longer the chieftain of the pudding race.'

The wonderful progress made in Fiji can thus perhaps be realized. It is not only the grave and horrible side of Fijian life that Miss Gordon Cumming deals with in the past or in the present. She describes with great animation the amusements, the *mékés* or dances, the rarer customs which still survive and struggle with Christian influence. There is a decided touch of poetry about some of her descriptions, particularly of that graceful *méké* which represents the breaking of a wave on a coral reef—'a poetic idea admirably rendered,' as she justifiably says, and with some pride, as it would appear, in her *protégés*. She has much, too, to tell of many of the native arts, the practice of which, we regret to hear, is rapidly dying out. On the whole, the volume is admirable alike for the knowledge of a little known country and people communicated to us, and for the fine spirit of sympathy that pervades the work. Only one criticism we have to make. This is, that here, as in the case of Miss Bird's book about Japan, we have instances of the laxness and repetition into which the most gifted lady writers are apt to fall when they adopt the epistolary form. It is easy in some respects, but the faults incident to it are almost unavoidable. And yet there is a certain lightness

and familiarity inseparable with it, for which perhaps no carefulness and pruning could altogether compensate in the hands of lady writers; so perhaps we had better be content with the 'good the gods provide us.'

*Incidents on a Journey through Nubia and Darfoor.* By F. SIDNEY ENSOR, C.E. W. H. Allen and Co.

A railway to connect Darfoor with Egyptian civilization and commerce! Verily the world moves very fast. In 1874 Darfoor was annexed to Egypt by Ismail Pasha. Its reported fertility determined him to connect it with Old Dongola on the Upper Nile by a railway, and Mr. Ensor was sent with a suitable convoy to survey the route down the Wady Malik, from Old Dongola to El Fasher—a distance of some six hundred miles. Whether any steps towards constructing the railway have been taken, or how it is proposed to work it when constructed, Mr. Ensor does not tell us. Nothing very remarkable happened to him, but in a lively way he describes the desert, and tells little illustrative incidents. The air of the desert is in his book, and it has transported us back very pleasantly to old days of camel-riding, Arab life, and evening *fantasias*, although it was not our lot to meet with a Rebecca such as Mr. Ensor encountered.

*Blacks, Boers, and British.* A Three-cornered Problem. By F. REGINALD STATHAM. Macmillan and Co.

There are many books written upon colonial affairs whose authors are scarcely entitled to speak from sufficiency of personal experience. This is not the case with the present volume. Mr. Statham lived in South Africa for upwards of three years, and his position as editor of the 'Natal Witness' enabled him to gain considerable insight into the affairs and politics of the Cape. He not unnaturally complains of the ignorance which prevails in many circles upon Cape matters, and his own work is to be praised because it shows that he did not allow himself to be biased by colonial prejudices. He determined to sift the difficult three-cornered problem for himself, and his independent judgment is therefore entitled to respect. With regard to the Zulu war—like many others who are competent to speak upon this question—he throws the responsibility for it upon Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Bartle Frere alone. This is the view which history will take of that war; such at least is our conviction. Mr. Statham observes upon this subject that 'the sin is not the colonists' but that of the pro-consul, whose reputation would have enabled him to inaugurate in South Africa a policy of peace and moderation, but who, deliberately choosing the lower road, stirred up every base and bitter passion, and threw five millions of imperial treasure into the sea.' The treasure lost is of course bad enough, but it is a want of regard for the sacredness of human life which we most complain of. The author believes that from the perfect confidence which the colonists had in Sir Bartle Frere, he was able

to lead them wherever he chose. How, then, can we absolve him from the gravest censure for the course which he ultimately took? But Mr. Statham is also severe upon our colonial policy all through, no matter by whom administered. He considers that it is the purposeless, colourless, unstable drifting hither and thither of the colonial office that is absolutely destructive of all confidence and all respect on the part of South African colonists towards the home government. Mr. Statham is not without remedies for the miserable condition of things which has so long existed. For example, amongst other things, he points out that anything which helps forward railway construction in South Africa is a distinct addition to the chances of permanent union as well as of internal development. 'If, being saved from a war that would have cost ten millions and advantaged you nothing, you could bring your mind to spend half that sum, or to guarantee the interest on it, in furthering railway construction in South Africa, you would soon see cause to feel that you had done well. The railway is your civilizer and consolidator of British rule in that part of the empire, and not the cannon and the bayonet.' Mr. Statham brings out a goodly number of home truths which deserve to be pondered, and even those who are opposed to the policy he advocates in South African affairs might learn many things from his little volume with advantage.

*Life in Western India.* By Mrs. GUTHRIE, Author of 'Through Russia,' &c. Hurst and Blackett.

Mrs. Guthrie's previous volumes of travel were received with considerable favour, which is also likely to be accorded to this her latest work. She writes in a very sprightly and interesting manner; and without this, records of adventure are apt to be very dull. Western India is, perhaps, less known than any other part of our great Eastern dependency, at least by means of such details as Mrs. Guthrie furnishes. We have here no dry geographical survey of a large tract of country, but rather the fresh and vivid impressions made upon a thoughtful mind through the medium of a quick, observant eye. A good deal of information is conveyed upon Hindoo life and customs, while the outer aspects of nature are faithfully described. The prodigality of nature in India would scarcely be imagined by one who has not read of its marvellous fecundity in this respect, both as regards animal and vegetable life. The author treats tolerably fully this branch of her subject. She also gives some curious particulars of life in Belgaum, as well as concerning the origin of medicine in the East. She skips from one topic to another in a chatty and agreeable way, and this alone would prevent her volumes from being heavy reading. Some, perhaps, might desiderate a little more method, but with greater formality in composition and the arrangement of subjects we might have lost much of the charm which these entertaining volumes now undoubtedly possess.



*Bush Life in Queensland: or, John West's Colonial Experiences.* By A. C. GRANT. William Blackwood and Sons.

Those who open this book expecting to find a dry record of travel will be disappointed. On the contrary, the experiences of some years in Queensland are thrown into the most interesting form of a story, and the whole thing is treated with an amount of literary skill which makes the work doubly interesting. Mr. Grant has been more fortunate than many people who have left their own hospitable native shores of England. We learn from his preface that at an advanced age his mother crossed the seas to assist her son in subduing the wilderness. We are not surprised that the family should have encountered trials and difficulties, for that is the lot of all emigrants; but it is not always—not even frequently we are afraid—that the devotion, courage, and steadfastness of a parent are ready to smooth the way for pioneers from Britain in some distant colony. It is more than possible that as Queensland becomes better known it will be a favourite field with emigrants. Certainly, in most respects its climate bears comparison with that of the British Islands. We shall not endeavour to discount the interest of the story of John West—which we may presume to be that of the author—by unfolding it to our readers; we will hope that they will make acquaintance with it themselves. Emigrants are not utterly without recreations and amusements, nor is the sentiment of love unknown amongst them, as one of the chapters in these volumes testifies. Amongst other things, also, the reader will find farming, exploring, cattle-raising, gold-finding, and innumerable other topics treated of here. Altogether the narrative is most interesting.

*Chili: Sketches of Chili and the Chilians during the War, 1879-1880.* By R. NELSON BOYD, F.R.G.S. W. H. Allen and Co.

Mr. Boyd modestly disclaims any considerable purpose in the publication of the present work, which he states consists only of the notes made by a traveller desirous of gleaning some knowledge during a journey through the country. But this is the principle upon which every book of travel should be compiled, and the measure of success will be in proportion to the observation of the writer and his power of expressing himself. In both these respects our author is very fairly successful. Chili is a very interesting country, and within a very small compass Mr. Boyd manages to convey a good deal of information concerning it. He has not adopted any method of classification in his chapters, taking things as they come, and describing them accordingly. He shows with regard to the late war between Chili and Peru and Bolivia, that while it ostensibly arose on a question of taxes, the dispute really had its origin in the matter of unsettled boundaries. It appears that, according to the last census, taken in 1875, the population of the Chilean Republic amounted to 2,075,971, consisting of 1,033,974 men, and 1,041,997 women. The statis-

tics concerning the Europeans alone in the Republic exhibited an enormous disproportion between men and women, the former numbering almost four to one of the latter. As regards climate, the range of the country from the 23rd parallel south to the 50th includes every variation of temperature, from an almost tropical heat to a nearly glacial cold. The reader will find himself entertained by this volume, which is embellished by many autotype engravings.

*France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century.* By KARL HILLEBRAND. Trübner and Co.

This translation of a German work by Karl Hillebrand naturally suggests comparison, as regards one portion of it at least, with a volume on 'French Home Life,' which appeared a few years ago. The latter was written in a more sprightly and vivacious style, and exhibited perhaps in certain respects keener observation; but the German writer is more profound, and his criticisms, even when a little out of date, are well worthy of study. He has been told that his book is too French for a German, and too German for a Frenchman; but this is perhaps the best tribute that could be paid to it, for it shows that he has endeavoured to hold the scales of justice with an even hand. As he says, it has been his object neither to praise nor to blame, but to understand; and where there is so much heat between two nationalities as between the French and the German, it proves no little power of repression when an author is able to keep his own sentiments in the background. It must be remembered that it is only of modern France that the author is writing; 'for ancient France he has as sincere an admiration as any one. Every cultivated person knows what she once did in philanthropy, science, and literature; and it is only necessary to imagine the names of Scaliger, Montaigne, Pascal, Descartes, Bayle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Laplace, and Cuvier omitted from the history of European culture, to gain some conception of the grand and, on the whole, beneficent influence which the French mind has had on Europe and mankind.' With regard to the difficult science of government also, 'the history of few nations can show such statesmen and administrators as Henri IV. and Sully, Richelieu and Mazarin, Louvois and Colbert, and the whole of the Napoleonic school.' Towards his own countrymen Herr Hillebrand assumes a perfectly frank attitude; and admits, amongst other things, that before the political successes of the modern Germans the evil spirit of arrogance appeared in the German scientific world, and claimed for the Germans the part of a chosen people. 'The German saw only too clearly the mote in his neighbour's eye, and laughed heartily at his pretentiousness in imagining that he headed the march of civilization, while all the time he was himself very innocently displaying the beam in his own eye, and talking of the superiority of German culture as if it were a self-evident fact.' This



is tolerably plain speaking to one's own kindred. In the first part of his work the author discourses pleasantly, and, so far as we are able to discover, with general accuracy, upon society and literature in France. With regard to the former, he holds that the chief virtues of the French nation are conditional on a peaceful, regular course of affairs; they all aim at what is expedient, not at what is good in itself. Of the system of education he does not speak very highly. There is an interesting chapter upon the reflex influence which Paris and the provinces exercise over each other. Touching the literature of France, he believes that the higher comedy of the Second Empire will share the fate of its poetry and novels, and that in twenty years less will be heard of it than is now after two centuries heard of the novels of D'Urfé and Mdlle. Scudéry. The second portion of the work is devoted entirely to the subject of the political life of France. The writer desiderates for France a strong ruler, who could assure to the nation a certain continuity of government, at the same time inspiring it with a conviction of his power, and of his determination to use it. He believes that such a ruler will yet arise. On Burns's principle that we ought to 'see ourselves as others see us,' the French would do well to peruse these criticisms by an outsider.

*Vallombrosa.* By W. W. STORY. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

An account of a visit to Vallombrosa and its classical woodland beauties, described as few but the author of 'Roba di Roma' can describe them; keen in perception of natural beauty, artistic in its grouping, and exquisite in its details, with an account of its famous monastery and its fortunes—despoiled by Napoleon I., then restored, and finally abolished with other Italian monasteries. Mr. Story makes a vigorous protest against the confiscation by government of the property of monks and nuns, to whom he thinks compensation should on principles of equity be given. And he describes with much sympathy the present condition of the peasantry, who undoubtedly have suffered greatly; but even he too lets us see some indications that it is only the suffering of a transition state, by and by liberty and manhood may produce better fruits than serfdom and mendicancy. A more charming little book has not often come into our hands.

*Our Own Country, Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial.* Vol. III. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Roving about at his own sweet will, the compiler conducts us from Norwich to Newark, from Newark to the Wye, thence to Aberdeen, the Merioneth Coast, the New Forest, North Devon, Killarney, Oxford, Loch Maree, Manchester, and a dozen more places, and about each he has something interesting to tell us, and tells it in an interesting way. It is a charming miscellany profusely illustrated, and reveals to us how

much in our own country there is that is both historical and picturesque.

*The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century.* By JULES VERNE. Translated by N. D'Anvers. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

This forms the third and concluding volume of M. Verne's 'Celebrated Travels and Travelers,' and we do not doubt that the favourable reception which was given to the two previous volumes will also be accorded to their successor. One is struck with the great mass of interesting matter, geographical, ethnological, and other, which is here compacted together; bespeaking as it does no small amount of research, and still more affording fresh evidence of that instinctive perception of the popular which is, to a large extent, the secret of the author's success in his numerous works. It must be said, however, that M. Verne is scarcely so fascinating in this volume as he is in such a book as 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea;' his pen evidently moves most freely when the conditions of his work allow for a fuller play of imagination: here sometimes we feel that he is stiff and constrained in style. A preliminary chapter is devoted to a general survey of explorations by Seetzen, Burckhardt, Webb, and others in the East in the early part of the century—a survey very interesting so far as it goes, but superficial. The value of the work, however, grows as it advances, the story of African travel evidently drawing out the author's enthusiasm more successfully; and the expeditions of Clapperton and the Landers are narrated with greater fulness, and with more sympathy. M. Verne has evidently been attracted by the simplicity of Lander's narrative, upon which he draws largely; and few more touching pictures could be drawn than that of the burial of poor Clapperton in a foreign land by his devoted followers 'amid showers of tears.' Not the least part of the value of M. Verne's narrative lies in the fact that men like Clapperton, and Denham, and Lander, whose brave expeditions are now almost forgotten, should in these pages be recalled to the memory of their fellow-countrymen. The whole of the second part of the book is devoted to Polar Explorers and Circumnavigators, and the stirring careers of Kotzebue and Krusenstern, of Bougainville and Freycinet, as well as of our own James Clark Ross and John Ross, Parry and Franklin, are concisely and graphically recorded. It must be borne in mind, of course, that this is not the work of a scientific geographer; it does not contribute any newly discovered facts; and we are inclined to think that the author would have made his book even better than it is, had he been less manifestly bound by the *manner* in which his heroes tell their tale. One who is a *connoisseur* in matters of geography and travel is not in danger of being inaccurate though he chooses to tell his story in his own way—and M. Verne's 'way' is charming. We miss in the narration also the record of the most recent, and in some respects most notable explorers, such as Livingstone, and we thus find the

story stopping short where the interest deepens. We ought to say that the work of the translator has evidently been done with great care; there are no cumbrous, half-translated phrases, but the work is in good, pure, idiomatic English. The illustrations are lavish and beautiful; and altogether the work is both attractive and instructive: it will repay, as it certainly by its outward seeming tempts, perusal.

*The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield, President of the United States.* A Biographical Sketch. By Captain F. H. MASON. With a Preface, by BRET HARTE. Trübner and Co.

This is a very interesting and enlightening sketch. It shows that the election to the Presidency of General Garfield, a man unknown to Europe, is by no means a popular caprice, as we are sometimes apt to think. A large-brained, well-cultured, energetic, and patriotic man, General Garfield's career has throughout indicated a born leader of men. Broad and statesmanlike in his political character, and of very great ability; one can only say that his election, the natural sequence of his career, reflects honour upon his country, and should be a satisfactory assurance to the world.

#### POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Précis of Official Papers.* Being Abstracts of all Parliamentary Returns. Directed to be printed by both Houses of Parliament. Session 1880. Part I. W. H. Allen and Co.

A most useful publication. It is published monthly, at a comparatively cheap rate, and will be invaluable not only to members of parliament, but to all men having to do with public affairs, or even interested in them. Every return is summarized, so as to give a kind of consecutive history of the matters referred to when of a historical character, and a compendium when they are statistical. References are given to the pages of the Blue Books for the convenience of those who on any point wish for more detailed information, or for the exact text of important despatches. The volumes will furnish contemporary history of a political kind of the most unimpeachable authority, and will enable statesmen to use the information of the Blue Books in the most compendious and lucid way. In its way, it will mark as great an epoch in the knowledge of parliamentary affairs as Hansard itself did.

*Progress and Poverty.* By HENRY GEORGE. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In this volume we have an inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of what the writer calls 'increase of want with increase of wealth.' The disease hereby suggested is a very terrible one, and it is one with which the progress of the age does not

seem to enable men to grapple any better than formerly. Mr. George has evidently been deeply stirred at sight and thought of the misery and social distress and poverty and want which gather wherever men congregate in the great cities of the earth. As an American, he writes from a special point of view, but the wretched phenomena he deals with are only too familiar to us in the Old World. The sight and thought of the growing divorce between the developing resources and the teeming multitudes of individuals in the world, the fact that science, with all its discoveries, in the end only seems to make the struggle for existence the harder and drearier, has led the writer of this work to devote himself to a search for a remedy. And he has found one with which he is satisfied. He has found that the root of all the want, poverty, and misery of the world is in the individual ownership of the land. From the land are developed the materials of wealth; but what ought to be open to all in the common battle of life, and ought to be available for all, is monopolized by a few. Consequently, as the few press more and more to add acre to acre, and the monopolized article grows scarcer, rents rise, and there is a general advance in profits, but all the while wages, instead of rising, tend to get more attenuated until they reach the line of mere starvation allowances. Convulsion, crisis, ruin, with consequent protracted industrial depression, are the fruits of this system. Mr. George is confident that he has gauged the disease aright, and feels as confident that he has found the remedy. And he has sought for it with so much sincere enthusiasm that we heartily wish we could say we agree with him. But the problem is even harder, we fear, than he deems it. Strike away the institution of individual property in land tomorrow and let it be a possession in common, a process of aggregating it would at once begin again, unless men were to be compelled to surrender their right to freely contract and bargain one with another—and that would be slavery of a sort. The land laws of many countries are doubtless fundamentally faulty and ought to be amended, but the dream of nationalized land, as a common fund out of which the whole inhabitants of the earth are to be clothed and fed and kept comfortable, is a mere dream, and a very vain one. This book of Mr. George is full of a noble enthusiasm of humanity, and there is much force and eloquence in his expositions of thoughts which are original in the sense of having been conquered by him for himself and made his own; but it is felt at the end that the remedy we have been hopefully following is a delusion. Not in the Lubberland of a universal communism is salvation to be found for men in this world! To such a Lubberland we greatly fear that 'having all things in common' would of necessity conduct all the ignobler men and women among us. The pressure of necessity is the sharp goad that is still needed by most of us to force us to do that work lying nearest us, to which we are called by Heaven.

*The Atomic Theory.* By AD. WURTZ. Translated by E. CLEMINSHAW, M.A. *The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.* By KARL SEMPER. *General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.* By Dr. I. ROSENTHAL. *Light.* An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By JOSEPH LE CONTE, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California. *Illusions.* A Psychological Study. By JAMES SULLY. (The International Scientific Series.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The first of these volumes—all of which belong to the International Scientific Series—is a history of the Atomic Theory from the time of its reintroduction by Richter and Dalton down to its most recent developments, this history being treated under the two main heads of *Atoms* and *Atomicity*. A somewhat slight, but clear and interesting, sketch is given of the various modifications which were introduced up to the institution of the present system of atomic weights, from which point the treatment becomes more full. We have an admirable account of Gerhardt's notation, upon which in large measure the present system was founded. Gerhardt was impressed with the defects of the 'equivalent notation' which was in vogue in his day, and specially with this fact, that, while a molecule of water was formed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and carbonic acid of one of carbon and two of oxygen, yet in none of the reactions of organic chemistry, as represented by the formulæ and equations of Berzelius, were 'quantities of water and carbonic acid, corresponding to  $H_2O$  and  $CO_2$ , set free.' The quantities formed were never less than  $H_2O$ , and  $C_2O_4$ ; and the careful consideration of this fact led to the conclusion upon which Gerhardt's notation was based, viz., that existing organic formulæ must be halved, and with them the atomic weight of metals. Gerhardt's system, however, went too far, and it was necessary for Cannizzaro to restore in some cases the atomic weight of Berzelius, as in cadmium, bismuth, cobalt, &c. Thus at last, from a combination of Berzelius, Cannizzaro, and Gerhardt, the present system was consolidated. At this point it was necessary that Professor Wurtz should show the relation of this system to the neglected law of volumes, and this he does with much ability, treating specially of its harmony with the law of Avogadro and Ampère, that 'equal volumes of gases or vapours contain the same number of molecules.' We may add here that this section of the work contains a well-arranged Table of Atomic Weights, which will be of great service to the student. The second part of the volume, which is devoted to the exposition of 'Atomicity, or Valency of Atoms in Combination,' will be perused with special interest, as giving a lucid and compact statement of the laws by which simple bodies exercise a combining power. Here, however, the matter is full of such technical details as would find no proper place in the present notice. The method followed is,

again, the historical one—the simplest and best for the elucidation of the subject. The great work done in this department by Berthollet and Kekulé receives due recognition; and we must note the admirable section in which Professor Wurtz, taking for his starting-point the distinction between atomicity and affinity as relative properties, expounds the former as 'the capacity of saturation' in atoms.

Most readers will regret, we think, the brevity of the chapter with which the book closes. It is impossible to discuss the bearing of this theory upon the constitution of matter in a sentence or two; and hence one is impressed with the scant treatment which, for instance, Sir William Thomson's theory of vortex atoms receives. It may be said, however, that if in this volume we miss full discussion of such ultimate questions, we have complete data for forming our own conclusions upon what the author might consider the surroundings of the atomic theory rather than its essence. We only subjoin a word of commendation for the translation, which is really a translation into good English. To say this is to say much.

In Professor Semper's volume we become engrossed in a subject of much wider interest than that of Wurtz's work, at least to the amateur 'scientist,' viz., 'The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.' Indeed, so attractive is the book in style, and so full is it of interesting details with regard to animals and their ways, that it will probably draw the attention of many who generally eschew scientific literature. In arrangement the work is clear and exact. After dealing in the introduction and the opening chapter with various important preliminary considerations, and bearing a passing testimony to the great value of Mr. Darwin's work in this department, the author proceeds to consider the conditions of animal life under two heads: (1) The Influence of Inanimate Surroundings; and (2) The Influence of Living Surroundings. Under the former division, which occupies the largest share of his attention, he treats of the influence of food, of light, of temperature, of stagnant water, of a still atmosphere, of matter in motion, &c. The first of these involves the very interesting question, which is here discussed at length, of the maintenance of animal life at great depths. That they do live very deep down in the ocean we know. How are they nourished? To this question the author does not venture to offer any decisive answer; but he gives prominence to the conjecture of Möbius, that organic matter is carried down from the surface by the 'sinking current.' Very curious facts are stated regarding the comparative adaptability of certain animals to changes of food; facts from which, however, the author is too cautious, in the present crude state of our knowledge on such points, to draw any very formal conclusions. Indeed, this extreme caution is evident throughout the book, and there is a shyness toward mere hypotheses-making which might well be oftener imitated. Thus, in the section upon the influence of

light, he contents himself with an elaborate comparison of chlorophyll in plants and pigment in animals, and refuses to accept the identity of these two in the entire absence of practical proof. Again, in his remarkably able chapter upon 'Temperature,' he shows how faulty is the test of 'mean temperature' in the decision as to the existence and survivability of certain animals, because so little account is taken of the extremes out of which this mean is often formed. Here again, therefore, he gently takes the ground away from some contemporary hypotheses respecting early climates. We should gladly follow Professor Semper into his later chapters, but space forbids us. His section upon the 'Influence of Water in Motion' leads to a very valuable statement of observations made by him at the Pelew Islands, which have led him to conclude—as against Mr. Darwin's generally accepted view on Coral Reefs—that the structure of the Pelew reef cannot be explained by a mere theory of subsidence. He considers, on the other hand, that all difficulties will be solved 'if we assume that the really efficient influences which have determined the growth of the corals in certain directions operated during a period of slow upheaval.' Many readers will find their attention drawn more specially to the chapter on 'Currents,' where Mr. Russel Wallace's views upon distribution of species, of which we have recently had a brilliant re-exposition, are discussed with great vigour and fairness. We cannot refer to the two chapters upon the 'Transforming,' and 'Selective Influence of Living Organisms on Animal Life,' which form the second and significantly briefer part of the volume, and we content ourselves with merely adding that for clearness, independence, and vigour of treatment, this volume will take a high place in the series to which it belongs.

Having said so much upon these two volumes, we can only add a sentence or two upon Professor Rosenthal's 'General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.' It is pre-eminently a text-book, and therefore contains fewer of such general discussions as are apt to attract the attention of the reviewer. The author follows the simple method of treatment: first, Muscle; second, Nerve; and third, the Relation of Muscle and Nerve. His expositions are very full, and the illustrations are admirably adapted to aid them. In two respects we think the work is capable of improvement: it might with advantage have a much more complete index, and it would have been useful if authorities cited had been accompanied with more precise reference. Professor Rosenthal's view of the relation of nerve to muscle will probably be the most interesting point to the reader who is not specially a physiologist. He holds that the 'independent irritability of muscle-substance' has neither been proved nor disproved. As to nerve and muscle, he thinks one must assume that the muscle is irritated by the nerve, and he considers that 'therefore there is no sufficient reason . . . to dispute that it may also be irritated by other irritants (electric, chemical, mechanical,

or thermic).' His hypothesis, to which he travels, so to say, along this way, is that the irritation of the muscle 'takes place electrically.' We cannot enter upon the detailed considerations which lead to this conclusion; to do so would indeed be to enter into a review of the whole work, for the book may be said, throughout its expositions of fact and experiment, to grow toward this main position.

Dr. Le Conte's work is emphatically a student's book, a working manual. Under 'Monocular Vision' the structure of the eye is minutely described, and the eye is next viewed in its functions and character as an optical instrument. The author is inclined, in connection with the latter, to settle the question of the adjustment of the eye by the dictum of Helmholtz, that 'we adjust the eye to near objects by contraction of the ciliary muscle,' a method similar to that seen in the microscope. Under 'Defects of the Eye' we get much information in brief form concerning some weaknesses of sight, and the popular theory is combated which holds that the *myopic* or near-sighted eye loses its weakness with age. The rest of this first portion is devoted to an elaborate delineation of the 'Structure of the Retina, especially of its Bacillary Layer,' showing 'how from this structure resulted the wonderful property of corresponding points *retinal* and *spatial*, and the exchange between these by impression and perceptive projection, and how the law of direction and all the phenomena of monocular vision flow out of this property.' The larger section, upon 'Binocular Vision,' leads to a full and interesting discussion of binocular perspective, in regard to which Professor Le Conte thinks that Wheatstone's theory of 'two slightly dissimilar images' being formed in the two eyes, and then mentally 'fused into one,' is 'true only to the unpractised and unobservant;' and he endeavours to prove rather that 'by ocular motion the two images of the same object are made to fall on corresponding points of the two retinas, and then spatial representatives are thereby made to coincide and become one.' To the more thorough student the chapters which follow upon 'Disputed Points in Binocular Vision' will open a specially interesting field of investigation: but we do not enter upon these. We only take space further to commend this valuable manual to all scientific students as a thoroughly able treatment of a very difficult subject.

Mr. Sully's book is full of interesting accounts of Illusions and their causes. Illusions of Perception, Dreams, Introspection, Memory, Belief, &c.

*An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folklore.* By the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX. Kegan Paul and Co.

One of the distinguishing features of the last half-century has been the rise of the historical sciences. The application of the inductive method to the products of human thought and action has shown that here too, as well as in inorganic nature, we can recognise

the presence of general laws, and discover both continuity and development. Nowhere has the application been more successful than in the case of language. On its outward or phonetic side language belongs to the domain of the so-called natural sciences, and the phonetic laws that have been established for it are as rigorous and undeviating as the laws of chemistry or biology.

The scientific study of language has brought with it the scientific study of other creations of the human intelligence which have found expression in speech, and upon which language has exercised a deep and abiding influence. Foremost among these is the study of mythology and folklore, of those curious tales which have delighted the minds of children and of childlike society through unnumbered ages, which have proved more enduring than the highest works of genius, and which inspired the poets and artists of ancient Greece. It was long, however, before it was perceived that the gorgeous tapestry of Greek mythology was identical with the homely fairy tales of our own childhood, or the grim legends of northern Vikings. When the sophistic era first led Greece to examine the foundations whereon its religion and its ethics rested, the manifest immorality and non-morality of its myths, intertwined though they were around the popular religion, produced a shock from which the popular mind never recovered. While *savants* and philosophers were busy in allegorizing the old stories or in wondering how they first came into existence, the multitude turned to the new deities and superstitions which poured in from the East. With the revival of Greek letters in Europe the problem of Greek mythology once more presented itself, and scholar after scholar came forward with the confident assurance that he had found the key to it. To one it symbolized the mysteries of nature, another saw in it the faded tradition of a primitive revelation, while a third stripped it of all that was beautiful and imaginative, and turned it, after the example of Euhemerus, into a dry chronicle of ordinary events.

An end has been put to all these arbitrary speculations and solemn triflings. Comparative philology first showed that just as the words and grammatical forms of the Aryan tongues are related to one another, so too are the proper names of numerous Hindu, Greek, Scandinavian, and Slavonic myths. It further showed that these proper names once had a meaning, and that in many cases that meaning is still remembered in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, the oldest literary monument of our race. But whenever the signification of a mythological name could be made out, it proved to have a purely physical sense, and to denote one of the objects or phenomena of nature. A new light flashed upon the inquirers; a myth, it was seen, was diseased language or faded metaphor; the epithets applied by early man to the objects about him had gradually lost their original meaning and become proper names, while the phrases in which they had been embodied were inter-

preted of the actions associated with the proper names. It was soon discovered, however, that this explanation was not sufficient. A reason was required for the use of epithets and phrases which thus readily lent themselves to a mythical interpretation, and the reason was found in the inability of primitive man to distinguish between agent and patient. The actions of animate beings had been ascribed by him to inanimate objects, and it was precisely the language that expressed this childish belief which gave rise to myths. Once formed, a myth tended to grow and to attach itself to the name and fame of a popular hero. Related myths are those in which both the general outline and the details are the same, and which, above all, centre around the same proper names.

Sir George Cox has long been known as a zealous student of Aryan mythology, and the Introduction to it he has now published will be welcomed by those who are interested in the subject. It is written in the same clear and attractive language as that with which his previous works have made us familiar. He wisely confines himself to Aryan mythology alone. The myths of other races, with few exceptions, have not as yet been treated scientifically, and they can safely be used only to correct the too one-sided views which the study of a single family of myths necessarily occasions. The attempt of some modern writers to compare Aryan myths with stray legends from Australia or South Africa is but a return to the pre-scientific age of investigation. It is like comparing words together from various unrelated languages scattered here and there over the globe. An Australian and a Hindu myth, like an Australian and a Hindu word, may chance to resemble one another in outward form, but their origin is entirely different, and to explain the one by the help of the other is to carry us back to the days before Bopp and Grimm.

Sir George Cox does not insist at all too much on the fact that the science of comparative mythology is subordinate to the science of comparative philology, and that we should not venture to compare and explain myths when we are unable to analyse and explain the proper names round which they are grouped. The story of Prometheus or of Kephalos and Prokris can only be said to be explained in accordance with scientific requirements, when we know that Prometheus is the *pramanthas* or fire-machine of the ancient Aryans, and that Prokris originally signified the dew-drop. Where the proper name defies analysis we must be content to leave the myth uninterpreted. The desire to explain everything, however, is a natural one, and Sir George Cox himself seems to us to have been sometimes so carried away by it as to forget his own warnings. Several of the etymologies he accepts have been shown by the progress of philological research to be phonetically impossible, and consequently have been given up by their first proposers. Thus Pan and Laios have nothing to do with Faunus and *dasyus*, nor can Hêbê or Hêphais-

tos be connected with *juvenis* and *young*. Similarly *Lêto* and *Lêthê* cannot be related, much less *Lêda*, if, at least, *Lêto* is a Greek word, since in that case the form must be *Letho*. Of course in many instances a mythical name has been changed through what the Germans call *Volksetymologie* so as to assimilate it to some actually existing word or words, but where this has happened we must be able to point out the words which have caused the change. A single example will show how careful we should be if we would satisfactorily clear up the origin of a myth. Sir George Cox says that *Polydeukes* or *Pollux* has the same meaning as the Sanskrit '*Puru-ravas*, the gleaming one.' Such, however, is not the case. The second part of the name of *Polydeukes* has the same root as the Homeric *α-δευκής*, 'unheroic,' and the Latin *dux*, 'a leader.' Indeed *πολυδευκής* itself is once used in the *Odyssey* as a simple adjective in the sense of 'famous,' if we may accept the reading of some manuscripts. The root appears again in the name of *Deukalion*, the Greek Noah, which is formed from an adjective *δευκα-λος*. *Deukalion* represents the sun of winter sailing serenely above the clouds and flooded lowlands; his wife *Pyrha*, the 'red' dawn, reawakening men to the toil of the day, when the night of winter is over. Now the epithet 'heroic' or 'leader' may suit the sun, but hardly the dawn, much less the eventide; in *Kastor* and *Pollux*, accordingly, we must see, not morning and evening, but the sun itself.

While confining his attention to Aryan mythology Sir George Cox does not forget to point out how considerably Greek mythology has been influenced by that of the Phœnicians from whom the Hellenes received the elements of their culture. *Hēraklēs*, though a Greek name, is a Semitic god, and his adventures are those of the Tyrian *Melkarth* and the Babylonian *Izdubar*. *Aphroditē* is similarly Phœnician, rather than Greek, and many of the symbols of the gods—such as the myrtle, the pomegranate, or the vine—point to the East. In some cases even the Phœnician name is preserved with but slight modification; *Melikertes*, like *Makar*, is *Baal Melkarth*, and *Athamas* or *Thoas* is *Tammuz* the sun-god. *Kadmos*, who was worshipped at Sparta as well as at Thebes, is the Semitic 'Eastern,' and *Dionysos* seems to have been a foreign deity, even though his name has probably an Aryan origin. Fresh light is continually being thrown on the Semitic element in Greek mythology by Assyrian and Phœnician research, and it is not so long ago that the Babylonian prototype of the legend of *Adōnis* was found on a cuneiform tablet. No student of Greek mythology can now afford to neglect this element, and it is not the least merit of Sir George Cox's work to have frankly recognized and admitted it.

*Science of Beauty.* By AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES, M.A. Trübner and Co.

We fear we cannot speak very highly of Mr. Holmes-Forbes' essay on the laws of

æsthetics. With praiseworthy diligence, and in a sufficiently clear and pleasant style, he has here given us the results of what he calls an 'analytical enquiry' into these laws. The subject has been an attractive one ever since thought exercised itself on the aspects of things. Varying schools have, as usual, given different deliverances; but the question *what* is beauty has remained unanswered, and it has often seemed as if it were unanswerable. The writer of this little treatise has had the courage, nevertheless, to grapple anew with the world-old problem, and is evidently of opinion that he has so far succeeded as to have made a substantial contribution to the science of æsthetics. We regret to be compelled to say that we are unable to admit anything of the sort. It appears to us that this 'analytical enquiry' here resolves itself into a loose amalgamation of the several opinions regarding beauty that have found favour with different schools. The writer sees that these have not finally solved the problem presented to them; that, on the contrary, each attempt has only resulted in a more or less partial and one-sided deliverance, which suggests doubts as to whether any science of æsthetics—strictly so called—is ever likely to be attained. He accordingly sets himself to dovetail together the several opinions or solutions on the subject that have heretofore been offered to the world, finding in each a side of that truth which can only be found in its entirety by the union of them all. Thus, in opposition to the 'absolute' school, he traces the existence of a 'subjective element' in beauty, though, on the other hand, he declines to follow the idealists who uphold that there is nothing but the subjective. He finds that there is also an objective element, and that it consists in the 'quality of suggestiveness.' But the problem is not solved when we have discerned the subjective and objective elements. There is something in the arguments of those who maintain that 'utility' is of the essence of beauty; and Mr. Holmes-Forbes so far adopts this idea as to set forth that 'beauty attaches only to utility,' and that 'the appearance of beauty varies inversely with the appearance of utility.' It seems to us that in all this there is a good deal more sound than sense. We are unable to understand how the 'subjective element of beauty' can possibly 'consist' in the emotion of admiration. The emotion of admiration is excited or called forth by beautiful objects; but the beauty which is the exciting cause of the admiration must be presupposed in existence before its effect can follow. Admiration may be the result of the recognition of the beautiful; but how can it be a constituent element of that which precedes the origin of admiration as its exciting cause? It appears to us that Mr. Holmes-Forbes has confounded tests and conditions of our knowledge of beauty with its constituent elements. We are quite as little able to follow him when he lays down the law that 'beauty only attaches to utility.' A sunset, a lovely flower, the sweet sounds of music, the attractions of

poetry are outside of the region of pure utility—have nothing whatever to do with it. The root question—is there or is there not any absolute factor in the beautiful?—is ignored and set aside by Mr. Holmes-Forbes. He certainly has not solved the problem as it is presented by the philosophers who uphold an 'objective' reality in beauty. 'Suggestiveness' cannot be such an element. It is necessarily subjective, and though it may increase admiration and render beautiful objects more impressive, it is hard to understand how it can be a constitutive element of beauty. Mr. Holmes-Forbes, we are greatly afraid, has undertaken to write on a subject with the literature of which he has not previously made himself familiar. He seems to have little or no acquaintance with the great writers on æsthetics produced by France and Germany. His reading appears to have been limited to English writers on the subject. Even Victor Cousin scarcely seems to have attracted his attention. He has written a pleasant essay; but as a contribution to a determination of the laws of beauty, we are unable to pronounce it deserving of serious regard.

*The Chain of Life in Geological Time.* By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S. Religious Tract Society.

This volume may be regarded as a sequel to the two important and interesting works which Principal Dawson has issued in recent years, entitled, 'The Story of the Earth and of Man,' and 'Fossil Man.' Its purpose is to show how the various forms of life upon the earth have been linked together in beautiful sequence; its special claim upon attention is the decisive stand which it takes at this point of sequence, as against those who step from this onwards to development, from development to evolution, in some cases taking a final stand only at automatic or spontaneous generation. Principal Dawson contends that 'the introduction of new species of animals and plants has been a continuous process, not necessarily in the sense of derivation of one species from another, but in the higher sense of the continued operation of the cause or causes which introduced life at first.' He meets the argument for evolution which is drawn from the fact that such vast changes have occurred to certain typical forms of life in the process of the ages, by endeavouring to show that 'many so-called species are nothing more than varietal forms.' In brief, 'transmutation of species,' in his view, is not essentially anything beyond natural modification. The reader will find ample illustration of these positions in the volume before us; and we may add that the matter in the text is very materially helped by the abundance and excellence of the cuts. We are sure that even those who are not quite in harmony with the author's views will cordially admit the marked ability and clearness with which he sets them forth, while the uncommitted and impartial will at least draw this conclusion from his book, that Evolutionism cannot yet claim a

place in the sphere of undoubted scientific certainty.

*The Human Voice and Connected Parts.* A Practical Book for Orators, Clergymen, Vocalists, and others. By Dr. J. FARRAR. With Thirty-nine Illustrations. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

Dr. Farrar rightly judges that a correct knowledge of construction is essential to right use, that ignorance inevitably leads to practical injury. He therefore lays the foundation of his economical teaching in a popular physiological exposition; the Larynx, the Lungs, the Mouth, the Tongue, the Teeth, the Nose, Respiration, and the Blood Supply—all are popularly and sufficiently expounded. Then follows an exposition of the Pathology of the Vocal Organs, with instructions for treatment, &c. The book is a vocal *vade mecum*, and is calculated to be of real practical value. Fatal results often follow from lack of even elementary knowledge.

*Excavations at Carnac (Brittany).* A Record of Archaeological Researches in the Alignments of Kermario. By JAMES MILN. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Mr. Miln visited Brittany in 1873, and was induced by the celebrated stone monuments of Carnac, and by the finding of a piece of Roman tile at Kermario, to investigate certain mounds at the Basseno, called by the peasantry Cæsar's Camp, with a view, by comparison of the results obtained, to throw some light on the purpose and age of these singular monuments. His excavations, which extended over six years, produced a large quantity of objects. The results of the first three years' work were figured and published in a work entitled, 'Researches and Excavations at Carnac, the Basseno, and Mont St. Michel.' The present work, in which more are figured and described, was intended to be the first of a series devoted to the author's last three years' work, but he died in January last, while this work was passing through the press. It is a sumptuous octavo volume, with maps and figured pages, with accompanying catalogues. The conclusions that Mr. Miln reaches are that the menhirs, or standing stones, are much older than the Roman occupation, and that the indications are of a sepulchral destination, perhaps with places for sun-worship in connection with them, the inference being that this was the general purpose of cromlechs and dolmens. Among the objects dug up are human bones—some incinerated—flint chips, flakes, scrapers, knives, and axes, pointed celts, and other stone implements or weapons, objects in gold and bronze and iron. Mr. Miln thinks therefore that the monuments at and around Carnac are the mutilated remains of an immense necropolis of the Celts. The book has much antiquarian interest.

*Anthropology.* An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization. By EDWARD B. TYLOR, D.C.L., F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

It is not often that even in these times of extreme culture one comes upon a scientific



manual so uninterruptedly charming as this. We find in it exactly that amount of literary grace which we have so often failed to find in works of the kind; and Dr. Tylor, master of his subject, as every one knows, is as free from technicality as he is from tameness. Yet there is no straining after simplicity. One feels that he is clear and, in the true sense, popular, because he cannot help it; and the distinct advantage of this will be found in the inevitable result that the student who begins his study of Anthropology under such happy auspices will get heart for the more detailed investigation of the science. This book will also be very useful to those who, otherwise little interested in scientific investigations, are anxious to know what conclusions have been arrived at concerning the race by those who have made its constitution and history a special study.

The two opening chapters upon 'Man, Ancient and Modern,' and 'Man and other Animals,' treat of the antiquity of man and his relation to the lower types of animal existence, and Dr. Tylor is content to show the grounds for assuming the great antiquity of the race and the points of resemblance and difference between the human and non-human species, without seeking to establish anything like a fixed date in the one case, or a fixed theory of relationship in the other; his recognized business being to give data on these abstract questions rather than to theorize. We can only refer here to the marked admission which he makes upon one important point, viz., the naturalness of the upright position in man as contrasted with the constraint which this position involves in the case even of the anthropoid ape, as well as 'the superiority of his limbs as instruments for practical arts.' The chapter upon 'Races,' accompanied as it is by abundant and striking illustrations, gives a very complete view of their distinctive characteristics, as well as of the influence of climate, of mixture, &c., and, allowing for the variations possible, and indeed visible, as a resultant of such causes as the last named, he thinks the evidence goes to prove 'that all the varieties of mankind are zoologically of one species.' Next follows a discussion of 'Language,' which is traced upwards step by step from signs and gestures to utterances of animals, then to 'emotional and imitative' sounds, on to children's words and 'articulate language,' after which the bearing of language upon the early history of nations is considered. Dr. Tylor shows how comparatively dim is the light which is thus afforded, this arising in great part from the tendency to modification which is incident to a national or tribal tongue. A most ingenious chapter upon 'Writing' shows how letters may be said to have grown out of hieroglyphics; after which the author passes in more lengthened review the development of the various arts from their rude elements among the lowest tribes, impressing one with this fact, that the difference between the lowest savage and the highest-developed man is, in civilization, one of degree only. Space forbids our dwelling

upon the still more interesting chapters that follow, and which deal with the relation of the race to science, religion, history, and social life. With regard to the second of these, he makes it abundantly evident that, however it is to be explained, races at their lowest have had some idea of a spirit-world, sometimes as a world of shadow, sometimes of breaths, in connection with which the curious fact is mentioned that 'some Greenlanders reckoned man as having two souls, his shadow and his breath; and the Fijians said that the "dark spirit," or shadow, goes down to the world below, but the "light spirit," or reflection seen in water, stays near where he dies.' The various theological and religious systems among uncultured races are traced back to animism as their parent principle.

But no bare outline such as this can give an adequate idea of the author's plan in this work, or of the skill with which it is wrought out. For young men, beginning really to study their kind and themselves, and to touch the skirts of the mystery in which human life is clothed, no better manual of the kind could be furnished than this of Dr. Tylor.

*Scientific Sophisms. A Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men.*  
By SAMUEL WAINWRIGHT, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This book is better than it seems. One's first impression of it is that it is of somewhat light texture, and therefore trivial: one's second impression is a modification of the first, for while it is certainly of 'somewhat light texture,' it would not be fair to call it 'trivial.' Dr. Wainwright has made considerable study of the works of Professors Tyndall and Huxley, Mr. Darwin, Virchow, Haeckel, and others, and he has brought to the study of them a clear logical faculty; he has detected flaws in their arguments, and, in addition, he has no difficulty in showing how they disagree with each other. There is no small amount of wit here and there, as, for instance, where he points to the manner in which Professor Tyndall falls back on imagination as a help to his system; and there is marked skill in his treatment of Professor Huxley's relation to Biogenesis. The book may be described as a popular *exposé* of the fallacies of Evolutionism as taught by its propounders, and it will be useful, especially to thinking people, who have neither time to read nor capacity to understand scientific books, as showing them that the dilemma is not *always* on the conservative side. Yet we must confess that the book is considerably spread out: fewer words might have served its purpose; and to bandy about such phrases as 'puerile hypothesis' concerning the teaching of Mr. Darwin is doubtful policy. We do think, as we have frequently said, that Evolutionism needs more proof than its supporters have yet given us; but even in the mouth of Professor St. George Mivart, from whom Dr. Wainwright catches it up, 'puerile hypothesis' is a doubtfully strong term. We conclude, from the abundant quotations which the author makes from such



writers as those first named on the one hand, and Professor Mivart on the other, that he does not lay claim to having made original investigations in these matters to any great extent; and we doubt much whether he has given due weight to the considerations which have led men like Mr. Darwin to think such a bold hypothesis necessary. So far we think the occasional tone of the book a mistake; in so far as it serves to put the reader on his guard against those who are rash enough to regard the position of thoroughgoing evolutionists as *proved*, it is fitted to render very considerable service.

BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION.

*Dryden.* By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Minto, in his article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on Dryden, was fain to relegate the 'glorious John' to a third place as an English poet, and failed to accord him any place as a prose-writer; thus very effectively superseding the article which had appeared in previous editions on Dryden, and which was perhaps somewhat inclined to overrate the merits of the subject. Mr. Saintsbury in this admirable handbook fully fulfils the duties to which Mr. Minto addressed himself with hardly sufficient width of view. He fails somewhat from an opposite cause. He has made it his business to estimate Dryden in all the aspects in which he can be viewed, and he aims at impartiality. But it is evident that he is in some respects far too much the advocate. He is rather too anxious to justify some of Dryden's lapses from rectitude, and aims, in fact, at effective white-washing on the moral side. No doubt he makes his points well; he says what can be said in the most approved manner; but his words are after all more of an apology than he would like to admit. Dryden's consistency, alike as respects his defence of the Church of England and his attacks on it, his praises of Cambridge and then his satires on it, cannot be maintained without some feeling as of injury to the moral sense of the reader. Dryden's genius was great; he had not only power and satiric decision, but he often showed the charm of felicitous expression. Mr. Saintsbury shows his critical acumen and discernment as well as his independence of view in citing several illustrative instances of this. In opposition to Warton and others, he refers to the opening stanzas of the 'Ode to Anne Killegrew,' as one of the most perfect pieces of expression in the language; and we agree with him. Here are five lines from it—

'Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,  
Made in the last promotion of the blessed;  
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,  
In spreading branches more supremely rise,  
Rich with immortal green, above the rest.'

Mr. Saintsbury does not assign Dryden a high place among dramatists, and he ranks

him only among secondary poets. His strength lay in his satire, and especially in political and religious satire. The defects of Dryden as a writer were peculiarly linked with his defects as a man. He was, in some respects, without conscience; ready to turn to any side while it was successful; he showed in some things utter and hopeless shamelessness. In spite of Mr. Saintsbury's able pleadings, we think of Sir Walter Scott's expressive lines to the effect that if Dryden had only had a conscience, he might have 'turned the Table Round again.' On the whole, however, this is a valuable and comprehensive study, and may be regarded as one of the very best of the series.

*Sketches of Longer Works in English Verse and Prose.* Selected, Edited, and Arranged by HENRY MORLEY. With Illustrations. (Cassell's Library of English Literature.) Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This volume—the fifth—completes this important illustrative history of English literature. It is the most satisfactory form of such a history when, as here, it is adequately executed. Chiefly it consists of specimens of our literature, and wisely to choose out of the enormous mass of materials which lay to the editor's hand worthy and really illustrative specimens demanded wide reading and fine judgment. Few men are better endowed for such a task than Professor Morley. The specimens are set in a framework of critical history, a sufficient account of time and circumstance is given, connecting parts of a work are summarized, and the reader is aided in the formation of his judgments. As a general conspectus or handbook to our national literature the work is without a compeer. The present volume consists of sketches of longer works in verse and prose. Among the longer poems from which selections are made are *Beowulf*, the oldest of English poems, Layamon's *Brut*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, &c., down to Thompson's *Castle of Indolence*, and Cowper's *Task*.

The prose selections range from More's *Utopia*, and Ascham's *Scholemaster*, to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

A chapter is given to a summary of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century. The entire work is a guide invaluable to beginners, and which those best acquainted with the development and the treasures of our literature will find very serviceable. Mr. Morley has performed a difficult task with a knowledge and a judgment that leave nothing to be desired.

*The Library.* By ANDREW LANG. With a Chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books by AUSTIN DOBSON. Macmillan and Co.

No books are so charming as books about books. Mr. Lang, following worthily in the steps of Dibdin and John Hill Burton, gives us another English Philobiblon, in which he discourses learnedly, chattily, anecdotally,

and pictorially about manuscripts, first and rare editions, choice and rare books, &c.; tells us how to discover, how to recognize, and how to buy books; much also about bibliomaniacs, auctions, and fortunate book-hunters. A more charming book for a summer afternoon in a garden, under which conditions we read it, it would be difficult to name.

*Popular Romances of the West of England; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Third Edition. Chatto and Windus.

We are glad to see a third edition of this most unique and delightful book. Mr. Hunt's Introduction—in which he tells us of the influences in boyhood which led him later in life to devote himself to the collecting of the West of England folk-lore—is as racy and attractive as any part of the volume, and will bear to be read many times, as we confess that we have read it. And who that has perused his account of 'The Piskie Threshers,' or 'The Fairy Widower,' or 'The Fairy Revels on the "Gump," St. Just,' can ever forget the *naïveté*, the charm, the unconscious buoyancy and natural magic, if we may call it so, which pervades and illuminates them? For these tales are full not only of suggestive revelations of the people in past times, their beliefs and daily customs, but of poetry, showing how the Celtic vein permeates all. Take the following exquisite passage from the 'Fairy Revels,' just referred to: 'First came a great number of female children clothed in the whitest gauze, strewing flowers on the Gump. These were not dead or cut flowers, for the moment they touched the ground they took root and grew. These were followed by an equally large number of boys, holding in their hands shells which appeared to be strung like harps, and from which they brought forth murmurs of melody, such as angels only could hope to hear and live. Then came—and there was no end to their coming—line upon line of little men clothed in green and gold, and by and by a forest of banners, which, at a given signal, were all furled. Then, seated on thrones, carried upon a platform above the heads of the men, came a young prince and princess, who blazed with beauty and jewels, as if they were suns amidst a skyey host of stars.'

This is simply exquisite; and though the tales are made of other elements, this is what gives specialty and distinction to the whole. It speaks to the fancy and rejoices the heart. It is very impressive, too, to find how certain of our own superstitions are common to the most distant portions of the earth, based on similar ideas, most frequently perversions of natural history. For example, we read here: 'The ant is called by the peasants of the west of England a Murryan. Believing that they are the Small People in their state of decay from off the earth, it is deemed most unlucky to destroy a colony of ants. If you place a piece of tin in a bank of Muryrans at a certain

age of the moon, it will be turned into silver.' So Mr. Gill has found a somewhat similar superstition in certain islands of the South Pacific, and probably the humane counsel of Firdusi, the Persian sage, not to injure an ant that bears a grain of corn, 'for sweet life is dear to it,' was based on a similar conception. Altogether the book is delightful alike for what it conveys in a scientific sense, and for the daintiness and charm which it often exhibits. There is an education for a people in such tales as these—an education for the fancy and emotions—particularly so long as there lingered any relic of real belief; so that it is the more to be regretted that the words in the motto, 'People is so changed with pride now, that they care for nothing,' are so true, and the more cause for gratitude to Mr. Hunt for having permanently rescued them from the oblivion that else might have fallen on them. This would have been a great loss to literature, and even to humanity.

*Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers.* By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Stevenson's contributions to essay literature are marked by acuteness, and occasionally by tender and quaint fancy. To say that every sentence that drops from his pen is of great value would be a profound mistake, or even to say that the essays are of equal value. He is too fond of disguised paradox, of half-statements, where half-statements are hardly justified, to be quite successful. We understand Charles Lamb's allusiveness: it was part of himself, altogether native to him; Mr. Stevenson's allusiveness is often intentional and affected, and with all his facility and grace of style, we feel sometimes as if the matter was thin, as if he were carving cherry-stones when he fancies he is constructing something fitted to be useful. And this notwithstanding that he affects the Bohemian, and does not disguise his dislike of set engagements. It is all very well to sneer in a subdued way, and to run a tilt against the man who goes with unvarying regularity to his office in the City; but certainly in many ways Mr. Stevenson profits by the City man's steadiness, else his easy Bohemianism might sit less lightly on him. We confess we like Mr. Stevenson best when he is least ambitious, and is not greatly concerned to surprise us by edging-in paradoxes on the mind as if they were verified truths of his own experience. 'Child's Play,' 'Æs Triplex,' 'Pan's Pipes,' and a 'Plea for Gaslight' are far more to our taste than the *pièce de résistance* of the volume, which he names 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and adopts as its title. Here we have a discourse on marriage of the most disconcerting kind. The redeeming point is that Mr. Stevenson is not even half in earnest. He is, after all, only a wistful inquirer, and yet he cannot help being dogmatic on a turn or two. He is quite sure that, in marrying, man 'undergoes a fatty degeneration of the heart,' which is a good point set in an apt figure; that though women are generally made better by marriage, it is

because of their defects; that your wise man is your ripe old bachelor; that one woman will do for wedlock quite as well as another if you only make up your mind to it, and after a good deal of 'craning,' which seems inseparable from the process, the only advantage is in getting the thing well over. It will thus be seen that Mr. Stevenson is too intensely sarcastic to be quite playful, and too self-conscious to be quite innocently amusing. We cannot imagine that men of much experience, and detached from interest in literary charm as such, would care much for these essays, and we are not sure that it will do 'virgins' and 'young men' much good to read them. However, there is always an audience for what is original and finished, what is piquant, suggestive, full of fancy, and marked by delicate perception; and honesty compels us to admit the claim of Mr. Stevenson's Essays to the possession of some of these qualities. While therefore we accord to this volume high praise for its clear and graceful literary style, its ease, its restrained satire, we cannot say of it that it has the fulness, the calm air of experience of our earlier essayists, while in true humour it is very deficient, and makes up for it by a kind of affected wit which too often recalls Sterne and sometimes Heine.

*Chaucer for Schools.* By Mrs. HAWEIS, Author of 'Chaucer for Children.' Chatto and Windus.

Chaucer who at first sight might seem very susceptible of such treatment as Mrs. Haweis has here essayed to give him, is really very difficult to deal with after that method. His quaint, garrulous simplicity permits him so much license, often leads him into such objectionable byways, that for any such purpose much must be sacrificed, which is yet of the very essence of his character and style. Mrs. Haweis, who showed such a gift for effective condensation in her 'Chaucer for Children,' has, on the whole, shown herself equal to the task, and by dint of great labour, and the application of a discerning temper, has really produced a most useful book, and one that is likely to have the effect of drawing to the study of Chaucer many young people who would probably have been repelled by the peculiarities of his style. This is the end at which such works should aim; for, to be truly educational, they should tend to lead the student to wander over the wide fields from which they were drawn. Mrs. Haweis has done all that care and good judgment were calculated to effect; but in some instances a little fuller critical research and existing knowledge would have aided her. But her slips are not of a kind likely materially to reduce the value of the book in the hands of the class for whom it is meant, and this being the case, we very cordially recommend it to all schools where such a text-book is found to be desirable.

*Rabbi Jeshua.* An Eastern Story. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The anonymous author protests against the voluminous lives of Jesus, and yet he adds

another for the purpose of correcting the delusions under which they are written. He denounces their florid amplifications, and yet he writes in this style, describing the incident of the angels appearing to the shepherds, 'A beam of celestial light pierced through the night, and the white forms of the feathered angel-host were seen in the glory of its radiance sailing through the snowstorm (!) and rejoicing in strains which rose above the fury of the gale, (!) while they announced to the terror-stricken hinds the advent of the long-expected Messiah.' Need we say more? Only that, in defiance of both historical evidence and all critical principles, the story of Jesus is reduced to the baldest and most rationalistic outlines, and thus historic and literary problems are raised involving infinitely greater difficulties than that of the theory so complacently and daintily rejected. We had noted for illustration some dozen points, but we cannot waste our space on such barefaced and uncritical attempts to reverse the history of the world, e.g., 'It is not from the chronicle of Rabbi Simeon (the Gospel of Mark) that we can draw evidence sufficient to prove that Rabbi Jeshua either possessed, or even claimed to be able to exert, any supernatural powers of healing.' This astounding dictum is delivered concerning a book that narrates the stilling of the tempest, the healing of the paralytic, the raising of Jairus' daughter, the walking on the sea, the feeding of the five thousand and the feeding of the four thousand, the giving sight to the blind man, &c. True or false, almost every chapter records some alleged miracle, crowned by Christ's own resurrection. What can be made of writers who think that audacious assertions suffice for evidence. The book is written, however, with considerable literary power.

*Pencil and Palette.* By ROBERT KEMPT. *The Book of Clerical Anecdotes.* By JACOB LARWOOD. *The Agony Column of 'The Times' from 1800 to 1870.* By ALICE CLAY. *Curiosities of Criticism.* By HENRY J. JENNINGS. *The Cupboard Papers.* By FIN BEC. (The Mayfair Library.) Chatto and Windus.

The Mayfair Library has struck out for itself a distinct path. For lazy minutes its volumes are delightful—open where one may, one comes upon something amusing. The volumes before us are described by their titles. The two collections of anecdotes concerning painters and parsons respectively are industriously gathered and well-arranged; old Joes and new incidents form a repertory for diners-out. 'The Agony Column' of 'The Times' is familiar to everybody; here are its sensational *morceaux* brought together in a book. Fin Bec's papers on culinary matters are of a higher character. Vivaciously written, they are sensible dialogues about dinner, worth the attention of housekeepers of modest means. The idea of 'Curiosities of Criticisms' is new, and as entertaining as new. What the Rhadamanthuses of literature have said about famous books is, to say the least, very curious.

*Raban; or, Life-Splinters.* By WALTER C. SMITH, Author of 'Olig Grange,' &c. Glasgow: Maclehose.

The second title here given we think unfortunate, since it suggests something of grotesque where there is nothing of grotesque. We puzzle over its meaning, and the reading of the poems throws but little light on it. Another little point; when the author of 'Olig Grange' resolved openly to put his name on the title-page of this volume, he might have so designated himself as to prevent some of the rather stupid errors into which reviewers, as we see, have fallen, in speaking of him as plain 'Mr. Smith.' As to the poems themselves their variety and power are undoubted. In spite of the dominant purpose, evident from first to last, to expose the futility of over-dogmatic constructions in theology, a very vivid human interest is maintained; and though we think that the book might have been improved as regards unity by some of the lighter verses, as, for example, two of the love-songs, being left out, yet the dramatic medium is on the whole well sustained and justified. 'Raban,' into whose mouth the author puts these outpourings, is a minister of the Scottish Church, who, unfortunately for his comfort, has pierced too far beneath some of the symbols, and in going to the roots of associated questions, has stirred up against himself a clamour of heresy. His modest ambition is a little country church—described here in fluent verse—but for peace's sake he retires from the Church to become a *littérateur*, and it is in this capacity that the author professes to have made his acquaintance. The attitude is one of revolt against hyper-Calvinism, illustrated in a series of poems which beat and burn with conviction. We need only refer to that entitled 'Elijah,' which describes the prophet as being driven in the chariot of fire up the heavens, when he suddenly observes that the chariot wheels are mounting over a sea of upturned tortured faces. He is told that these are the prophets of Baal on whom he wished to execute judgment. Now he is only moved to pity, and the burden of the poem is to make us sympathize with him, which we do as we read the touching closing lines, in spite of the violence that seems done to the letter. The humane instincts are enlisted against the letter, and triumph. This is the bent of the whole book. The author is a poet, but he would be more effective sometimes if he would polish a little more. His lines are often rough. But his aims are high; and we trust the intention of his book may in no whit fail of being realized because critics of a certain class will sometimes feel disappointment with his metres. It is a remarkable book.

#### NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

*Harry Joscelyn.* By MRS. OLIPHANT, author of 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.' Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) 'Harry Jos-

celyn' is a study, in Mrs. Oliphant's very characteristic manner, of family inheritance. She illustrates her theme, however, by contrasts and not by likenesses; and perhaps she has scored more effective points than if she had chosen the other course. Besides, we may say that all the variety in the novel arises from this contrast of temperament and fortune; and as the plot is of an order so thin and inefficient that the story is really more of a series of clever sketches than anything else, it will be seen that some psychological or physiognomical relief is really necessary. Had it not been that Ralph Joscelyn married that 'gentle' daughter of a curate—Lydia Brotherton—how different the whole thing might have been! She brings to the White House a new element of gentility and meekness, and also of inability to stand alone, so that the question of 'blood' is directly raised in one of its most subtle forms. We do not know if Mrs. Oliphant intended this, but she has produced quite the same results as though she had. The old bachelor, Henry Joscelyn, stands in very direct contrast to the coarse and vulgar nephews who would fain 'bleed' him. Ralph Joscelyn has transmitted his coarseness to his two sons in so full a measure that the mother meekly wonders whether they can really be her sons; while the characteristics of the mother reappear in the daughter Joan—an admirable study—who does not a little to redeem the old-maid from the contempt too liberally bestowed upon her. Another contrast meets us in the other daughter, Lydia, who combines her father's energy with her mother's meekness. A spice of adventure is supplied to the novel by the account of Harry Joscelyn's runaway life, during which, having assumed another name, he is entirely lost to the view of his family; to turn up, however, oh the death of uncle Henry. The scene at the 'Red Lion' in the first volume is equal to anything Mrs. Oliphant has done. So we may say of the Italian episode; the portrait of Mr. Bonomy is also excellent. Mrs. Oliphant has not shown in this case her usual regard to construction, and the book is really more a series of sketches bound together by a thread of psychological affinity, as we have said, than a succinct, clear, and well-planned story; but she has presented several unusual types of character very brilliantly. Her story deserves to be read on this account, and doubtless it will be read; but, it needs to be remarked that, even as regards style, Mrs. Oliphant is more loose than is usual even with her, showing throughout the evil effects of haste. It is to be hoped that hereafter she will be in this respect less wilful and less slipshod.—*Miss Williamson's Divagations.* By Miss THACKERAY (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). With Four Illustrations. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Miss Thackeray is one of the few writers of the present day who can write short stories well. She has the power of concentrating her mind on one or two points and resolutely restraining all temptations to admit secondary elements of interest. It has been rather neatly said that 'she has the gift of

concentrating a full draught in a few drops.' Her conceptions of life and duty are favourable to this, no less than her careful and self-restrained style, which now and then is perhaps just a trifle too studied to command the suffrages of a very wide audience. For full appreciation of her work some culture as well as some sensibility is demanded. All her writing bears the mark of deep reflection on certain of the problems of life—a thing which is not always an aid to a story-teller, as it militates against the ease and colour and feeling of spontaneity which stand for so much and are so captivating in writers of the type of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Thackeray's pages are sometimes 'sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.' We feel that she has, in mental struggle at all events, fought it out with fate; and has carried away experiences that do not lighten. The tragic fatefulness and irony of life—the finer natures thrust into circumstances alien to their true development, as in the notable case of René—has made a deep impression on mind and heart, and is, we may say, ever present with her. If she does not deal with the theme directly, it indirectly colours almost all that she has done, and leads her to choose by preference sad or exceptional elements in human life, with pain and pathos shot through the web, subduing all the tints. Yet the colours are there, and come out all the richer in certain lights for the shade that generally flits across them, as in rare gems, and this it is that communicates the unconscious charm, the subtle witchery which thoughtful minds will always find in Miss Thackeray's stories. The present volume, though it contains no very substantive work, is valuable as forcibly illustrating this position. 'Miss Monier's Vision,' which is a short original ghost-story in which the ghost resolves himself into a real lover at last, would be nothing were it not for the thread of fatalistic conviction which pervades it, as if life held for some, who deserved even more than most who receive, nothing but scornful illusions instead of the fulfilment of natural hopes. The picture of Colonel Baxter and Felicia also in the first tale answers to this characterization. They are kept apart, and an element of disappointment and pain introduced by the merest trifle of too much likeness to each other on the side of sensibility, and lack of common self-assertion and self-appreciation. The lines are here laid in with much subtlety. 'Fina' and 'Fina's Aunt' are full of beautiful touches. It is noticeable that wherever Miss Thackeray is most ambitious of a detailed and effective story, she is less successful in the general effect; indeed, in 'Across the Peatfields'—which is a neat and careful study of French life—she has in some measure failed precisely where she has succeeded in the other stories. She needs to allow something to the imagination, and can provide with the necessary promptings and aids. What is very noticeable also is the very artistic way in which Miss Thackeray preserves the unity at once of the true and impressive in her stories. In one word, she

is an artist, and if her range is a little limited by reason of her intense convictions on some points, her style is so admirably adapted to her thought, that those who will miss most readily the force of some other and more popular writers will feel themselves the more fully compensated by the grace and charm which are never lacking in Miss Thackeray's work.—*The Black Robe*. By WILKIE COLLINS. Three Vols. Second Edition. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Wilkie Collins can hardly be said to have here surpassed his previous efforts in the same line of fiction. For plot 'The Black Robe' is not equal to 'Armada,' in character it is far behind 'Fallen Leaves,' and for sensational incident and horror it cannot be compared with 'The Haunted Hotel.' But 'The Black Robe' has claims of its own. It combines some aim at psychological analysis with great inventiveness. Mr. Wilkie Collins never writes carelessly; and in this instance he has been especially careful. The great point of the piece is the peculiar mental haunting by a voice of one Romagne, who has killed a man in a duel; and a secondary interest, which is admirably worked out, is the contest between the Church of Rome, as embodied in the person of Father Benwell and Mr. Penrose, and love, as embodied in the person of a Miss Eyrecourt. It is necessary to say that Romagne, in the course of time, has become a man of considerable property, else he could not have the close attention of either party. The Jesuitical scheming of the Romanists and the astute forecast of Miss Eyrecourt are equally well done; and it goes without saying that there are some admirable underplots, with groups of characters, who are all sketched with that kind of decisive completeness which almost makes us doubt of their reality: Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, however, do not depend on such tests as these: they are unreal in relation to any other world save that which lies in the mind of the artist; and it is sufficient testimony to his power when we say that if you once begin to read, you must read on; for not only does one incident develop itself out of another, but there is a glamour cast over your saner mind which sometimes makes you question how you could have been so deeply interested as you really are. For around a most conventional ideal world Mr. Wilkie Collins groups so many associations and forms of every-day life—reinforces his improbabilities by the most actual-looking letters and so on—that we are completely taken possession of, and the highest tribute of praise to him is to say that he lays hold of universal springs of interest, though he really ought hardly to do so.—*The Chaplain of the Fleet*. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE, Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' &c. (Chatto and Windus.) If not likely to be the most popular, this is, in our opinion, the most artistic of the many powerful stories by the same authors. Few that read it will ever forget the dainty heroine, Kitty Pleydell, the Queen of the Wells, the toast of the day, and Mrs. Esther, and the Rev. Dr. Shovell, and Sir Miles Lackington

and Lord Chudleigh. Nor will they for long fail to recall these characters when they hear of the Fleet parsons, and the 'Rules' and 'Liberties,' or of Bambridge and Oglethorpe. For, in this case, the authors have aimed at historical fidelity, and have reproduced with great faithfulness and art the excesses, the gaiety, the high-heartedness, and the meanness and vice of a strange time. In their touches they often recall and almost rival Thackeray, alike in describing the stately manliness and the low excesses of the Fleet orgies—which are so directly connected with the main incidents of the story. For Dr. Shovell, so admirably portrayed, with his big person, his rare dignity in midst of his degradation, and his unaffected, big-hearted charities which suffice to redeem so much, is the 'King of the Fleet parsons,' and has committed to his care a young orphan niece, Kitty Pleydell, whom he loves better than one could have believed of a Fleet parson of so long experience, and so great a success in that line. Lord Chudleigh—a youth of much promise—is tempted for one evening to visit the Fleet to hear the talk of Dr. Shovell, and is made drunk and tossed into the doctor's bed. The doctor bethinks him to revenge an old wrong done him by Lord Chudleigh's father, and this he will do by marrying the still tipsy young man to one of the horrid women who hang about the Fleet. But he cannot act out his first and worst impulses. Instead of his first thoughts, he acts upon his second, and lays his choice on his niece, Kitty Pleydell—her uncle's influence being such that she must obey, she going through the ceremony like one half-conscious or in a dream—while Lord Chudleigh remains so dazed as not to be able to recognize her or to remember her name. They part: Lord Chudleigh to enjoy his fortune as he may with a load on his memory, and Kitty Pleydell by and by to escape from the Fleet, under charge of Mrs. Esther, who manages (oh, how pathetically!) to recover the Pimpernel manner, and ere long to become the Queen of the Wells at Epsom and the toast of the day. Lord Chudleigh here falls in love with his own wife (!), confesses to her his misfortune, as he conceives it, while she is unable then to confess her secret, though she tells him that she has one to be found out. To learn how the two are reunited and all made plain within the Fleet, where they had first met, the reader must go to the volume, in which he will meet with rare power of delineation, racy humour, large knowledge of the time, some satire, and no little insight into the human heart. Some of the by-characters are excellent, especially that of Mr. Stallabrass, the poet. No mere characterization can give a faithful idea of this work, which is as admirably carried out as it is powerfully conceived. Of one thing we are sure, that few will read it and not fall in love with the dainty heroine, who remains unspotted amid the taint of the Fleet and through all the dissipations of Epsom Wells, though she gains in ripeness and character. She it is into whose mouth the story is put, and the dra-

matic setting is admirably maintained.—*Sydney*. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK. Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) Miss Craik is very fond of treating of the incompatibilities of marriage, and often hits on original situations; but is not always so strong or consistent in her way of working them out. This was the case in 'Theresa,' and it is still more the case here. Were it not that Miss Craik writes a very careful and graceful style, this story would not be very attractive. Horace Loudon, who uses very illegitimate means to force Sydney Godwin to marry him, would not claim any of our sympathy, and we think it is wrong in Miss Craik to resort to the device she adopts to raise some sympathy for him. When Horace tumbles off that omnibus, and is taken to St. George's Hospital—a scene which in itself is very well described—we feel he gets a somewhat tragic reward or punishment for much in his behaviour to Sydney; but when we find her rushing to his side to nurse him—which is right enough—and not only so, but owning herself to have been all the time wrong in her relations to him, we feel that poetic justice has been obtained at the cost of truth to human nature. 'Sydney' is too much a young lady's story, and certainly does not contain 'strong meat.' We are sorry to say this, because Miss Craik often writes so well; but we say it because we are sure she can write far better.—*Among the Hills*. By E. FRANCES POYNTER, Author of 'My Little Lady,' &c., &c. In Two Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) This is a true work of art. If it does not aim at what may be called artistic quality, it certainly attains it; and this is a tribute to its power. It seems as if the tale grew naturally out of the simplest and most unpromising materials; two girls—Hetty, a poor humpback and smitten with morbid hatred, and Jenny, a lively, blithe, commonplace village girl—are the heroines, who soon, however, fascinate us. We follow Hetty in her lonely devotion to her gold, earned by hard labour at embroidery in her spare time, and cannot help some interest in her dreams of a golden future, which, however, is to come to her through a very different agency from that which she expects—in some degree through the very child whom she hates to see, as reminding her of her own deformity. Richard Armstrong, a watchmaker—of whose past life little is known by the villagers—the guardian of this strange child, comes to influence Hetty through her; but the subtlety of this work is hardly seen on account of the efficient way in which it is worked out. Richard Armstrong is admirably painted, and is well contrasted both with Reuben Frost and with the schoolmaster. He is, in several respects, a great creation. Loved by both Hetty and Jenny, but with a very different love in each case, the reader must turn to the volumes to find how the perplexities of the situation are finally resolved; for Richard Armstrong has been married to a wayward, foolish woman, who has deserted him. Yet the *morale* of the story is of the highest. There are here and there incidental reflections put into the mouths

of the sedater characters, especially of Mrs. Adams, which are almost worthy of George Eliot. As a picture of English village life, too, the work has a high value. Haysted stands clear before the eye of the reader, with its odd and quaint mixtures of character and influence. If the story does not have the 'run' at the libraries, which it ought to have, it will speedily find the 'fit audience' and leave deep impressions. Hardly anything can be imagined more subtle and at the same time more sweet than 'Hetty's conversion to love and to gracious self-denial, till she even makes dolls for the child she has hated, and surrenders the treasured gold for the good of others.' It is one of the very finest things in fiction.

—*Mrs. Geoffrey.* By the Author of 'Phyllis,' 'Beauty's Daughters,' &c. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) We cannot regard 'Mrs. Geoffrey' as an improvement on 'Phyllis.' It is clever, the scheme is fairly well realized, though now and then the dialogue is thin; and the more important situations are made effectively to serve the leading *motif*. The descriptions of Irish life are lively, but the intrusion of political satire is not always successful. Mona and Geoffrey are very well done—there is a sweetness that mellows in the former, and there are touches of great originality in Rodney. But, as a whole, it is disappointing; we honestly confess to a little weariness over several chapters in the second volume, for which the determined smartness of others in the third volume did not wholly atone. But we doubt not that many readers who know society will like it, though the 'life' represented pertains too strictly to certain orders to satisfy what we regard as a legitimate demand on the higher-class novel of to-day. In this respect 'Mrs. Geoffrey' certainly lacks variety and relief, though, as of old, 'all's well that ends well.'

—*Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains.* By TOOFIE LAUDER. (Hodder and Stoughton.) The Harz Mountains are the very home of weird legends and fairy fancies. The author has collected some seventy or eighty of them—all short, some of them mere scraps—and has translated or told them in a very bright and pleasant way. It is an addition to our stores of folk-lore and fairy-stories which will have attractions for both old and young.

—*Dan Stapleton's Last Race.* By Mrs. MILNE RAE. (Marshall, Japp, and Co.) A well-written and pathetic story of two boys who begin life by training for jockeys, one fulfils his vocation, the other becomes a clergyman. Their affection is like that of David and Jonathan, and endures to the end. Poor Dan's fate is very touching. —*The Future Marquis.* By CATHERINE CHILDA. (Hurst and Blackett.) This story is vivaciously written, and if it be the author's first essay in fiction, it gives hope of good work in time to come. But, to do this, Miss Childar must discard many things and encourage others. There are some incidents which while apparently probable are inherently impossible. For example, we do not mean to say that one of her characters in this novel, Dick Acton, could never have acted as he did on one occasion when he threw broken

virtuals, &c., about the drawing-room purposely to make the room disgusting. But if he did that is no reason why the incident should figure prominently in a novel. This is a blot upon Miss Childar's work. She observes, moreover, that the drawing-room must have looked very much like the apartments at Buckingham Palace after the Shah had been dining; but is not this libelling his Majesty of Persia? The plot of the novel is not very strikingly original. It is concerned with the career of a young artist named Mr. Hayling, who ultimately succeeds to the Marquisate of Dorset. He loves and is beloved by a charming girl, Mary Lamont, but the latter has a scheming rival in the person of Zoe Ridsdale, who is determined to marry Tom because of the rank he must one day assume. She causes a good deal of trouble to the faithful lovers, and is on the verge of separating them for ever, when her machinations are fortunately discovered. When she has lost all, and her game is completely played out, she does not wish to live, and the author obliges her by carrying her out of the world in a very novel manner. The story has many good points, and is certainly very readable.

—*Love, Honour, and Obedience.* By IZA DUFFUS HARRY, Author of 'Glencairn,' 'Friend and Lover,' &c. In Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) In spite of some improbabilities, this is a novel with many attractions. The idyllic tone of the opening, when we see Zeb and Silas, as boy and girl, leading a kind of dream-life in the country-house of Mr. Warwick, is not much in harmony with the grim tragedy into which the story passes. Mr. Denis Randolph is surely a little of a 'disturbing element,' artistically as well as otherwise, and though as a villain he is not perhaps overdone, he is felt to be here somewhat out of place. Zeb, as at first presented to us, gives no hint of the possibility of later development. She suffers too much of a sea-change by her visit to America. Silas is admirably done, no less than his good patron, Mr. William Warwick. The authoress in this case seems to have made up her mind boldly to include elements that appear conflicting. She marries Silas to Miss Fontenay, the daughter of a baronet, while Zeb, his wife, still lives, and is in the power of Dennis Randolph, under whose clutches he himself is yet to pass, through the power of a secret about her birth, of which the villain has possessed himself. The last meeting of Silas with Zeb on board the steamer has in it elements of pathos, but it is so improbable that the intended effect is to a great extent lost. On the whole, the story is clever; there are one or two good characters, and there are touches manifold which prove insight and skill; but, as a whole, it is forced and unequal, and fails in the prerequisite of art—harmony. But doubtless by a large class it will be found readable and exciting, and this perhaps is all that the author aimed at. If so, she has succeeded, and deserves high praise. —*From Exile.* By JAMES PAYN. Three Vols. Chatto and Windus. Mr. Pavn's capacity to 'transform' the



commonplace of real life into something that appeals to, if it does not quite satisfy, the imagination, is seen in a very striking way in this novel. We remember in one of his former works that he made good use of some usually vulgar incidents of Greenwich Fair. But hitherto the real incidents have been more subordinate. Here we have the main facts in the career of the claimant in the notorious Tichborne case made the groundwork of a very well laid-out novel. It is astonishing how effectively Mr. Payn has managed some of the points. But he has been compelled to add a kind of testimony to the principle that barefaced realism will not do. He has added something of intellect and clever inventiveness to the cool effrontery of the claimant, and in outward traits his hero is a contrast to the original, rather than otherwise. By this he bears testimony to the fact that your impostor is generally a fool, and that for fictitious purposes you must *improve* him to make him interesting, which is a kind of indirect confession that it is hard to treat such themes in fiction without possibility of some danger to the moral sense in the young. The description of the escape from the desert island in the first part of the novel is very effective. The account of the visit to the village near to the estate, which the hero has personated another to claim, and his making acquaintance with the keeper of a certain public-house, is done with not a little tact, and recalls real transactions dwelt on in legal evidence. Of course, Mr. Payn is master of his craft enough to mix up a good many interesting strains of another kind, and we have some very good love-making and that kind of thing, which indeed is much needed towards the end, when he is inclined to make us rather too freely 'sup full of horrors.' Altogether the novel if not great is interesting, and shows ingenuity and an extensive knowledge of some phases of human nature.—*Louise Laris*. Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the War of Independence. By D. BIKELAS. Translated from the Greek by J. GENNADIUS. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a historical fiction, an imaginary narration of what the hero and his family endured at Smyrna, Chios, and other islands of the Archipelago during the War of Greek Independence of 1821. The preface tells us that it is scrupulously true to historical facts. It is in fact after the model of the Erckmann-Chatrian stories. The incidents, although simple, are terrible enough, and are another indictment against 'the unspeakable Turk.' The chief interest lies in the exquisite literary grace of the story. It may fairly claim equality with 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' or with 'Eöthen.' It was published in 1879 in an Athenian periodical, the *Hestia*, of which the author was editor. It rapidly attained a European reputation. Translations of it have appeared in French, Italian, German, and Danish. Both the original of the hero and the writer of the story have lived a good deal in London, where in 1862 the latter published a volume of poetry. This was followed by several other more im-

portant works. Especially has he successfully translated into Greek several of Shakespeare's plays. The work before us is perhaps his *chef d'œuvre*. It is as original as it is graceful and simple. It is a vivid description of Greece as the heroic War of Independence made it, and will apparently mark an epoch in modern Greek literature.—*My Love*. By E. LYNN LINTON, Author of 'Patricia Kemball,' &c. In Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) In some respects 'My Love' lacks the power of 'Leam Dundas,' and it is certainly less sustainably cynical and smart than 'Under which Lord,' but it amply compensates by other and, as some will feel perhaps, more attractive qualities. It is a delicious love-story, with full accompaniment of worldliness, though there really is little of wickedness in it. Colonel Branscombe, who is devoted to poetry and art, and who makes a martyr of his wife, and comes near to making a martyr of his daughter Stella also, is done with great tact. As for Stella, she is a delicious study, well-sustained and natural, amply proving that Mrs. Lynn Linton's habit of portraying silly or wicked women, and squirting acid upon them in characteristic asides, can also deal well with the noble and true. From the moment that Colonel Branscombe appeals to his daughter for her aid and companionship after the death of his wife, whose life he had made a weary round of sorrow, we know how matters are to go. We know so well, indeed, that this might have been construed into a fault. But Mrs. Lynn Linton contrives a happier *dénouement* than we had expected. Cyril Ponsonby, whom she truly loves, is in effect banished by her father, and goes to India. While he is there many suitors offer. Among these are Valentine Cowley, the heir of the Cowley estates, whom her father would fain have her marry, and Randolph Mackenzie, her adopted brother, both of whom she has to repel, as she cannot forget Cyril. Her candid friend, Augusta Latrobe, is well handled; and in bits of advice, such as 'wearing the willow all your life is not a dignified kind of life, my dear,' strongly enforces her practical, matter-of-fact character on the mind of the reader. The Pennefathers and the Monypennys afford good relief, and Georgie's marriage to Valentine Cowley is well contrived, whether or not he found in her the 'soul's sister,' he assured himself he would find in Stella. Hortensia Lyon's method of courting Colonel Branscombe is one of the best things in the book, and is only equalled perhaps by the effusive graciousness of the colonel at the close, when Cyril Ponsonby at last returns to win his prize. The novel is in its own line very fresh and vigorous, and may suffice to give to some a better impression of Mrs. Linton than they had before.



## THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

*The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.*  
Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By  
W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A. Edinburgh:  
Adam and Charles Black.

The critical school bases its conclusions mainly on internal evidence, and when justified by such evidence claims the right to reconstruct, if necessary, the statements of Scripture into a harmonious whole by transposing and rearranging Biblical documents. Hence the volume before us, while pervaded by profound reverence for the authority of Scripture, is characterized by great freedom of interpretation. There is no work in England, or indeed on the continent, which travels over exactly the same ground, or attempts to deal with the same topics in a popular style. Here, however, the style is so lucid and the arrangement so clear that the reader is in danger of forgetting the enormous extent and complexity of the inquiry. The first efforts of the critical school were confined to an analysis of the composite nature of Genesis alone. The next stage was to extend the same process to the Pentateuch, and the last to apply the same method to the so-called Mosaic legislation, which, in the extended sense of the term as used by this school, involves a critical estimate of God's converse with Israel under the old dispensation. We need scarcely say that for such a task there is needed the keenest critical faculty, a delicate appreciation of literary style, a profound acquaintance with the capabilities and peculiarities of the Hebrew tongue, combined with a cultured and well-balanced judgment. In addition to these more general qualifications, Professor Robertson Smith possesses special acquirements in those studies which are the necessary equipment of the historical critic.

The two opening lectures set forth with singular clearness the author's position towards the Bible and towards the traditional school of exegesis and criticism. Scientific criticism has generally indulged too freely in mere negations, and assumed as its fundamental principle the denial of the supernatural and divine as a living personal reality in nature and history; but Professor Smith takes as his fundamental position the existence of a living personal God in personal converse with man, and revealing His truth to him in accordance with his necessities and capacities. This is clearly and boldly enunciated in the following words: 'The Bible is a book of experimental religion, in which the converse of God with His people is depicted in all its stages up to the full and abiding manifestation of saving love in the person of Jesus Christ;' or, as elsewhere, 'to the ascension of the risen Saviour and the mission of the Spirit by which the Church still lives.' According to him, the object of Biblical criticism is to retrace the history of Scripture up to the first origin of each separate writing, and to set it in the light of the historical circumstances in which it originated. The next five lectures are full of interesting matter; the

third dealing with the functions and activities of the scribes in relation to the Scriptures and the sacred text; the fourth and fifth with the Septuagint, especially as bearing witness to the development-theory of Old Testament literature; the sixth with the history and formation of the Canon; and the seventh with the rise, arrangement, and date of the Psalms, the majority of which, as might be expected, are attributed to the post-exilic period. In the eighth lecture the author comes to the discussion of fundamental problems, *e.g.*, the traditional theory of the Old Testament; the position and work of the prophets; the law and the history of Israel during the exile, and the various stages through which legislation passed.

We must here call attention to the distinctive principles of the critical and traditional schools of Old Testament exegesis. The traditional school, according to Professor Smith's representation of it—which to say the least is an extreme form of it—holds that the whole of the Pentateuch was given in the wilderness; that Moses conveyed to the children of Israel before they entered Canaan all that was necessary for them to know as a revelation from God. And the keeping of this law—of which the ceremonial must have been the most characteristic part—was the whole of Israel's religion; and the religious history of Israel could be nothing else than a history of the nation's obedience or disobedience to this law, and the prophets only the ministers and expounders of it. On the other hand, the principle of the critical school is that of progressive development. It consequently holds that the legislation of Israel, like all the thoughts and theology of the Bible, is progressive and organically connected with the life of the people; that since the life of a nation is mirrored in its legislation, a system of laws cannot be the product of any particular person or period, but the growth or rather the product of the national spirit, ever marking out for itself new paths, ever growing wider and deeper with the expansion of its necessities, the development of its ideas, and the enlargement of its life. There can, therefore, be no law which is not recognized in the nation's history. The question then between the two schools amounts to this: Is the Levitical law—the priestly codex of Wellhausen—the last term and final form of a progressive series of prophetic and priestly legislation, carried on for nearly a thousand years; or is it the starting point of the nation's history, given by God to Moses and by Moses to Israel during the forty years in the wilderness? It is the object of the following lectures, by a very wide and careful investigation, to establish the former. We can only indicate the line of argument.

According to the distinctive ordinances of the Levitical law, the whole worship of Israel is narrowed to the sanctuary of the ark, access to God is only to be attained through the mediation of the Aaronic priesthood, while the Levites formed the outer cordon as guardians of the temple, and the sin-offering and

the atoning ritual form a fixed and important portion of the ceremonial. The author examines the religious history of the nation as found in the book of Kings and the contemporary prophets, and finds a remarkable contrast between the simple, popular worship of Israel and the elaborate system of the Pentateuch, and concludes that the ceremonial law of the middle books of the Pentateuch was, up to the time of the exile, unknown to the priests, disregarded in practice by the people, unmentioned in the teaching of the prophets (who lifted up religion to a higher plane), and ignored by God in His converse and communication with His elect; indeed, that this law is not mentioned in the pre-exilic writings. These facts, he maintains, cannot be set down as occasional deviations from Levitical orthodoxy, for the ceremonial sanctity of the temple was violated at every point; worship was constantly rendered at the high places even by the leaders of Israel; the sharp distinction between priests and laymen was continually set aside, and the priesthood was subordinated to the palace. The result arrived at by the historical inquiry is, that the Hebrews before the exile knew a twofold Torah, the Torah of the priest and the Torah of the prophets, neither of which corresponded with the present system of the Pentateuch, this last being a fusion of the former two, and having for its object to provide a scheme of religion consistent with the unique holiness of God. But before the captivity this was not only not realized, but not even contemplated. Ezekiel being a priest as well as a prophet was the first to sketch such a scheme of ritual.

Having examined these questions historically, Professor Smith proceeds to establish his conclusions by a critical investigation of the composition of the Pentateuch itself. Here he finds three groups of laws—in addition to the Ten Commandments—inserted in the historical context. The first and simplest is contained in Exod. xxi.-xxiii., the second or Deuteronomic in Deut. xii.-xxvi. This is an independent reproduction of the substance of the first by the prophets, and gave the impulse to the reformation of Josiah in the eighth century B.C. The third is the Levitical, scattered through several parts of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, the most complete remnants of which are found in Levit. xvii.-xxvi. This was a further elaboration by Ezra and his assistants of the programme sketched by Ezekiel for the organization of the new Israel. It is Elohist in character, and called by Wellhausen the Priestly Codex, because it contains directions for the equipment of the sanctuary and the priesthood, of the sacrificial laws and the status of the priests and Levites. Between all three there are considerable differences, but this is especially the case between the first two and the last; e.g., the Deuteronomic code makes no distinction between priests and Levites; while the Levitical draws a strict line of demarcation between the two; in the Deuteronomic, the idea of sin is never connected with matters of ritual, whereas in the

Levitical special prominence is given to the sin-offering and the atoning sacrifice.

This is not the place for entering into chronological and philological minutiae, our criticism of this theory must therefore be confined to its general features. One of the first things that impressed us in investigating this subject was that the theory advanced is an hypothesis and nothing more, and one that is not universally accepted by the critical school itself, for several of its most competent and fearless disciples reject its fundamental principles. It is therefore unfair to represent the disciples of the traditional school as its only opponents. While therefore acknowledging the service of the critical school to Biblical literature, and sympathizing with its method, we decidedly demur to have what are at present only tentative efforts put down as established conclusions. Apart from the fact that this hypothesis involves us in probably as many difficulties as it solves, we think, considering its age, the number of its adherents, and the important changes in the views of its most zealous advocates, that it ought still to be regarded as only an hypothesis, and if the author had done this in his writings, he would have escaped much painful and bitter opposition to his views, and, what is more important, would have been much nearer the truth. Professor Smith seems to be accustomed to write and, we suspect, to think in the presence of his enemies: this may be a very good training for a general, but scarcely the best for a judge. He has lived much in the heated air of theological controversy, which cannot be regarded as the most favourable condition for conducting a calm and impartial inquiry. Further, supposing we admit—which we are certainly not prepared to do—that the Levitical laws are not mentioned in the pre-exilic writings, the author builds too much upon such an omission. The argument *ex silentio* is very unsafe except under special circumstances, and certainly when applied to times when what was written and recorded bore but a small proportion to what exerted, in the form of custom, a legal force on the life of the people. Moreover, we hold that neither the neglect of solemnly enjoined rites nor the denunciations of the prophets are incompatible with the existence of the Levitical laws. It only proves that their practical life did not correspond to their laws; only that law had not succeeded in controlling the force of old traditions and Canaanite rites. Those who have devoted attention to this discrepancy have greatly exaggerated it. What conclusion would one draw respecting the religious code they possess from the history of many Christian churches in heathen lands, beset by heathen customs and exposed to the influence of heathen rites?

Further, an examination of the Pentateuch does not justify us in admitting the absolute silence of the pre-exilic writings respecting the Levitical laws. According to the rearrangement of documents by this school, Deuteronomy is prior to the Levitical laws—the order they adopt being Jehovist, Deu-

teronomy, Priestly Codex—and therefore cannot be dependent upon them. Now we do not hesitate to affirm that an impartial investigation of Deuteronomy will render it very difficult for any one to escape the conclusion that the writer was acquainted not simply with the historical parts, but also with the laws of the middle books of the Pentateuch, and even with the very portions that are assigned by this school to the post-exilic period. Besides, several of the laws in Deuteronomy bear traces of a later date, and are not found in Leviticus. It is difficult to account for their absence if the Levitical laws are the product of post-exilic times, and for their form except they be regarded as a modification of the Levitical laws. We are involved in no less difficulty if we compare the priestly and festal regulations of Ezekiel with the section ascribed to him in Leviticus. There are omissions, deviations, and several characteristic differences of language which ill accord with the hypothesis that he is the author of both. Equally unjustifiable historically is the assertion that no trace is found in pre-exilic history of the difference in status between the priests and the Levites, and that the priesthood belongs to the Levites generally and not especially to the Aaronites. The evidence fairly weighed is in favour of such a distinction, not simply as extending backwards to the time of Moses, but as continuing up to the time of the exile. The Aaronites were priests at all the important central sanctuaries, whilst the Levites seem to have officiated at the other sanctuaries (see Curtiss, 'The Levitical Priests'). Finally the critical school assigns to the post-exilic period what is improbable if not impossible. According to Professor Smith's theory, we are required to believe that in the interval between Ezekiel and Ezra—little more than a century—a Levitical legislation grew up, was developed, and systematized, and, as Riehm aptly puts it, that the leading minds of the nation were busily engaged in constructing a system of costly ceremonial during the exile, when there was no sanctuary, no sacrifices, and no sacerdotal service. Moreover, the sad and depressing period of captivity must have been, according to the representatives of this school, one of extraordinary literary activity, in the form of psalms, prophecy, and history. Does the whole of history furnish us with a parallel case? Is there any historical evidence that the sketch of Ezekiel had the important influence ascribed to it on the legislation of Ezra? Are we to believe that so much was accomplished during this most unfavourable period, and so little in the brightest days of David and Solomon, of the literary and religious activity of which we have abundant external evidence, even if we admit two-thirds of the Psalms to be post-exilic? We firmly believe that between the extremes of the traditional and critical schools there is an intermediate course, and that the final decision will be in that direction. But before that can be taken, many obstacles remain to be surmounted, and many facts which are now overlooked to be adequately accounted

for. In the meanwhile we heartily thank the author for the service he has rendered to Biblical science, and yield to none in our admiration of his great ability and extensive acquirements. And we trust the time is not far distant when he will be able to discuss historical questions by purely historical methods, free from the warping influence of exciting theological controversy.

*Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. John Murray.

Dean Stanley's literary style has lost nothing of its charm. So daintily does he select his words, and so deftly does he arrange them, that his sentences seem natural productions, having the symmetry and beauty of spontaneous growth. There is neither elaboration nor effort; simply an artistic instinct informed by a large knowledge, and regulated by scholarly culture. But the result is very charming in its simple beauty and perfect rhythm.

These characteristics of the writing extend to the thinking. The arrangements of materials into pictures is as facile as the arrangement of words into sentences; both are eminently pictorial; neither has much underlying strength. In the sentences the words seem chosen for their euphony rather than for their force. In the historical pictures the facts and thoughts seem to depend upon the same principle or instinct of selection. Dean Stanley's thorough honesty and utter fearlessness as a thinker make any suspicion of unfairness impossible, but no one can read some of these papers—notably those on the Lord's Supper, and the Creed of the Early Christians—without painfully feeling that, like a skater on thin ice, absorbed in the gracefulness and pleasure of his motion, he is ingenuously unconscious of the depths beneath. With all his artistic freshness and independence, no one could claim for the writer of these papers any great degree of profound or penetrating thought. What he says concerning surface truths may be unquestionable. The conjunction, the intention, the purpose may be what we are told they are; but one marvels how the writer can be unconscious of the underlying meanings with which throughout its history the thought of Christendom has been grappling. Thus, in the papers referred to, the great ideas of expiatory sacrifice and of the theological Trinity are simply ignored. No one could gather from these papers that they had ever existed. It is as if a botanist were to limit himself to the form and colour of the flower, or the anatomist to the form and functions of the man. All that is said may be true, but a great deal that demanded saying is not said; there are profounder things beneath, also demanding analysis and philosophical allocation. One is perpetually amazed, not at any particular view that Dean Stanley takes of such things, but that he does not seem even to be conscious of them. In theological thought especially, which should lead us into the very heart of all that may be known of God and

of His relations to spiritual life, 'the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.' Were all theological truths treated as in this volume, theology, as a philosophy, a metaphysic, a science of spiritual being, could not exist at all. All the better, probably the Dean would reply; but neither physics nor literary art, nor even practical religious experience, can dispossess metaphysic. We are made to know, and speculative inquiry is as imperative as practical. The remarkable thing is that, in dealing with topics which have engrossed the mightiest theological thinkers of Christendom, their perplexities, contentions, and conclusions are often simply ignored, or else whittled away in a series of remarks, congruities, and surface phenomena which, instead of carrying one inward to the heart of things, imply that there is no heart at all, or cunningly guide you backwards to the surface meaning, where you are politely left.

In certain things, where superstitions or illicit meanings have been attached to simple institutions, the process is very satisfactory. To most of the topics here discussed—Baptism, the Eucharist, the Clergy, the Pope, the Creed—accretions have grown which it is the province of more spiritual men to remove. But it is one thing to restore a true spiritual meaning, and another thing to say there is no such meaning at all. Of course our criticism is open to the retort that we accept Dean Stanley's method so far as it harmonizes with our own views, and reject it so far as it operates beyond them. There is no reply to such a criticism. It is perfectly true, and would be true equally of the extremest rationalist and the extremest sacramentarian. The only possible thing is to discover where the truth is by criticism and reasonings and appeals to the common understanding of men. For example, we think most of the conclusions reached in the paper on Baptism true; but our Baptist brethren will think that it destroys their dogma, and believers in baptismal regeneration will think it almost profane. Nevertheless there is a true place and a purposed meaning in baptism which only discussion can elicit. With much, too, that is said about the Eucharist we agree, and Unitarians and simple theists will probably agree with the whole; but to us it is positively painful that, among the purposes and meanings enumerated, the great fundamental idea of expiatory sacrifice for sin, the idea which, true or false, has been that of the Lord's Supper throughout Christian history, should not even be alluded to. Can it be thought that the great fact and doctrine of atonement for sin can be discredited by simply ignoring it? So in the Sabellian representation of the Trinity, the orthodox theological doctrine is simply ignored. Hardly can this be regarded as a fair treatment of such topics when avowedly selected for exposition. This, however, is the theological characteristic of these otherwise charming essays. Essays full of acuteness, wide information, and good sense, but too often affecting us only as the putting together of an ingenious puzzle does. We had marked some forty particu-

lars, more or less illustrating our criticisms. These we must reluctantly forbear, as detail would lead us too far. As examples, we simply mention the characteristic fancy (p. 51) that fishes were part of the original celebration of the Eucharist; the notion that the deeper religious meaning gradually grew upon the social and secular meaning of the Eucharist (p. 53); the interpretation of the Body and Blood as simply 'the inmost spirit of the dying Redeemer' (p. 74); that eating His flesh and drinking His blood is simply fellowship of heart with Christ (p. 104); the restriction of the Lord's Supper to the ideas of Eucharist—to thanksgiving, beneficence, and dedication (p. 76); that the promise of ratification in heaven means simply that the sentiments and contentions of righteous and benevolent men, like Wilberforce and Clarkson, would be approved of God, and that the reprobation of drunkenness by educated society was ratified by the course of Providence (pp. 138-140). That the Dean should think objections to Church establishments superstitious and vulgar (p. 163) is not perhaps to be wondered at, but such a characterization is not of itself exactly a mark of refinement, considering the men in both Church and State who maintain them, nor does it produce the impression of a very profound philosophy. We must, however, forgive him this, as we do much more, for the sake of his broad catholicity. In his readings of ecclesiastical *origines* Dean Stanley is very much in accordance with the conclusions which Mr. Hatch has reached in his recent and remarkable Bampton Lectures. He thinks that the organization, officers, and usages of the Church were simply adapted, as expediency required, from analogous secular institutions—that they were mere expedients and have no claim to supernatural institution (pp. 183-187, 190-196). 'It is certain that the officers of the apostolical, or of any subsequent church, were not part of the original institution of the Founder of our religion; that of Bishop, Presbyter, and Deacon, of Metropolitan, Patriarch, and Pope, there is not the shadow of a trace in the Four Gospels.' 'Before the conversion of the Empire, Bishops and Presbyters alike were chosen by the whole mass of the people.' 'In the first beginning of Christianity there was no such institution as the clergy, and it is conceivable that there may be a time when they shall cease to be.' The primitive posture in receiving the Lord's Supper was reclining or sitting (p. 202). 'The word "bishop," *ἐπίσκοπος*, was taken not from any usage of the temple or the synagogue, but from the officers created in the different subject-towns of Athens, "borrowed," as Hooker says, "from the Grecians"' (p. 209). Prayers in the early Church, except the Lord's Prayer, 'were offered as according to the capacity and choice of the ministers' (p. 286). To discuss any one of these or of many other points raised in these essays would obviously exceed our limits. We must leave this interesting and fascinating book to the discrimination of its readers. Few books that have latterly come into our hands are more

charming, or more need the function of discriminating scriptural knowledge and good sense.

*Evenings with the Skeptics; or, Free Discussion on Free Thinkers.* By JOHN OWEN. Two Vols. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Whether or not the author of this work has accomplished all he intended and desired, he has at all events succeeded in producing a very readable and attractive book on a subject which easily lends itself to abstruse treatment. Instead of confining himself to disquisition, as is customary with writers on philosophical subjects, Mr. Owen has here varied disquisition with dialogue, and cast his work into a dramatic form, in the management of which he evinces much literary skill. The disquisitions are in the form of papers supposed to be read by one of a party of thoughtful and inquiring minds, who meet together on stated evenings to discuss the question of skepticism. The papers are then subjected to examination by the other members of the party, and the result is that we have a series of animated and diversified discussions which, though always centering round the same topic, are nevertheless full of variety and light and shade. This topic is of course Skepticism, of which the author, both in his own person and in that of Dr. Trevor—the one of the disputants whom he specially affects, and who always leads the way—seems to be greatly enamoured. The skepticism which he thus admires and inculcates (and which he asks us to write after the modern style so as to dissociate it from the old meanings of sceptic and scepticism) is not, however, what is most commonly included under the term. It is true we talk of the sceptic as the doubter; but as the doubts generally pass over into dogmatic denial, scepticism has come naturally to be classed with unbelief and infidelity. Mr. Owen's skeptic and skepticism must be altogether dissociated from anything of this sort. He adheres to the etymological meaning of the word, and attaches an altogether honourable signification to it. The skeptic in his hands is only the inquirer, the searcher after truth, who prefers the search to the attainment of definite results. In regard to accepted dogmas, skepticism in this light is not unbelieving. It suggests research and examination, and encourages caution in accepting facts and theories, but it would be false to its own nature if it were to pass over into dogmatic denial. The skepticism we speak of fosters the suspensive habit of mind as that which best becomes the inquirer. It will thus be seen that Mr. Owen widens out his definitions of terms so as to make them very comprehensive and inclusive. Almost too much so indeed. For if skepticism is synonymous with inquiry, the history of skepticism would be the history of philosophy. Indeed he says as much when he remarks, 'A history of doubters and free-thinkers is in fact the history of human enlightenment.' According, however, to his own showing, there are in the history of human thought two antagonistic tendencies, one to dogmatism

and the other to skepticism, and there is between them a perennial antagonism, for they are the static and dynamic principles of all human knowledge. The dogmatist then has his functions in the statement and interpretation of truth as the skeptic has in the search for it, and without the inborn aptitude or tendency to seize and set forth theories or doctrines as the truth, the ceaseless flow of inquiry would disintegrate human knowledge, and we should be left intellectually and spiritually bankrupt. The truth is dogmatism and skepticism are two counter tendencies which nevertheless coexist in the same man and the same age. They are, like order and progress, action and reaction, both essential, yet, though conflicting and antagonistic, each necessary to the other. The proportions in which the one or the other has the preponderance determine the character of the individual or the thinker, but they exist together in some proportion in every man. It seems to us that in neglecting to take this into account Mr. Owen has drifted into an imperfect and misleading classification. He opens his net so widely that it gathers almost all the great names of the history of philosophy into it. Thus we are startled to find that Socrates is classed among the skeptics. Much ingenious argument is employed by Dr. Trevor to justify including the great Greek in his 'Pantheon of Skeptics;' but it would not be very difficult to assign an equal number of plausible reasons for giving him a place among the dogmatists. Socrates was an inquirer, and he certainly employed skeptical methods; but the attainment of truth, and not merely the search after it, was his object; and his dogmatism, as every one is aware, expressed itself even in what Mr. Arnold calls *Aberglaube*. If skepticism is to include Socratic teaching, there is no reason why it should not also cover the teaching of Christianity. And the author of these volumes would not shrink from that position. The alleged conflict between Christianity in its true sense as embodied in the words and life of Christ, is, he says, 'an ecclesiastical fiction.' 'Certainly the claims of a religion which asserts itself as the Truth, which bases freedom upon truth-discovery and inquiry, whose Founder's profession was that he came to bear witness to the truth, and which appealed to the reason and conscience of mankind, i.e., to their instincts of spiritual and moral truth, can never be fairly represented as opposed to truth-search. Unquestionably not; but neither can they be claimed as fitting into, and being in harmony with, a disposition of continuous dubitation, a restless search after a good that is never found, and a truth which, though supplying the motive for the chase, is declared to be of less value than the search for it. Christianity is profoundly dogmatic though it is also friendly to free thought and unrestricted inquiry. 'What is truth?' is the mocking question of a Pilate which is rebuked in its record. Truth is consecrated by Christ; but it is not the negative truth of the skeptic, but the positive results of God's revelation of Himself, without know-

ing which, man ceases to be in the Divine image.

This protest against a too comprehensive sweep of the sceptical net is necessary in the interest of exact thought and correct classification; but having made it, we have no words but those of praise for the results of Mr. Owen's thoughts and labours. His 'Evenings with the Sceptics' are very delightful evenings indeed. Among the qualities of Dr. Trevor is an intense admiration of Greek thought, and in particular of *Sextos Empirikos* and, possibly because of sympathy with the Greek intellect, the parts of the book dealing with the thinkers and thought of ancient Greece appear to us to be the most attractive. We scarcely think the same full measure of success is attained in treating of Hebrew or Hindu scepticism, or even Christian scepticism, which latter occupies the whole of the second volume. This part, however, is not complete, as we are only brought down to the period of the Renaissance. We trust that Mr. Owen will fulfil the promise of Dr. Trevor, and give us a second series of 'Evenings with the Sceptics.' That gentleman, with whom we have come to be very familiar before we have closed these volumes, concludes the work with the following pledge: 'When the shortening days of next autumn come upon us, when our ripened corn-fields are divested of their golden robes, when our chalky lanes are besprinkled with fallen leaves, and when the shadows of the downs stretch far across our valleys, as if they would measure their extreme width—we will again take up our Sceptics or Truth-seekers at the Renaissance, and try to ascertain what quota of thought and inspiration thinkers like Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and Montaigne, have contributed to the intellectual freedom and enlightenment of modern Europe.' We shall look for the renewal of the inquiry with very great interest.

*The Gospel of the Divine Life.* A Study of the Fourth Evangelist. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. Late Prebendary of St. Paul's, London. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The author of this book is an acute thinker and a scholarly writer. We have already borne testimony to the high culture and extensive learning which distinguish his other writings; and the same artistic beauty of composition, penetration of thought, and originality of conception are conspicuous in the volume before us. The literary attractions of such a work will gain for it easy access into the libraries of those who wish to see the exposition of so spiritual a theme as that of the Fourth Gospel cast in a refined mould. Throughout the book, however, more attention is paid to the literary aspect of the subject than to the unctious or practical.

This volume is the completion of the author's former work—'Studies of the Divine Master'—and his object is to 'bring out the more spiritual teachings of Jesus, which have been preserved to us mainly in the Fourth Gospel'—'the Gospel of the Divine Life;' the other Gospels—the Synoptics, presenting

to us chiefly the human aspects of Christ's life. His endeavour is by means of translation, paraphrase, and running commentary, all combined, to reproduce the thoughts and associations that were in the mind of the writer. His view is that the Evangelist does not give us chronological annals of our Lord's earthly course, but a collection of fragmentary records sufficient to exhibit this Life in Jesus, so that we have not a history so much as an anthology.

He supposes the idea of the writer to be that the Divine Life was displayed in Jesus in order to its diffusion from Him to us. In the second part he shows how the Divine Life in us is from Jesus; it commences in faith, continues by fidelity to the teachings of Jesus, and is consummated by fellowship with the Spirit of Jesus. He writes in warm sympathy with his subject, is oftentimes happy and suggestive in his renderings, and in some cases presents an eminently impressive view of the theme which he touches, as in the paragraph in chap. vii. 37, &c.: also in the first portion of chap. i. The passage in Rom. viii. 15 is rendered, 'We cry aloud with exultation, Abba, Father,' and that in Matt. xiii. 12, 'To him that has some affinity for the truth, more shall be given; but he that has no eye for it, the very light shall blind him, as it blinds the owl.' In some parts we perceive that nice critical acumen which distinguishes the finer shades of meaning in words and clauses, together with the faculty which takes a broader view, and grasps the general bearing of the entire writing. But the merit is by no means equal. In some passages the writer falls beneath the level of his subject, and fails to catch the significance of the meaning in the text, as for instance, in chap. x. 31, where it is a great descent to say merely, 'I and my Father are perfectly at one.' On every account it must be 'are one.' Similarly the phrase 'bosom-friend,' in chap. i. 18, is a material weakening of the meaning in the text. The writer fails also to give the force of such passages as chap. iv. 24, iii. 18, i. 31, and a number of others which we had marked.

The leading defect of the volume is its want of theology sufficiently digested to permeate the whole line of thought with its living spirit. We look for a more searching analysis of the *nature* of that Divine Life, and especially of the *principle* on which it is given. Does it consist merely of the temper of mind that was in Christ; or, higher than that, of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the heart, as conferred by Christ, and His operating through the truth as it is in Christ. And if so, what relation has the death of Christ to the giving of this Spirit? The 'lifting up of the Son of Man' on the cross is the reason in righteousness which makes it consistent with the character of the Divine Sovereign to act as a Father in freely conferring spiritual blessings on the guilty. This thought which gives depth, body, stability, and hallowing unction to the whole system of Christian truth, we expect to be reflected in some form on every page, giving unity, vitality, and

force to the discussion. But the author fails to make it give the proper colour to his argument. There is also the serious omission to explain the special capacity in which Christ speaks in many passages, where He seems to be not the Father's equal, as in chap. xiv. 28, also v. 19, 20, 80, 81. He omits to point out that Christ said this in His voluntarily assumed capacity of the Father's servant. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we regard this volume, especially with its two lengthy appendices on 'The Development of the Fourth Gospel, and its Place in the History of Christianity,' as a most valuable gleaning in one of the richest fields of Scripture truth.

*The Resurrection of our Lord.* By WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D. Macmillan and Co.

Professor Milligan's Croall Lecture is a very able one. The resurrection of our Lord, as he justly says, is much more than a miraculous attestation, it involves the fact and the character of our life in Christ. Although of course the demonstration of the fact is the condition of all uses of it, yet the fact is of importance only because of its uses, and its uses of Christian life and experience are more than its uses as miraculous evidence. It is, as Canon Westcott calls it, in his able and thoughtful work, 'The Gospel of the Resurrection,' the central truth of Christianity; a revelation morally as well as a fact historically. But while Canon Westcott deals only with the philosophy of the resurrection, Professor Milligan dwells largely upon the proofs of the fact. After a discussion of the problem of the resurrection body, in which he maintains that although a true body it was not the same body, he arrays the various evidences of the fact with great skill and force; then deals with the rationalistic theories that evade the fact, conclusively showing their untenableness. He then proceeds to discuss the bearings of His resurrection upon the life and work of our Lord, upon our own Christian life and hope, and upon the Church and the world. Some of the inferences in the latter section seem to us a little forced, and we think the evidential part of the discussion the most successful. But we gladly accord a general assent to the theological position, and thank Professor Milligan for lifting the resurrection out of the catalogue of mere evidences into the domain of spiritual truth and life. Professor Milligan thinks with truth that it ought to occupy a far more important place than it generally does in our theological systems and religious life. His very able lecture will, we trust, aid in giving the necessary impulse.

*The Philosophy of Prayer and Principles of Christian Services.* With other Papers. By HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Many will be glad to see these papers collected from the periodicals in which several of them first appeared, and in which they attracted considerable attention. The papers on the Philosophy of Prayer, especially, deal,

with much intellectual penetration and spiritual wisdom, with the moral philosophy of supplication, and incidentally touch most of the problems connected with it, which are to be solved by no mere process of reasoning, only by the instincts and consciousness of spiritual relations. They are full of tender wisdom.

The series of papers, entitled the 'Principles of Christian Service,' deal chiefly with the functions of Christian apologists and ministers, and appear to have been part of the counsels addressed by Dr. Reynolds to his students. They are wise with that holy wisdom which is prompted chiefly by, and addresses itself most to, the spiritual conditions of effective presentations of Christianity. The author's hand is always on the conscience; moral qualification is in his view the supreme qualification, in the sense of making all others effective.

Three or four miscellaneous papers—one a New Year's Paper on the Horizons; another on Religious Ennui; another on Mont St. Michel; and another on Tombs—a kind of historic panorama of famous abodes of the dead—make up a very charming and stimulating volume of what is in the best sense devotional reading.

*The Christian's Plea against Modern Unbelief.* A Handbook of Christian Evidence. By R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In the history of Christian polemic hitherto every assault upon the truth of Christianity has recoiled with terrific force upon its authors. It has necessitated fresh investigation and argument, and a formal restatement of the process and result, often in a form of unanswerable reasoning. Most of the great 'Apologies' of both the early and the modern Church have originated thus. The assault has produced impregnable defences which have not only resisted, but have afforded means of counter-attack. And the transient phases of antichristian theories sufficiently prove how effective these have been. The antichristian literature of our own day is eliciting almost every form of Christian apologetic, and, among others, books like the one before us, which aim at being a general summary of Christian evidences—handbooks, which, for the use of young people and ordinary Christian men and women unversed in apologetic literature, bring together the chief lines of argument for Christianity and arrange them in a systematic and related way; for, as Professor Redford justly observes, 'the total impression of a wide range of evidence will be increased by being drawn together.' Some arguments, for instance, not conclusive of themselves,

'Serve to thicken other proofs,  
Which do demonstrate thinly.'

This volume, thus planned, is one of great ability and completeness. It is the fruit of a lifetime of scholarly and, of late years, pro-



fessorial dealing with Christian truth. Professor Redford brings to bear upon the matters discussed, not only wide reading and accomplished critical scholarship, but an acute and patient intellect, as little likely to be deluded by sophisms as disturbed by passion. With a firm adherence to Christian faith he combines perfect candour and broad conceptions both of Christianity and its evidences. The defence of Christianity that is, is not in his hands reduced from its broad moral and rational evidences to a contention of mere historic facts and proof texts. While these are abundantly vindicated, they are lifted into the higher domain of the moral reason, and Christianity is exhibited in its lofty appeal to the entire condition of man's spiritual nature.

The very compass of Professor Redford's work forbids more than this general characterization. It is singularly complete. In the chapters of the Introduction he presents first a summary of fundamental Christian truths, then a succinct account of the history and assaults of unbelief. The second part presents the theistic argument in its various branches, as opposed to the various theories of Atheism, Materialism, and Agnosticism. Part third—the bulk of the volume—treats of supernatural revelation in its necessity, fact, and entire compass, both in the Scriptures and in the person and work of Christ. A chapter is given to the canonical authority of the Old and New Testaments. The history of Christianity is made use of as argument, and an important bibliography of Christian apologetics, extending to between thirty and forty pages, is appended.

Among all works of its class that have come under our notice there is none that, for masterly clearness, completeness, and compendiousness, we could place by the side of this.

*The Basis of Faith.* A Critical Survey of the Grounds of Christian Theism. (The Congregational Union Lecture for 1877.) By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A. Second Edition Revised. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Congregational Union may well be satisfied with the place in English theology which their Lectures have won. Some of them have run through six and seven editions, and most have passed into a second. Mr. Conder's essay is gradually winning its way to a recognized and permanent place in the theistic controversy. Acute and well abreast of the thinking of the day, it deals effectively, and we think conclusively, with the fontal question of all being and all religion—the being and character of God. The way in which it does this has already been discussed in our pages. We have simply to announce with our strong and emphatic commendation this second and cheaper edition.

*The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement.* An Historical Review. With an Introduction on the Principle of Theological Developments. By HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM,

M.A. Third Edition. W. H. Allen and Co.

That Mr. Oxenham's book should have reached a third edition will be gratifying to all, of whatever Church, who value the cardinal doctrine of which he gives the history, and who can appreciate the spirit of candour and respect with which he regards those who the most differ from him. Mr. Oxenham is a Roman Catholic, but in liberal and generous feeling he may well put to the blush many who avow a broader catholicity than this paradoxical designation indicates or than those who bear it generally realize. We do not agree with all Mr. Oxenham's conclusions, even in estimating the position of Church fathers and theologians. We especially demur to some of his judgments on the theologians of the Reformation. It is hardly possible that concerning these he should think as we think. His praise is that he concedes so much more than most members of his Church would. But few books will furnish a more complete history of the various modes in which the atonement has been apprehended by the developing science of Christendom. In our notice of the second edition of the work (*THE BRITISH QUARTERLY*, No. xcvi. p. 599) we spoke at some length of the introductory essay on development, pointing out the lines and limits of its legitimacy, which we still think Mr. Oxenham has confused. He claims as legitimate developments dogmas which all fair reasoning must, we think, pronounce accretions, and which find acceptance not through the independent processes and verdicts of reason, but through the infallible authority assumed by his Church. The process is never one of reason; the appeal is never to the consensus of moral judgment. The *sic volo* of the Church is final. In our humble judgment many of her dogmas, notably concerning the Eucharist and the culture of the Virgin, are pure accretions, not to be found even in germ in the Scriptures. To us the deposit of Scripture, like that of nature, is final; but there will be, as in physical science, an ever-growing apprehension of theological meanings, a progressive science of sacred knowledge; and this enables Mr. Oxenham's history of the atonement. It was as unresting before the Reformation as it has been since, and to this there can be no *finis*. And all previous thinkers contribute their thoughts to our present conclusions.

We cannot, however, enter again upon the discussion. We can only announce this third edition of the work, and that Mr. Oxenham has again subjected it to a careful revision, and has made considerable additions to the Introductory Essay on Development, without however modifying the principles to which we demur. He has also made additions to the chapter on the Moral Fitness of the Atonement; and to the illustrative notes to which he has given the form of excurses, in one of which he very ineffectually, we think, attempts the vindication of communion in one kind, one of the arbitrary heresies of his Church. We are disqualified from



arguing the matter on the ground which Mr. Oxenham takes by our rejection of transubstantiation. Even were it not so, it is obvious to remark that, whatever the metaphysic may be, the complete symbolism is sacrificed by communion in one kind. We again heartily commend Mr. Oxenham's learned and able book.

*The Provincial Letters of Pascal.* Edited by JOHN DE SOYRES. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.

More fortunate than the English 'Junius,' the Provincial Letters are kept vital and pertinent by the persistence of their theme as well as by their literary excellence. The controversies waged by Junius are virtually extinct. Grafton and Horne Tooke are only historical landmarks; but Jesuitism is, if not as powerful as when Pascal wrote, yet vital, active, and mischievous, and the Provincial Letters are an armoury whence weapons for its assault may be drawn as pertinently as ever. Nor will this element of vitality in the Provincial Letters ever die out, for the principles of Jesuitism lie deep in human nature, and in one form or another will find expression to the end.

The literary place of the letters is a very high one. They did for the French language what the English translation of the Bible and Shakespere did for the English, what Luther's Bible did for the German. They fixed it as it has been maintained ever since, embodying the spirit of the old in the artistic form of the new.

Mr. de Soyres bestows great attention upon the text. Making the fourth edition, the last revision of Pascal, the basis of it, he has carefully collated it, giving the various readings in the earlier edition in notes. A well-studied and well-written introduction of seventy pages consists of essays on the great matters in controversy with the Roman Church in the seventeenth century, on the free-will controversy, on the casuists, on Pascal himself, so far as biographical incident serves to illustrate his letters. On these points we cannot enter. The history of Gallicanism is full of interest, not only for the brilliant names associated with it, but, alas! for the utter collapse that has befallen it. To Pio Nono belongs the evil fame of stamping out the last vestige of Gallican liberties, and of forcing on the antithesis between infallible Rome and Rationalism, now so disastrously working in France and in Europe. The causes of the failure of the Gallican Church are well worthy of profound study, and Pascal's letters throw light upon them. The corruption of social and ecclesiastical life in France, the timidity of the Jansenists and Port Royalists, as well as the antagonism of Rome, had much to do with it. The monuments of the inquisition have immortalised the intolerant spirit of Rome, the Provincial Letters her corrupt morality.

*Natural Elements of Revealed Theology.* Being the Baird Lecture for 1881. By the Rev. VOL. LXXIV. B—9

GEORGE MATHESON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

The high qualities which marked Dr. Matheson's former productions re-appear in the present volume—penetration, suggestiveness, speculative power, clearness of conception, with sharply cut definitions and pointed antitheses. The obscurity which is so common a blemish in abstract discussions, arising from crudity of thought, and indicated by clouds of confusing verbiage, is almost entirely absent here. There is no straining to reach unaccustomed altitudes of thought. He cleaves his own way through the intricacies of argument, and imparts a measure of lightness to things which in other hands would be heavy and dull. If there is not the highest originality, there is yet a certain freshness imparted to the old lines of thought sufficient to show that he has passed the subject through the alembic of his own mind.

But he is too fond of speculation and of novel modes of looking at the topics discussed, to do much in the way of settling the permanent forms of truth. His object is to show that, to some extent, the doctrines of revealed religion have their basis in the natural instincts of the human mind. A writer who abounds in nicely drawn distinctions might be expected to be careful here to distinguish between human nature *as it is*, and *as it should be*. The leading fact that must enter into all right reasoning about man's relations to his God, is that his present condition is essentially *abnormal*. But the writer takes no notice of this distinction.

We are specially disappointed with the manner in which he puts the relation between the natural and the supernatural. It is not disputed that Christianity, or the supernatural, does its work in harmony with the natural laws of the human mind, so that no life can enter the human soul which does not act through its natural powers; yet we cannot discard the essential distinction between the natural and supernatural, we cannot hold that they both act on the same lines, the one on the higher level, and the other on the lower, that the one indeed is the same with the other carried up into a higher region, its perfect development and flower. Our author however uses the following language: 'The Christian revelation is the complement of human nature; it has given to nature the very thing which she needed; it is the one thought whose absence makes the natural system incomplete; and, when revealed, nature bounds to meet it as the normal fulfilment of its destiny.' This supposes that though man had not fallen, Christianity would still have been required to complete the religion of nature; and that nature, as it now is, only requires to be *supplemented* not *renewed*. We regret that a writer of such acuteness, and whose leaning appears to be Calvinistic, should, at this watershed of thought, have gone down the wrong side of the hill.

The radical defect of the book is that it fails to recognize that Christianity is outside

the natural constitution of things, and does not underlie and include nature. It is peculiar, not in ordinary course, it is a *gracious* constitution as opposed to a *natural* constitution of things, and owes its existence not to an original necessity, but to the necessity of meeting a special emergency that had arisen in the state of man's relations to his God. Its vocation is to rectify relations that had gone seriously wrong, and it is to be viewed not as a system of fixed natural laws to be speculated upon by human reason like the framework of nature, or ordinary natural principles, but as an extraordinary expedient devised to meet extraordinary circumstances. Our author overlooks the fact that it has its basis not in fixed laws, but in the good pleasure of the Supreme Moral Governor deciding what He shall do in the special circumstances. He also forgets that, so far from being the complement of nature, it bears on its front the claim to be a salvation from absolute ruin. The function of Christianity he makes to be merely a drawing aside the veil. It is vastly more; it is the making known a new scheme of which nature has no whisper. It is not primarily a philosophy or a science, and cannot be settled on that footing. It is a revelation made to faith, not a field of speculation for human reason. Though its truths be intelligible to reason when revealed, they are too vast for the finite intellect to grasp in a philosophical system.

Some other points we regret in this volume. All suffering, it is said, is not occasioned by sin. Much comes as a natural necessity; for by a natural law suffering is the fit seed to yield joy as its fruit. Human guilt and responsibility, though slightly referred to, are left very much in the background. Expiation is admitted to be necessary, and is defined to mean a 'crucifixion of the moral past.' But it seems to be viewed as a sort of natural necessity rather than as a moral requirement of the offended Law-giver demanding satisfaction for the injury done to His law. There is almost no allusion to the elements of faith, repentance, and love as indispensable to our reaping the blessings of Christianity. With reference to the creeds of the ancient world, he says, they impress the mind with sadness, not from a sense of their falseness, but of their fleetingness. But if not false, why are they fleeting? He adds, 'Christianity begins its redemptive work by redeeming the systems of the past.' No, it begins by destroying these systems. Radically, they are 'without God,' and all the workings of the human mind on such a foundation are useless, and worse than useless. The Christian revelation declares them to be the 'vain imaginations' of a 'darkened foolish heart.'

*Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century, as contrasted with its Earlier and Later History.* Being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880. By JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., Principal and Professor of Apologetics in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. Adam and Charles Black.

A book professing to delineate the genius

and history of unbelief as it exists, on the foundation of philosophy or reason, is no ordinary task. It is not expected to be of the popular class. The purpose of the writer is not to decorate or to fascinate, but to render what is abstruse intelligible, and to place a great subject within the reach of minds of ordinary capacity.

The choice of such a topic few writers would have made, and fewer still would have creditably executed. The human mind has never put itself forth in greater strength than when opposing Christianity. On such ground the apologist has to meet in conflict with the keenest intellects, to unmask their sophistries, and refute their theories all round. But in these pages there seems to be no difficulty in gauging every system that comes in the way, the profoundest themes are discussed with all but conversational ease, and the arguments against opponents are marshalled with the strategy of a Moltke. There is indeed all the depth of the best German writers, without the inevitable touch of transcendentalism for which they get credit. If any strain is required to follow the author, it is not that he wears a cap of mist, for his conceptions are uniformly of the clearest, but because the subjects discussed lie among the peaks of thought around which fog is apt to gather. Apparently without any effort of wing, our author scales all the heights, and presents us with a scientific measurement of the chief positions occupied by the assailants of Christianity.

He selects the eighteenth century for discussion, as being the era of the culmination of unbelief. It is, however, fairly open to question, whether it reached its climax then. It may have been more bold and reckless, more widespread, and less powerfully met by Christian advocates; but, in the current century, we believe it to be more subtle and mature, more refined and not less resolute. At the outset he draws a contrast between the infidelity of the first four centuries and that of these modern times. Then, passing over the stagnant mediæval period, he comes down to post-Reformation times, and surveys the new aspect which unbelief assumes with the re-awakened activity of the human mind—incipiently in the seventeenth, and full-blown in the eighteenth centuries—in the three leading countries of intellectual life in Europe—England, France, and Germany. His plan is to select a few names as types of the various forms of unbelief in the ever-shifting battle—the Deists of England, the Encyclopedists of France, and the Rationalists of Germany. A masterly delineation of each system is given; the landmarks of unbelief are laid down with exactness; hidden causes and moral bearings are traced with consummate ability; every stroke of the pen lays bare the underlying elements, whether of character or the principles which govern history; seed thoughts everywhere abound; and the writer seldom fails to rise to the loftiness of tone which becomes a great subject, and to surround it with some halo of moral sublimity.

The analytic power displayed in bringing

out character, and showing the operation of great principles, is very remarkable. The limning of such characters as Gibbon and Hume, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Eichorn, Strauss, and Mill, forms a series of masterpieces, and must be no small treat to the upper crust of thinkers. A thorough comprehension of all the great principles that belong to the domain of unbelief, with a force of logical faculty sufficient to deal with them, is indeed the chief characteristic of the book. Dr. Cairns looks from a height sufficient to see his subject all round, its parts in proper juxtaposition and in natural proportions.

We know of no book where, within so small a compass, so extensive and satisfactory a survey is presented of the field of conflict between Christianity and Infidelity. We thank the author for adding so noble a stone to the rising pile of the Cunningham Lectureships.

*The Incarnate Saviour.* A Life of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., Kelso. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This is a series of chapters on the great meanings of Christ's life rather than a narrative of the life itself. It assumes the facts narrated to be true, puts upon them the ordinary constructions, and then expounds their moral and spiritual significance. As Mr. Nicoll himself says, this work is uncritical. He even supposes 'Satan arrayed like an angel of light standing in his majesty beside the worn and weary Christ,' and promising him the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; a supposition certainly a long way from a critical conclusion. But the moral interpretations of the series of sermons, for such they really are, are characterized by spiritual discernment, intelligence, and an adequate acquaintance with the processes and results of modern exegesis, and by considerable literary beauty. Simple, natural, and unpretentious, they are clear and graceful. They proceed on Evangelical lines, and accept, but with a large intelligence, the common Evangelical interpretations. The book fills a niche of its own, as a moral and spiritual interpretation of the great life. It is both devotional and instructive, and is full of both literary charm and scriptural interest.

*The Jesus of the Evangelists.* His Historical Character Vindicated, or an Examination of the Internal Evidence for our Lord's Mission with Reference to Modern Controversy. By the Rev. C. A. ROWE, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's. Second Edition. Frederic Norgate.

Few men in England have done more for the popular vindication of historic Christianity than Prebendary Rowe. And he has done nothing better than the work which now appears in a second and revised edition. The moral evidence of Christ's mission must ever be its strongest demonstration. Whatever the inconclusiveness of demonstrations of the physical miracles of the New Testament, its moral characteristics in their relations to the age in which it appeared, and to the history

in which they are set, remain indubitable and unimpeachable. With singular acuteness, patience, and completeness these are traced in this very valuable work. The author has not been called upon to vindicate his argument, for it has not been seriously impugned. His revision therefore has been restricted to verbal corrections. And if the facts be admitted, the inference for the Divine character and mission of our Lord can scarcely be resisted—a thousand instances and lines of reasoning lead to the imperative conclusion. Even Mr. Stuart Mill was compelled to ridicule the hypothesis that the moral elements of the Gospels could have been the creation of the Evangelists, although, inconsistently enough, he credits them with the invention of all the supernatural elements of our Lord's character. Such an argument does not lend itself to criticism in a short notice; we can only earnestly commend its subtle analyses and cogent reasoning to all readers whom doubts may trouble, and especially to young men, who may crave a solid basis for their Christian beliefs.

*Lectures on Bible Revision.* With an Appendix containing the Prefaces to the chief Historical Editions of the English Bible. By SAMUEL NEWTH, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is an advantage that so many of the Revisers, now that their work is before the public, are giving us their views and impressions; their methods they could not honourably disclose, save as to general principles, but what they do must unconsciously be informed by the discussions of the years of their labour.

Dr. Newth devotes eight out of nine of the lectures of his interesting little book to the history of the English Bible, and one to the new revision of it; of course the history prepared for the revision, and a knowledge of the former is essential for any intelligent judgment of the latter. Of the revision itself we have elsewhere spoken. Dr. Newth's lecture is restricted to the history of the proceedings. For general readers—Dr. Newth modestly says for Sunday-school and Bible-class teachers—this little manual is prepared. It will be valuable to many besides these. For the history of the English Bible is one of the most interesting chapters both of the literary and religious history of our country. Naturally Dr. Newth tells us much about the various revisions, and the questions that have arisen concerning revision. We very heartily commend this instructive little volume.

*The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century.* (The Sixth Congregational Lecture.) By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Rogers' work has reached us too late for the adequate notice which its pertinence to present-day questions and its intrinsic ability demands. We content ourselves at present, therefore, with a simple intimation of its publication.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. Joshua, *Introduction*: Rev. A. PLUMMER, M.A. *Exposition and Homilies*: Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A. *Homilies*: Dr. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. R. GLOVER, Rev. F. W. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.D. Second Edition.—Numbers, *Introduction*: Rev. THOMAS WHITELAW, M.A. *Exposition and Homilies*: Rev. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B., M.A. *Homilies*: Rev. Prof. W. BINNIE, D.D., Rev. E. S. PROUT, M.A., Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Plummer contributes, as a General Introduction to the Historical Books of the Old Testament, a careful and well-executed sketch of Jewish history from the time of Joshua to that of Nehemiah. The evils of a great reign, such as David's, for example—its nepotism, its formation of a royal harem, and the personal qualities of the man as affecting the rule of the monarch—are well discriminated, and the tangled relations of the two kingdoms are unravelled with skill.

Equally excellent is the special Introduction to the Book of Joshua, and the exposition of its geographical, ethnical, and other problems. Mr. Plummer has acquainted himself with the latest literature of his subjects, and he judges them with independence and wisdom. The exposition is perhaps a little too technical. The homiletics are varied, vigorous, and good.

Mr. Whitelaw's essay on the Chronological and Statistical Difficulties of the Book of Numbers is sensible and satisfactory. It suggests many possible explanations of the difficulties which Bohlen, Bleek, Colenso, and others urge, and in the absence of information, a possible explanation is sufficient. At the same time is it necessary to vindicate the numerical exactness of every statement? are there not many possible reasons for error? His position about the authorship is equally moderate and sensible. He contends that while the evidence does not require us to believe more than that the law was substantially of Moses, and while it is scarcely possible that he wrote the whole of the book in the form that it now bears, the internal evidence is almost conclusive that he is the writer. Concerning the separate points of difficulty and their suggested solution we cannot of course speak, for to touch them would necessitate detailed demonstration. It is enough to say that the contention is soberly and reasonably maintained. Candid good sense, indeed, is the characteristic of Mr. Whitelaw's work.

Mr. Winterbotham's exposition is also characterized by great fairness and wisdom: it is very succinct. The homilies, so far as one may pronounce on such diversified work, are pertinent and strong. To village pastors especially, this commentary will be specially useful. It is distinctly a commentary for preachers.

*The Expositor.* Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Second Series. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hutton opens the new series of 'The Expositor' by an examination of the Secularist ideal of life, and very forcibly shows how it would weaken and degrade family affections. The staff thus led off is of additional strength, and the volume is full of good papers by Dr. George Matheson, Professor Plumptre, Dr. Robertson Smith, Mr. Wace, Canon Farrar, the Editor, and others. Mr. Godwin propounds as a theory of Abraham's offering of Isaac, that the command was simply to consecrate Isaac, which Abraham erroneously construed as offering him as a burnt-sacrifice. The volume is the best that has yet appeared, and is full of interesting and valuable reading.

*The New Testament in the Original Greek.*

The Text Revised by BROOKE FOAS WESTCOTT, D.D., and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D. Macmillan and Co.

This revision of the text of the New Testament is not supplied with proofs, it is a revision only, a brief appendix simply stating the rival claims of rejected readings, together with a condensed preface to what will, when published, undoubtedly be one of the most important contributions to the science of Biblical criticism, constitutes the entire *apparatus criticus* of this long expected work. The learned writers have briefly expounded the principles on which they have constructed a revision of the text of the New Testament. From a variety of causes the volume has achieved fame before its birth. It has the immense weight derivable from the personal examination of existing documents by the authors—a credit however which they share with Tregelles and Tischendorf—but it derives peculiar value from the fact that this edition of the text is wholly based on written documents, and not on any previous form of the existing *printed* text. There is hardly so much special information granted as to the grounds on which these authors base their final decision, as the English reader may gather from the margin of the revised version of the New Testament. The 'evidences' of their preferences may for the most part be discovered by consulting Tischendorf or Tregelles. The present writers have indicated briefly the method by which they have learned to judge the ancient documents themselves, and to discriminate a triple form of the text antecedent to the time of Origen, viz. (1) a Western, (2) an Alexandrine, and (3) a neutral text, sometimes agreeing with the one, sometimes with the other, and sometimes with neither. The presence of this most ancient form of the text is the desideratum; and Drs. Westcott and Hort have already shown briefly, and in the work which they are on the point of publishing will prove more at large, that great dependence can be placed upon certain binary combinations of the uncials, which reveal a long anterior though disconnected genealogy, only diverging near the

autograph. Thus, when the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. coincide, the greatest possible confidence can be put in their united texts. Some interesting remarks are made on the value of the Syrian text of the time of Chrysostom, the text vitally connected with Antioch and Constantinople, and of which we have the mediæval representation in the *Textus Receptus*. The revisers of the authorized version have agreed in many places with Messrs. Westcott and Hort in the readings, but have by no means universally accepted their estimate of the relative value of the 'ancient authorities'; e.g., 'the only begotten God' is introduced in the present text of John i. 18, as might have been anticipated; though it is relegated to a margin by the revisers. The *pericope* of the woman taken in adultery is included in the text of John viii., though included in brackets, while it is relegated to the end of the gospel by Westcott and Hort. They have put in brackets Luke xxii. 43, 44, and have given two forms in the appendix to Mark xvi. in similar brackets. It is impossible in a brief notice to give anything like a view of this long-anticipated work, but it will comfort some timorous minds to learn from them, that 'if comparative trivialities, such as changes of order, the insertion or omission of the article with proper names, and the like are set aside, the words in our opinion still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament.' Our readers interested in these matters will be glad to know that Acts xx. 28 they read *Θεοῦ*, not *Κυρίου*, that in Heb. ii. 9 they read *χαριτι*, and not *χαρις*, that they have altered the punctuation of John i. 3, 4, that they have put into brackets in Luke xxiv. 51, 'He was carried up into heaven,' and that in Rev. vii. 14 they read *οἱ πλύνοντες τὰς στολὰς*. These specimens of their treatment of famous texts may give a hint of the feast provided for the student. We shall await with high expectation the promised volume elucidatory of the principles on which they have proceeded.

*An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* Illustrating the Words in their Different Significations by Examples from Ancient and Modern Writers. With a Dissertation on the Origin of the Scottish Language. By JOHN JAMIESON, D.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. A New Edition, carefully Revised. Three Vols. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

Dr. Jamieson's work is one of immense learning and research, and one which has already taken a place in our literature by the side of all the best etymological dictionaries and glossaries. The mere list of MSS. and books quoted in the work, extending as it does to eleven quarto pages of close print in double columns, is enough to indicate the labour of a lifetime. Like Webster's Dictionary for the English language, this work gives an account (generally short) of the meanings and the probable etymology of all terms which can be considered characteristically Scotch, accompanied, in many cases, with

quotations showing the authority for their use. The many words which, while common to the English vocabulary, have also a peculiar Scotch meaning, are distinguished by an asterisk.

We are struck, on first looking over these volumes, by the great preponderance of terms which are exclusively Scotch. Every page contains many which to an English eye seem wholly strange. For instance, we open vol. i., at page 456, and read there *dod* (in the sense of *loaf*), *clodwell*, *cloff*, *cloffin*, *cloggand*, *cloich*, *clois*, *cloys*, *cloit*. And this is about the average per page of purely dialectic terms which prevails throughout the volumes. It will be seen at a glance that such a work must be a great and valuable contribution to the national literature, if only as a repertory of its language.

Whence did these terms, so many of which have a Celtic, so many an Anglo-Saxon look and sound, others an Icelandic or Scandinavian affinity, come into the language of the Scotch? Without reopening the question whether the *Scoti* were really Irish Celts, and whether Celtic or Saxon blood now predominates in the races north of the Tweed, we must recommend a careful perusal of the very interesting and, we think, satisfactory 'Dissertation,' pp. 1-48. Whether the 'Picts,' which perhaps means nothing more than 'woad-stained,' were northmen of Gothic or Scandinavian origin cannot be ascertained. It is a well-known fact that both the Irish and the Welsh dialects include many terms of Latin origin, probably imported into them by the early missionary churchmen. Hence the *name* (apart from the question of race) may have been Latinized from *Pictu*, 'people of the open country,' or the latter may have been an attempt to vocalize a Roman word, descriptive of personal appearance; or, lastly, a Roman term may have been employed and adapted both to appearance and to tribal nomenclature. The epithet 'picti Britanni,' used by the Roman poets [e.g., Martial, xiv. 99], seems to us to be a reasonable evidence that the word itself is Latin, and descriptive of personal appearance. Some, Dr. Jamieson observes, have insisted on the Celtic identity of both Picts and Britones or Britanni, i.e., of the Welsh. This, like the question whether the Belgæ of Cæsar were Scandinavians from the Baltic, Goths, Teutons, or Celts, involves an ethnological discussion which space does not allow us to touch upon. Suffice it to say that Dr. Jamieson concludes the Picts were Scandinavian, who first, perhaps, occupied the Orkney Isles, as they afterwards did Iceland, and thence spread downwards to the south. It is very curious that the Scandinavian term for Picts was 'Peti,' which, like the Irish 'Papé' or 'Papé,' probably meaning 'priests,' seems a corruption of the Roman word.

The Celtic race, we are told, as well as all vestiges of their existence in the names of places—if they ever existed there—have become extinct in the Orkneys; and the author doubts if they were really ever occupied by any but Scandinavians. The remains of early

architecture, he says, have a much stronger resemblance to Danish and Norwegian forts than to Irish or Celtic, albeit there are reasons for believing the Irish round towers are of Danish design. But the remains of circular forts in some parts of Scotland, known as 'Roundabouts' or 'Picts' houses,' seem to be of Scandinavian design.

The Picts, then, are assumed to have been a Gothic nation. The Belgæ, Picts, and Saxons seem to have had a common origin. The Gaelic element in the Scotch language came, perhaps, from a subsequent immigration of Celts, not improbably from Ireland, under the tribe-name of *Scoti*. On this particular point, why Gaelic is now spoken in the Highlands, the author is not very explicit. He appears to think that the tongue of the Goths had much in common with that of the Celts. We should like to be told how far Gaelic is or is not like the Erse, the Welsh, the Cornish dialects. The marked difference, the author observes, in the physical characteristics of the Scotch Highlanders and Lowlanders is as clear as that between Welsh and Saxons. If the Lowlanders are of Celtic origin they ought to resemble the Welsh, which they do not in any important respect; their language, too, is Teutonic. The large-limbed Highlander (Caledonian) was, according to Tacitus, a Teuton in descent; and he is very different in appearance from others of Scandinavian origin.

It has not, we believe, been much remarked that the Scotch tartan plaids are of great antiquity. They probably came from a desire to imitate the stripes and colours on the naked skin. Propertius speaks of the *tinctos Britannos* in this sense. That man in a savage state is fond of bright colours is well known; the Red Indian often uses a variety of birds' feathers for this purpose, and it is likely that peculiar colours and markings in different tribes gave rise to the varieties in the Scotch plaid. The *virgate bracca*, or 'tartan breeks,' are also mentioned by Propertius (v. 10, 48), though as the apparel of a 'Belgic' chief, Virдумar.

We regret that our space allows us to do such scanty justice to this very important work. That it should have attained to a second edition, with the advantage of great additions and improvements since its first publication in two volumes in 1808, shows how justly the author had estimated a want in his national literature when he wrote in the original Preface, 'It is surprising that no one has ever attempted to rescue the language of the country from oblivion by compiling a dictionary of it.' The present age has seen a marked increase of interest in what is now known as the science of comparative language, and there is little chance of such a work as this again lying dormant, as it were, for so long an interval.

*Sophocles*. Edited, with English Notes and Introduction, by LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew. Two Vols. Vol. II.,

Ajax, Electra, Trachiniae, Philoctetes, Fragments. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

This volume completes a critical edition of Sophocles which, as every scholar will readily believe, has been the close work of some years. Following as it does the smaller school edition of the separate plays, it contains all the maturer convictions of the author both as to the selection of MS. readings and their most probable interpretation. For, we need hardly say, the difficulties of Sophocles are in proportion to the interest which ever has been and ever will be felt in his great tragedies. It is not to be expected that any material improvements will hereafter disturb what is likely to become the *textus receptus* in English schools and colleges, in which, so long as Greek is taught at all, Sophocles is certain to occupy a primary place. Professor Campbell has pursued throughout the strictly conservative principle. Ejecting some hundreds of so-called emendations, more fitly to be regarded as merely plausible guesses, from the texts commonly in use, he has given a complete collection of the principal MSS. (the Laurentian, L, about A.D. 1000), with the readings of many others. He has thus been enabled to construct a text which, so far as authority goes, is as perfect as is perhaps now attainable. He does not deny, of course, that some readings may be wrong and some verses may be spurious. He only protests against foisting into our school editions a number of mere *tentamina* which may be ingenious and plausible, but about which hardly any two editors agree. All words which deviate from the MS. readings are marked with an asterisk, by which the eye is at once attracted to the various readings arranged separately below the text. The explanatory notes are of very moderate length, yet quite sufficient for really necessary interpretation—an immense advantage to the learner. The ethical and artistic points in all the plays, each one of which differs widely both in subject and treatment from every other, are carefully pointed out in the separate Introductions. Moreover, vol. i. contains a long and minutely elaborated essay on the language and idioms of Sophocles, forming a complete Greek grammar to this particular author.

We cannot, of course, go into any lengthened criticisms. We may just mention that an ingenious interpretation of *Ajax*, 158, first propounded by the late Dr. Donaldson, 'small stones without great make a weak wall,' as describing a species of so-called Cyclopien masonry, is rejected as 'fanciful, and not contained in the words.' In v. 475 of the same play, the Professor's version takes no account of the particle in *τοῦ γε καρθαρῆν*, which seems to mean, 'day succeeding day bring no real pleasure: the utmost that it can do is to bring us nearer to, or give us a respite from, death.' Professor Campbell translates, 'Can it add to or take away anything from death?' In *Electra*, 21, he reads, on Dawes' conjecture, *ὦς ἐνταῦθ' ἵμεν* (for *ἐμὲν*), 'Since we are thereabouts,' lit., 'moving there.' To this, he says,

'no valid objection has been raised.' But the contention, that *ἵμεν* can only mean *ibimus* in Attic, seems to us a fatal difficulty. The verse, in our opinion, is spurious.

In 564 of the same play we have little doubt that *τὰ πολλὰ πνεύματ' ἔσχεν* means, 'Why did Artemis stop the many (frequent) breezes that blow from the Euripus, and so cause a detention of the ships by a calm?' Professor Campbell offers three interpretations, none of which seem to us tenable. In v. 691 he admits Porson's correction, *ἀλλ' ἄπερ νομίζεται*, the objection to which is, that *ἄπερ* is wrongly used, the idiom requiring *ἃ δὴ νομίζεται*. In Philoct. 19, *καὶ φύσει πεφυκότα* seems to us to mean, 'I know that you are not by nature also (as well as by present necessity) the sort of man to utter falsehoods.' To translate *ἔξοιδα καὶ*, 'I am well aware,' and to say *καὶ* has 'a reassuring emphasis,' seems far-fetched.

In the same play (v. 408) *σύμβολον σαφές Λύπης* has an allusion to the two halves of a coin or token which friends on parting carried away, and on meeting again found to agree or fit together, *προσάδειν*. The meaning is, that the griefs and wrongs of two persons prove, by comparison, to be the same, and to come from the same source. Professor Campbell refers *προσάδειν* to a metaphor from music.

The addition of the Fragments of the lost plays, with notes, in the space of less than a hundred pages, is a great boon to students. We will just remark that in the fine passage from the *Tyro*, frag. 593, p. 587, v. 5, the true reading is not *σπασθείσα*, but *σταθείσα*, 'the young colt, standing in the meadow, sees its form reflected by the water:' for so Professor Campbell rightly construes *ὕπο ποτῶν*. But in the next verse we should probably read *διατετιμένην φόβην*, and translate, 'with its mane torn and clipped to its dishonour,' i.e., to its disfigurement. The common reading is the genitive absolute, which Professor Campbell translates, 'through her mane having been cut and shamefully pulled about.'

*The Medea of Euripides.* With an Introduction and Commentary by A. W. VERRALL, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co.

This is one of those works which, as coming from a scholar of genius and thought, is well deserving of attention. The *Medea* is well known as one of the finest, as it is one of the earliest, productions of its author. It is not seriously corrupt, nor, in general, is it very difficult. But there are a good many passages in it which have exercised the ingenuity of scholars of the highest eminence, our own Porson and Elmsley included. Mr. Verrall belongs to the school of critics who pursue a somewhat bold (many will say, a reckless) course of conjectural emendation. The perusal of his notes—and we confess to have read them with much interest—has left the impression, first, that he is unduly on the look-out for new meanings and interpretations; secondly, that his style of translating is too artificial, and is sadly wanting in simpli-

city. This, indeed, is a matter of taste. Some prefer paraphrase to verbal rendering, more careful for the soundness and elegance of the English than for the precise force of the Greek. Mr. Verrall's Introduction consists of two parts, the latter of which—the Story of *Medea* and the construction and characters of the play, excellent as it is—we must pass over, merely remarking that the evidently *solar* nature of the legend and the identity of the scorching robe (a sunlit cloud) with the garment sent by his wife to Hercules in the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles, should have been more plainly pointed out. The former part is meant to illustrate his position (the truth of which may be fully conceded) that our Greek texts have been in many places corrupted and interpolated by superscribed glosses or interlined comments, which have been mistaken by succeeding transcribers for various readings. Mr. Verrall illustrates this by supposing that certain lines in Milton's '*Comus*' had been preserved to us in MS. alone, and in copies made 'by ill-educated persons.' (This assumption, by the way, is somewhat too sweeping.) Taking five such copies, and supposing himself to find several important variations in as many verses, he shows us how, by comparing and classifying the copies by the poetic sense, by grammatical propriety and other considerations, a critic would be enabled to eliminate the false and to adopt the genuine readings. We seriously doubt, however, if in all or even in many cases Mr. Verrall has made out a sound case for the alterations he has introduced. Thus, in v. 668, the reading *ἑδάλης*, 'why did you set out for (to come) to earth's central oracle?' is changed to *ἱζάνεις*, 'why did you (do you) sit on the oracular seat?' for no better reason than that good copies give *ἱκάνεις* for *ἑδάλης*, manifestly the result of a substituted gloss. Here, we are satisfied, the change is greatly for the worse. In v. 915, where the true reading seems to us to be either *ὕμιν πατήρ ἔθηκε προθυμίαν* or *προμηθίαν*, Mr. Verrall has no right to say *θεῖναι προμηθίαν* (where the forethought is for the benefit of another), is 'impossible.' Hence he adopts a variant *σωτηρίαν*, but changes the sense entirely by reading *ἥξει σωτηρία*. Indeed, we think he has made havoc of this very fine passage, first by omitting a verse quite simple in meaning and necessary to both grammar and sense (913); next, by substituting a word invented by himself, and therefore without a particle of authority, *γάμους συλαίους* for *γάμους ἀλλοίους*, 'alien marriages.' There is really no difficulty in applying this term 'alien' (in prose *ἀλλοτριούς*) which involves irony and contempt, to Jason, about to cast off his wife in order to marry a Corinthian princess.

Some of the translations offered seem to us decidedly far-fetched and unnatural. Thus, in v. 61, *ὦ μῶρος*, 'foolish woman! she little knows,' &c., is rendered—very oddly, we must think—'ah, she is extravagant!' In v. 120, where the poet says of tyrants that *χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν*, 'they find it difficult to change their whims,' or fits of liking

or disliking once conceived, Mr. Verrall translates 'their humours toss violently about. This, we venture to say, is not an English expression at all. Just below (123), the simple sentiment of the chorus, 'may I grow old, if not in regal state, at least in security,' is altered to mean 'may it be my lot to live steadily on to old age in a condition below greatness.'

Again, in v. 151, where the chorus argues with Medea about the folly of her too strong attachment to the bed of a faithless husband being the cause of her death (and Mr. Verrall seems to forget that her *amorous* temper was one of the characteristics of Medea, whom the Roman poets therefore called *seguax*), he reads ἀπλᾶτον for ἀπλήστου, and translates, 'what is this desire for that awful lying-place,' i.e. the place of death. In v. 194, music is appropriately called 'a pleasure of life through the sense of hearing.' What can be simpler? What is gained by the odd and unnatural rendering, 'delightful sounds of wealth'? And is such a phrase as *sounds of wealth* English at all?

In v. 228, Mr. Verrall's reading and rendering, ἐν ᾧ γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα γινώσκειν καλῶς, 'for one, whom to judge aright was everything to me,' is not even good Greek; the poet would certainly have written, had he meant this, ὃν μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα, &c. A more serious mistake occurs just below, where λαβεῖν γὰς οὐ (the accent should have been οὐ), altered from κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦ ἔρ', would have been λαβεῖν γὰρ μὴ, if even this could have been said for τὸ γὰρ μὴ λαβεῖν. But the repetition of λαβεῖν is utterly unlike the style of tragedy. We may here add that Mr. Verrall does not seem to know the common meaning of ἐπιθεῖν, 'to live to see;' and he wrongly renders ἐπιθεῖν εὐδαιμόνας, 'to have sight of your prosperity'—a poor rendering at best.

In v. 240, δὲ τῶν χρησέων ἐννευμένη could not possibly mean, 'wherewith she may best manage a husband.' It *must* mean, and evidently does mean, 'whom she will have to put up with (live with) as a husband.' In 296 a wrong sense is given to ἀργίας, 'unprofitableness.' The allusion clearly is to the retirement and 'do-nothingness' of a literary life—a hit, probably at the philosophers. The whole passage is oddly and quaintly rendered. Mr. Verrall is so intent on something new and far-fetched that he neglects τὰ πὰρ ποσὶν, what is simple and obvious. Such fictitious forms as ἀντιδοῖο (789), ἀνωματόν (1184), ἐλάπτετο (1194), have little chance of being accepted by succeeding editors.

Thus in v. 892, ἐμφορὰ ἀμύχανος is 'a fate (exile) which offers no resource.' Why should we read ἀμύχανον, and construe 'if, when my fortune exiles me, I am without a

plan'? Why, in v. 898, is the easy and literal meaning, 'not one of them shall cause grief to my heart without suffering for it,' to be rejected for such a version as 'not one of them shall laugh that have galled the soul that is in me.'

These and many similar aberrations from good taste and simple interpretation seem to us serious blemishes in a work which shows much care, some learning, and considerable originality.

*M. Tullii Ciceronis De Oratore ad Quintum Fratrem Libri Tres.* With Introduction and Notes by AUGUSTUS S. WILKINS, M.A., Owens College, Manchester, Professor of Latin in the Victoria University. Liber II. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The extremely finished Latinity as well as the great literary importance of this treatise of Cicero's is well known, and Professor Wilkins has done good service to the higher scholarship in preparing this complete and carefully annotated edition. The present volume, which has been for some time expected, contains neither preface nor index, the latter being, without doubt, reserved for the completion of the work.

The contents of this book (the second) are of great interest. The conditions under which alone a man can become an orator are discussed, and it is shown that learning, experience, natural endowments, and long practice must combine if success is ever to be attained. Then the analysis of the heads of a case is insisted on (chs. 24–26); the proper use of 'points' (*loci*), the power to excite emotion in the judges and the audience, the effect of the ridiculous, the arrangement of the arguments according to their more or less forcible nature, and lastly, memory considered as an art—these are the principal themes of the volume now before us. Professor Wilkins' notes are replete with learning, both grammatical and historical. His references to Roby's Grammar are frequent, and in matters of orthography he shows himself well acquainted with the most recent authorities. Whether such a form as *conaxum* (§ 525) is really ancient, or due to the transcriber's habit of writing *cō* for *con*, may, perhaps, be open to doubt. Inscriptions of Cicero's age are rare, and mostly made by illiterate persons. There is no reason to believe there was ever an uniform Roman orthography, and the bringing our Latin texts up to one standard of spelling, though based on sound principles, is artificial. This volume forms a worthy companion to the similar editions of parts of Cicero simultaneously issued by the Universities from the editorship of Dr. Holden, Professor J. B. Mayor, and Mr. J. S. Reid.



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ART. I.—*Heinrich Heine.*

I.

HEINE has been compared to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Robert Burns, Cervantes, Sterne, Voltaire, Swift, Byron, and Béranger. Such comparisons are always more or less loose; but the very fact suffices to attest his claim to a place in the first rank of poets and satirists. And certainly in him there were brought into combination qualities that are commonly regarded as incompatible, and, indeed, absolutely exclusive of each other. Lyrical sweetness, depth of sentiment, captivating grace, and piercing subtlety of expression, passionate yearning after lofty ideals, together with deliberate coarseness and the most profound scorn and irony—an irony that literally seemed to run riot in throwing ridicule over the very beauty that he had but a moment before brought into being. If he had not been called the 'Julian of Poetry,' he might, from one point of view, have been named its Penelope, like her undoing by night the web he had woven by day, and in the interest also, as he regarded it, of some distant good, some ethereal and scarcely-realizable presence, to which in his own heart of hearts he did secret worship.

With Burns, indeed, he has as little in common as two great lyrical poets could have. Burns's coarseness is often great; but he indulges in no hints, no innuendoes; it is a dash and done with; he soon repents himself of the coarse word, and exhibits a quick sensitiveness of conscience, to which Heine too often seems a stranger; while, on the other hand, Burns had a dramatic width and healthy comprehensiveness such as we find little trace of in Heine, whose dramatic

attempts were of the very thinnest texture and on the stage proved total failures. The natural *naïveté* of Burns would have supported him where Heine would have failed. We have seen it pointed out that, whereas Burns could not escape the revolutionary spirit that was in the air, he was no cosmopolitan in the sense that Heine was, thus indicating in Heine a lack of patriotic sentiment and of simple unmixed *motifs*. But this is not so discriminating as it seems. Heine was only a cosmopolitan in a most modified sense. He affected to be more the scorner and man of the world than he really was. An indifferentist he never could be. His keen and absorbing interest in all human affairs is felt even when he is most intent on ironical expression. He points a jest—sometimes what seems, indeed, a bitter jest—only that he may hide a tear. It has been said that his ideal of love 'was of the earth, earthy;' but this we cannot help regarding either as the result of lack of insight or as a libel. If his ideal was not of the highest or purest, it was of a most mixed and complicated strain, not to be dismissed by one general term tacked to it. The image, if it had feet of clay, had also the forehead of beaten gold and the breast of silver, set with gems that glittered like the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

Let it be at once admitted in candour that Heine too often indulges in underhand suggestion, and delights in sudden surprises. In this he compares unfavourably with Burns, and a little resembles Rabelais. Heine, in spite of his music and his artifice, is tensely personal in his utterances; the supreme dramatic element which entered so largely into Burns's poetry, giving that universality of reference in which the merely

personal is merged and lost, has little or no play in Heine's.\* His scorn and his bitter irony are often only a thin veil thrown over the intensely personal outline of his utterances, which are oftentimes, indeed, tender to the point of touching those feelings that are generally touched only by the remembrance of personal loss. He who seems to have embodied in his art and practice the trick of the *persifleur*, in his inmost heart hated all *persiflage* and empty pretension; he did all honour to simplicity and honest instincts, and had, in fact, a profound faith in the supremacy of simple goodness. The anecdote which is told by Lady Duff Gordon of her visit to Heine in the bedrid years, how when he had got the frank confession that the 'little Lucy,' as a married woman, was perfectly happy, said, 'Thank God!' and then added, with mournful reflectiveness, that the unhappiness of French women was their want of simplicity and lack of heart, more effectually expressed the man than many of the clever-cut epigrams so often quoted generally do. He would fain escape from the accusation of 'hanging his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at;' but, after all, he unveils much of his heart to us. We have read in Scandinavian fable that one of the Fates spun a thread so fine as to be invisible, but that it sufficed to enchain her for ever to the spot where she sat. Even so it was with Heine. Let him travel on the Rhine, in the Black Forest, let him seek excitement on the Boulevards of Paris, or in Lawrence's oyster-cellar at Hamburg, it is still the same—he cannot yield himself to outward influences, or take their colour; he is chained to an old self and to his own past, and all exercises of the mind are tributary to this. The aspect of variety in Heine's writings is to a great extent external or accidental, their unity flows directly from his egotism—or what is, from our point of view, his egotism—his habit of confessing himself even when he attempts to be most dramatic, most outward, or to aim merely at recording what he has witnessed. The constant attempt to escape from the utterance that is most natural to him is what the humour of his writings often really arises from. He would else have been a sentimentalist pure and simple.

In spite of the apparent discrepancies and contradictions in his wayward life, there is thus a unity to be traced in it. Often when he appears most wild and reckless, and indulges freely in the coarsest byplay

and irreverent-looking freaks, he is only aiming consciously to conceal the earnestness of his convictions, his honest enthusiasms, his undying regard for heroism and faithfulness. Thus Heine is strictly not one man, but two. Says a distinguished French critic—

Never was a nature composed of elements more contrasted than that of Henri Heine. He was at the same time gay and sorrowful, sceptical and believing, tender and cruel, sentimental and satirical, classical and romantic, German and French, delicate and cynical, enthusiastic and full of cold blood; he had everything except *ennui*. To the plastic Greek the most pure he joined the modern sense the most exquisite; he was truly Euphron, the child of Faust and the beautiful Helen.

But it might well have been more expressly shown by this critic that the least attractive side was also the least real side; and that by the most attractive one the man Heine was best expressed.

In another good authority we read—

The contrasts, the inconsistencies, the incongruities, which provoke and exercise the faculty of humour, are really invisible to most persons, or, when perceived, arouse a totally distinct order of ideas and associations. It must seem to them at best a mischievous inclination to find a source of mirth in the sufferings, and struggles, and troubles of others; and when the humourist extends this practice to himself, and discovers a certain satisfaction in his own weaknesses and miseries, introverting the very sensations of pleasure and pain, he not only checks the sympathy he might otherwise have won, but his very courage is interpreted into an unnatural audacity, alike defiant of the will of Heaven and of the aid of man.

Heine himself has spoken of the world's heart in his time as being cleft in twain, and urges that as the poet is central to his world he must through pain and sorrow represent and interpret such division. Thus he justifies the rupture between the ideal and the real in his own case as in that of Byron, of whom he speaks as the 'only man to whom he felt himself related.' But Heine, while in some superficial traits he resembles Byron, differs from Byron in yet more essential ones. Though in him the heart seemed to be cleft in twain, and though, as with Byron, imagination never became so supreme as to compel them into union, Heine derives a unity from a moral ideal, which never in the same degree asserted itself in Byron, and the absence of which was the main cause of Byron's restless forcefulness, the tornado-like intensity of his genius, the lack of repose and mellow grace. Byron often seems

\* Even Adolphe Strodthmann has plainly to admit the undramatic character of Heine's tragedies (Life, p. 272).

to insult the honest natural instincts, while Heine never, at least of set purpose, does so. It has been said that Heine was 'deficient in mental chastity,' but this we think is unjustified and much overcharged, if, indeed, it is not wrong-headed. It is truer of Byron; of Heine it can always be said, in the apt words of Burns, that he still kept 'something to himself' to be reckoned on the side of goodness; and however ironical his words, you feel that if he could not have done a good action the moment after, he would at least have fully sympathized with one. And in saying this, much is claimed for Heine, who never sought to pose as a hero. So we see that what imagination in strictness could not do for Heine, partly it may be because, as he says, his heart was cleft in twain, a certain reserve of moral enthusiasm in so far effected, although we fear that this statement may at first sight seem the sheerest paradox. Though no ideal of the mind so subdued vagrant impulse as to withdraw him for a time even from the contradictions that emerged on contact with the world of fact and sense, engendering a torturing consciousness of imperfection and failure—a kind of momentary pessimism that happily never wholly prevailed—he bowed before the heroic types that efficiently witnessed for an ideal of conduct. He was ever—by sympathy at all events—on the side of the martyrs: this it was that re-converted him, as we may say, to his own Judaism in spite of his early revolt against it, and of the strong strain of Hellenism which he acknowledged in his nature; that converted him to Christianity in so far as that Jesus was recognized as the supreme of martyrs. When he writes as follows we need not doubt his sincerity, for, in spite of mere appearances, an earnest note is to be detected in all his writings underneath the witty and satirical glosses that play so brilliantly and fitfully over them, and this note grew in strength as his experience deepened, till at length it received confirmation by the terrible sufferings of those seven years on 'the mattress-grave'—

Christ is the God whom I love best, because, though He is the born Dauphin of Heaven, He has democratic sympathies, and has no delight in courtly ceremonies; because He is a modest God of the people, and not of an aristocracy of crop-headed theologians, peasants, and fantastic warriors. . . . Only when religions have still to struggle against enemies—much more when they are persecuted than when they persecute—are they glorious and worthy of reverence; *only then do we find enthusiasm, sacrifice, martyrs, and triumphal palms*. How beautiful, how lovely, how full of mysterious sweetness was the

Christianity of the first centuries, when it still resembled its Divine Founder in the heroism of its sufferings!

And again, with regard to Judaism, we must justify our remark by two short criticisms—

Although a Hellenist at heart, I have derived true edification from the Bible, as well as entertainment. What a book it is! Vast as the universe, it strikes its roots into the very depths of creation, and towers aloft into the mysterious blue of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death alike—the complete drama of humanity is in this book. It is the Book of Books—*Biblia*. Well might the Jews console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem and the temple, and the ark of the covenant, the sacred jewels of the high priest, and the golden vases of Solomon. Such a loss is trifling compared with what the loss of the Bible had been—the indestructible treasure which they saved. Mohammed, if I err not, called the Jews 'the People of the Book'—a name which still clings to them in the East, and is of profoundest significance. A book is their fatherland, their possession, their ruler, their happiness, and also their misfortune. Within the fenced enclosure of this book they live, and there exercise their inalienable right of citizenship; from this sacred domain they cannot be driven, nor made to suffer contumely within it. Here they are alike strong and admirable. Absorbed in the perusal of this book, they give slight heed to the changes that occur around them in the actual world. Nations rise and fall, States flourish and pass away, and the storms of revolution sweep over the earth, but, prostrate over their book, they take no note of the wild chase of time in its mad career above their heads! The Prophet of the Orient called them 'the People of the Book,' and Hegel, the Prophet of the Occident, has designated them 'the People of the Spirit.' Even in their remotest times, as the Pentateuch proves, the Jews manifested their liking for the abstract; and their whole religion is nothing but an incessant dialectic. By it matter is separated from spirit; the absolute being acknowledged only in the form of the Spirit. How, indeed, were they compelled to remain in such terrible isolation in most of the nations of antiquity, who, devoted to the joyous worship of nature, could only comprehend the spirit in the phenomena of matter, in forms and symbols! What an awful contrast did they present to the many-coloured hieroglyphic idolatries of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of the pleasure temples of Astarte, of that beautiful sinner, voluptuous and perfumed Babylon, and even to Greece, the radiant home of art! It is, indeed, a remarkable spectacle to see how the 'People of the Spirit' slowly but surely emancipated themselves from the influence of matter till they even become wholly spiritualized. Moses, as it were, furnished material bulwarks for the Spirit against the encroachments of the luxury of neighbouring peoples. Round about

the field in which he had sown the seed of the Spirit he planted, as it were, a protecting hedge, in the shape of the inflexible ceremonial law and an egotistical nationality. But when the plant—the Holy Spirit—had once deeply struck its roots, and had sprung up to a heaven-reaching height, so that it could never be uprooted, then came Jesus Christ, who tore down the barrier of the ceremonial law that henceforth had no useful purpose to serve, and even pronounced the doom of Jewish nationalism. All the nations of the earth He summoned to their heritage in the kingdom of God, which had aforetime been the exclusive possession of a chosen people. On the whole of humanity He bestowed the citizenship of Israel.

And again—

Hitherto I had not particularly admired the character of Moses, perhaps because the Hellenic spirit was so strong in me. I could not forgive the lawgiver of the Jews for his hatred of all that constitutes art. I failed to understand that, notwithstanding his hatred of art, Moses was himself a great artist. Only this artistic spirit with him, as with his Egyptian countrymen, was applied to the colossal and the imperishable. But he did not, like the Egyptians, construct his works of art from bricks and granite. He built human pyramids and carved out human obeliaks. He took a poor shepherd tribe and out of it created a nation which should defy centuries; a great, an immortal, a consecrated race, a God-fearing people, who should be as a model to all other nations: he created Israel.

I have never heretofore spoken with proper reverence either of the artist or of his work, the Jews; and this for the same reason, my Hellenic temperament. Since then my prejudice in favour of Hellas has declined. I see now that the Greeks were but beautiful youths, while the Jews were always men—strong, unshakable men—not only in the past, but even to this day, and in spite of eighteen long centuries of persecution and suffering. I have now learned to appreciate them better; and, were it not that in a champion of the revolution and its democratic principles all pride of ancestry is a silly inconsistency, the writer of these pages would acknowledge his pride that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel; that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave to the world a God and a system of morality, and who have bravely fought and bled on all the battle-fields of thought.

I, who aforetime was wont to cite Homer, now quote from the Bible, like Uncle Tom. In truth, I owe much to it. Religious feeling was once more awakened in me by it; and this new birth of religious emotion suffices for the poet, who far more easily than other mortals can dispense with positive religious dogmas.

When, therefore, Heine is found writing in such a style as this: 'Talk not to me of the old Jewish religion; such a faith I

would not wish for my worst enemy. From it one derives nothing but contumely and shame: indeed, I must tell you it is not a religion but a misfortune,' we must qualify it by recollection of such passages as those we have just presented. It was the external, the rabbinic aspect of Judaism that he condemned and was wroth against, not the pure Mosaism which he so praised and revered Moses Mendelssohn for once more exhibiting and asserting; and, like Moses Mendelssohn, he saw in the high morality and sacrifice of the Christian religion the full flower of the Judaic. We shall, therefore, do a very serious injustice to Heine if we do not discriminate between the shafts he shot at the trivialities of commentators and Talmudists, and the reverence that he paid to the prophets and martyrs. In the whole range of his writings there is no instance of a sneer at the 'Holy of Holies.' As we learn that in the sea there is a depth that remains untroubled while the waves roll and toss restlessly over the surface, so in Heine, who, indeed, often compared his spirit to a sea, which he declared that he loved as his own soul—and no cowardly mean man could have said that—there is a depth of sincerity, a fixed delight in a simple ideal, which we seek for in vain in some of those who are the most expert imitators of his manner—

My heart like to the ocean  
Hath storm and ebb and flow;  
And many a lovely pearl  
Lurks in its depths below,\*

is more strictly and really true of Heine than has yet been effectively enough pointed out.

And, as characteristically exhibiting the hold which this idea of likeness between his soul and the sea had on him, we find him at least twice reinforcing his thought by quoting the following from W. Müller—

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
Ihre Trümmer bleiben unten stehn,  
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken  
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn,

with the remark, 'Die geschichte ist wahr; denn das Meer ist meine Seele.'

Besides, the image constantly recurs in his 'Gedichte.'

O, dass ich wär' das wilde Meer,  
Und dass die Felsen drüber her,

\* We must in justice to Heine quote here the German of the above—

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,  
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Fluth,  
Und manche schöne Perle  
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

we find him saying in the little prose note 'Ramsgate,' in his 'Nachlass.'

Of every book that Heine wrote might well be said what he said specially of one book—

All the flames are now extinguished,  
And my heart is dull and cold,  
And this booklet, like an urn,  
The ashes of my love doth hold.\*

Moses Mendelssohn confessed that he could not satisfactorily study history, because history always with him resolved itself into a record of the sufferings of his race. Till within the last half century the Jew was without a country everywhere; he was without a country in Germany up till a later date; and at the present moment the leaders in the *Judenhetze* are doing all they can to undo what a generous statesmanship has aimed at giving to the Jews—a country. No wonder that the modern Jews are little of hero-worshippers: history to them is a record of actual or vicarious humiliations. How much praise, then, is due to Heine, who by generous instinct found his heroes amongst men of varied types, and was from first to last a faithful upholder of their claims. Though Heine has for years been well known in England as a lyrico-satirical poet, as the writer of clever satires, and faint reflections of his savage attacks on England and English institutions have been yielded by review articles and by persistent newspaper quotations, and a slight taste afforded of the railery of his asides—the cat-like purring over his prey before he finally unsheaths the claw upon it, with which he enlivened his criticisms and also his descriptions of men and things—yet in his more genuine and serious aspect he has hardly been adequately presented or interpreted. Mr. J. Snodgrass, in his 'Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Writings of Heinrich Heine,' has done a great service in this respect, presenting as it were a full-length miniature of the man, clear and effective, wherein his characteristic expression is faithfully caught, and where, if we look carefully, we can see him as he really was, for he is made to paint his own portrait. The one thing that remains for Mr. Snodgrass now to do is to translate some of the more serious works complete, and put as an offset to it the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,'

to show Heine's sympathy with the sufferings of his race.\* The bulk of this article was in existence prior to the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass's volume; but we have great pleasure in making this reference to it, and also in selecting one or two passages by way of illustration from his versions. Luckily Heine's writings themselves speak abundantly for this side of his activity and influence; and they need only to be worthily brought into view to fulfil completely the purpose we now have at heart in relation to him.

Who has ever written with more stern and sterling enthusiasm than Heine has written of Luther, of Spinoza, of Lessing, of Herder, of Moses Mendelssohn, and of many others of like spirit? As he was ever reverent in his references to the Bible, while ridiculing the conceits of Talmudists and commentators, so he never failed in his loyalty to such men. It is not in the way of the sneerer or mere mocker to magnify the heroic anywhere, or to acknowledge spontaneously the presence of greater men. His delight is to bring all down to a dead level of his own height. But Heine did not stint his confessions in this kind. Writing from Berlin in 1822, we find him saying that 'when he stands under the famous lindens, he feels overcome with solemn awe as he thinks that on this spot Lessing may have stood;' and from this sentiment he never wavered. Throughout his writings to the last there are sprinkled apostrophes in the same spirit, like little green oases in the desert of his sarcasm and scorn. His dislike of affectation and the pretence of stoicism only skin-deep must be held to have in great part directed his peculiar attitude towards Goethe—an attitude of very remarkable character—generally in more elevated moments, doubtful, qualifying, unenthusiastic. *Prima facie* one would have expected Heine, with his strong strain of Hellenism, to have been enthusiastic over the artistic spirit, the conscious self-restraint, the Greek calm, as it has been called, of Goethe, and with their manifestations in his poetry. Yet, utterly to the surprise of those who refuse to see in Heine anything of earnestness or of moral purpose, it was precisely here that he was most severe upon the German Apollo. This is the main element leading him to say that, in spite of Goethe's polish, his power, his rare address, and his piquant charm, poste-

\* Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen  
Dass du einst so schön besungen,  
Als die zaubermächt'gen Flammen  
Wunderbar dein Herz durchdrungen?

Jene Flammen sind erloschen,  
Und mein Herz ist kalt und trübe,  
Und dies Büchlein ist die Urne  
Mit der Asche meiner Liebe.

\* This Mr. Snodgrass has done since the above was written, having published through Messrs. Trübner and Co. a translation of 'Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland.'

rity would allow to Goethe only a middle-sized niche in the Temple of Poetry. Heine began, in fact, to criticise Goethe from the moral side, and not from the artistic one, and his canons at once discerned flaws. Goethe's artistic sensibility—over-stimulated as it was, at all events in the latter half of his life—did little more than impart a cold and wintry light to the frigid and semi-fantastic forms of studied self-restraint; and the process was not satisfactory to Heine: he loved to feel the veins on the hand that he grasped, imparting warmth and a sense of neighbourhood and comradeship; he craved always to feel a man behind the book, without which the book was but a book; and this he found in men who were far less powerful in intellect and less of artists than Goethe, and he always honestly avowed the conviction. It is very significant that while he speaks coldly of Kant, and often ridicules—wildly ridicules—Hegel, he is profoundly respectful to Fichte, while severely criticising his philosophy and some of its results, which proves that his praise was no empty compliment—

Among the followers of Kant (he writes) Fichte was from the first pre-eminent. I almost despair of being able to give a true conception of this man. In the case of Kant we had only a book to contemplate; but in this case, besides the book, we have a man to consider. In this man, conviction and intention are one and the same thing, and in this imposing unity have they operated on the after-world.

And thus it was also in his writings generally in regard to matters less specific and commanding. His irony, his cruel satire were only the offsets to his tenderness, his love of sincere and unaffected worth. While he laughs at German princes, and politicians, and 'patriots,' throwing innuendo at them like vitriol, with what fine appreciation he pictures the rural pastors and their wives and daughters who had done what were but common kindnesses and courtesies to him when he travelled here and there as a student. In the midst of his most sardonic mockery we come ever on touches which show how deep below it flowed a stream of tenderness, as the waters continue to flow under the ice that the skaters cut rights upon. When he speaks thus, for example, of the Margarite in Scheffer's *Faust* and *Margarite*, we recognize the touch of truth—

There is something about her so honest, so trust-inspiring. . . . She is a true German maiden; and when we look into her dreamy, violet-blue eyes, our thoughts fly back to Germany, to the fragrant linden trees; we hear again the faint echo of German ballads

in our hearts; German landscapes flit before our eyes; we think of Holtz's poems; of the stone statue of Roland in front of the old town-hall; of the old parson and his rosy-cheeked niece; of the forester's hut, with its antler-covered walls; of grandmothers' ghost stories; of the faithful night watchmen; of friendship, of love, and all rich, pleasant, simple things. Truly Scheffer's *Gretchen* cannot be described. We do not see her face merely, but her whole inner nature. Scheffer has succeeded in painting the soul.

If it had not been so, Heine would have been the destructive mocker merely—a still more powerful and baleful edition of Voltaire. His biographers would not have had to differ so much from each other as to his conception of love and of duty; he himself would not have presented so many apparent contradictions; there would have been less cause to doubt the genuineness of many of his apparently earnest confessions on the most serious subjects, religious and other, and the editors who have published recently, in the '*Deutsches Montags-Blatt*' those last strange sad letters written to Herr Kolb would not have had so wistfully to ask the question whether Heine was a good man or a bad one. He might have been more consistent and easy to understand, he would not have done the work he did—in a word, he would not have been Heine! But since he cannot be forgotten, and since, without taking him into account, later German literature cannot be understood, it is worth while to try to get at the best that was in him, that some bad imitations may be seen for what they really are! No man would more pitilessly have satirized his enemies than Heine would have satirized some of his professed ultra-sceptical imitators at this day.

Though the imagination in Heine was not sufficient to reconcile head and heart, and to render them one in their motions, the religious and moral sense was never really divorced from the poetic aspiration. That which made him reverence Luther and Spinoza and Lessing and all kindred spirits, kept him from any real relapse into atheism, because, as we maintain, a moral ideal was necessary to him. 'When I find any one questioning the existence of God,' he says, 'I always feel as I once did as I stood left alone for a moment by my guide when I paid a visit to the madhouse or Bedlam in London, and saw the leering faces and heard the incoherent laughter of the inmates there.' It was the saving element of reverence—genuine and unaffected, but expressed we may say in nearly everything that he wrote—which sprang directly out of this union in him, that incurred for him the wrath of what he calls the 'High Church of

German Infidelity'—of Bruno Bauer, of Danmer, and of Feuerbach—'who,' he says, at one place, 'did me too much and too little honour in entitling me their brother in the spirit—of Voltaire.' And we suspect that in much the same terms would Heine have spoken of some of the recent deliverances of sceptical admirers of his in Germany, who have been only too eager and industrious to discredit the sincerity of his intimations in his last days of a return to a firm belief in a personal God. Such return we hold was a necessity of the moral element that lay at the basis of Heine's thought, however veiled by flashes of wit and humour. Indeed, the humour, with which we maintain that Heine's wit was always allied, is itself a proof of what we have asserted. 'Wit,' said Heine himself, 'is but a sneeze of the reason;' and to have been 'held for a mere wit' he would not have taken as a compliment.

The sources of Heine's inspiration, on the side of reverence and awe, awakened by a sense of the fatal incongruities and contradictions of life, are recognized by him as insurgent forces destructive to the peace and calm that are most favourable to the artistic mood, and to poetic product; yet to them, though, unlike Goethe, he feels the inevitable loss to him as an artist, he must faithfully pay tribute; for he thus gains the sense of unity and wholeness through conduct which else had been lost and become irrecoverable by conscious effort after it in mere imaginative aspiration. Thus it is that, in spite of his incompleteness, his vagrant and fitful efforts, he speaks so directly to the spirit of his time, alike in its lovely and its repellent side; thus it is that his merest love-song is charged with a grace of piercing fervour that thrills all hearts, and that his prose, though it is full of irony and sometimes of perverse innuendo, still sounds the depths of modern life. Heine was an artist by instinct and inspiration, but he could forego 'art's proper dowry,' to fulfil the nobler, if also more arduous, function of the purifier. If he was not, in the words of Schiller, 'dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon,' in this work of purification, he atoned, and bitterly, for his conscious lapses from the effort after the perfection of conduct that really formed his ideal. With Mr. Matthew Arnold, though he did not so formulate the conviction, he would have agreed that conduct is three-fourths of life, and that art and poetry are but aids thereto; and further, he would have said that, through the sacrifice thus implied, art itself is finally perfected. And here we must quote a passage from his preface to the second volume of 'The Salon,'

in which again we are significantly met by the recurrent idea of the sea and his soul—

Till far in the night I stood by the sea and wept. I am not ashamed of those tears. Achilles also wept by the sea, and the silver-footed mother was obliged to rise up out of the waves to comfort him. I also heard a voice in the water, but it was not comforting, though more stirring, commanding, and world-wise.

For the sea knows all; the stars in the night trust to it the most hidden secrets of the heavens; in its depths lie, with fabulous sunken riches, the ancient sayings of the earth; on all coasts it listens with a thousand curious wave-ears, and the rivers that flow down to it bring all the news that they have gathered far inland, and the prattle of the little brooks and mountain-springs. When the sea has revealed to one its secrets, and whispered to one's heart the great world-redemption word, then farewell, rest! farewell still dreams! farewell novels and comedies, which I began so eagerly, but now must continue with difficulty.

Since then the golden angel-tints have dried upon my pallet, and there remains only a loud liquid red that looks like blood, and with which red lions are painted. Yes; on my next book there will be a red lion, which the esteemed public, after the above confessions, will please excuse.

This is Heine's half-veiled way of saying that his interest in the real, his keen concern in the burning questions of his day, unmade, and yet indeed in the last result made, him as the poet.

When, therefore, we find Heine declaring that he places little value on poet-fame, and cares not whether his verses be praised or decried; that he is indifferent to the laurel-crown, but desires that a sword should be laid upon his coffin, because he had been 'a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity,' we know at least what he meant, and perceive that the desire corresponds with a vein of serious aspiration and effort which, in some degree, transfigures and redeems the sorrowful and chequered story of his life. His sympathies were right, if his acts were often foolish and futile, and his efforts, in the eye of practice, failures; he cherished his ideals, much though he derided the poetical figures in which other men often clothed theirs, and not seldom even glanced askance at the forms in which he clothed his own.

We have spoken of the manner in which Heine always returned on his own past, making everything that deeply interested him yield commentary on his life. In this his imagination finds free scope: he is in his province when, like the Romans, he carries back tribute to the capitol from distant

shores. 'Heine,' it has been well said, 'illustrated the subjectivity of his day; his love-disappointment was his poetry, his adventures became famous as travel-pictures, and in his collected works he gave not only his creations, but himself.' \*

I will cite you (he says, in one place) a passage from the Chronicle of Limburg. This chronicle is very interesting for those who desire information about the manners and customs of the middle ages in Germany. It describes, like a *Journal des Modes*, the costumes both of men and women as they came out at the time. It gives also notices of the songs which were piped and sung each year, and the first lines of many a love-ditty of the day are there preserved. Thus, in speaking of A.D. 1480, it mentions that in that year, through the whole of Germany, songs were piped and sung sweeter and more lovely than all the measures hitherto known in German lands, and that young and old—especially the ladies—went into such raptures over them, that they were heard to sing them from morning to night. Now, these songs (the chronicle goes on to say) were written by a young clerk, who was affected by leprosy, and who dwelt in a secret hermitage apart from all the world. You know, dear reader, what a frightful malady this leprosy was in the middle ages; and how the poor creatures who fell under this incurable evil were driven forth from all society, and allowed to come near no human creature. Dead-alive they wandered forth wrapt up from head to foot, the hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a kind of rattle called the Lazarus-clapper, announcing their presence by it, so that every one might get out of their way in time. This poor clerk, of whose fame as poet and songster this Chronicle of Limburg has spoken, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate in the solitude of his sorrow, while all Germany, joyful and exultant, sang and piped his songs.

Many a time in the mournful visions of my nights I think I see before me the poor clerk of the Chronicle of Limburg, my brother in Apollo, and his sad, suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and changing through the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp rattle of the Lazarus-clapper.

If he reads a great book, say Don Quixote, it is still the same. The point of interest is the self-reflection, so modern, so fresh, crossing the grotesque yet truly humane train of pictures.

Perhaps I too am but a Don Quixote, whose head has been sadly confused by the reading of all manner of wonderful books. My Amadis de Gaul has been Jean Jacques Rousseau; my Roland or Agramante has been Mirabeau;

and too deeply, it may be, I have pondered over the tales of the chivalrous deeds of French Paladins and Knights of the Round Table of the National Convention. But my madness and the *idées fixes* which have laid hold upon me, through the reading of these books, are the very opposite of those by which the great knight-errant was afflicted. While he sought to destroy the decaying chivalry, I seek to destroy every vestige of the age of chivalry. Our mode of action, too, proceeds from very different views. Don Quixote mistook windmills for giants; I see in our present-day giants nothing but windmills. In the leathern wineskins he beheld mighty magicians; while I see only leathern winekins in the mighty magicians of to-day. He fancied that every miserable tavern was a castle, every ass-driver a cavalier, and every barn-wench a court lady; while I hold castles to be only refuges for rogues, cavaliers to be ass-drivers, and court ladies to be but barn-wenches. He mistook puppet-shows for great state ceremonies; I hold state ceremonies to be mere puppet-shows; and yet I strike home as bravely at the wooden pageantry as did the gallant knight. Alas! such deeds of heroism often result as disastrously for me as they did for him; and, like him, I too have to suffer much for the honour of my mistress.

So also we find it in his poems; and the more specific it is the more he rises to that simple, unconscious music—that apparently careless and yet most finished verse—which is most characteristic of him. It is the same, for example, in his lyric—

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen;

and in that other—

Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig;

or that exquisite piece which Mrs. Browning has so admirably rendered—

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder.

One other essential point should be noticed, and not lost sight of. It is that Heine, in all his writings, and especially in those in which he was most inclined to use an oblique, satirical, and what might seem a half-sincere style, is still more decidedly autobiographical than he is in some parts of his professed 'Confessions.' To the initiated his secret is easily read there. Moreover, Heine passed through several well-marked phases of conviction. His attitude towards the highest problems was by no means unaffected by the peculiar experiences of his later years. The Heine of the lightly mocking and scornful early days, when, as the biographer of Felix Mendelssohn says, his manner was repulsively listless and *blasé*—when, as another has said, 'he walked the earth with his hands in his trouser pockets, whistling Olympian airs, the naughty spoiled child of the muses'—was very different

\* Introduction to the recent 'Ungedruckte Heine-Briefe' in the 'Deutsches Montags-Blatt.'



from the Heine of Paris, after sobering trials and the contact and strife with the friends of Börne, who in their reprisals served up to him what caused him to say that 'gall was a bitter drink;' and the Heine of those days, again, was a different person from the Heine of 'the mattress-grave,' where his ponderings on the tragic problems of the world and human destiny, of God, immortality, and the future, bred in him a new faith, of which he made characteristic confession. Some of his earlier expressions on the most serious subjects need constantly to be read in the light of the later ones, if we would be wholly fair to him. Though it is quite true that Heine was not, like Lessing, prepared to be a martyr for the truth, and that his life, as Mr. Snodgrass says, 'wanted that predominant unity of purpose which is the polar star of the nobler forms of genius,' yet happily we can trace a moral and spiritual growth which modified greatly the intellectual development, and renders Heine (unlike Voltaire, successful and the more cynical by experience) the more attractive to us as we follow him onwards through his weary years of life-in-death on the 'mattress-grave.'

A grave without rest (he himself said it was), death without the privileges of the dead, who spend no money, and who need to write neither letters nor books. This is a sad condition! The measure of my coffin was taken long ago, and my burial-place prepared; but I die so slowly that it is as tiresome for me as for my friends. But patience; everything has an end. One morning you will find the booth shut up, wherein the puppet-show of my humour so often entertained.

The preface to the 'Romancero,' from which these lines are borrowed, is, says one, perhaps the only example in our literature in which a martyr enlivens us by the account of his sufferings; and in view of what follows, may well ask the question, Was this poet a good or a bad man?

In the midst of his manifold troubles (as Strodtmann recounts) Heine thought with a touching love of his mother, who, in her secluded life at Hamburg, never learned the full truth regarding her son's circumstances. She was no longer able to read a newspaper, and the few old friends or relations whom she visited were, as regards this, like herself. Heinrich Heine was deeply troubled, and artfully tried to keep secret from her all knowledge of his illness. He wrote to her regularly every month in the best possible spirits, told her about his wife, and said that he himself was well. When he thought that it might occur to her that his letters were dictated, he blamed his bad eyesight which, he said, prevented him from writing everything himself. If he went out, even for a little, the sunshine

or even the lamplight almost blinded him.\* From his books, which he always used to send to his mother, he asked his publisher to cut out carefully all the parts that referred to his illness. Was this poet a bad or a good man?\*

Surely, if the good and genial Charles Kingsley had had in his memory some of these things, he would not so unqualifiedly have said of Heine, when asked by his daughter regarding the poet, 'A bad man, my dear; a bad man.' Nor would Mr. Carlyle have written some of the words he has written of Heine. It is often worse to mis-know or to misjudge than to be wholly ignorant.

One prevailing excuse there is for Heine in many of his worst excesses. He exhibits one phase of the irony of Providence. The injustice, the oppression which the Jews suffered at the hands of a Philistinish Germany, were, through his muse, avenged on a later generation. We can see in him how injustice and wrong inevitably breed injustice and wrong, and how, at last, evil comes home to roost. The greatest lyrical poet Germany has produced in later days found his delight in ridiculing Germany; and the disorder of her social position afforded food for his irony and gave hints for some of the most deliciously wicked and most popular of his poems. We could have wished Heine had not written such poems as 'Germany in 1815;' but, seeing he has done so, we can find many excuses for him, since biographically and psychologically we can find in the circumstance some light on otherwise irreconcilable points of character.

Much in the development of Heine's genius was due to the circumstances of his life, especially in its earlier formative period, so that there will be an exceptional interest for us in here tracing out shortly the story of his life, and great help towards forming a consistent view of his character and influence.

## II.

Heinrich Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, on the 13th of December, 1790. He himself was wont to post-date his birth, and to give it as the 1st January, 1800, that he might found upon it the playful conceit of his being 'one of the first men of the century.' The actual register of his birth was destroyed by fire, as were afterwards many letters and documents which would have made his biography more complete; but inquiries vigorously prosecuted by Strodtmann go sufficiently to prove that the above is correct. His father was a shop-

\* 'Deutsches Montags-Blatt.'

keeper of very moderate position—a man who had detached himself from orthodox Judaism, come into contact with the extreme 'enlightenment' men, and fully sympathized with them. 'Heine's father,' says Karpeles, writing too much from the Jewish point of view, 'appears to have been a man in whom excessive enlightenment and the shallow rationalism of the previous century had produced a complete indifference to every religion. At all events, Samson Heine was not of the type to give to his children a firm foundation in Jewish knowledge and Jewish faith by his example.' He was plainly above the average of his class in culture; admired and studied Goethe, and did not fail to encourage the early literary efforts of his sons, who again mutually encouraged each other in the writing of verses and the telling of stories. And in order that the youths might not be discouraged, he would refrain from reference to Goethe sometimes, saying 'How shall my youngsters be encouraged to persevere, if ever and ever we will speak only of Goethe?' His ambition, however, was not so high as it might have been. We find him on one occasion saying to Heinrich, after the reading of a poem by Schütze, 'My dear son, how it would please me if thou couldst but become half as distinguished as the author of this poem.'

It is evident, however, that he often indulged in a scoffing manner of speech. He is only once referred to in the writings of his famous son, and that is, strangely enough, where one would least expect to have found it, in the *Life of Börne*; but it is evident that Heine entertained for him the highest respect in his last years, speaking often and much of his good father. His mother's name was Elizabeth von Geldern. She was the daughter of a learned Israelitish physician of Düsseldorf. Though of a character somewhat rigid, if not Puritan, she had a tender heart. She had been well educated, was gifted with a keen intellect and a poetic temperament, and early discerned in Heinrich the germs of genius. We learn that she was deeply attached to him; that, in fact, she adored him. This, however, could not have been associated with any weakness of character, and of this Heine's conduct towards her to the last is the best of proofs. She was discreet and practical as well as loving, and obtained over him a powerful and abiding influence.\*

For curious students of character, of inherited traits, and of the effect of parental influence, it would, we think, be a fine subject to try to make out how much in Heine

was due to these forces. In not a little he reproduced his father and mother. The clear, vigorous discernment and sarcasm of the father, with bitter sneers at religion all round, the simple affectionateness, the tender reverence, and constant sympathy with all honest worth and uprightness and noble struggling effort, which marked his mother, and which combined to give her such an influence over her famous son—all these traits reappear in Heine, and wonderfully modify and give effect to each other. What Heine would have been without the honest kindness, the truly restraining influence of his mother, it were hard to guess; and yet it is not very hard to guess some of the inevitable results—a new proof, if it were needed, of the manner in which literary development is coloured by influences at once silent and remote. Heine's mother lived to be upwards of eighty, and there was perhaps a special blessing for the world and for Heine in the fact that she outlived him; for to the last she remained, as we have seen, a kind of polestar for his wayward heart. She lived in Hamburg, where she had a daughter married and settled, and numbers of other relatives. Authorities disagree about the amount of her intellectual activity in her later days. One of them tells us, in opposition to what we have read elsewhere, 'that the energetic old lady continued to the last an active reader, and was tyrannical in demands on the circulating library, to which she subscribed, for a constant supply of new books; demands which the keeper of the library did his utmost to supply, moved as well by his regard for the mother of Heine as by his interest in the old lady herself.' But this we can hardly credit, else all Heine's expedients to conceal the fact of his sorrowful condition in the last days could hardly have availed to keep them so entirely from her knowledge.

While still a child Heine was sent to the French Lyceum in Düsseldorf, the rector of which, Herr Schallmeyer, was a Roman Catholic priest of considerable attainments as a scholar, and of liberal views. He soon discovered Heine's rare talents, and is said to have advised his mother to devote Heinrich to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, assuring her that his influence among the dignitaries was such as speedily to procure the preferment of one who promised to become so clever a man; but, to the honour of Frau Heine, she would not listen to this very tempting proposal. Heine, we learn, on hearing this, speculated much how he would have looked in the little hat and the silken gown of an *abbate*.

The picture we have of the school-days of Heine give the impression of a character of

\* Karpeles' Heine, p. 6.

great quickness, unconquerable vivacity and spirit; observant and turning all his observations to account, yet not without a vein of meditateness suggestive of something premature, of which indeed his early romantic love affairs may be taken as proof. Max Heine, in his 'Erinnerungen,' has preserved many laughable anecdotes of his brother's school-days. He tells us, for instance, that their mother was desirous that all her children should have a thorough musical education, and selected the violin as Harry's instrument.

The tedious practising required to master this difficult instrument soon exhausted Harry's small stock of patience, but he did not dare to gainsay his mother's orders, and the latter having no reason to doubt Harry was making satisfactory progress, continued regularly to pay the teacher's monthly salary, and so almost a year had elapsed, when it came to pass that the mother was taking an airing in the garden just at the hour of Harry's music-lesson. To her great satisfaction, she heard the melodious tones of a well-played violin. Delighted at the wonderful progress that her son had made, the overjoyed mother hastened upstairs to thank the teacher for his great success. Imagine the natural dismay when she saw Harry comfortably stretched on the sofa, while the teacher stood before the boy entertaining him by playing! Then it came to light that all the music lessons had been of this nature, and that Harry could not even play the scales correctly. The unfaithful teacher was summarily dismissed, and Harry was relieved from further musical instruction.

He learned to imitate various birds and animals, and could crow so like a cock that he would sometimes rise very early and set all the cocks in the neighbourhood to make a noise, and so awaken the sleepers betimes; and he himself in one of his poems has told what good use he made of this accomplishment—when 'the two children' would retire to the hen-house and beguile the time. He would crow so as to make the passers-by think it was a real cock. Of this remarkable poem Mrs. Browning made a vigorous translation, which appears in her 'Last Poems.'

And now and then, too, he showed in his boyish tricks not a little of the casuistry which afterwards often aided him in his sarcasm and innuendo—

One Saturday Heinrich was playing with several comrades in the garden attached to a neighbour's dwelling. Over the garden wall hung a vine, loaded down with luscious grapes. The boys cast wistful glances towards them, but, mindful of the Jewish prohibition not to break or tear anything on the sabbath day, they turned their backs on the tempting

fruit and continued their games. But little Heinrich stood contemplatively gazing at the purple bunches. Suddenly he approached quite near to the wall, and with his mouth plucked off and ate the grapes one by one. 'Oh, Heinrich!' cried his horrified comrades, 'what have you done?' 'Nothing wrong,' laughed the young rascal; 'we are forbidden to pluck anything with the hand, but nothing is said about the mouth.'

According to his own account, he was not without trials—some kinds of school teaching, in spite of his quickness, not being much to his taste. But a character like his is always as impatient of some kind of difficulty as ready to tackle and to overcome others; and very probably his trials with arithmetic may have been over-estimated and only recalled to point a joke—

But, oh! (he writes) the trouble I had at school with my learning to count!—and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule—'Four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one'—but I advise all, in such a case, to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

Very funny, too, is the anecdote of the future poet, being on speech-day so overwhelmed at the advent of the 'Oberappellationsgerichts-Präsident,' with his yellow-haired daughter, while he was reciting Schiller's 'Diver,' that he stuck at the ominous line—

Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt,

and tried and tried again—three times tried—and could not go a bit further, while the scholars tittered and laughed at his position. One of the great events of his youth was the appearance of his hero, Napoleon, at Düsseldorf, in 1811 and 1812, one of which events Heine thus describes—

The Emperor, with his *cortège*, rode straight down the avenue of the Hofgarten at Düsseldorf, in spite of the police regulations that no one should ride down the avenue under a penalty of a five-dollar fine. The Emperor, in his invisible-green uniform and his little world-renowned hat, sat on his white charger, with a bland carelessness, if not laziness, the reins in one hand, while with the other he good-naturedly patted the neck of his horse. It was a sinewy marble hand, one of the two which has bound fast the many-headed monster of revolution to pacify the war of races, and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. The face, too, of the hue which we see in the marble busts of Greeks and Romans, the features as finely proportioned as in an antique, and a smile on the lips warming and reassuring every heart, while all knew that those lips had only to whistle *et la Prusse*

*n'existait plus*, and to whistle again and all the Holy Roman Empire would have danced before him. The brow was not so clear, for the spectres of future conflicts were cowering here; and there were the creative thoughts, the huge seven-mile-boot thoughts, in which the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world, every one of which thoughts would have given a German author full materials to write upon for the rest of his natural life.

The battle of Leipzig at length put an end to French rule in the Rhine Provinces, and the Lyceum was broken up. This circumstance had an effect on Heine's life in several ways. It shortened the period of his school-life, and precipitated him into ungenial situations. No other school was at that time sought for him, and his friends resolved that he should begin a commercial career. He was accordingly sent in the year 1815 to Frankfort, as clerk in a bank. The monotony of the life was simply intolerable to Heine, and after a short time he returned to the parental home. As the fruit of many family consultations, it was decided to send him to Hamburg to fit him for a mercantile career, and thither he went in 1817. In 1818 he opened a commission business, of which little is known, save that the title was 'Harry Heine and Company,' and that it went into liquidation in 1819. Zianitzka—not, perhaps, the most reliable authority, however—represents Samson Heine as having set at his son's disposal goods at ten per cent. under the cost price in order that he might dispose of them. But even with this the business did not succeed, as one could hardly hope that it would when Heine was constantly elaborating poems or writing essays.

Solomon Heine, the rich banker of Hamburg, an elder brother of Samson Heine, had left his father's house in his seventeenth year, with sixteen groschen in his pocket, and had by his own energy, indomitable perseverance, and foresight made himself one of the wealthiest men in Germany—the head of a banking-house. With him Heine was to the end of his life alternately quarrelling and making it up again. It was not likely that he would appreciate the kind of escapades in which his nephew had borne a part. In spite of this, however, he was induced to give Heinrich a trial in his banking-house. In 1818, when Heine was with his uncle, he fell in love with his cousin; but even that attraction was not sufficient to enable him to overcome his repugnance to life at the bank-desk.

Abandoning commerce in the end of 1818, we find him in 1819 at the University of Bonn, engaged in the study of jurisprudence. We can easily believe that he was then more

concerned about literature than law. August William Schlegel was at that time lecturing on Mediæval German Literature, and Heine was much influenced by these lectures. He had ere this, too, discovered that he could write poetry; and not a few of the songs which were afterwards to appear in the 'Buch der Lieder' were written during this stay at Bonn. Herr Strodtmann says of this time—

The study of jurisprudence only gave him a framework or suggestion for his poems; the celebrated jurists, with their high-sounding names, were material to be worked up in the *Opera bouffe* of his humour, and in their forgotten costumes, their long white wigs and their long-forgotten countenances, will live and move in his travel-sketches.

In 1819, for what reason we know not, he emigrated from Bonn to Göttingen. We are told by those who knew him there that he would take up the portrait of his beloved and kiss it. Here it was that he heard, in the spring of 1821, that she had given her hand to another. Thus was the stream of love in Heine's heart suddenly checked and frozen. The following poem may be regarded as expressing his feelings on the occasion—

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
Die hat einen Andern erwählt,  
Der Andre liebt eine Andre  
Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Ärger  
Den ersten, besten Mann,  
Der Ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just passiret,  
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

He now began to regard poetic composition as a serious part of his calling. The first portion of his 'Travel-pictures' was also partially written here; and afterwards expanded. It is not impossible that some of his piquant pictures of the professors may have been read to select circles, talked of, and points remembered; for it is hardly possible that he should, after some months' residence, have been rusticated for connection with a duelling affair—a thing of course against rule, but so common at a German university that no particular blame is usually associated with it—unless other influences had been at work. From Göttingen he went to Berlin, where, through Varnhagen von Ense and his wife Rahel, he obtained an introduction to the best literary society, and gained some distinction in it from the verses he had written. The professed business of the Rahel meetings was to study Goethe, and there he

met Wilhelm von Humboldt, Tieck, and Fouqué. At this time we have various pictures of him, most of which tend to confirm the impression of the *blasé* manner and affected style with which the biographer of Felix Mendelssohn credits him. We read in Devrient's 'Mendelssohn' that, on one occasion, when the young people of the house made some enthusiastic remark about Jean Paul, he drawled out, 'What of Jean Paul! he never saw the ocean.' Fanny, with ready wit, retorted, 'Certainly not, he had no uncle Solomon to pay his expenses.'

But, in spite of all this, he was thinking earnestly on many subjects. He heard Hegel, and in spite of some touches of ridicule in speaking of the philosopher in after years, he admits having received benefit and stimulus; and he joined the 'Jewish Society,' which had been founded by the disciples of Moses Mendelssohn for the purpose of improving the condition of the Jews in Germany. Whilst he was at Berlin his first volume of poems was published under the title of 'Junge Leiden,' and in literary and critical circles led to the impression of the advent of a new and true poet. Heine, as we are told, received no pay for the book, except forty copies. But, as Strodtmann says, 'What young author would not joyfully and impatiently have accepted such an opportunity to lead his bark from the quiet inland water and launch it upon the broad ocean of immortality!'

His parents had some time before this gone to Lüneburg, his father having lost his health in Düsseldorf. The publication of the poems had literally struck his family aghast; they augured all manner of evil from such a step. In the beginning of 1823, Heine left Berlin and went to Lüneburg, to spend some time with his parents, and afterwards he made an excursion to Cuxhaven and Hamburg. In 1824 he was again in Göttingen, devoting himself to the study of jurisprudence. From all the professions, save that of medicine, Jews were excluded, and Heine never professed that any motive higher than that of entry on a professional career led him to profess Christianity. He was baptized a Christian by the name of Heinrich—Harry having been his Jewish name, oddly enough—on the 28th of June, 1825; and on the 20th of July following he obtained his doctor's degree in law, after the usual examinations. When asked the reason why he had turned Christian, he said, in his own half-cynical, playful way, 'What will you! I found it intolerable to have the same religion as Rothschild and not to be as rich as he.'

His tentative efforts to gain a law prac-

tice in Hamburg did not result in anything, as was indeed hardly to be hoped, when Heine's heart was in authorship, and when the political weaknesses and the complications of Germany exercised his whole mind and thought, and when, by tongue and pen, he was already active to expose at once the busybodies and the blunderers who pretended to rule, and the rogues, as he called them, who affected the *rôle* of patriots. His acquaintance now made with Campe the publisher was fruitful. In 1825 his volume of travels, the 'Harzreise,' was published, and in 1826 the remarkably incisive and original volume 'Le Grand' appeared. This levelled so many attacks at German rulers that shortly after its publication its circulation was forbidden in several of the German states, and it was deemed advisable that Heine should 'go on his travels'—a very salutary mode of waiting safely for results. Solomon Heine would do something to help him to a tour in England, and Heinrich, who had no objection to see England, was quite willing to take advantage of his uncle's offer. In a letter to Varnhagen he thus indicates the mood in which he set out—

It was not fear that drove me away, but the love of prudence, which advises every one not to risk anything where there is nothing to gain. Had I the prospect of getting a position in Berlin, I would have travelled there without a care of the contents of my book. I think if our ministry is well advised, I have more than the prospect of getting such a position, and I shall in the end return back to you in Berlin. I have as yet heard not a word of the fate of my book. I knew it beforehand. I know my Germans—they will be frightened, reflect, and do nothing. I doubt also whether the book will not be forbidden. It was, however, necessary that it should be written. In this servile bad time one must write something. I have done my duty and am ashamed of those stout-hearted friends, who once could do so much, and now are silent. The most cowardly recruits are courageous when they stand in rank and file; but he shows the true courage who stands alone. I saw also beforehand that the good people of my country will sufficiently tear my book to pieces, and I cannot take it amiss of my friends if they are silent about the perilous production. I know very well that one must be independent of the State to express one's self freely about my 'Le Grand.'

Heine came to England by steamboat, and by way of the Thames, the grandest and truest high road to the English capital. The series of sketches called 'English Fragments' opens with a scene and conversation on board the steamboat, which, whether real or imaginary, no doubt represents the impressions which the traveller received in his

passage up the river to the Tower Wharf. His opinions about England—the results of his observations on this tour—some of them so shrewd and wise, and some so wrong-headed, spiteful, and perverse, but all of them so brilliantly couched and presented to us—are to be found in the ‘English Pictures.’

A very good story is told of Heine's mode of dealing with Uncle Solomon's kindness. He had received as much ready money as should serve him for some time, but to give an air of importance and responsibility to his visit, a formal letter of credit on the Rothschilds was added, to be used in case of necessity. What was Uncle Solomon's surprise to find that one of the first things done by Heine in London was to cash this letter of credit. Uncle Solomon's pipe fell out of his mouth, we are told, when he heard the news by an advice from Rothschild, saying that he had had the pleasure to become acquainted with his distinguished and charming nephew, and had had the honour to credit him with ten thousand francs. Uncle Solomon was not to be appeased over this piece of sharp practice, which hit him on a sore point. Heine's mother was talked to, and she wrote to remonstrate with Heinrich. This was his reply on that head—

All persons are subject to whims. What my uncle gave me in a fit of good-humour, he might revoke in a fit of ill-temper; he might have taken it in his head to write by the next mail to Rothschild that the letter was only given for form's sake, and was not to be cashed. The annals of banking-houses are not without record of such cases. As a prudent, provident man, it was my duty not to run any risks. Verily, dear mother, my uncle himself would never have become rich had he not followed the same rule.

On his return to Germany he set about preparing the ‘*Buch der Lieder*,’ which was during 1827 published at Hamburg; but before its appearance he had gone to Munich to undertake editorial work on the ‘*Politische Annalen*,’ the property of Baron Cotta. His stay in Munich only lasted some seven months. The paper stopped; and his health, we learn, so suffered from the severity of the climate that he was recommended to travel, and went to Italy. The records of these journeys are to be found in his ‘*Italian Travels*.’ In the end of 1828 he was called home by the illness and death of his father. By and by his writings once more brought him into fresh difficulties, and he had some reason to fear arrest. He had to betake himself to Heligoland, where he remained for some time,

writing letters to his friends, to Steinmann, and to others, asking advice as to where he should go to be at peace, saying that his choice lay between France, England, Italy, North America, and Turkey, the Sultan of which had no doubt read his ‘*Almansor*,’ and knew of his enthusiasm for many things Turkish! ‘I am weary,’ he goes on, ‘and pine for peace. I would procure myself a German nightcap, and pull it over my ears, if I only knew where I could lay my head. In Germany it is impossible! Every moment a police agent will be coming to give me a shake to know if I really sleep, and this idea spoils all my peace of mind.’

The revolution of July occurred in Paris whilst he was in Heligoland, and awakened the highest hopes in his mind, which, as we may say, received their complement when, on his return to Hamburg, he witnessed the memorable riot against the Jews. This greatly increased his detestation for the Free City, though it was the only place in Germany where he could feel safe from the police.

Paris, at length, he concluded would be the best sphere for his talents; and thither he went on the 3rd of May, 1831. Paris to the end remained his home, save for occasional hasty visits to Hamburg to see his mother. He became the correspondent of the ‘*Augsburg Gazette*,’ and wrote such letters as would have made his residence in Germany very perilous. In June, 1832, the German Diet strictly forbade the circulation of his writings. We have many pictures from the pen of Meissner and others, of the striking aspect of the poet on his first appearance in Paris, and of the effect produced by him in the circles which he frequented. Not that he was always happy or at peace even now. He was a born militant. Besides his battles with German governments and German ‘patriots,’ he once or twice fell out with his friends, and was a party to bitter and profitless recriminations. This was the case with Ludwig Börne, and afterwards with Börne's friends, who had so much on their side as to be able to serve up to Heine what made him say that he regretted having written the book ‘*Ueber Börne*,’ and that ‘gall was a bitter drink.’

He married a genuine Parisian—sparkling, vivacious, who was faithful and devoted to him through many trials, though some of his friends had put in qualifying clauses regarding her. He himself wrote of her thus to his brother in 1843: ‘My wife is a good-natured, cheerful child, as capricious as a Frenchwoman can be, and she does not allow me to sink down into that dreamy melancholy for which I have so much talent.

For eight years now we have journeyed together, and I love her with a tenderness and passion which borders on the fabulous. I have since then enjoyed a frightful quantity of happiness, tortures, and bliss, in terrible admixture, more than my sensitive nature could endure.'

In 1848 he was struck down with that disease of the spine which for the next eight years confined him to the 'mattress-grave.' Meissner's picture of the poet in his last promenade through Paris is indeed very touching. 'Half blind, half lame, poor Heine,' he says, 'struggled along with the greatest difficulty;' and Heine himself has given a half-figurative account of that last visit in one of the prefaces to his poems—

It was in May, 1848, the last time that I went out, that I bade farewell to the beautiful idols, to whom, in days of prosperity, I bowed the knee. Painfully I dragged my limbs to the Louvre, and almost fell into a swoon as I entered that lovely hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. Long did I lie at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone might have had pity on me. And though the goddess looked down upon me with compassion, yet was it a compassion without comfort, as if she had said, 'Seest thou not I am without arms, and therefore can give thee no help?'

In a condition of second childhood Heine lay for the long period of eight years, utterly feeble, nearly blind, his body shrunk to the size of that of an infant, and, like an infant, he had to be in everything attended. Yet his mind was active, he thought much, and he wrote as well as ever. During his illness he produced 'The Gods in Exile,' 'The Faust Ballet,' 'The Goddess Diana,' 'The Confessions,' his 'Memoirs,' and the poems which form the 'Romancero,' as well as many contributions to newspapers and reviews in France and in Germany. All are full of his character: he hit what he conceived to be the rogues and poltroons to the last, and to the end his wit welled forth; his own condition, his own dying, was made the theme of countless sallies. After unspeakable suffering—for he had been for some years almost wholly blind—he passed away on the 17th February, 1856—a man of his time, if there ever was one; but one who, in spite of all his efforts to guard himself by indirect and oblique expression, has been very greatly misunderstood.

### III.

We have left ourselves little space in which to gather up the salient traits in Heine. With many defects he had many

virtues. In spite of his air of frivolity, his *badinage*, his mockeries, he has a genuine vein of sincerity. He loves the truth-speakers, and will not for a moment allow that he is on the side of the deniers with whom he has been classed. His strength lies in the fact that he believes more than he will subscribe for, and that he is always in sympathy with those who have suffered for the truth, as they held it. The circumstances of his life confirmed what he seemed to have a strong natural faculty for—a strong reserve as regards direct religious confession; and yet his writings throughout are informed by religious feeling. His sympathies with his own race were dominant. The idea of the 'Rabbi von Bacharach' attests this; and we cannot but regard it as a misfortune that that story was never finished, though perhaps he would have failed to realize the idea of the plot. It remains as a testimony to the love he had for Jewish customs and the sanctities of Jewish life, and of horror at the sufferings of his brethren. It is one of the most perfect pieces of writing in any language. How picturesque and graceful is this description!—

As soon as it is night the housewife lights the lamp, spreads the cloth on the table, lays on the middle of it three flat unleavened loaves, covers them with a towel, and places on this raised part six small dishes in which are contained symbolical meats, namely, an egg, lettuce, radish, a lamb's bone, and a brown mixture of raisins, cinnamon, and nuts. At the table sits the father of the house with his relatives and friends, and reads to them out of a book of adventures called the 'Agade,' which is a strange collection of the sayings of forefathers, wondrous Egyptian stories, curious tales, miraculous narratives, prayers, and feast-songs. There will be a great supper on this feast-day, and, even during the reading, at appointed times, the symbolical dishes and also a piece of the unleavened bread will be tasted, and four goblets of red wine will be drunk. Pathetically beautiful, earnestly playful and mystical as an old folk's tale is the character of this evening feast, and the customary singing tone in which the 'Agade' is read by the father of the house and responded to by the hearers sounds so innerly-sheltering, so like a mother's lullaby, and at the same time so hasty and rousing, that even those Jews who had long since fallen away from the faith of their fathers and sought after strange joys and honours, trembled to the very heart when the old and well-known earlier sounds fell on their ears.

In the great hall of his house once sat Rabbi Abraham, and with his kindred, disciples, and the rest of his guests, began the Easter evening feast. In the hall everything was brighter than usual; the table was covered with a many-coloured silken cover, whose golden

fringe hung down to the floor. The little plates with the symbolical meats shone familiarly, as did also the full wine goblets; the men sat in their black mantles and black flat hats and white neckcloths; the women, in their wonderful brilliant dresses of Lombard material, wore on the head and neck jewels of gold and pearls; and the silver sabbath lamp shed its steady light on the devoutly pleased faces of old and young. On a purple velvet cushion on a chair raised higher than the others, as the custom demanded, sat Rabbi Abraham, who read and sang the 'Agade,' and the fine choir joined in at the prescribed places. The Rabbi also wore his black feast robe, his nobly formed but somewhat harsh features bore a milder expression than usual, and his lips parted in a smile from out his brown beard, as if he wished to relate something merry; but one could see from his eyes that he remembered something and had a misgiving. Beautiful Sarah, who sat at his side also on a raised velvet seat, wore as hostess none of her jewels, but only white linen, which clothed her slim body and encircled her pious face. This face was pathetically beautiful, for the beauty of the Jewesses is of a particularly pathetic kind; the consciousness of deep sorrow, bitter shame, and the sorry circumstances amid which her kindred and friends live, cast over her beautiful features a certain living sincerity and noticeable gravity which fascinate our hearts. Thus sat the beautiful Sarah and looked steadfastly into the eyes of her husband. Now and then she looked at the 'Agade' which lay beside her, the beautiful parchment book bound in gold and velvet, an ancient heirloom on the side of her grandfather, with its old wine stains, and containing many bold and beautifully painted pictures which she enjoyed that Easter evening as much as a little child would have done; it represented also numerous Bible stories, such as Abraham breaking in pieces with the hammer the stone gods of his fathers, the angel coming to him, Moses slaying Mizri, Pharaoh sitting on his throne, but the frogs about his table giving him no rest, the children of Israel passing safely across the Red Sea, and Pharaoh saying, 'God be thanked!' the children of Israel with their sheep and oxen standing before Mount Sinai, pious King David playing upon his harp, and, lastly, Jerusalem with its towers and pinnacles sparkling in the sunshine.

The second goblet was already filled, the faces became fairer, the voices still more clear, and the Rabbi, taking the unleavened loaves and holding them up, read aloud from the 'Agade' the following words: 'Behold! this is the food of which our fathers ate in Egypt! Let him that is hungry come and eat! Let him that is sad come and partake of the joy of our Passover. In the present year we keep the feast here, but in the coming year we shall keep it in the land of Israel! In the present year we feast only as servants, but in the coming year we shall feast as the sons of liberty!'

Presently the hall door opened and there

stepped in two tall pale men, wrapped in pure white cloaks, one of whom said, 'Peace be unto you; we are travelling fellow-believers, and wish to eat the Passover with you.' And the friendly Rabbi answered readily, 'Peace be unto you, come in and sit down beside me.' Both strangers immediately sat down at table, and the Rabbi continued the reading. Many times during the responses he addressed loving words to his wife, and, alluding to the old saying that the Jewish housefather is looked upon as a king for that evening, he said to her, 'Rejoice, my queen!' But she answered, smiling sadly, 'Our prince is wanting!' And by this she meant the son of the house, who, as a passage in the 'Agade' requires of him, should ask his father in the prescribed words what is the meaning of the feast. The Rabbi answered nothing, but simply pointed with his finger to a picture in the 'Agade' extremely beautiful to look at—the three angels coming to Abraham to make known that a son should be born to him by his wife Sarah, who meanwhile, with a woman's cunning, is standing behind the tent door listening to the conversation. This mild rebuke brought a threefold red to the face of his beautiful wife, who cast down her eyes, then raised them again pleasantly toward her husband, who still continued the reading of the wondrous stories.

When he speaks about sham 'patriotism,' and contrasts Germany with France at once on account of 'patriotism' and politeness, he does more than recall Mr. Matthew Arnold—

Everything has for a long time been fatal to me that bears the name of patriotism. Yes, at one time the thing would have disgusted me when I beheld those masquerades of adventurous fools who generally made a trade of patriotism—provided themselves with suitable occupations, and distributed themselves as masters, journeymen, and apprentices, and combined into corporations that they might be able to fight in the country. I say 'fight' in foul fraternity. For individual fighting with the sword did not belong to their profession. Father Jahn, landlord Jahn, was in the war, whom everybody knew to be as cowardly as he was foolish. They knew right well that German simplicity always looks upon coarseness as a sign of courage and manliness, although a glance into our prisons shows sufficiently that there are coarse villains and coarse cowards. In France courage is polite and well-bred; and if a polite person meets you he takes off his hat and glove. In France patriotism consists also in love of one's country, and France is the home of civilization and human advancement. As has been said before, German patriotism, on the contrary, consists in a hatred towards the French, and in a hatred towards civilization and liberalism.

Is it not true? Am I no patriot because I praise France?

This is a peculiar element in patriotism and



true love of one's country. One can love one's fatherland and live for eighty years in it and never realize that one loves it. But then one must always have remained at home. The value of spring is best known in winter; and behind the stove the best May-songs are written. Love of liberty is a prison flower, and its worth is first felt in captivity. Thus love of the fatherland begins first on the boundaries of Germany, but is perfected when the misfortunes of the fatherland are seen from a foreign country. Yesterday, while reading a book containing the letters of a dead friend, I trembled at the page on which is described the impressions of the foreigner at the sight of your country folk in 1818. I shall here write the dear words:

'The whole morning I have shed many bitter tears of sympathy and grief! O, I never knew that I loved my country so much! I am like one who through physic has learned something of the strength of his body, but who, when it is taken away from him, falls down.'

That is it! Germans. That is what we are. And therefore I suddenly became weak and ill at the sight of that stranger, of those great blood streams that flowed from the wounds of the fatherland and lost themselves as in African sands. It was like a great loss, and I felt in my soul a keen pang. In vain I hushed myself with reasonable arguments.

The following from the third and fourth chapters of '*Das Buch le Grand*,' will show Heine in a sincere and pathetic vein, which he only occasionally indulged—

The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and, when I shout for joy, I am answered by a thousandfold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to waken the earth from her morning slumber, and the earth trembles for joy; her flowers are hymns with which, in her inspiration, she greets the sun. The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and Night arises with her longing eye, oh! then voluptuous joy quivers through me; the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens, and the stars beckon me, and I arise and soar forth over the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

But a day will come when the fire in my veins will be burnt out; then winter will dwell in my breast, his white flakes will cluster sparsely round my forehead, and his mists bedim my eyes. In mouldy tombs my friends are lying, I alone am left behind, like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race has blossomed into life, with new wishes and new thoughts. Full of surprise, I hear new names and new songs; the old ones are forgotten, and I too am forgotten, honoured but by a few, despised by many, but loved by none! And rosy-cheeked children run to me and press into my trembling hands the old harp and say to me with laughter: 'Thou hast

been long time silent, lazy greybeard; sing again to us the songs of the dreams of thy youth!' Then I take the harp, and old joys and old sorrows re-awaken; the mists are dissolved, tears flow once more from my dead eyes, it is springtime again in my heart; I see again the blue stream, and the marble palaces, and the fair matron and maiden faces; and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta. It will be my last song; the stars look upon me as in the nights of my youth; the enamoured moonlight again kisses my cheeks; the spirit choir of the dead nightingales warbles from out the distance; sleep-drunk my eyelids close, my soul dies away with the tones of my harp; sweet odours are exhaled from the flowers of Brenta.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I had wished a palm, but it grows not in our cold North. Let it be a linden, and of summer evenings lovers will sit and caress beneath it. The green finch, listening from amid the swaying branches, is silent, and my linden murmurs in sympathetic manner over the heads of the lovers who are so happy that they have not time even to read the writing on my white gravestone. But when afterwards the lover has lost his maiden, then will he come to the well-known linden and sigh and weep, and look long and often upon the gravestone, and read thereon the writing—'He loved the flowers of Brenta.'

With regard to Heine's Napoleon-worship, from one point of view it is not so very difficult to understand. Heine, as a Jew, and with more real and active sympathy for his race than a superficial reading of his books might be taken to imply, could look with only contempt on the little autocratic princelings, no less than on the autocratic giants of Germany, Prussia and Austria, who were the models for these others only in their political vices, as we may say. Napoleon was on the side—or for reasons of policy made it to appear that he was on the side—of depressed nationalities and races. If he aimed at humbling the autocrats, in order to widen the scope of his own autocracy, indirectly he made this appear to be in favour of Poles and Swiss and Jews; and in justice it must be said that it was really in their favour.\* But when later the Napoleonic idea stood forth bare and disconnected from any such profession, he saw it for what it was, and spoke frankly of its faults. He could tolerate and do justice to Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic; but when time brought on the crime of the *coup d'état*, as

\* Rudolph Gottschall has shown in a very able article in *Unsere Zeit* how Heine's early love for Napoleon and devotion to him exercised a distinct influence on his poetic and general mental development. (*Unsere Zeit*—'Heinrich Heine's Entwicklungsgang, nach neuen Quellen.' Von Rudolph Gottschall. 1868, p. 321.)

one of the legitimate fruits of Napoleonism, inevitable under certain circumstances, Heine did not fail with his own protests from the 'mattress-grave.' In one of those remarkable letters to Herr Kolb he says—

Louis Napoleon was, as I have foreseen for some time, the lion clad in the ass's skin. This he stripped off one fine morning, to the complete surprise and dismay of the chamber *ménagerie*. In how far his *coup d'état* was justified by the behaviour of the Chamber it is hard to say; for the stupid fellows continually pricked and excited the hero who held in his hands the naked sword of executive power, while they had only the empty sheath of legality. I felt no surprise at what took place, because their infatuation was incredible. *Nevertheless my heart bled.* And I confess my old Napoleonism does not stand proof against the pain that overwhelmed me when I beheld the consequences of that movement. All the beautiful ideals of poetical morality, legality, civic virtue, of equality of freedom, the rosy-tinted morning dreams of the eighteenth century, for the sake of which our forefathers so heroically went to death, and which we dream after no less heroically, lie at our feet, shattered like the potsherd of porcelain vases; but I shall be silent, and you know why.

No man lives for himself; nor can he in art, any more than in life, walk alone, try how he may. His starting-point is already made for him in the influences he inherits. Much and wilfully as the heir may wander, he can never wholly forget his heritage. Nor did Heine. The romantic inheritance sometimes mastered him; its traces were always present. It runs through all his ambitious works like a beautiful but hardly harmonious vein. It can even be seen in 'Atta Troll.' In the 'Reisebilder'—in the prose parts more especially—it is dominant, and this where we should least expect it, where no submission to contracted habits under the more formal rules or limitations constrained him. Since the above was written, we were somewhat surprised to find that Herr Marggraff had noted the same thing. Amid the wild humour of 'Atta Troll' we came on this verse—

Like the youthful visions shared I,  
In the blue moon-lighted evenings,  
With Chamisso and with Fouqué  
And Brentano—does it sound not?

Heine, after all, was a true Romanticist, returning on the earlier and better traditions. Notwithstanding all his temptations on the side of Hellenism, he asserted for art a constant dependence upon life, and saw the point where poetry, to be true and living, must ever refresh itself at the springs of conduct. Much confused as his message is by his peculiar turn for irony and his love

for oblique forms of expression, this remains as the prevailing element in his writings both in prose and verse; and as such they will be found full of inspiration for the thoughtful who can discriminate.

It is very remarkable to find Tieck in his old age depreciating Heine almost for the very same reasons, as he urged, Heine had given for seeking to moderate the excessive hero-worship of Goethe. Tieck doubtless regarded Heine as a rebel against the Romantic spirit; but Tieck himself was not in this respect quite consistent, and we are not sure that Heine was not a more consistent Romanticist than he was. Anyway, we hold we have proved, from a broad survey of all the aspects of Heine's activity, that the significance of Heine hardly lies in the direction that the ultra-classic and artistic critics have sought for it. A. H. JAPP.

## ART. II.—Intellect and Evolution.

ENTHUSIASM is a great help to the successful advocacy of any new doctrine; but enthusiasm is notoriously misleading, through its tendency to overlook insuperable obstacles and to turn a deaf ear to prudent counsels. The true doctrine of evolution (the doctrine that the various species of animals and plants have been evolved through the action of natural causes from antecedent animals and plants of different kinds) has been exaggerated by enthusiasts into the assertion, that the whole material universe has been evolved by one continued process without any kind of breach in its uniform continuity, and this in the face of three evident breaches of continuity occasioned by (1) the difference between the living and the non-living; (2) the difference between sentience and the absence of sentience; and (3) the difference between intellect and the absence of intellect.

It is to the third of these differences only that we propose here to direct attention, for it is the difference which concerns us most nearly. It is blindness to it which can alone account for the assertion which has been so rashly made, that no difference of kind exists between the human intellect and the highest cognitive faculties of brutes. It is to it only that can be due any acceptance of that dogma now so zealously proclaimed by enthusiastic advocates—the dogma of the essential bestiality of man.

It is of course too plain to be denied that there is a vast difference between human

reason, as it exists to-day, and any mere animal faculties, and therefore the efforts of the Darwinian enthusiasts referred to are directed to show that such a difference need not always have existed, but that it is possible to account for the slow upgrowth of such merely animal faculties into true human intellect, and the gradual expansion of one into the other.

But it is an obvious fact that a distinction, evident to the senses, exists between men and brutes, in that no brute has the gift of speech, while all tribes of men possess it. This, then, is the *crux* of the Darwinians. They endeavour to avoid so fatal a difficulty by two contentions. One is (1) that animals have language; the other is (2) that the brute ancestors of man, by the possession of language, gradually acquired the gift of reason.

We have, then, to consider these two assertions, and in order to consider them properly, we must examine into the real nature of human speech. Words are conventional signs of things thereby signified, and it may or it may not be the case, that the things signified by human speech are essentially similar to the things signified by the inarticulate language of animals, and if they are so, then the one might possibly have been developed from the other. If, on the other hand, it should turn out that the things signified by animal language and by human speech are different in kind, so that the latter demands the ready-formed existence of intellect, in order that it may itself exist, then speech must obviously be posterior to intellect, and could not have been evolved from merely animal faculties. In such case also it is evident that thought could never have been evolved from language, and therefore a manifest hiatus must, from the very first, have existed between human and animal nature, and with the first advent of man there must have been at least one breach in the continuity of the process of cosmical evolution.

Now there is no appeal from the facts of science and from inferences thence logically drawn, and every attempt to ignore the former or elude the latter to support any theory which may have captivated the fancy, or in deference to any traditional belief, must be alike scrupulously avoided.

Probably the reluctance which some persons so strongly feel to recognize the existence of such a break is due to our impotence to *imagine* it.\* But such impotence is but

the necessary consequence of our having had no experience of it, since we can never imagine that of which we have had no experience. Nothing, however, could be more fatal to our reasoning powers than the attempt to bind them down within the narrow limits of our power of imagination. We cannot perceive our acts of sight, and we cannot imagine them, yet we are none the less perfectly sure of their existence.

Having endeavoured, then, as much as possible to guard against both the temptations of prejudice and the snares due to the imagination, let us examine the question as to the possibility of the evolution of intellect from sense, by considering, in the first place, the two assertions of the Darwinian school: (1) Animals have language; and (2) language begot reason. The Darwinian view may, we think, be fairly represented as follows—

The lower animals plainly express their feelings by significant sounds. The song of birds and the various cries of beasts are unquestionable examples of a vocal language expressing their feelings, and also often more or less making known the presence of objects perceived by them—making known, therefore, their cognitions, as well as their sensations and emotions. Dogs by their bark may plainly indicate not only, *e.g.*, their perception of a rabbit or a thief, but also which of the two it is; and similar practical knowledge is conveyed in a multitude of other instances. That such cries are very different from articulate language is true, but the parrot shows us that a mere animal may articulate copiously and plainly.

There can be no *a priori* difficulty, then, in supposing that some animal may have acquired the power of expressing itself by articulate sounds. It may well be that some ape-like animal acquired such a power, seeing the great resemblance which exists between the structure of the mouth and vocal organs of an ape and of a man. Once let this power of articulate expression have been acquired, and it then almost necessarily follows that it must have been enormously improved and augmented by a gregarious habit

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imperiously is Discontinuity a necessity of experience, given in every qualitative difference. The manifold of sense is not to be gainsaid by a speculative resolution of all diversities into gradations. Experience knows sharply defined differences, which make gaps between things. Speculation may imagine these gaps filled, some unbroken continuity of existence linking all things. It *must* imagine this, because it cannot imagine the non-existence coming between discrete existences.' Here the slavery of the imagination, together with the freedom of the intellect, are alike plainly pointed out.

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\* The late Mr. G. H. Lewes, in the third series of his 'Problems of Life and Mind,' says: 'If continuity is a necessity of thought, not less

(and many kinds of apes live in troops), those troops being preserved which, by the rapidity and multiplicity of their articulate utterances, became best able to avoid danger and acquire food.

But animals, as we see and know them, show us that they not only have language, but they have also a true practical appreciation of such things as 'number' and 'cause,' and of abstract qualities, such as 'solidity,' and that they are able not only to perceive, but also to remember, classify, and infer.

Not merely a very highly organized animal, but even an insect, will discriminate between objects which differ in number—between an attack by one enemy on one side of it, and a simultaneous attack by two enemies one on either side of it; between one object of pursuit and several objects of pursuit—and will regulate its responsive movements accordingly. But in this practical appreciation of number we have the germ and foundation of the whole science of mathematics.

A dog startled at the agitation by the wind of an expanded parasol lying near it on a grass-plot may, by its angry growl, show its apprehension of some hidden, possibly hostile, cause of such motion, and in analogous circumstances may show not only its appreciation of cause, but of causes of different orders.

An elephant will hesitate to cross a bridge which it seems to feel insecure, thus showing that it has a distinct and practical apprehension of the abstract quality 'solidity.'

That animals can not only perceive objects but remember them, and circumstances connected with them, is too manifest to need illustration.

Animals again readily vary their conduct according to the properties of objects presented to their senses, i.e., they recognize and *classify*. A cat will make use of visible characters as a basis of its system of classification. A dog divides the material universe, organic and inorganic, into groups and sub-groups, according to a finely graduated series of smells.

Animals of the most varied kinds, from insects to apes, will, as their actions prove, anticipate the presence in objects of characters and tendencies to action, as yet unperceived, from signs the presence of which they actually cognize. What else is this but reasoning—inference from past experiences! But inference is the guiding of conduct by a foreseeing preparation for the future, due to a recollection of the past. These animals, therefore, both recollect and anticipate—they, no less than men, are creatures 'looking before and after.'

Turning from our animal friends to the lowest races of mankind, what do we find? Men unable to realize any lofty abstract ideas, and some of them unable to count above two or three, and though no race is devoid of speech, yet such is its poverty and barbarity in some cases—almost confined to denoting the physical relations of material objects—that we may feel little difficulty in imagining it to be the remote outcome of the primitive articulate cries of the hypothetical ape-like animal before referred to.

But the argument thus supported is further reinforced by the mode of development of the power of speech in every individual amongst ourselves. Does the power of speech appear spontaneously of itself, or suddenly arise at some particular moment as an infused, God-sent gift? By no means! Only very slowly, and by almost imperceptible steps, does the primitively dumb infant learn to recognize, and after recognizing to itself emit, articulate sounds. If brought up in silence and solitude it never learns to speak at all. It is not the case, then, that distinct intellectual conceptions start forth from the mind and clothe themselves in words, but, on the contrary, articulate sounds are first learned by rote—often as parrots learn them—without any distinct apprehension of their meaning. Even in the adult condition some tribes, e.g., the Hottentots, delight to amuse themselves by inventing curious new articulate sounds—words voluntarily made without ideas being thereto annexed.

Therefore in the history of the individual, as in the history of the race, we have to begin with simple sensations and variously aggregated feelings, which are at first indicated by inarticulate sounds and by gestures, and afterwards by articulate sounds or words. Only subsequently, and by the help of such articulate sounds, do we get those more highly complex aggregations of feelings which we call 'ideas,' and 'thoughts,' which are thus generated by language. In every child then these arise as the outcome and result of speech, therefore in the past history of our race reason was similarly begotten. There is, therefore, no real break in the continuity of vocal evolution. The vanity and folly of an imagination unbridled by science and regardless of facts has led foolish men to deem themselves of a different nature from other animals—has led them to deny their kinship with their fellow creatures. There is no really fundamental difference between human speech and the language of non-human animals, in spite of the variety and complexity which the struggle

for existence has gradually introduced into the former.

The above is a short but, we think, neither unfair nor inadequate statement of the Darwinian and Spencerian view.

The opposite school of thought maintains, on the other hand, that human speech is so essentially diverse from the language of even the highest brutes, that we are compelled to suppose its existence to be due to the action of a cause different in kind from the cause of all merely animal expression.

So far from thoughts and ideas being the outcome and result of emotional exclamations, human speech cannot come into existence except as a consequence of pre-existing ideas and thoughts. Consequently the existence of intellect must have preceded the existence of speech.

It is indeed a fact that in adult men now we do *not* find that words generate thoughts, but the very reverse. The vocal tricks of the Hottentots are nothing to the point, for the only words with which we are concerned are the words employed to convey a meaning as in ordinary speech. Now it is notoriously the case that when, in the cultivation of any science or art, newly observed facts or laws give rise to new ideas, new terms are subsequently invented and adopted to give expression to such new conceptions. New words arise as a *sequence*, not as an *antecedent* to such intellectual action.

It is of course true that infants learn to speak words the meanings of which they do not understand; but in the first place they learn them from those who do understand them, and who make known to them by degrees their meaning; and in the second place, we do not know how soon they annex meanings of some kind to the words they learn, while they often plainly indicate that they have meanings a knowledge of which they seek to convey *before* they can speak.

Actually then the facts as to the origin of speech now are not in accord with the Darwinian hypothesis. But to see whether they could ever have been so we must, as before said, examine what language *is*—of what human speech really consists.

Now, both schools of thought will agree in declaring speech to be composed of words which are conventional symbols of corresponding conceptions.

To determine, then, effectually the true nature of speech, we must have a clear and true notion of these conceptions, of which spoken words are the signs, and see if they can or cannot be formed from sense.

Let us, then, first contemplate a few selected conceptions, and try and determine

their true nature, and afterwards (by the aid of the knowledge thus gained) let us see if any (and, if any, what) general judgment can be formed as to the nature of *all* human conceptions and their necessary origin.

It will, however, be well to take, *in limine*, full note of a certain difficulty which necessarily attends any such inquiries as that upon which we are entering, inquiries which necessitate the contemplation and analysis of our own mental acts. Our powers of perception are very clear and luminous as long as they are applied to external objects, but more or less obscurity inevitably attends the analysis of our own mental activity itself. In such analysis we attain, indeed, the maximum of certainty (for nothing is more certain than our knowledge that we *are* thinking when we advert to it), but we nevertheless find ourselves provided with a minimum of light; for no sensuous impressions serve us in this case as they serve us in external perceptions, and a difficulty thence results in expressing our internal experiences in words. For example, we all know very well what it is to see objects, and we can very readily describe the appearances they present. If however we try to describe the internal sensation they produce, we find ourselves in a very different case. Anatomy and organic physiology will not help us, for it is the very subjective sensation itself which is in question, not the apparatuses or the actions which serve to elicit it, and which are altogether different matters. The human mind is evidently fitted rather for external examination than for internal contemplation, and its faculties, though admirably arranged to impel us on and aid us in the study of the world around us, do not offer themselves as convenient objects on which we may reflect. All great discoveries lie in the objective, not in the subjective order, and this applies to the metaphysical no less than to the physical sciences.

Obviously we cannot analyze our conceptions save by the aid of memory; but that term has been of late, especially by certain Darwinians, employed to signify very various kinds of reiterated actions, and, to avoid ambiguity, it will be useful to begin by noting the kinds of actions which have been thus signified by a common term.

We may distinguish in ourselves no less than four kinds of repeated notions to which either properly, or by an exaggerated mode of speech, the term 'memory' has been applied.

(a) There are, in the first place, those mental acts by which we recall circumstances to mind by a voluntary effort. This

we may distinguish, as volitional memory or *recollection*.

(b) In the second place, we may often note how something before forgotten suddenly flashes forth into distinct consciousness and recognition. This may be distinguished as involuntary intellectual memory or *reminiscence*.

(c) Thirdly, we may distinguish those acts which we from acquired habit perform automatically, in unconsciousness, but which may be called a form of memory, because the power to perform them was given by acts of conscious memory, and because they can be performed consciously when we choose to direct our attention to the performance of these acts. But they can be performed as well, or even much better, without any intervention of consciousness. We may distinguish this third kind of memory then as *sensuous memory*.

(d) There are, fourthly, also the repeated acts which have been compared with acts of memory on account of their reiterated character, though they do not owe their origin to conscious acts, nor can they possibly be consciously performed. Such acts are those by which our organism unconsciously accommodates itself to new conditions—new kinds of food or new muscular efforts. Such acts can only be called acts of memory by a remote analogy; if called memory at all, they should be distinguished as acts of *organic memory*.

This premised, we may next note that we cannot *recollect* experiences without knowing them, and yet we may repeat actions through sensuous memory, and so show that, though we are unconscious of our reminiscences, we in some sense may be said to know them.

There is, in fact, also a great ambiguity in the expression 'to know' as it is often employed.

(a) 'To know,' in the highest and fullest sense of the term, is to know (by a reflex act) that we really have a certain perception. It is a voluntary, intelligent, self-conscious act, parallel with voluntary recollection.

(b) In a true but less elevated sense, we say we know when we do not make use of a reflex act, but have some perception accompanied by consciousness—as in teaching and in most intellectual acts.

(c) We are said to *know* how to do a thing even when we do it in perfect unconsciousness, and it is said that 'to do a thing shows a knowledge of how to do it.'

But this, as a universal statement, is a mistake. We do know it if, when we advert to it, we can mentally perceive the act and its actual performance, but if we do it unconsciously and do not afterwards advert to it

at all, we cannot be said to know it. An unconsciously perfect act, not afterwards recognized by the mind, must remain an unknown act.

Moreover, there are many actions which we perform much better without consciousness than with it, as the motions of our limbs in running up stairs may be impaired by our directing our attention expressly to them, instead of trusting to our own unconscious bodily mechanism. Habit and practice enable us to do a multitude of things without advertence, so that, loosely speaking, we practically know how to do them. We have, in fact, a practical aptitude accompanied by sensations and emotions rather than true knowledge; such practical knowledge we may distinguish as *sensuous knowledge*.

(d) Lastly, there are many acts which our organism learns to do, which we not only do unconsciously, but the doing of which we can never perceive, however much we may try. To say we know how to do such acts is a still greater abuse of language. We have indeed an acquired 'organic habit' with reference to them, but no knowledge whatever.

By the aid of memory we gather experience of which, when we fully *know* it, we form a distinct concept corresponding with the term. What then is 'experience'? Much ambiguity and confusion again also exist as to the use of this word. A wheel turns more easily after it has turned a certain number of times, an animal does more easily what it has done before, and a man improves in the performance of many actions by practice. By a loose and misleading use of the term, all these kinds of reiterations of activity may be called 'experience,' but the meaning of the word is generally, and properly, limited to denote such reiterations when accompanied by consciousness or by consentience\* in man and animals. Experience, then, is a *fact*. Will this fact, will 'experience,' explain the nature and existence of the corresponding conception—the idea of experience? To have experience and to know that we have it are evidently widely different phenomena. The first may exist in its fullest perfection without even a rudiment of the other—as in the many actions unconsciously performed by men and animals. To have experience, to have the idea of experience, and to know that any fact of experience is a fact are, then, very different things. Evidently the idea 'expe-

\* The word 'consentience' means that unity of feeling (that meeting in one centre of various feelings) which may exist in ourselves even when consciousness is in abeyance, and which we may confidently attribute to animals.

rience' cannot be a faint reproduction of past feelings, for 'experience' was never felt at all, nor was it a particular action or group or series of actions, like jumping, fighting, or feeding. Neither was 'experience' ever a relation felt between feelings—e.g., between feelings accompanying the performance of an action a first and a hundredth time. All we can feel in that way is increased ease or facility, or augmented or diminished pleasure; but introspection shows us that the idea 'experience' is something altogether different—something which seems to have sprung forth in the mind on the occurrence of certain requisite conditions, as if called forth by the touch of some Ithuriel's spear.

But there is a very familiar phenomenon before referred to which we all know, and constantly speak of, but which is never sensibly perceived either in ourselves or in others—namely, the act of seeing. This we know most intimately and talk about it familiarly, as we do also with regard to the faculty of sight. Yet the act of seeing is not, and never was, *felt*. We may perhaps have feelings corresponding to the movements of the eyeballs, &c.; but such acts are no more the act of seeing than is the opening of a shutter the same thing as seeing the landscape which it, while unopened, hid from view.

We know perfectly well the faculty of sight in ourselves and others by its effects and by the enjoyment of the power it gives, but we have no sensuous experience, no sensuous knowledge of it. The idea of sight is no faint revival of past vivid feelings or relations between them which accompanied the act of sight, but it is the intellectual perception of the act itself as a fact and of an internal power as a necessary condition for that fact's existence.

Again, we know 'colour' well enough, but whoever saw a colour which was not of some definite kind, e.g., not green, or not red, &c.? This, Mr. Lewes himself is forced to admit. He says, 'Colour is not red, nor blue, nor green, nor orange. It is the sign of an operation, an abstraction from various experiences, a logical act incorporated in a vocal act.' That is indeed just what it is, an intellectual conception represented by a vocal sign. Observe, however, that when we say it is 'the sign of an operation,' we do not mean that it is the faint repetition of the feelings which accompanied any past operation or groups of operations, but an intellectual conception of an external objective

quality in objects which our sense of sight has the power of appreciating. Therefore no animal can have the notion 'colour' however much it may like or be stimulated by different coloured objects. On the other hand, no savage can smear his body with different bright pigments without having had the conception. His knowledge of the objective qualities of the pigments is shown by his choice of them, and his knowledge that they can be seen by himself and others is shown by his words and actions, which prove the existence on his part of deliberate purpose.

To show how distinct an idea is from a plexus of revived sensations, let us consider the idea 'extension.' This idea may exist apart from sensation of sight, for it exists for the blind. It may exist apart from sensations of touch, for it is revealed even by sight alone, and it has obviously little or nothing to do with hearing, taste, or smell.

To make this clearer as regards touch, note that all the sensations given by touch in touching any object may be *changed* and yet the idea of extension remain *unchanged*. Thus the same object may be transformed from a solid to a fluid, from cold to hot, from rough to smooth, from rest to motion, &c., but the idea of extension persists and survives all such sensuous modifications. Moreover, the idea is itself one, though it is called into being by such a multitude of sensuous experiences of different kinds.

It may be said that it is a revival of our muscular feelings or sense of effort. But, in the first place, it would be a strong thing to call that 'a group of revived sensations,' which is quite unlike the sensations supposed to be revived; and who does not see the difference between his idea of extension and his feelings of muscular effort? Even if it be granted that feelings of muscular exertion and effort are the stimuli which call forth in our minds the idea 'extension,' that in no way even tends to show that such feelings *are* the idea extension. As well might gold be called 'digging,' because digging may have been employed in acquiring it. The nature of an idea is one thing, its mode of elicitation or acquisition is another. If introspection can tell us anything (and if it can tell us nothing, all pursuit of psychology is vain), it tells us that the idea of extension, and feelings of effort and of motion, are things which are utterly diverse.

But we may ask those who tell us that all our ideas are faint revivals of past sensations, Of what past sensation or group of sensations is the idea '*nothing*' a revival?

Yet we not only most distinctly have the

\* 'Problems of Life and Mind.' Problems II., III., and of IV. Third Series, p. 466.

idea, but it is one of the more fundamental and necessary ideas for all valid reasoning, and is used by every man every day.

Yet what sort of an image can we form of 'nothing' or 'non-being'?

Without the idea, however, we could not perceive contradictions, the perception of which reposes on the intellectual intuition that 'it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.' It also enters into the perception that 'everything either is or is not,' and we cannot perceive, with fulness of perception, the distinctness of any one thing without perceiving that it is not another thing!

If it be said that the idea of nothing, or not-being, is no idea but only the absence of an idea, that to apprehend it is not 'to conceive,' but 'to not-conceive,' we may reply that this assertion is false. For, in the first place, we know we have the idea 'nothing,' we understand its meaning, make free use of it, and distinguish it clearly from all other ideas.

Moreover 'to conceive' the idea of non-being as applied to anything, is to emit a distinct judgment of a negative kind, which can be expressed in a distinct negative proposition, but 'not to conceive' is to do nothing, it is a mere absence of activity, it is no judgment, and cannot of course be expressed in a proposition. Those, then, who would pretend that to conceive nothing is simply not to conceive, affirm thereby that it is the same thing to make a judgment and not to make it; to do something and to do nothing, and thus, as a necessary consequence, violate themselves that principle of contradiction which is at the base of all reasoning and understanding.

The idea of *unity*, again; of what sensations, or group of sensations, is it a faint revival?

The idea of unity is one of the most simple of ideas, and applies to all things, and not only to those which can be perceived by the senses. It applies equally to the bed I slept in and the first thought I had on waking within it.

So again the idea of *number* is again simple, and also extends alike to the sensible and non-sensible.

The idea of two refers to the simultaneous as well as the successive, but does not arise except as a consequence of perceiving the successive, and neither the successive nor the simultaneous perception of two objects will give the idea of two except as the result of comparison and a perception (latent if not expressed) of being, distinction, and similarity. The perception of even the number two requires something more than the

simple perception of two objects; they must be susceptible of comparison, and consequently united in a common idea as a consequence of comparison and abstraction. Hence no animal can count, since no animal can compare and generalize.

As it is with two, so it is with all numbers. Number, however, is really in things as well as in the mind. It exists objectively in the universe, and our mind has the faculty of recognizing this and forming corresponding subjective concepts.

The idea of number is not the idea of the mere sign, since the idea 'five' corresponds equally well with the word as written or spoken, with conventional figures of whatever kind, and with certain familiar gestures. Moreover, the idea itself is *not* conventional. It is the sign of the idea which is conventional.

Another conception which we all have is the idea of 'necessary truth,' and of this as something positive and not as mere mental impotence. A feeling of compulsion, and a whole group of feelings of being compelled by circumstances in all sorts of ways, is something very different from the idea of a 'necessary truth,' seen to be universally necessary in whatever abyss of past time or whatever remotest region of stellar space. Yet that we have this idea is plain enough, for in the first place we can reason about it, and in the second place we must really possess it to be able to reason at all, for whoever does not see that nothing can anywhere both be and not be at the same time, may as well discontinue any further attempt at ratiocination.

Another idea, the analysis of which demands a treatise to itself, is the idea of *goodness*. This idea is something radically different from the idea of pleasure, happiness, or prosperity, whether of the individual, the tribe, or the whole human race. The idea of a being who sacrifices all for the good of others is the idea of a very good being, but not necessarily of a happy one. The idea of goodness is generally accompanied by a feeling of complacency, but it need not be so. Moral feeling is a sort of *rational instinct*, and its existence is necessary to form a perfect man, but moral truth may be both clearly perceived and *hated*. Moreover the goodness of acts is measured, as all men (save the few who have an eccentric theory to maintain) agree to declare, by the *motives* which prompt actions, and not by the *results* of the acts performed. It is abundantly evident that no collection of sensuous experiences can generate the ideas of goodness. As Mr. Arthur Balfour has excellently said—



The obvious truth, that all knowledge is either certain in itself or is derived by legitimate methods from that which is so . . . is of course true of ethical knowledge. If a proposition announcing obligation require proof at all, one term of that proof must always be a proposition announcing obligation, which itself requires no proof. In other words, *the general propositions which really lie at the root of any ethical system must themselves be ethical.\**

This truth cuts the ground from under—renders simply impossible—the view that a judgment as to moral obligation can ever have been evolved from mere likings and dislikings, or from feelings of preference for tribal interests over individual ones.

Another idea, and one of the most important for this inquiry, is the idea of 'self,' embodied in the word 'I.' What is consciousness? What do our faculties actually tell us about it here, and how? As we have it in ourselves, the perception of self is not any vague feeling of unity, but an antithetical separation of the human being from all that is external to it. It is most evident when we, by a reflex act, perceive our thought and perceive that it is ours. Every one must admit that we have this intellectual power, and since we have it, it is no wonder that this intellectuality flows over into (as it were) and accompanies our mental activity when used directly as well as when used reflexly. Every one must also admit that we have the power of abstraction—of knowing relations *as* relations, the past *as* past, and the future *as* future—that we are capable of knowing our successive states of feeling *as a series*. In a word, that we are capable of synthesizing perceptions, anticipations, and recollections in a single self-conscious intellectual act. This is what no animal can do, and thus our own experience seems to assure us that an unfathomable gulf yawns between whatever has this power and whatever has it not. Such a 'looking before and after' as we are conscious of in ourselves is something different indeed from the unconscious anticipatory feelings and sensuous memories of animals, which we may know because we have them ourselves, as well as intellectual memory and anticipations also and in addition.

That our knowledge of our own continued existence and personality reposes on, and is aided by, this continuity and revival of our mere feelings is unquestionable, but this in no way invalidates the distinction of *kind* which exists between any such vague feelings and the thence resulting clear intellectual perception of our own being and

identity. No doubt it is true, as Mr. Lewes says, that—

Accompanying the particular feelings excited by present stimulations there is not only the operation of past feelings, awakened residua which blend with the present and determine the perceptions, there is also the general stream of simultaneous excitation, with their residua, constituting the vague motive feeling known as the *feeling of existence*, the *sense of personality*, the unity which connects parts with a total. The diffusive waves of systemic sensation, the more definitely restricted waves of sense . . . are combinations of excited and subsiding tremors and their recombinations, all which blend into a total. It is this total which is our Personality, every single state being vivid or obscure according to its relation to this general state. Personality corresponds psychologically with what physiologically is the guiding influence of the centre of gravity.\*

This is a good account of that *sense* of unity, that *feeling* of continued being which we may suppose animals to have and which we have, but it is altogether a different thing from that deliberate looking before and after and that recognition of personal identity which persists in intellectual self-consciousness. No doubt, as Comte has said, one cat never takes itself for another, but for all that it never intellectually recognizes either itself or another, though it feels and acts on the sensuous knowledge which its feelings occasion and in which they blend and merge.

The idea 'consciousness' is for each of us an ultimate perception of an abstract, drawn from the concrete—the ego-conscious. The very essence of consciousness is persistence; and the supposition that it could be composed of an aggregation of its states is a glaring absurdity, since all of these must succeed to it, while it is a *punctum stans*, and reviews the procession of events, both in the extended world and in the order in which extension is absent.

A very noteworthy circumstance respecting the relation of words to sensuous impressions is the multiplicity of utterly different signs and images which may serve to denote one and the same idea. Of which of the divergent sets of sensuous impressions, then, can such an idea be said to be a faint revival? How many images may not attend the conception 'causality'! We may have the written letters of the word, the sound of the word spoken, a tree blown by the wind, a wave of the sea pushing pebbles, the lighting of a train of gunpowder, a men-

\* 'A Defence of Philosophical Doubt,' p. 337.

\* 'Problems of Life and Mind.' Problems II., III., and of IV. Third Series, p. 197.

tal act of our own, a vibration, and an infinity of other images.

The idea of 'God' may be accompanied and sustained in the mind by the image of an old man in the clouds or regally enthroned, of a ray of light, of an eye, of a triangle; by the letters or sound of the words, or by certain gestures. Yet the idea is one in all in these diverse instances.

But the independence of ideas with respect to images and sense impressions is still more plainly shown in cases where one of the special senses is wanting. The *idea*, though of course not the *image*, of a triangle is the same to a man born blind as to an ordinary man. This is absolutely demonstrated to us by the fact of each being able to appreciate the force of geometrical arguments concerning triangles, a force which entirely depends on the clearness of this idea. The same remark applies to number. The arithmetical *ideas* of the blind man are the same as those of the man who sees, though they are supported and sustained by very different images.

But a blind man may even have, to a certain extent, the idea of 'colour' itself, since he can understand that it is a quality of the object he touches, of which he can have no experience, and which is revealed to other men by their eyes. He can consequently predict a number of consequences which must result to other men from this knowledge of theirs which is not his, consequences which he can clearly *understand*, though he is for ever debarred from *feeling* or *imagining* them. That this is true we can easily perceive by considering what would be some of the consequences of the possession of a sixth sense in ourselves—one, for example, which would reveal to us the chemical constitution of bodies.

Again, we may note that not only is the same idea subserved by a variety of different images, but can also be applied to a variety of fundamentally different objects. The ideas number, cause, substance, &c., apply alike to objects which can be perceived by the senses, and to others which can never be so perceived.

Therefore, over and above our sensitive faculties there must be, as Aristotle taught, another faculty different from them in kind, with an activity of its own, and with elements distinct from sensible impressions and representations. This is that centre of intelligence in which all our perceptions unite—the active intellect.

Careful introspection and analysis of our own mental acts seems, then, to show us that in such lofty ideas as those of unity, number, cause, necessary truth, self-existence,

non-existence, &c., we meet with intellectual mental phenomena fundamentally different from any aggregations of feeling of whatever kind.

Nevertheless we are animals, and we therefore both possess the powers and experience the needs common to the animals most like us. In other words, we have not only thoughts, but also (as before adverted to) feeling, emotions, and merely sensuous memory and knowledge, subserved by bodily organs similar to those of animals and acting similarly. We have also the power of expressing our mere feelings both by sounds and gestures as they do. Whatever powers of unconscious perception or emotional expression those animals called higher (because more nearly resembling us in body) possess, such powers are possessed by us also.

Animals by their cries and gestures plainly denote that their feelings are aroused by their perception of various objects. The various sense-impressions which they derive from each such object must therefore be united with some sensuous unity, or the sense perception (the presence of which their language denotes) would be absent.

As we must have a similar power of unifying our sense impressions, it may be contended that all our ideas of a lower order are but the actions of a more perfect degree of such sensuous unifications, and that if our lower ideas can have such an origin, then it is conceivable that the higher ideas which we have already analyzed may but be a further transformation and refinement of such lower ideas. Let us, then, examine our lower ideas and see if there is anything in them which plainly cannot be due to modified reiterations of sensuous impressions, including those of relation. As an example, let us take the conception 'horse,' as embodied in the proposition 'that is a horse.' What is our plain, actual meaning when we seriously assert that proposition? Our meaning evidently is, 'that really existing, solid, material, external (i.e., really distinct from myself) object, is a living creature of an animal nature belonging to that group of beings which I distinguish from other animals by the term "horse." In other words, in saying 'that is a horse,' we assert a judgment as to the essential nature of the object to which we call attention, and which we conceive by a single idea. Moreover, in making the assertion, we have the ideas 'being' and 'truth.' Not, of course, that we necessarily or ordinarily advert to those ideas and recognize them by a reflex act, but we none the less have them in consciousness directly, though not reflexly, and know them in what we have distinguished as 'knowing' in the second sense of

the word 'to know.' That the ideas 'being' and 'truth' are really present in the affirmation is made plain by the effect on the assertor of a sudden denial, either that any external object exists at all, or that the existing external object referred to is truly a horse. Let an objector say, 'What you call a horse is a mere phantom of your imagination,' or 'that external thing is not a horse but a camel,' and the latent ideas of being and truth which were contained in the affirmation will manifest themselves in the explicit affirmative replies which will be made.

But further, as before said, we mean by the term 'a horse' a definite *unity*—an idea which is one and which has arisen in our minds by a direct natural process, which has been elicited through the incidence of a variety of sense impressions of horses of different sizes, shapes, and colours. Let us distinguish this kind of idea by the name *direct universal*. But some indefinite imagination of a horse of some kind attends us when we utter the word, and helps to sustain the idea; nevertheless, the attendant image is not *itself* the idea. By a 'horse,' we mean one definite thing, but the engendering and attendant images may be various and multiplied. Everybody may know that his emotions and imaginations are made up of faint revivals (more or less complex, more or less confused) of antecedent more vivid feelings; but careful introspection will show that 'a thought' even of this less abstract kind is a widely different thing. The simplest element of 'thought' is a judgment with an intuition of reality concerning some fact real or ideal. Moreover, that this judgment is not itself a modified imagination is made clear by the fact that the imaginations which may have occasioned it persist in the mind side by side with the judgment they have called up.

Let us take, for example, the judgment, 'Sunshine is needful to ripen fruit.' In making it we vaguely imagine a scene with sunlight, and also fruit of one or more kinds, more or less ripe. But these images exist *beside* the judgment, and consequently cannot *constitute* it. They may be recalled, compared, and seen to exist with it. Such images no more *constitute* the judgment than 'limbs' and 'fluid' constitute swimming, though without such necessary elements no such swimming could take place.

Mr. Lewes has truly said: 'No aggregation of mathematical lines can make a mathematical surface, for lines are without breadth. No aggregation of images will make an idea, for images are particular and of concrete objects, whereas ideas are general and abstracted from concreté by a special operation. It

is true that we cannot imagine a line without breadth, nor a general object without particular qualities, but we can and do think these, and this mode of thinking is Ideation or Conception.'\*

But a successive series of slightly different images may generate another image of a generalized kind—an image which is different from each of the separate engendering images though partaking of the nature of all. This we see in Mr. Francis Galton's universal photographs, wherein, by the superposition of slightly different images, we get such a generalized image.

Now such an image is probably generated in the sensitive organism of a mere animal, and in our own organism, and is also a unity of its kind. It may be spoken of as a sort of universal of an inferior kind (or general physical representation) and by means of such generalized images animals may know,† in their way, other creatures of their own or of different kinds. Some would contend, then, that this sort of unity is all the unity which is present in a general idea of our own—in a direct universal—and that there is no difference of kind between the two. Their contention might be aided by the observation that complex associations of emotions and faintly revived perceptive feelings may group themselves about each such merely animal perceptions, so as to stamp it with a still greater unity and more marked distinctness from other perceptions.

But when we have the idea 'horse,' we do not merely revive confused images, blended into an indistinct unity and associated with various feelings and emotions. These indeed *are* revived and help to sustain the idea, but the idea *itself* is something else, as is evident from the fact that we do not mean by it a plexus of accidents, but that we intend to denote by it (as introspection shows us) a unity of which a variety of distinct judgments can be affirmed unfolding that essential nature, the existence of which we signify when we say 'that is a horse.'

As we have distinguished this ideal unity as a 'direct universal,' so we may distinguish the sensible apprehension of the generalized image above described as a 'sensuous universal.' Both these exist in ourselves, but it is only the former which is the 'idea.'

Mr. Lewes remarks: 'The idea (conception) of a camel is not an image at all, though

\* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 467.

† *I.e.*, by 'sensuous cognition,' which is a direct, unconscious apprehension of sensuous facts with the revival of faint feelings of allied apprehensions, often with emotive adjuncts.

it may easily suggest one; it is a symbol which signifies and condenses all that we have seen or heard of a class of animals named camel. . . . Any one of the multitudinous details may be recalled as an image, or none, the symbol itself being employed as an unpictured link in the chain of thought.\* Here all is conceded, by a very able opponent, which we need demand; for if any one speaks to us of a camel, we not only experience a revival of faint feelings, but we *understand* the verbal sign as meant by the speaker to refer to a really existing external unity. Mr. Lewes here admits that the symbol does not image-forth but instead 'signifies' a camel. But it could not 'signify' anything save to a being capable of *understanding* the sign as distinguished from having a faint revival of feelings; able, that is, to 'know' in our first and second as distinguished from our third sense of that word. Thus intellect must be logically anterior to the use of such symbols, and therefore language could never have generated reason.

But the consideration of one such direct universal may give rise to the mental abstraction of some quality or qualities of the animal considered, and we may thus come to *explicitly* recognize the ideas 'utility' or 'truth.' Obviously we have here ideas which are quite distinct from all sensuous universals. No succession of superimposed photographs would give an image either of 'truth' or 'utility.' They are purely intellectual ideas, without material correlatives. Such may be distinguished as *true universals*, and here we may recognize the true nature of those ideas with the analysis of which we began the consideration of our own mental acts.

Thus the mind spontaneously acquiring by its natural powers 'direct universals' may thence either rise to the contemplation of 'true universals' or turn to some 'particular judgment,' as it does when it declares 'this horse is lame.' As to how the mind acquires these perceptions, these general ideas, and what is their true relation to the external universe and to the perceiving mind, we shall shortly have a few words to say. Meanwhile, the distinctness between 'thought' and 'imagination' will appear more clearly if we draw out fully what our mind really does when it emits some simple judgment as, e.g., that 'a negro is black.' In saying this we directly and explicitly affirm that there is a conformity between the external thing, 'a negro,' and the external quality 'blackness,' the negro possessing that quality. We affirm secondarily

and implicitly a conformity between the two external entities and the two corresponding internal concepts—we mean, that there is an externally existing nature corresponding to the term negro, and an externally existing quality corresponding to the term black. Thirdly and lastly, we also affirm implicitly the existence of a conformity between the subjective judgment and the objective co-existence. That we really do so is made manifest by the effect on us of a denial of such conformity. If an objector were to say to us, 'What you say is not true,' we should at once recognize that our meaning was thus as fully contradicted as it would have been had the objector either said 'a negro is not black,' or, 'there is no such thing as a negro' or as 'blackness,' and thus have contradicted the two former kinds of affirmation contained in the judgment selected as a type.

A purely sentient and sensuously apprehensive nature could indeed associate feelings and images of sensible phenomena, variously related, in complex aggregations, but could not apprehend sensations or relations as *facts*. It may be conceived as making successions, likenesses, and unlikenesses of phenomena, but not as recognizing such phenomena as *true*.

It may, however, be said that we cannot know the mind of brute animals without ourselves being such, and that the absence of any essential distinction between them and ourselves is shown by the irrational condition of the dumb infant which only gradually and by imperceptible stages attains its rational nature.

Now in every work we have to do we must make the best use of the materials we have at hand, and not waste time in inquiring what we might do with other materials. It is a bad workman who complains of his tools. In all inquiries, also, we must proceed from the known to the unknown, and seek the explanation of more remote matters which we cannot directly experience by the help of matters close at hand of which we can have such experience. We must form our conjectures in conformity with our knowledge; nothing could well be more absurd than to seek to modify our knowledge so as to make it agree with our conjectures.

But we are actually men and not dumb animals. Even the most ardent of our opponents must admit that whatever may have been his origin once, and whatever may be his essential nature, he is now, as a man, a creature at least apparently distinct in nature from lower animals. This being so, he and we can, by self-interpretation, by conversation and observation, obtain much light as

\* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' pp. 464, 465.

to what we do when we think and speak. But we can have no such knowledge of what brute animals do. We know ourselves best, and we must, if we would not rest in the domain of mere fancy, begin the study of language as we know it in ourselves and in our fellow men. We are also adult men and not babies. We know, then, the adult mind far better than the infant mind which has passed entirely from our recollection. Again, we are civilized human beings, with more or less literary culture, and not savages. We can appreciate our own mental acts and the meanings of our expressions far better than we can appreciate the analogous acts and meanings of wild tribes with whom we may never have associated, and whom most of us know only by accounts, in which we cannot place anything like that confidence which we can in our interpretation of the minds of those with whom we daily associate. But since savages are undeniably men, and can talk, we must interpret their meanings as best we may by what we know of our own. It would be absurd indeed to seek to explain the true meanings of *our own* words by what we fancy savages mean by their expressions; it would be yet more extravagant to seek to interpret the meaning of the expressions of savages and their true intellectual condition by what we *suppose* to be the admittedly much more unknown mental states of brutes. But though it would be absurd indeed so to misapply our own conjectures as to the faculties of animals, we really have good grounds for forming certain confident conjectures as to the latter. Indeed, as a consequence of the fact that we have a nature at once sensuous and intellectual, we are enabled to obtain a certain knowledge of, and to make rational suggestions concerning, the minds of the higher brute animals which are most like us. For, as a consequence of our being animals as well as intellectual beings, we can distinguish in ourselves two sets of faculties, one essentially sensuous, the other essentially intellectual. We have already drawn attention to this distinction with regard to our powers of 'memory' and 'knowledge.' As with those, so with our other mental powers, we may distinguish between a higher and a lower faculty. This distinction (to which attention has elsewhere been drawn\*) is one of the most fundamental of all the distinctions of biology, and one a correct apprehension of which is a necessary preliminary to our successful investigation of animal psychology. We cannot, as before said, *perfectly* compre-

hend the minds of brute animals, from lack of experience. Nevertheless, by understanding the distinction between our own higher and lower faculties, we may more or less approximate to such a comprehension.

Mr. Lewes, from failure to apprehend this distinction between our two orders of faculties, misapprehends and misinterprets many of the facts he notes. Thus he tells us—

The logic of animals is the same operation as the logic of man; but it is performed on sensations and images only, not on sensations, images, and symbols.\* A wolf draws the logical conclusion that his prey is near at hand when the scent reaches him, and concludes that his prey is moving towards him, or away from him, according to the increasing or decreasing energy of that scent. By such conclusions the wolf regulates the speed and caution of his approach. But the wolf is incapable of detaching this logical process and reflecting on it—of throwing it into the form of a proposition. Nay more, the wolf is incapable of drawing such conclusions, and regulating his actions in the absence of such sensations.†

But this is misleading language. The wolf's psychical phenomena thus described should not be called '*conclusions*' any more than the analogous acts of men. Such sensuous perceptions even in ourselves should not be so named.

He goes on—

Those who deny logic to animals because animals are incapable of forming abstract conceptions and employing symbols as substitutes for images, forget how much of our own thinking, that is, our judgment and direction of conduct, belongs to the Logic of Feeling . . . We know a friend, seen at a distance, by something in his parts which is a registered sign, though we are quite incapable of specifying it; this sign connected with other feelings which are signs of our friend calls up his image, as they would do. We cannot *name* it, but we *feel* it, nevertheless; and hence we say, 'I don't *know* what it is, I can't *think* what made me recognize you; but I *felt* it was you.'‡

This, no doubt, often occurs, but such acts even in men are not *logical*. Had men no other and higher powers, logic should not be attributed to them any more than to other animals. It does not follow that because *we* sometimes act merely in a sensuous manner that therefore animals are logical. They act, of course, in a manner which is *practically* logical, and there is logic in

\* For the very good reason that you cannot use a symbol without meaning, and to know its meaning is to have intellect.

† 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 480.

‡ Ibid. p. 481.

\* See 'Lessons from Nature,' p. 196. Murray, 1876.

their feelings, as there is practical logic even in unsentient creatures, but that logic is not theirs, but is the logic of their Creator. Not only, however, are we able thus to apprehend something positive as to the so called mental powers of animals, but we are also abundantly able to arrive at certain negative conclusions. Our common sense enables us to recognize the fact that animals, from the absence in them of certain actions, must be devoid of ideas which, if they existed, would necessarily (as we see in mankind) make their presence known by actions such as those the absence of which we note. We may judge of the causal deficiency from the defect of outcome. On the other hand, in the case of infants, common sense judges from the facts of outcome the presence of a cause for a time hidden—a latent intellectual nature.

But to judge of the unknown by the known is one thing, and to attribute powers which reveal themselves by their effects in men to creatures which do not show such effects, is a very different thing; but is a thing only too common. The absurd exaggerations constantly met with in accounts of the acts of animals has again and again called forth expostulations from the most impartial writers.

Mr. Chambers, Professor Bain, and Mr. G. H. Lewes agree in this, declaring it to be 'nearly as impossible to acquire a knowledge of animals from anecdotes, as it would be to obtain a knowledge of human nature from the narratives of parental fondness and friendly partiality,' and declaring that the researches of various eminent writers of animal psychology have been 'biased by a secret desire to establish the *identity* of animal and human nature.'

To show the justice of such observations it may suffice to quote one or two cases in point. Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, in his recently published work, 'The Brain as an Organ of Mind,' quotes (p. 328), without remark or objection, the following statement as to the behaviour of a gorilla under medical treatment, showing a touchingly simple faith and a desire to impute the existence of intellectual volition in the absence of any evidence of such existence. He tells us: 'When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla on the previous Sunday, the latter *showed* the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor as an indication, *the latter believed*, of his recovery.' In the recently translated 'Mind in Animals,' of Professor L. Büchner, we are gravely told (p. 249) of the bees performing a sort of funeral service over the dead body of a fellow insect. They are represented as fly-

ing out of the hive 'carrying between them the corpse of a dead comrade,' and then, having formed a suitable hole, they 'carefully pushed in the dead body, head foremost, specially placed above it *two small stones*. (!) They then *watched for about a minute* before they flew away!'

Bearing in mind the dangers of mistake arising from such tendencies and prejudices, we very clearly recognize the fact that the psychical difference between animals and men consists in the fact that while both have similar sensations, emotions, sensuous universals and sensible perceptions, man alone has an intellectual nature which enables him, by the aid of such sensuous affections, to rise to the perception of direct and true universals—phenomena which are utterly different in nature and kind from those sensuous modifications which form the occasions for their elicitation. These sensuous modifications we possess also, and they, by their continued existence, aid and support our intellectual perceptions. They are, indeed, necessary for the support of such perceptions in a nature such as is ours, which is at once both sensuous and intelligent—the nature of a rational animal. This being the case, it follows that reason could never have sprung from sensuous language such as that of animals, and intellect must have been anterior to speech.

It is now time to say a few words about the language of brute animals. In so doing it may be well first to consider some of the remarks and arguments adduced by that acute, and well-informed, and very well-read sensist, Mr. G. H. Lewes. He tells us—

Animals have language, but it is individual not social. They communicate only feelings . . . they cannot communicate knowledge of objects having no ideas of objects. . . . When a dog is shut in a room and wants to get out he whines and scratches at the door; these are reflex expressions of his feelings, and having learnt that whining is often followed by the door opening, he expects† that if he whines the door will open. It is the same when he desires food. This rudimentary stage of the use of vocal sounds as signs of communication between him and his master re-

\* The italics are ours.

† This is not literally true. The first time he so whined he must have done so spontaneously without such expectation, and as a mere consequent of his discomfort. Subsequently, as a pleasurable association has been established with whining (on account of the door having been opened after it), the mere association of feelings will quite account for the repetitions of the whining without the introduction of the intellectual term 'expectation.' Though, no doubt, a vague expectant *feeling*—a sensuous expectation—does come to exist.

mains, however, so rudimentary that he never generalizes it beyond his actual experiences—he does not whine to his fellows, nor does he whine to escape punishment, &c. And the communication is never other than that of desire. Objects, except as motives, do not exist for him. He has no power of abstraction capable of constructing ideas of objects, he has only sensations and imaginations representing sensibles. But ideas expressed in words are not sensible objects; they are mental constructions, in which Relations abstracted from things are woven afresh into a web of sensibles and extra-sensibles, and concrete particulars become concrete generals.\*

The author has further said: 'The fundamental law of mental action is the law of grouping, which takes place by a succession of integrations of sensible affections. There is first a grouping of mental tremors into a definite sensation; next, a grouping of allied groups into a perception; then a grouping of these into a conception; then a grouping of them into judgments, and so on.'† But a conception is not a grouping of sensible perceptions, as we have already sufficiently (we hope) urged. No grouping of conceptions will form a judgment, though such a grouping exists in it. Here we have again (as so often in these men) a fact given for the whole. What a judgment is we have already considered in that on '*a negro is black.*' But, in addition to this, judgment is not even (as Mr. Lewes elsewhere represents‡) 'a combination of mental symbols,' but a perception of a relation between things apprehended by *concepts*, of which concepts the words are symbols. Symbols are and are not essentially the same as images. They are so inasmuch as they are sensuous. They are not so inasmuch as they refer to what is *radically* different from sensations. An image is a reinstatement of sense; a thought is an unity abstracted from sense by a special faculty. It is with ordinary language as it is with that elaborate gesture language called 'ceremonies.' The essence of an act must remain the same when it is repeated, otherwise it cannot be the same kind of act. Now, the essence of a ceremonial act of 'respect' which we voluntarily perform towards any one we really reverence, is not with us now the expression of, say, fear on our part of being eaten, but is the consequent of an intellectual judgment—"that man deserves reverence from me." Therefore, whatever may have been the genesis of the ceremonial act, if that act performed previously was the same act, an intellectual judgment must, as the event proves, have

always been its latest essence. Similarly, if children or any savages seem not to be truly intellectual in their mental processes, the outcome shows that the same essence was there latent all the time. Just so, again, introspection shows us that by an abstract concept of one or another kind (as horse, triangle, quality), we ourselves, here and now, do not actually mean 'a plexus of sensations, together with relations between them,' but an objective ideal unity founded on real existences. This unity has been, indeed, abstracted from sensible objects, because our intellect has the power of perceiving such latent objective realities through them; and because of the mode of gaining them, the concepts can only be explained in terms of sense and sense relations. But for all that our minds apprehend thereby real unities, as all men may perceive if they steadily fix their mental eye on what they really mean to denote, and not upon the sensuous phantasmata which play about the imagination and are multiform whilst they unquestionably mean to denote a unity.

It is all very well to tell us that a conception is multifold and made up of a group of feelings, but we know very well what we mean—what we intend to denote—when we use a general term such as '*a horse.*' If we do not know what we mean it is no use arguing, but at least no reasonable man will believe that another man knows his meaning better than he does himself.

In another passage Mr. Lewes tells us: 'To know that a certain feeling . . . will be followed by other feelings . . . is enough to guide the animal. . . . To raise this process into the Logic of signs it is only necessary that symbols should replace sensations.\*' But if so, if no other change took place than the introduction of a new physical mode of expression, if true intellectual perception were not simultaneously introduced, the symbols would remain as devoid of intellectual meaning as are the inarticulate cries of animals, or as are the verbal expressions (materially, though not formally symbols) of parrots. As to *such* cries we have, indeed, allowed it to be urged against us that mere animals denote by their language, not only their feelings, but also their sensuous cognitions—sense perceptions. This is, however, only to be really allowed in a certain sense and with a most important reservation. Animals do, indeed, *materially* signify such cognitions, but they do not, as men do, signify their perceptions *formally*. We mean that when animals, by their cries and gestures, denote their perceptions, they

\* *L.c.*, p. 485.† *L.c.*, p. 159.‡ *L.c.*, p. 224.

\* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 228.

never intend to advert to their cognitions, they do not emit cries, &c., with the intention of pointing out their perceptions, but only give expression to the *feelings* which accompany such perceptions. They may, by so doing, eloquently proclaim their sentiments and emotions, and not only arouse similar or contrary sentiments and emotions in other animals, but may arouse sensuous cognitions in them. But they never intentionally point out facts—they never make remarks one to another, either as to external objects, or as to the facts of their possessing certain feelings. They make their feelings known and felt, but they do not declare that they have them. Such remarks and such declarations are, however, constantly and abundantly made by the lowest savages and by infants by gestures, even BEFORE THEY CAN SPEAK.

Mr. Lewes sees the enormous difficulty in explaining such facts without the admission of a higher faculty of a different kind than that professed by any animal. He says: 'How a state of feeling, an integral element of the mind, can become an object of mind, seeming to have an existence apart from it, is one of the most delicate problems. For the present we must content ourselves with the fact that feelings do thus appear,' and to lessen the difficulty, he asks how movements of heart or limbs can 'be felt by the organism of which heart and limbs are integral parts.'\*

But the analogy is misleading and deceptive. It does not in the *least* explain the difficulty! Movements of heart and limbs, though they are felt by the organism, are not recognized as such by the *organism* but by the *intellect*. A creature devoid of intellect—a dog or horse—though it feels the movements of its limbs, does not recognize such movements as being 'limb-movements.' That *we* so recognize them is part of that same wonderful endowment by which we recognize other 'states of feeling' which are 'integral elements of the mind,' and make such states and mental acts 'objects' to our intellect.

The same author further observes: 'Besides motor perceptions there are motor conceptions. From the perceptions we abstract such general conceptions as Action, Design, Plan, Cause, &c.'† Most certainly we do (though mere animals do *not*), because we have an intellect capable of attaining through sense what sense itself does not and cannot contain. When we have abstracted them (through the stimulus of our sensations) we can then easily perceive that

they contain *more* than did the sensible perceptions which served to elicit them. In other words, our intellect has the wonderful power of reading in and eliciting from material objects and their acts, explicit subjective concepts, which correspond with objective relations implicitly contained in such objects; but to the existence of which sense is as blind as is a dog to the merits and meanings of the objects in a picture-gallery into which he has happened to stray.

We may here take the opportunity of saying a few words as to the nature of the relation existing between the human mind, the external universe, and as to those general ideas which thus appear to exist, in diverse ways, simultaneously, in both.

When we apprehend that any truth is a necessary truth, *e.g.*, that two sides of a triangle must be greater than the third side, or that things which are equal to the same thing are themselves equal, we also apprehend that the cause of these truths does not exist in our own understandings but in external nature. Such truths are the same for all men, and existed before the birth of each individual man. The delusions of individuals do not affect reality for others, and even men subject to them often recognize that their false persuasions are delusions. But that we recognize the truth of necessary truths, as being the truth of *things*, and not mere affections of our own minds, is shown by the fact that we ever feel full confidence (a confidence justified by the event) that they will always practically answer when acted on—as in geometrical necessary truths and those of number. We cannot, indeed, logically *infer* any universal truth from however large a number of particulars, while, on the other hand, we can infer the truth of many particular truths from one universal and necessary truth; but the clear comprehension of the essential nature of a single triangle, or a single grateful act, enables at once to perceive a number of necessary objective relations of such a figure or of such an act.

There is, therefore, in external nature a variety of necessary relations which our intellect has the power of directly apprehending on the recurrence of certain sense impressions. These relations do not merely exist in our subjective impressions, or merely objectively in the things which produce those impressions, but in both simultaneously. They exist in our perceived impressions as forming part of a universe in which such necessary relations reign. Since, then, the conceptions of our several minds correspond with such objective relations of things, those objective relations are conveyed

\* *L.c.*, p. 268.

† *L.c.*, p. 833.



niently named '*objective concepts*.' This name is a fit one, since they are that in the really existing external world which answers to our corresponding '*subjective concepts*.' If there were not objective concepts thus corresponding with our subjective concepts, all reasoning between human beings and even direct intellectual intercourse must come to an end. Thus the reason of the individual is seen to be a participation of that universal reason which finds mute expression in the irrational universe and express recognition in the human mind.

It must be admitted, then, that we have within us an innate power, or the recurrence of certain sensuous perceptions, of intellectually perceiving universal and necessary truths, and we learn them, as we learn everything, through experience. Startling as this may seem to some readers who reflect on it for the first time, it is really no more marvellous than is our knowledge of our own *past* existence, or that of the being and truth of our present perceptions, or even that we have such present sensations as we may have. There is really no more difficulty or mystery in the mind's seeing two and two make four, and must do so, since they *must* make four, than there is in its remembering we have been to Geneva if we *have* been to Geneva, or that a sensation is one of sweetness when it *is* so. The fact *is* so, and we perceive it to *be* so; but the act by which we do this is no more really marvellous in one case than in another; or rather, every act of knowledge is alike marvellous.

The experience of the individual and the experience of the race combine to assure us that there are in the universe around us a vast series of, as it were, concentric spheres of objective truths and relations and orders of being which the incarnate intellect can step by step apprehend, starting with the marvellous revelations of sense which serve to give, even to animals, a practical though not a formal knowledge of objective truths of the lowest order. How late in the history of human development has come that wakening up of the human mind to the perception of the latent beauties of wild nature and of landscape, and to the mysterious charm of complex musical harmony!

Sensists, then, make the very greatest of mistakes when they attribute to merely subjective associations of sense what are really objective revelations of intellect. Their fundamental fault is their endeavour to resolve our higher faculties into our lower; an endeavour as fundamentally irrational as would be the attempt to convey an adequate knowledge of some palatial building by de-

scribing nothing but the bricks which entered into its formation.

Traversing then the assertions of Darwinism, the teaching of nature, if we have interpreted it rightly, declares—that the lower animals do indeed express their feelings by their vocal and gesture language, but not thoughts. They may arouse in other creatures sensuous perceptions such as exist in them, but their language denotes not even their sensuous perceptions, but the feelings which accompany such perceptions—they make no assertions as to facts. Consequently, if an animal adopted articulate sounds as the expression of its feelings, it would be no true approximation whatever to human speech. A great deal too much stress has been laid upon the mere fact of articulation, for this character of speech is merely due to the breaking up of vowel sounds and consequent multiplication of distinguishable utterances. But inarticulate sounds may be completely rational, as when we, by inarticulate ejaculations, express assent to or dissent from some given proposition made to us and apprehended by us. We may have rational language without even inarticulate sounds. By gesture as well as by sound we may express assent or dissent, as just mentioned; but much more than this, there may be a full and true language of gesture.

The son of a friend of ours, now a very distinguished young man, alarmed his father by the length of time he remained unable to speak, but he showed by an elaborate language of gesture that he had distinct intellectual conceptions.

But deaf-mutes furnish us with the most instructive facts as to this matter. Deaf-mutes who have not learned to speak or read the motions of the lips of others, are none the less truly intellectual. Thus at an institution in Edinburgh the Lord's Prayer is thus acted—\*

'Father' is represented by 'old man,' 'name,' is touching the forehead and imitating the action of spelling on the fingers, as if to say 'the spelling one is known by.' To 'hallow' is to 'speak good of' ('good' being expressed by the thumb, while 'bad' is represented by the little finger). 'Kingdom' is shown by the sign for 'crown,' 'will' by placing the hand on the stomach in accordance with the natural and widespread theory that desire and passion are located there. 'Done' is 'worked,' shown by hands as working. The phrase 'on earth as it is in heaven' was shown by the two signs for 'on earth' and 'in heaven' and then putting out the two fingers side by side, the sign for simi-

\* As stated in Mr. Lewes's book, *l.c.*, p. 492.

larity and sameness all the world over. 'Trespass' is 'doing bad,' 'forgive' is to rub out, as from a slate, and so on.

Thus were there in any locality a society of dumb human beings, there can be no doubt but that by them a highly complex gesture language would be soon elaborated. For man is essentially what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports, not 'the speaker,' but he who *thinks*, he who *means*. Yet without verbal signs his condition would be greatly inferior, and without them he could never have attained that position which as it is universal must be held to be naturally his.

As mere animals have a sensuous but not an intellectual language, so all the phenomena they exhibit can be explained by assigning them that sensuous memory and sensuous knowledge which we know we have, and without assigning them that fundamentally different intellectual knowledge of the possession of which no animal gives the faintest evidence, though if they did possess it, the fact would immediately become palpably and most inconveniently evident to us. Animals therefore have their actions affected by sensuous perceptions of things as varying in number, activity, solidity, and can draw practical inferences, but they have no conceptions of them as numerous, active, or solid, neither can they infer, they have no intuition corresponding to what we gain in understanding the word 'therefore.'

As to savages and infants, we must judge of their essential nature by the outcome of their development. That the lowest savages—the Australians may be taken as a proof case—can be taught and made clearly to understand our highest abstract ideas—true universals—is abundantly demonstrated by the experience of Bishop Salvado in Western Australia. Indeed the same savages give full proof of their apprehension of such abstract universals while still untaught—e.g., of their apprehension of justice—by their voluntary submission to the reception of chastisement (by spearing) which they may have merited, and by the chastisement demanded of the chastiser if he has exceeded the law in the chastisement he has inflicted.

As it is with savages so it is with infants. They can not only be taught, but they exhibit unmistakable signs of the spontaneous activity of the germinating intellect. The words *man* and *horse* addressed to the infant do not, either in the mind of the adult or of the infant, mean merely the individuals pointed out. This every father knows. Every father who cares to observe must

note with what facility his child forms universals after making use of sounds to denote far more extensive classes of objects than they properly serve to denote. These first terms are certainly not explicit universals, but neither are they explicit singulars. They are as yet indeterminate, neither one nor the other actually, though virtually they are already universals. The child does not use the word *horse* or *gee-gee* to denote an individual, before it has the vague conception of a universal. It could not conceive the idea 'individual' without at the same time having the idea 'general.' A child very soon rises to the highest universals, as is shown by its exclaiming 'What is that *thing*?'—the category of 'being!'

Rational conceptions therefore can evidently exist without words, but rational words cannot exist without conceptions or thoughts. Therefore thought is evidently and necessarily prior to speech. As the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) has said—

Without language all the mighty triumphs of man over nature which science has achieved would have been impossible. But this does not prove that man might not, without speech, observe facts, gather them in groups in his mind, judge of their properties, and even deduce something from his judgment. . . . The gift of *reason*, once conveyed to man, was the common root from which both thought and speech proceeded, like the pith and the rind of the tree, to be developed in inseparable union.\*

That language is dependent on thought, not thought on language, is demonstrated for us by the lightning-like rapidity—a rapidity far too great for words—with which the mind may detect a fallacy in an argument. If it be objected that this instantaneousness is but the mental ejaculation of the word 'no,' we reply, The objection is futile, for the mental attitude of more or less energetic negation is not a blind act, but the word is uttered for a distinct *reason*, and is the consequence of an intellectual perception of a whole chain of argument, with its logical relations and consequences. In the cry, or the gesture, of negation there are latent and implicit intellectual perceptions which it might require more than one sentence to express, and which are perceived in a time too brief not only for more than monosyllabic articulation, but even for the internal repetition of the words needed to give it mental verbal expression.

The doctrine, then, that '*speech begot rea-*

\* 'Laws of Thought,' pp. 44, 45.

son' cannot be maintained, for true speech cannot exist without the co-existence with it of that intellectual activity of which it is the outward expression. As well might the concavities of a curved line be supposed to exist without its convexities, as the oral word be supposed to have arisen prior to that mental word which it represents. Moreover, speech requires an apprehending intelligence on the part of the hearer as well as on the parts of the speaker, if it is to be more than a monologue; and we may consider it certain that speech would never have arisen had not two persons possessed the same idea at the same time.

We see, then, that an *a priori* argument reposing on that fundamental difference of kind which we have found to exist between sense and intellect, between conceptions and feelings, reinforces that *a posteriori* argument which arises from the fact that we have no experience of speech where true intellect is absent, while we have abundant experience of the presence of intellect in the absence of speech.

No mistake can well be greater than that of confounding together two things essentially different, on account of some superficial resemblance which may exist between them. To call bats, birds, or whales, fishes, would be error of this kind.

The fundamental error of English Darwinians, however, is not their own; they owe it to having more or less unconsciously imbibed that now old English view—that view which may be distinguished as the view of English psychological torism—which considers 'idea' but to be the faint revivals of past 'vivid feelings.' This fundamental error once accepted, the mistakes as to the nature and origin of language naturally follow from it. The fundamental error is the want of comprehension of what 'thought and knowledge' really are, and the confounding of associated feelings (sensation, feelings of relation, and emotions) with the perceptions of objective facts.

The combined *a priori* and *a posteriori* arguments just referred to show us that speech must be (as we see it to be) posterior to thought. They show us, therefore, that speech could never have been evolved from faculties such as those of even the highest brutes. They further show us that thought could never have been evolved from speech, and they therefore make it plain that a wide hiatus exists between the highest merely sensuous nature and human nature. Finally, they prove that with the advent of man a new entity was introduced into the world—an entity different in kind from any that had before existed, because possessing faculties

different in kind and not in degree from those possessed by any animal predecessors. Man, therefore, must have been introduced into the world by an act which, from the difference of kind in its effects, must also itself have been more or less different in kind from those agencies by which all anterior organisms had been produced.

In this examination, although bearing directly on the great questions of man's origin and true nature, no considerations have been introduced but those of a purely scientific character—no appeal has been made but to the clear, dry light of reason kindled by contact with facts.

Strange, however, is the impassioned ardour of some advocates\* on the other side, who speak as if all man's highest aspirations and all his hopes of future happiness depended on the firm persuasion that he is truly and essentially a beast—a beast in his origin, a beast in nature still (all his highest feelings of reference or tenderness being nothing but a disguised fear of being eaten, or a modified form of lust), and a beast in his final end. But, discarding the delusive dreams of enthusiasm, a careful consideration of the facts of the world about us and in us suffices to afford abundant evidence that the Darwinian view is a superstition; that is to say, a belief hastily formed from superficial inductions, yet passionately maintained in the teeth of contrary evidence. It reposes, indeed, not on evidence, but on ignorance and the grossest confusion of ideas. Moreover, when the effects which this superstition tends to bring about, and its inevitable tendency to impoverish, even to destroy, all that is greatest, noblest, all that is most beautiful and fair in human thought and in human life, come to be understood, it will be seen to be a truly degrading superstition, meriting even to be called the basest of all superstitions; for, although all superstitions are hateful and tend to degrade mankind, yet no other can be so degrading as that which would bring home to every man the conviction of his own essential and ineradicable bestiality—a conviction as fatal to political freedom and social harmony as to intellectual superiority and moral cultivation. This superstition may be effectually put an end to by a wide diffusion of knowledge as to what human speech and human intellect really are. As Wilhelm Von Humboldt long ago most truly said, 'Man is man only through speech, but in order to invent it he must be already man.' The study of language will clearly show us that intellect could never have been evolved from sense

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\* Notably Professor Haeckel.

by the play and interaction of those varied forces which we see energizing in the world apart from man, i.e., in the physical world, and in the world of merely vegetal and animal life. Man's distinctive prerogative now, the power of rational speech, is the sensible sign of the supreme dignity of that admirable human intellect which well merits to be the endless object of our untiring admiration, and which refuses to come within the power and scope of any merely physical and organic process of evolution.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

### ART. III.—*The Golden Age of Australia.*

- (1) *Statistical Register of the Colony of Victoria. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Office of the Government Statist.* Melbourne.
- (2) *Statistical Register of New South Wales. Compiled (annually) from Official Returns in the Registrar-General's Office.* Sydney.
- (3) *Statistical Register of the Province of South Australia. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Office of the Government Statist.* Adelaide.
- (4) *Statistics of the Colony of Queensland. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Registrar-General's Office.* Brisbane.
- (5) *Statistics of the Colony of Tasmania. Compiled (annually) from the Office of the Government Statistician from Official Records.* Hobart Town.
- (6) *A History of Prices.* By THOMAS TOOKE, F.R.S., and WILLIAM NEWMARCH. Vols. V. and VI. Longmans and Co. 1857.

AUSTRALIA, the newest of the worlds, has just held the second of her International Exhibitions; and probably the future historian will choose these two great exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne as events suitably marking the close of the most remarkable epoch in the modern world, as undoubtedly the first Great Exhibition in London signalized its beginning. These incidents, indeed, are highly typical. Better than any other single event, they illustrate the great expansion of human settlements and of material civilization, which are the most striking feature of the memorable epoch which began thirty years ago. From London to Melbourne in the south, from London to San Francisco in the far west—how vast is the transition! If the English metropolis has not played any paramount part in the recent marvellous expansion of the European race and European civilization,

it is at least the fitting milestone from which that progress may be measured. Thirty years ago, as now, London was the commercial capital of the world. Geographers have remarked, with sufficient truth to justify a striking saying, that the British Isles, this little spot in the north-eastern corner of the Atlantic, is really the centre of the largest mass of land on the face of the globe, and therefore the most suitable site for the world's emporium. Be this as it may, thirty years ago London was already in the van of the commercial world; and it was only natural that not only the first World's Fair should be opened on the banks of the Thames, but also that the first conception of such a project should have arisen in England, as the most memorable individual achievement of the consort of England's Queen, Albert the Good.

How many of the fairest and noblest hopes to which the lovely World's Palace in Hyde Park gave rise—or at least of which it was a concomitant and partly type or exponent—have been dashed to the ground, fragile and vanishing as was the crystal structure itself! Instead of a millennium of peace, Europe, after nigh forty years of international repose, beheld the opening of a new series of great wars; and in lieu of social concord, we have had the bloody Commune at Paris, and at present behold the red spectre abroad on the continent in the forms of Nihilism and Socialism, passionately plotting the destruction of society and civilization, menacing Europe with a chaos in the wild dream of rearing a communistic Utopia upon the levelled ruins. Truly, the path of human progress is at best through brambles and pitfalls; and at times, like the bewildered rider on the bosky Mexican prairies, the end of its arduous and bootless efforts is an unwilling yet compulsory return to the point from which it started. Nevertheless, in its main and particular object, the Great Exhibition of 1851 has truly symbolized the course of the epoch which it was meant to herald. Paris and Vienna in Europe, New York beyond the Atlantic, and now Sydney and Melbourne at the Antipodes, have followed the example of London, while the grand feature of the intervening period has been the growth of that International Trade which it was the special object of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to glorify and promote. Commerce—in itself developed, and in this work aided, by the marvellous inventions of locomotion and instantaneous verbal communication—has now brought the ends of the earth together; and California and Australia, the uttermost parts of the globe, are now fami-

liar not only in name but in thoughtful purpose, to even the uneducated masses of our own country, and in lesser degree of the civilized world at large.

Of the population of our large towns there is probably no section so ignorant, in knowledge which does not immediately and practically concern themselves, as the Cockneys or pure Londoners of the lower class. Yet it so happens that the name of the late found island-continent of the South, and some of the qualities and doings of its people, have become 'familiar as household words' even to the street-boys of London, as well as to the more opaque understandings of the 'bargees' of the river. Strange as it may sound, the Londoner, although purely urban in his life and habits, is in frame of mind quite a sporting character; and it is through this eyelet of his sharp yet circumscribed nature that Australia, or at least Australians, have penetrated vividly into his comprehension. Has not the Australian Trickett beaten our champion sculler, Sadler? And has not an Australian team only just failed to beat the best of our English elevens in the cricket-field? Has there ever been as exciting or memorable a day at the Oval as that on which the cricketers of England and Australia contended redoubtably for the palm of victory? And has not the 'demon bowling' of a Spofforth and the splendid fielding of our Australian brothers been talked of and betted upon alike in the West-end clubs and in the dingy lanes of Shore-ditch and Blackfriars? And this was not the first, but a return series of matches in which England's progeny at the Antipodes have engaged as worthy antagonists with the 'old stock' at home in that finest and most popular of thoroughly English games.

These sporting events of the past year, in truth, have had a very peculiar interest and even importance. While our national trade-statistics show how vigorously and largely the new-born Australian people—nation, perhaps, we should say—take their place in the great work of international commerce, and, most of all, of trade with their old home, these contests in open-air games of combined skill and athleticism prove that the Australians, those Britons of the South, preserve alike the old English spirit and the stout English physique. 'Cælum, non animum (nec corpora) mutant' may be said of these Northmen who have now planted themselves as a young but already powerful nation beneath the stars of the Southern Cross. Although their climate is hardly so favourable as ours for vigorous outdoor exercise, Australians can fairly compete with the British race in the mother

Isles alike in rowing, yachting, cricketing, and horse-riding. In cattle-driving on the wide plains of the interior, and in long journeys through the bush, they have fully developed the art of rough riding; and although in horsemanship they do not show the finished style so common on the Lincolnshire fields, our Australian brethren have as firm a seat in the saddle and as daring a spirit as the best of our own foxhunters. They have no wily fox to follow, but they hunt the more vigorous kangaroo; and while, under the pressure of foreign agricultural competition, we have to pass a Ground Game Bill, proscribing hares and rabbits, the Australians, rejoicing in the vast productive resources of their country, indulge their passion for not unprofitable sport by introducing from abroad, by careful acclimatization, the *feræ naturæ* in which their own island-continent is so singularly deficient. They stock their rivers with salmon for the pleasant sport of rod-fishing; they seek to plenish their solitudes by importing wild animals and game-birds for the pleasures of shooting and the chase. Indeed, even for horse-racing, and we fear also for betting, they show a taste which, whether praiseworthy or not, must prove to John Bull that they are 'chips of the old block.' In intellectual pursuits, also, and in their principles and system of government, the Australians are proving themselves worthy of their racial origin; while their material civilization, rarely favoured as it has been by extraordinary circumstances, has advanced with a rapidity well-nigh unparalleled in the world. Under all these circumstances, the 'blowing,' or self-laudation, which Mr. Anthony Trollope regards as a characteristic of the Australians—and which has long been familiar to us in the Americans—although not to be admired, can hardly be wondered at.

And all this progress in the development of human power and of the arts and comforts of life has been attained (speaking roundly) within the lifetime of a single generation. Australian history dates really from 1851, and even its *origines*, its earliest and insignificant beginnings, are within the span of one long human life. John Pascoe Fawcner, the founder of the city of Melbourne, now the metropolis (if one may venture so to call it) of the Australian continent, lived to so recent a date that he was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh when the royal Duke visited Australia; and one of the Henty brothers, who preceded Fawcner by a year in settling on the mimosa-clad banks of the Yarra-Yarra, is alive at the present day.

According to the common and natural

usage of transferring to new lands the names of places familiar in the countries from whence the discoverers or colonizers come, the vast island-continent of the South was first named New Holland by the Dutch navigators; and when, in the middle of last century, the greatest of English navigators, Captain Cook, took possession of the eastern part of the island in the name of King George the Third, he christened this new British possession, New South Wales, a name then applied generally to the entire region. But the island-continent was so vast, the early settlements were so sparse and distant from one another, and the means of intercommunication were so difficult, that as colonization progressed, 'New South Wales' became subdivided, and the region originally so called now holds only second rank. Of the present divisions, besides the island of Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land), South Australia was first split off from New South Wales, then Victoria (originally called the Port Philip District), and lastly Queensland. The Australian territories first received attention in the mother country as peculiarly suitable for penal settlements. 'Botany Bay' became a household word for transportation; and, undoubtedly, both Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales proper, with its capital, Sydney, owed no small amount of their earliest progress to the labour of the imported convicts from the far-off British Isles. Tasmania, a small and thickly wooded island, and the seat of Botany Bay, became at a comparatively early time fully stocked with pastoral settlements, and thereafter gave the chief impetus to the settlement of what is now the colony of Victoria. A strong desire arose for 'pastures new,' and some of the more enterprising Tasmanians began to cross the narrow channel and settle on the adjoining portion of the mainland, around the shores of Port Philip or on the grassy plains of Yarra-Yarra. In 1834 the Messrs. Henty established themselves at Portland; and soon afterwards two other expeditions from Tasmania, one led by Mr. Batman and the other by Mr. Fawcner, landed on the shores of the bay of Port Philip at the place where now stands the city of Melbourne. The very beginning of that city may be said to have been a store and tavern, built by Fawcner's party, and which, being a place of public resort and of corporeal supply during the week, was also used as a place for divine service on Sundays—architecturally a mere 'shanty,' still existing, and regarded as a venerable relic of bygone times, in 1852, when the flood of gold-seekers began to pour into the juvenile city from the old centres of population in

the northern hemisphere. In 1835, Major Mitchell, who had been exploring the interior, published his narrative, in which he styled the region 'Australia Felix,' in admiration of its natural fertility, and exclaimed, 'We have discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit to become [the abode of] one of the great nations of the earth!' Settlers began steadily to arrive in the new colony, and each new arrival of flock-masters pushed further and further into the vast solitary plains of the interior. The first census of the State of Victoria was taken in 1836, showing a population of only 142 males and 33 females; and a year later the population amounted to 500, owning 150 horses, 2,500 cattle, and 150,000 sheep—showing a highly prosperous condition of the population. But speculation, born of the sanguine spirit and trading vigour of the people, outran even the highly prosperous reality; and a short period of exaggerated hopes and inflated prices quickly overcast the fortunes of the young community. Thus, on the very threshold of Australian history, we find an outburst of the speculative spirit—even in agricultural industry, in the solid matter of sheep and oxen—such as again and again chequered its subsequent career when speculation found the most congenial of all its fields, viz., Money itself, the canonized metal which constitutes the chief currency of civilized mankind.

Such, in brief, were the beginnings of Australia and of what is now its metropolitan province, Victoria. But before coming to the Gold-discoveries, which so brilliantly revolutionized its career, it is highly instructive to notice some of the general conditions under which this Britain of the South was colonized.

The colonization of Australia took place under peculiar and, in most respects, highly favourable conditions. From the outset the settlers were of one nation: they all came from the British Isles, and mostly from England. Even under the excitement of the gold-discoveries the immigration came entirely from Great Britain, with the exception of the migratory emigrants from China. Thus the Australian colonies possess the great advantage of a homogeneous population,—a marked contrast to the medley of peoples which poured into California, and which, by the antagonism of races, aggravated the disorder which so long prevailed in that sister gold-country. In Australia, also, the immigrants came from the most orderly and civilized of countries, whereas half-barbarous adventurers formed a large proportion of the California settlers.

Australia had another great advantage over the other colonies of Great Britain. The aboriginal population was sparse and unwarlike. Their tribal organization was of the weakest and most rudimentary kind—without great chiefs, still less with tribal confederacies. Accordingly the Australian colonies have never been troubled, or their progress impeded, by conflicts with the natives, as has been the case in all our other colonies. In America our settlers had to encounter the savage Indian tribes, in South Africa the Kaffirs and Zulus, in New Zealand the Maories—in a succession of costly and embarrassing conflicts of which the end has not come even yet. In Australia, vast as that island-continent is, and widespread as are the British settlements, there has always been peace within their borders, undisturbed either by external foe or internal dissensions, or by hostilities with the aborigines; nor have the white men presumed on their superior power to oppress or despoil the earlier owners of the land.

Happily, also, the colonization of Australia was conducted systematically, and with a social organization. The various settlements were founded on the Wakefield principle. This system recognized, from experience, the defects of desultory and haphazard colonization. In its main features it was a revival of the ancient method of planting colonies, as conducted by the Phœnicians and Greeks, and as exemplified in the still more ancient settlements made from Egypt. In these enterprises the emigration was not confined to a desultory swarming-off of the poor and labouring classes; it included all classes, and generally took place under a chief or recognized leader belonging to the upper ranks of society. It was a planting of communities, not merely a going forth of colonists. In one respect there was a fundamental difference between the colonies of the ancient and modern world. With the former the prime object was commerce—the establishment of emporiums for the merchandize of the surrounding region. Hence the Town—Carthage, Gades, Marseilles—was the first work of the settlers, and it continued to be the stronghold and centre of the colony: in some cases it was the colony itself. Among the Anglo-Saxon race, the great colonizers in modern times, the social spirit is weak compared with what it was among the ancient civilizations; and even under the Wakefield system, where families, in preference to individuals, constituted the emigration, the settlers quickly spread themselves over the new country, engaging chiefly in agricultural pursuits. Such procedure, indeed, was indispensable in the case of the

Australian colonies, which lay far apart from the highways of the world's commerce, and where there were no existing products of the region, nor at that time any mineral store, to furnish materials for commerce.

The Wakefield system of colonization, elaborately worked out by its author, aimed at 'maintaining an equilibrium between land, labour, and capital.' At the outset it was derided by men of science, like M'Culloch and others, as Utopian and impracticable; and undoubtedly this opposition seriously obstructed the project, and maimed it of its full realization, by tending to prejudice against it the better classes, whose co-operation was indispensable. Nevertheless the system gradually established itself in public favour, and the soundness of its principles (thanks to its success) became recognized by the Government.

The most ordinary, and one of the most important features of the Wakefield system—under which all the Australian colonies and also New Zealand were settled—was a systematic and careful employment of the lands in each colony as a means of promoting immigration. The public lands were carefully administered, and the proceeds of their sale were devoted to defraying, or lightening, the costs of emigration to suitable persons or families from the mother country. For example, the State of Victoria (after its separation from New South Wales) spent upwards of two millions sterling in assisting immigration from the British Isles in the years between 1850 and 1878. By such means a supply of labour was obtained, without which the powers of capital, or the advantage of wealthy settlers, would have been shorn of their beneficial results. Capital is of little use in a new country, or in any country, unless there be a supply of labour through which it can operate and be reproductive. A man with money, in Australia or New Zealand, might buy a large tract of potentially valuable land at a very small price; but, without labour to utilize it, the land might remain unproductive for a generation; so that, through loss of interest, the property would prove a most costly investment, however little may have been the first cost or outlay—in other words, however cheaply the land may have been purchased. Capital, always scarce in new countries, will not go there at all if there be not an available supply of labour. Capital is the means whereby the intellect and enterprise of one man is multiplied in potency, working through the agency of scores of other men, with a proportionately increased gain to its owner, while giving suitable remuneration to the hired workers. The Par-

liaments of the Australian colonies, also, did much to quicken the development of the country by the construction of public works, most of which, besides serving this purpose, were fitted to be ere long remunerative to the Government.\*

The Wakefield system greatly promoted the growth of commerce in Australia, and enabled the colony to become a trading country in a much shorter time than would otherwise have been possible. Emigrants ordinarily consist of the poorer class; and several thousand families may establish an equal number of small farms, and thereon live comfortably, yet without producing any surplus property or commodities, still less of such kind and in such manner as to be available for export. Even if a considerable number of those families each produced a small surplus of commodities, this surplus, being distributed among so many owners, and over so wide a tract of country, could not readily be concentrated for the purposes of export trade. But when, as occurred in Australia, capitalists bought or hired large tracts of ground, stocking them with sheep or other animals, and working their 'sheep-runs' by hired shepherds, each of whom was able to look after a large number of stock—a surplus of produce at once arose; because the stock thus reared was far in excess of the requirements alike of the proprietor and of his work-people.† In this case there are two factors of production, namely, labour plus capital, whereas, in the former and ordinary case in colonies, there is only one, viz., labour. Manual or physical labour, for which kind of work alone is there scope in new countries, can produce little more than is needed and consumed by the labourer: its return is little more than self-supporting. But there is no mystery in the vastly superior results obtained when capital is added to labour. Capital represents, and is the result of antecedent labour: it is an accumulation of profits from past labour; and, if it be large, it may be the sum of

many hundred of labourers. Capital may be regarded as accumulated labour in the most condensed and readily active form,—capable, as if at the touch of the wizard's rod, of being converted into labour, reproducing at will the energy or working-power out of which it sprang or was accumulated. It may be likened to a coiled spring which has been wound up by the power or labour of many men, or even of generations of men, and which can at once give out all the power thus accumulated and stored in it—equivalent to the sum of the past labour expended upon the machine. As regards the colony as a whole, the presence of Capital had the same effect as if the working or productive power of each unit of the population had been vastly augmented, while their needful wants or consumption remained no more than that of ordinary mortals. In this way there arose a surplus of production, which soon made Australia an exporting and trading country.

The chief form of investment of capital, and the source of the early foreign trade of Australia, was the Squatter system. A vast region of unoccupied and fertile land lay before the immigrants, and the country beyond the Coast Range was peculiarly fitted for pastoral settlement. Accordingly, while the poorer class of immigrants purchased allotments of ground adjoining the coast, converting them into small farms, the wealthy class took on lease large grazing tracts on the plains of the Murray River and its tributaries, and stocked them chiefly with breeds of sheep from Europe. Under the clement skies of that region the flocks multiplied rapidly, needing little attendance. Mutton became exceedingly cheap throughout the colony; indeed, owing to the smallness of the population and the high cost of conveyance, the greater part of the flesh of the flocks was of no value. The processes of preserving meat, now so common, were then unknown; neither had large ocean steamers come into use to expedite and facilitate conveyance between these distant settlements and the rest of the world. But wool and tallow were not perishable and were readily conveyable; and so the flocks were yearly shorn of their fleeces, and their carcases were boiled down for the tallow: and these two commodities, almost from the outset, formed the staple of a foreign trade for the new country.

So wisely conducted and so prosperous was the settlement of the Australian colonies, that in 1841 (only ten years from the first settlement), the Crown-lands sold at £1 an acre, instead of 12s. as originally contemplated. Contemporarily the Govern-

\* In the Colony or State of Victoria the Government expenditure upon public works has been as follows:—

	Prior to 1878.	During 1878.	Total.
Railways .....	£15,741,657	£935,666	£16,677,323
Roads and Bridges .....	6,837,267	11,888	6,869,155
Melbourne Water Supply .....	1,438,129	86,229	1,524,358
Other Water Works .....	1,740,232	84,512	1,774,744
Other Public Works .....	7,851,896	813,039	8,164,937
Total Expenditure .....	£33,629,183	£1,961,334	£35,010,517

† This is the less to be wondered at, owing to the remarkable prolificness of flocks under the steady climate and genial skies of Australia.



ment-lands in the United States, although much more accessible to European emigrants, sold at only a dollar an acre. After being thoroughly discussed, the Squatter system was formally adopted and established by legislation throughout the whole Australian colonies in 1846. But soon afterwards the unexpected advent of the gold-discoveries rapidly began to alter the conditions of the case. Population and the requirement for land increased with wholly unlooked-for rapidity, gradually rendering unsuitable a land-system which had worked admirably during the circumstances for which it had been designed. The gold-diggers rushed heedlessly or defiantly into the lands of the squatters, where the only sign of ownership or occupancy was an occasional flock of sheep. The squatters were incensed at such an invasion of their territory, and there began that great land-question which ever since has been by far the most momentous and the most bitterly fought subject of contention throughout the Australian colonies. The influx of the gold-diggers, however, was anything but a financial hardship to the squatters; for the price of mutton and of other farm-produce rose immensely, with a corresponding increase in the value of the squatters' property. Large fortunes were made by those sheep-farmers who sold their property when the gold-fever was at its height, and Australian millionaires for some years became common in England. A rare phenomenon; for it is one of the rarest of occurrences for a man to make a large fortune from farming.

Such was the condition of Australia when the gold-discoveries took place. In all social respects the colony presented a most favourable contrast to what had occurred, and indeed was still occurring, in California. Victoria and New South Wales, in common with the other Australian colonies, possessed a stable government and an orderly society. The population was homogeneous in race, and the flood of immigration occasioned by the gold-discoveries (the migratory Chinese excepted) belonged entirely to the British stock. The gold settlers found themselves among a population of the same race, language, laws, and religion as themselves. Hence there was a reign of order in Australia even during the gold-fever, which was a happy contrast to the chaos and turbulence prevalent in California. And, as already stated, this security to life and property was attended by material as well as moral and social benefits; for wages and prices returned to a normal level as soon as the exceptional conditions of supply and demand were over, instead of being longer kept at an

excessive height, as in California, owing to the turbulence and social disorders under which industrial pursuits had to be carried on.

In 1850, just before the great gold-discoveries occurred, the Australian colonies, with the ready assent of the mother country, acquired the powers of self-government, with parliamentary institutions, but under Governors appointed by the imperial government, and paid out of the colonial revenues. Under any circumstances Australia could safely reckon upon a slow but steady and orderly career of prosperity. Far removed from Europe—the seat of the great warring States, and the chief source or centre of the world's wars; secure even from the visits of hostile fleets, because protected by the all-powerful British navy; exempt also from any internal conflicts with a hostile native population—the Australian colonies were to a singular extent left free to develop their resources in perfect peace and security. Nevertheless, but for the magic power of gold, their progress would have been slow, and rural life alone would have prevailed for many generations. Great towns—those hearts of civilization, where the pulse of human life beats quickest, albeit feverishly at times—would not yet have arisen even upon the shores of the beautiful bay and secure haven of Port Philip. Australia would have remained a sparsely peopled land, covered by the wide sheep-walks of the wealthy squatters, and by the small farms of the common people: a land without poverty, and of secure although homely comfort; and with no greater foreign trade than arose from the wool and tallow brought down from the interior over bad roads and at heavy cost. At the time of the gold-discoveries, there was hardly a place worthy of being called a town; there were no piers or harbours other than of native making; and rude jetties, or temporary planking, were all that was needed or thought necessary for the few ships which arrived bringing immigrants and taking away the surplus agricultural produce of the country. But Gold, the most potent of magicians, speedily transformed Australia as it transformed California. It built Melbourne, the London of the Antipodes, and changed Victoria and New South Wales from a townless and sparsely peopled agricultural territory into a state containing nearly all the commingled industries and resources which build up the power and prosperity of the greatest nations.

Even prior to the discoveries in California, it had been known that gold was to be met with in Australia. Small pieces of the precious metal had occasionally been picked

up by shepherds in Victoria, but no one dreamt that the country contained great beds of gold. Accordingly the Government discouraged any attempt at gold-finding. Believing that the metal only existed sporadically, in small quantity, and was to be found merely by chance, the Government at first suppressed the news of occasional finds of the ore, fearing lest a gold mania and gambling spirit would, without any adequate return, divert the population from its course of steady industry. But the tidings of the great gold-discoveries in California changed the aspect of this matter. A rich and extensive gold-region was shown to be possible and existent. Geologists, also, recognized a resemblance between the rock-formations in many parts of Australia and those which had proved so auriferous in California; and the same resemblance struck the eye of some settlers who had previously worked on the Californian gold-beds. In March, 1850, a gold nugget was found at Clunes and was exhibited in a shop in Victoria. Under these circumstances, the Government reversed its policy, and, wisely resolving to expedite the development of this new source of wealth for the colony, offered a reward to the discoverer of a gold-bed. In August, 1851, the precious metal was at length discovered by Mr. Hargreaves in large quantity at Ballarat—a locality which has proved to be one of the richest in Australia. And soon afterwards gold was discovered in abundance throughout both Victoria and New South Wales.

This discovery of gold rapidly changed the entire aspect and general condition of these colonies. They had to pass through a period of industrial, and to some extent of social disorganization, but accompanied by a vast increase of wealth, which soon launched the country on a new, orderly, and most prosperous career. At first, the whole industrial fabric was dislocated, and population rushed away from its old seats and pursuits. 'In the course of a few months, half the male population of Victoria had left their legitimate occupations, and had gone hot-footed in search of the precious metal. Workshops stood idle, business places were closed, ships lay empty at the wharves, trade was at a standstill, business was allowed to drift where it would: there was but one thing thought of, and that was gold.' Next, and speedily, there came an influx of population from the adjoining colonies or provinces of Australia; and of the seventy thousand inhabitants of South Australia, no less than twenty thousand hurried off to Victoria. Finally, in the summer of 1852, there began to arrive the flow of immigration

from Europe, which for several years continued to pour in as fast as ships could bring them. The previously solitary expanse of Hobson's Bay began to fill with emigrant ships, which were deserted by their crews as soon as they dropped anchor; and before they could be manned again for departure, no less than £40 a month had to be paid to each seaman for the voyage.\*

In Australia, both in Victoria and New South Wales, the great gold-beds lay beyond the Coast Range, in a region to which there were no roads, and where no habitations were to be seen, save here and there, at great distances from each other, the homesteads of the squatters. It was fortunate for the gold-seekers that these shepherd-kings had arrived before them in the solitude, and covered the wide plains with their countless fast-breeding flocks. Animal food remained cheap, even when the rush to the gold-fields was at its height; and as small farms were numerous, and the cultivation of the soil had been early established, the scarcity of food-supplies in Australia never became so severe as it had been in California. The comparative homogeneousness of the population, too, and the lesser proportion of lawless adventurers and outlaws from foreign lands, rendered life and property on the plains of Ballarat and Bendigo less insecure than they were among the gulches and sierras of Nevada. But the raging thirst for gold, combined with the unavoidable absence of civic restraint, which offered to the lawless and criminal passions the temptation of opportunity, made turbulence and crime of frequent occurrence. Lawlessness, it is true, never obtained the mastery in any district; but at the gold-fields and on the solitary roads leading to them, thefts, robberies, and even murders were perpetrated; and the dissipated class of miners carried their turbulence and unbridled passions into the towns, which they made the seat of their passing orgies.

During the four years subsequent to the discovery of gold, nearly four hundred thousand immigrants were added to the population of the Australian colonies—including Tasmania, where the influx was small. Despite this sudden influx of gold-

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\* 'At the anchorage in Hobson's Bay, at the present date (November, 1852), there are 117 ships or barques, and 33 brigs or schooners, besides steam-vessels, and about 70 sail of a lighter draught of water, which, as requiring a depth of not more than nine feet when loaded, are able to ascend the river to Melbourne. This amount of shipping forms a surprising spectacle for this young colony' (Melbourne 'Argus'; Tooke, vi. p. 816).

seekers, the proportion of the sexes remained highly satisfactory—the females constituting fully forty per cent. of the Australian population, even in Victoria, where the flood of immigration was largest. Naturally it was the two gold-colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, which received the largest portion of the influx of population; and Victoria, which was by far the most auriferous region, was the goal of considerably more than one-half of the entire immigration during the first four years. Gold was discovered in Victoria in August, 1851, and before the end of that year fully ten thousand immigrants had arrived in that colony in search of the precious metal. In each of the next two years the immigration into Victoria amounted to nearly a hundred thousand. This was the flood-tide of the immigration. Thereafter it began to slacken, but the immigrants in 1854 into this single colony amounted to about seventy thousand. So sudden and large was the influx of the new population that the exertions of the Government, generously aided by the public, were requisite to provide temporary accommodation for the immigrants upon landing. Barracks were erected at Melbourne, to give temporary shelter at a small charge, while the larger portion of the immigrants encamped in tents—a mode of habitation which was healthful, and even agreeable, at that summer season of the Australian year. Several villages consisting entirely of tents thus arose on the outskirts of Melbourne, the largest of which, situated on a rising ground, contained some four thousand inhabitants, well supplied with stores and protected by the urban police. The population of Melbourne at this time (January, 1853) had grown to fifty thousand persons, or more than double what it was at the time of the gold-discoveries, and the large suburb of Richmond contained several thousand more.

In the early years of the gold-discoveries, 1851–53, the population at work upon the gold-fields of Victoria was not correctly ascertained. According to the estimates then published, the population so engaged amounted in 1853 to 100,000, but when the census was taken in April, 1854, the number was ascertained to be only 67,000. This fact, however, does not necessarily imply that the previous estimate was exaggerated, because in Australia, as in California, a great crisis occurred in gold-seeking, owing to the exhaustion of the *surface* of the gold-fields, and the impossibility of working the gold-beds at even a small depth below the surface without machinery and capital; in consequence of which change in the conditions of

working, individual labour gradually became ineffective, and large numbers of the gold-diggers forsook the gold-fields, and betook themselves to other work.

The earnings of the gold-diggers during the first stage was reckoned to be from £8 to £10 a week. This was the average; and in many cases, of course, the earnings of the individual miner were very much greater. These lucky instances were kept in mind rather than the average earnings, high as these were. Every instance of extraordinary luck was widely circulated, and even exaggerated, by the shanty keepers and other traders at the gold-fields, in order to attract a large population, among whom they could carry on their highly profitable business. In 1855, the daily earnings were still reckoned at from fifteen to thirty shillings a day; but by that time individual labour was becoming less effective than co-operation under a capitalist and the receipt of wages. Indeed, with the exhaustion of the surface-deposits, and especially with the growth of quartz-mining, the working of the gold-beds passed into the ordinary form of industry, and wages took the place of individual earnings.

Considering that the average earnings in 1855 were still so high as fully £1 a day, it seems as if the average rate above mentioned of £8 or £10 a week was too low, certainly a very moderate estimate, for the years 1852–53, when the yield of the gold-fields per head of workers was admittedly at its highest point. During these two years, the ordinary rate of wages in Melbourne, the capital of the colony, where industry could be carried on more comfortably, or with less hardship, than at the gold-fields, was from £6 to £7 per week; whereas the rate of wages prior to the gold-discoveries had been from thirty to forty shillings a week. In other words, the discovery of gold at once quadrupled the wages of ordinary labour, while the gold-diggers earned about six times as much. In this way, for several years, there was witnessed the remarkable circumstance, that mere manual labour, working for itself, was able to produce a large surplus of capital or reserve-wealth. Previously it had been Capital, invested in the squatting system, which had produced the only surplus wealth of Australia; but now, owing to the extraordinary richness and easy working of the gold-beds, unassisted Labour rapidly produced a large amount of surplus wealth, which in its circulation benefited all classes of the population, and became the main source of the rapid expansion of the foreign trade of the Australian colonies.

The emigrant ships arrived earlier than the trading vessels. The labouring population of distant countries loosened themselves from their native soil and rushed to the gold-fields faster than Commerce, with all its enterprise, could furnish supplies for the new and highly profitable markets thus opened to it. Accordingly a great scarcity of commodities ensued in Australia, although it was felt less acutely than in California. The period of highest prices in the colony of Victoria was the twelve months subsequent to August, 1852; but some commodities, especially food-supplies, attained a still higher price in 1854-55. Taking commodities all round, prices quadrupled, and at their maximum became fivefold compared with the prices which had prevailed during previous years. Butcher-meat, the most plentiful of all the commodities in Victoria, rose from a penny or twopence a pound to sixpence in the autumn of 1852, and to eightpence and ninepence in 1854. Flour, which had ranged from £8 to £16 the ton, rose to £40 in 1852; and after falling to £30, rose again to £42 or £44 in the first half of 1855. Butter rose from a shilling or eighteenpence the pound to four shillings in 1853, and to five shillings at Midsummer, 1855. Garden produce became for a while still dearer: a cabbage early in 1854 cost five shillings, but, in two years afterwards, only twopence. Building materials, during the height of the gold-fever, increased in price beyond the other commodities. Bricks rose from thirty shillings the thousand to £15 and £18 in the autumn of 1852, and timber per foot rose from fourpence to eighteenpence in the same period of 1852, and to half-a-crown in 1853; but both of these materials, and many other commodities, gradually sank thereafter, until they stood at about double their old price in 1857-58, by which time a condition of settled prosperity had been reached.

The value of the Crown-lands throughout the colony of Victoria during these years of excessive prices rose greatly,—the average price per acre in 1851-53, as shown by the Government land-sales, being £3 10s., as against two guineas previously; while the extent of land sold during these years was twice as much as it had been during the whole period from 1837 to 1850. But it was in urban localities that the rise in value was most conspicuous, and, under the influence of speculation as well as prosperity, the price of town and suburban land rose extravagantly high. The fortunate owner of a small building-lot in Melbourne in a few months' time found himself a wealthy capitalist; and in some of the streets of that

city land sold at the rate of nearly half a million sterling the acre.\*

Owing to these high prices, the cost of living, of course, was proportionately augmented; while the rapidly increased wealth of the community, arising directly and indirectly from the gold-mines, furnished the means for commensurately raising the wages of labour. It is needless to quote the wages in pastoral or agricultural life, because these were always accompanied by board or maintenance; but the wages of ordinary labour in towns quadrupled during the years 1852-53. The pay of carpenters rose from five or six shillings a day to twenty-five or thirty shillings, and fell to twelve shillings a day in 1856. The wages of masons and bricklayers followed the same course; increasing fivefold during the height of the gold-fever, and thereafter declining, until they settled at about double their old amount.

With Midsummer, 1853, a change began in the state of prices and in the commercial condition of the colony. Settlers were still pouring in as numerous as ever; but immigration had reached its maximum, and thereafter began slowly to decline; and simultaneously the merchant ships, bringing supplies of all kinds, began to arrive thick and fast. In the month of May, 1853, besides smaller arrivals, twice a day some large vessel from the other side of the world sailed into the port of Melbourne, bringing supplies of all kinds, chiefly from England or New York, while trading vessels from India brought stores of tea and rice.† But when these ships cast anchor in the bay, they found that the mere cost of sending their goods ashore was as much as the entire freightage from England! Not only was

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\* The effect of the discovery of gold on Melbourne land prices, may be illustrated by the following among many instances. A piece of land in Collins Street having 22 feet 5 inches frontage, with a depth of only 16 feet 5 inches, having on it a small wooden building of but little value, was sold towards the latter end of 1853 for £6,000, being at the rate of £267 1s. per foot frontage, or about £441,000 per acre.

† Within the last twelve months (1853) the prices realized for land of an ordinary depth in Melbourne, not built upon, or with inferior tenements of small value, have been as follows, viz.—In the outskirts of the city, as North Melbourne, &c., from £2 to £6 per foot; in Elizabeth Street (from Lonsdale to Flinders Streets) from £150 to £200 per foot; in Bourke Street (from Queen to Spring Streets) from £90 to £250 per foot (Archer's 'Progress of Victoria,' p. 25).

† Of the arrivals of shipping at Melbourne in the month of May, 1853, forty-six, of 22,857 tons burden, came from the British Isles; eighteen came from the United States; and twelve from India.

labour at an exorbitant price, but the wharves, although by this time considerably enlarged and improved, were totally inadequate for the requirements of the shipping. The lighterage, or mere landing of the goods from the ships to the wharves, cost from twenty-five to thirty shillings per ton; nor need this heavy cost be wondered at, when we read in contemporary records that sometimes weeks elapsed before a lighter could find a discharging berth at the wharves. And just as there was a difficulty in finding accommodation even of the rudest kind for the immigrants, so was there a difficulty in finding storing-room for the merchandize. The warehouses were filled to overflowing; and the rent paid for temporarily storing the imported goods added a further element to their market-price. Moreover, at the time when the supplies of merchandize thus began to pour into the Australian ports, it was winter there, although summer with us; and as the country was still almost roadless, the communication with the gold-fields, for which the greater portion of the new supplies were destined, was entirely closed for two or three months. Thus before the year 1853 was out, a glut of goods had begun to occur at the sea-ports; and as the merchant ships continued to arrive in undiminished numbers, a glut of the imported commodities rapidly extended over the entire gold-colonies.

Supply had overtaken demand. And the merchants in the distant countries from whence the supplies came (chiefly Great Britain) necessarily remained for a long time in ignorance of the altered condition of the Australian markets. At that time there were no telegraph lines traversing the continents and, safely submerged in the bed of ocean, uniting the extremities of the inhabited world. There was no Suez Canal; even the Cairo railway had not been constructed, to lessen the delays and discomforts of the overland route to the East. Steam navigation, too, was still in its infancy, and no lines of swift ocean steamers had as yet brought the island-continent of the Antipodes into closer relation with the rest of the world. The only route was round the Cape of Good Hope, or by the perilous circumnavigation of Cape Horn, where storms and baffling winds or calms imperilled the voyage of the sailing ships. It is only by remembering these old circumstances that one can understand the severity of the commercial glut, and consequent crisis in prices, which overtook both Australia and California in the early years of the gold-discoveries. The tidings of the exorbitant prices prevalent in the gold countries in-

duced the merchants of London, Liverpool, and New York to strain every nerve to send out supplies. In like manner, a merchant in Melbourne, seeing that certain commodities were greatly in demand, while the people were so wealthy that they could pay a high price for them, sent home a large order for such goods. But more than half a year had to elapse between the giving of the order and the arrival of the goods; while the population was still so few in numbers that their demands, however eager, could be easily met and overtaken by the great commercial emporia of the Northern world. Thus it happened that when the Australian markets had become full, there was a long line of ships upon the ocean still bringing fresh supplies. Moreover, even when the tidings of falling prices reached London and New York, the known wealth of the population of the gold countries induced the belief that the glut was but momentary (as in reality it was but temporary), and the ever-hopeful spirit of commerce or speculation reckoned that the glut, reported three or four months previously, would have ceased before the new supplies could reach their destination.

At the end of 1853 the import market in Victoria had become fully stocked; but throughout the whole of 1854, merchant ships continued to arrive in the port of Melbourne in undiminished numbers. The inevitable result was a vast depreciation of the imported commodities and an immense fall in rents and in the value of real property generally. As usual in such crises everywhere, the capitalist had the opportunity of making enormous gains. Buyers for cash could dictate their terms to the embarrassed traders. Goods had to be sold at any price; and it is recorded that 'at the auction-rooms no reference whatever is made to cost price.' Despite the heavy cost of freights and lighterage, and the exorbitant terms charged for store-room, many kinds of goods sold at less than their value in the countries from which they had been sent. Drapery and piece goods sold at from ten to thirty per cent. below their cost price in England. The finest champagnes could with difficulty be disposed of at 30s. the case; and good clarets brought barely 15s. or 17s. Brandies of low quality could be had at 4s. 6d. the case, and the best course the importer could take was to re-export them for the British market. As regards commodities of all kinds, in November, 1854, the leading journal in Melbourne said: 'We strongly confirm our late advices to suspend shipments entirely, until we have a better prospect to report.' Bankruptcies multiplied,

and, owing to the sudden depreciation of property, the assets in most cases had merely a nominal value, failing to recover the expense of their realization. House property, which a year before had risen to an almost fabulous value, suffered an equally remarkable depreciation; and in many cases the rental value of the warehouses fell below the amount of the ground-rent! Alike in commercial and building enterprises in Melbourne, it was contemporaneously recorded that 'the losses are of so astonishing a character that they resemble fictions rather than genuine narratives. Fortunes which could have enabled their possessors to sustain for life the dignities of peerage were acquired by plodding tradesmen in the course of a few months; and before they had time to receive the congratulations of their friends, their riches passed away, and they found themselves reduced to utter poverty. Perhaps in the whole range of history [except in California] no records are to be met with of vast sums of money so suddenly amassed and so suddenly dissipated.'

Referring to the vast depreciation in house property, 'which in some instances has been the cause and in others the result of commercial failures,' the Melbourne '*Argus*' (Feb. 1855) quotes the following cases:—'A builder rented a vacant piece of ground at a figure something below £300 per annum, and expended almost £40,000 in putting up a range of spacious and commodious stores, massively built of blue stone. When completed, the stores let readily at from £1,000 to £1,500 a year each; and, judging from the result of this and similar speculations, the owner reckoned himself worth £15,000 a year, all claims being paid. In twelve months from that date the rental value of the stores fell below ground-rents, and the owner was utterly ruined.' With respect to the commercial losses, the same journal says:—'The amount lost by one firm alone in a twelvemonth, through bad debts, is deliberately estimated to exceed £90,000; another firm lost, in a similar period, through the same means, upwards of £40,000. A merchant who, two years since, was regarded as worth £100,000, was recently obliged to pay a small account by his acceptance for a month.'

In the latter months of 1853, the wages of labour also fell, and never again reached the very high point at which they stood in the immediately previous year. The Government, threatened with a heavy financial deficit, had stopped the public works; the gold-fields also were becoming gradually closed against individual labour; while emi-

grant ships continued to arrive in hardly diminished numbers, and a large portion of the new settlers came with the purpose of working as artisans, and in other forms of urban employment. In consequence, the hitherto strange spectacle was witnessed of labourers going about in search of employment, and even as paupers demanding relief! The fall of wages was general throughout the colony; but it was only in the towns that this change was severely felt, and the want of employment was in great part voluntary on the part of the workmen. Trades-unions had not yet been formed in Australia, but the spirit of 'strikes' was in full existence. In not a few cases workmen preferred to become idle rather than accept the lower rate of wages which had become indispensable,—or, as they said, 'rather than aid in lowering wages.' The current rate of wages at that time was eight or ten shillings a day for unskilled labour, which, despite the high cost of living, was good wages for single men, but (it is stated) only sufficient with constant employment for married men living with their families in the towns, where house-rent was high.

This severe crisis, and glut of the Australian markets, differed in some important respects from the apparently similar crises which occur in ordinary countries. The fall of house-rents and prices and the glut of foreign goods were not owing to any diminution of production and wealth in these colonies. The mines were yielding annually some ten millions sterling, with comparatively little labour; so that a large portion of this amount was really surplus wealth, an annual addition to the capital of the people. The squatters, or pastoral population, also continued their work of production, with hardly any fall of prices for their commodities in their own markets, and with none at all upon their exported produce. It was only the trading classes who suffered, and the speculators in house property. Indeed the depreciation of imported commodities was in itself a great gain to the bulk of the population, engaged in actual production, in farming and mining. The crisis was occasioned merely from the supplies from abroad being continued in undiminished quantity long after the Australian market for these goods was fully stocked—a commercial mistake directly attributable to the want of swift communication between Australia and the rest of the world. The gold-colonies were progressing rapidly in wealth; the population was multiplying from the continued influx of immigration. All that was needful to terminate the crisis was a temporary check to the supply of foreign goods.

It was to these imported commodities alone that the great fall of prices applied—the home-produced goods, and the price of agricultural and mining labour being but little affected in value. By the beginning of 1856 the worst part of the crisis was over. Trade in its various branches began to revive; merchants and shippers began to share anew in the general prosperity. And thus, in the year 1856, the gold colonies of Australia reached a condition of stable and settled prosperity. Thereafter, although they experienced the commercial fluctuations common to all countries, the chequered and peculiar stage of their career was over. The worst—and also the best—effects of the gold-discoveries were alike past.

Among the many advantages in social condition which the gold-colonies of Australia enjoyed over California was the existence of good banks. Banking, of the best kind, had been established in Australia prior to the gold-discoveries. Australian banking was established upon the Scotch system, by wealthy corporations, for the most part having their headquarters in London. These pillars of industry had rendered most useful service from the outset, and they helped the colonies greatly during the exigencies produced by a vast immigration and the turmoil of the gold-fever. Nevertheless, during those early years of gold-finding (as also occurred in California) there was a great scarcity of money. And a most striking proof of this scarcity is the fact that gold in Australia was worth only sixty or even only forty-five shillings the ounce, in exchange for money, whether coin or bank-notes. An ounce of coined gold (or its equivalent in bank-notes) could buy an ounce and a quarter of uncoined gold in any quantities. It was fortunate for the population that their chief produce (gold) was, of all commodities, the nearest akin to money. It is the raw material of money, yet hardly more serviceable as money than a hide is to a man who wants a saddle or a pair of leather breeches.

A scarcity of money is always very adverse to the producing classes. It was so even to the gold-miners, who (although gold-dust was more exchangeable than ordinary property) had to exchange their produce for a fourth and sometimes a third less than its fair and ordinary value where money exists in adequate quantity, or, in other words, possesses its ordinary purchasing power. How much more adverse to the general interests would such a scarcity of money have been, had the staple produce of Australia been other than the precious metals? Production in such a case would have been

so largely deprived of its profits that it would speedily have ceased, however profitably it could be carried on under other and ordinary circumstances. But gold can be exchanged for money more readily than any other commodity; and the gold-fields were then so rich, yielding five or six times the value obtainable by an equal amount of labour in other industries, that the Australian miners became wealthy even although their produce had to be sold at much less than its ordinary value.

This scarcity of money in a country abounding in gold, actually produced from the mines, may at first sight appear a strange phenomenon. Especially it may be asked, When gold was brought to the banks from the mines, why did not the banks purchase it, when they could get so large a percentage of profit, seeing that their coin or notes could buy 30 per cent. more gold than such money could buy elsewhere throughout the world? Had the banks been able to purchase the gold, the scarcity of money in circulation would have been at an end; for there was an abundance of gold ready to be offered to the banks, and the coin and notes obtained in exchange for that gold would soon have been sufficient for the monetary wants of the population. Gold would have risen to its ordinary world value: and thereupon the banks would have had no longer an inducement to buy it; while the gold-owners (their monetary wants being supplied) would have no longer had any necessity to make further exchanges of this kind. The gold not needed for home circulation as money would have been exported—as nearly the whole of the gold from the mines was actually exported—in the form of bullion, which is the most convenient and profitable form for gold as merchandize.

How was it, then, that this very natural procedure did not take place, or at least but sparingly? How was it that there was, for several years, a scarcity of money in the Australian gold-colonies; and that a considerable quantity of gold from the mines was retained in the country for currency purposes, and yet carried only three-fourths of the value which the metal possessed throughout the world at large? The difficulty which then existed in Australia may be explained in a single word: there was no Mint. The scarcity of money arose in this way. Gold coin, together with bank-notes convertible into coin on demand, constituted the money, or sole legal currency, of Australia, as of our own country. And the banks held no more, or little more, money than was requisite to carry on their ordinary amount of business. Being so circumstanced,

had the banks bought gold with their coin, the stock of coin would have become too small to meet the demands of their depositors or customers; and as they could not pay their creditors in gold-dust or in bullion, the banks would have been liable to bankruptcy. If they had bought the gold with their notes, the sellers of the gold might immediately thereon have demanded payment for the bullion in coin, and so have at once deprived the banks of their profit on the transaction, besides imperilling the solvency of the banks, which had no spare coin wherewith to meet such a demand. Moreover, even if the general creditors of the banks, whether note-holders or depositors, had been willing to accept uncoined gold (of course at its then current value in the colony), the banks would have obtained no profit, because the bullion, or uncoined gold, would have carried no higher value than the coins with which the banks had purchased it. But the Australian banks are banks of issue, and can issue notes to any amount which they may deem advantageous. Why, then, did they not make purchases of the gold with their notes? As a matter of fact, it is highly probable that they might have done so with safety to themselves, and, if so, with a large profit, while also greatly benefiting the community by supplying the monetary wants of the country. As money was greatly wanted, it is probable, or indeed certain, that the notes thus issued would have remained in circulation. So long as the credit of the banks was stable, the notes were quite as good as coin, and therefore there would have been no motive for any one cashing them; that is, demanding coin in exchange for them. But there was a *risk* in such procedure, and all unnecessary risks ought to be shunned in banking. Also, although the banks might have made large profit from buying the gold with their notes, with the result of supplying the monetary requirements of the public, it is also true that a scarcity of money enables banks to charge a higher rate for their loans and discounts. Banks are the reservoirs of money, which they issue to the public through loans or the discounting of commercial bills; and in proportion as the currency which they supply is scarce, the banks are able to raise the rate of discount, or, in other words, their charge for supplying this currency. But the fundamental explanation and ample justification of the Australian banks in this matter is that the purchase of gold, under the circumstances, would have been substantially a trading operation, beyond the proper sphere of banking. Except in degree (for undoubtedly gold is

more negotiable than any other thing, except money itself), the purchase of gold by the banks would have been similar to an investment of their money in any commercial commodity. Their money would have been 'locked up,' just as if they had bought a stock of wheat or wool. Their wealth would not have been diminished—it might have been considerably increased; but their stock of money, the special commodity in which banks trade, would have been greatly reduced, proportionately lessening their power to meet the demands of their customers, as well as imperilling their own solvency.

This dilemma for the gold-producers and the general monetary difficulty, although much felt in Victoria, was experienced still more severely in the adjoining province of South Australia. While gold bullion in Victoria sold at sixty shillings the ounce (instead of its normal or world value of £3 17s. 10½d., or, allowing for loss of interest in the process of minting, at £3 17s. 9d.), in South Australia it sold, or was convertible into money, at the rate of only forty-five shillings the ounce. This great difference of price was owing to the weaker or less efficient position of the banks in the latter province or colony. The South Australian banks held only a small stock of coin, and therefore were less able than their compeers in Victoria to supply currency by the issue of bank-notes. The hardship and general embarrassment in South Australia became so great that the legislature of that colony, in June 1852, established a Government Assay Office, at which the possessors of gold-ore could get their bullion converted into stamped bars. By a temporary Act (for one year) these assayed gold-bars were legalized as currency at seventy shillings the ounce—still considerably under their proper value of gold, as in the other countries; and the notes of the banks were made a legal tender to third parties (that is to say, throughout the community), but not at the banks, which were bound to cash the notes on demand, either in gold or in the stamped gold-bars. This Act brought a great relief. The scarcity of money was at an end. The banks bought gold bullion in the form of the assayed and stamped bars, largely issuing their notes in purchase or exchange, and thereby supplying the wants of the public for suitable currency. In this way the note-circulation of the South Australian banks rose from £97,000 in January, 1853, when the Act came into operation, to £332,000 before the end of the year. This fact shows how severe had been the dearth of currency in this small community. As the notes were issued in exchange for bullion, they



were well secured—gold going into the banks as the notes went out. In fact, contemporaneously with this increase of £130,000 in the note circulation, the bank reserves increased largely: the increase, of course, being made, not in coin or money proper, but in the stamped gold-bars.

Notwithstanding this important remedial measure, the hardship to the mining population, or the gold-producers, was still serious. They had to part with their gold at about one-fifth less than its normal value, viz., such as it carried in England, New York, Paris, and generally throughout the world. Thus their produce and property was artificially depreciated. Could it have been coined or converted into money on the spot, the gold would have at once attained its full value. Had there been a Mint in Australia, the gold-produce of the country would have carried its normal value, with commensurate profit to the miners, and indeed to the country at large. Very naturally, then, a general demand arose for a Mint. It was very hard upon the miners that their produce should be, as it were, artificially depreciated; and it was hard upon the whole Australian colonies or provinces that, although suffering severely from a dearth of currency, they had to send their gold 8,000 miles to London and back again before they could get their gold converted into coin. At length, yet not without demur, this most reasonable and urgent demand was granted by the Home Government. A Mint was established at Sydney, the oldest and, at that time, still the largest city in Australia; and before the end of the year two millions sterling of coin were issued.

We have dwelt with considerable detail upon this monetary crisis in the Australian colonies, because it is pregnant with important lessons, inculcated and illustrated by very striking and also plainly intelligible facts. It shows how largely dependent is the value of gold upon the fact of its being the substance, or raw material, of money. In proportion as the yellow metal fails to acquire, or is obstructed in attaining, the quality of money, its value falls greatly. In most of the leading countries of the world there is a State Mint, ready to coin (usually free of charge) any gold that is brought to it. In such countries, accordingly, gold being immediately convertible into money at pleasure, carries the same value, whether in the form of bullion or of coin. But the case, as we have seen, was different in Australia at the outset of the gold-discoveries. There were gold-dealers and private assayers in Australia; and, as likewise in California, gold-dust served to some extent and in rough

fashion as a medium of exchange—but always adversely to the owners of the gold-dust, who never obtained for the gold its proper price, or full value in exchanges so made. Even in the form of ingots, or the officially assayed gold-bars, the precious metal did not carry its proper price, or world value, because such lumps of gold were quite unsuitable for retail payments, or in the daily purchases of ordinary life. What is more, not even the banks could give the full or proper value for these gold-bars—they could not buy the gold even with notes of their own issuing, because they were bound to “cash” or pay the notes on demand in legal money—for which purpose these gold-bars, of course, were not available, until a special Act was passed temporarily legalizing these bars as currency.

Further, no other set of circumstances could so clearly demonstrate and strikingly illustrate the vastly important influence of Time as affecting the great law of supply and demand. When the Australians petitioned the Crown to extend to them the royal prerogative of coining money—a right which all Governments properly keep in their own hands—the project of establishing a Mint in Australia was strongly opposed by some very able men in this country, who maintained that such an establishment, besides being open to objection, was quite unnecessary, and that the want of a currency would be, and should be remedied, like all other wants, by the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. But these upholders of ‘economic science’ overlooked the element of time, and the dire consequences which must ensue before their law could come into effective operation. No doubt, even without a Mint, the Australian colonies would by this time have become supplied with an adequate currency. They would have supplied their lack of coined money just as they supply themselves with foreign commodities of any kind, namely, in exchange for the surplus produce of their own country. And they had been so doing. But, owing to the marvellously rapid increase both of population and wealth, and the vast remoteness of Australia from the great centres of civilization and production, the processes of trade or exchange could not operate so rapidly as was requisite for the requirements of the community. Merely because it could not be coined upon the spot, gold, as we have seen, was selling at only two-thirds of its proper value. Thus the mining population, the producers of gold, which was then the chief product of Australia, were deprived of a large portion of their just profits, entirely because they had no

means of utilizing the produce of their labour by applying it to its normal use, viz., as Money. And further, the entire community suffered from the dearth of currency. Not merely gold, but, even more, goods, houses, land—in short, property of all kinds—was abnormally depreciated, on purchase or in exchange, simply because money, owing to its deficiency, there bore a far higher value than it did elsewhere in the world. Hence the Australians were ready (under this compulsion) to sell their produce to foreign buyers at much less than its fair or normal value—a loss to the Australian community; while in purchases or exchanges amongst themselves, although there was no loss to the community as a whole, there was dire loss or even ruin to individuals; and such fluctuations in the value of goods and property were both morally and industrially injurious to the best interests of the community. Truly, this was a strange dilemma and social phenomenon in a country like Australia. What can be more strange, at first sight, than that there should be a dearth of money, and a severe social crisis in consequence thereof, in a country whose chief and marvellously abundant product was gold, pre-eminently the canonized metal which constitutes the money or currency of mankind; and yet such a dearth, with equally disastrous consequences, overshadowed the fortunes, at one time or other, both of Australia and California, and has left a lesson of no small importance to the world at large.

A very large portion of the intellectual mistakes of mankind arises from an implicit reliance upon some widely known and well-established rule, maxim, or principle, without making allowance for circumstances and influences which at times obstruct the operation of the deservedly venerated or appreciated principle. The law of supply and demand is a principle or doctrine of this kind. It is in itself rather a truism than a truth. It is no discovery of modern science; indeed, its general correctness has been visible to men of all times and of the most commonplace intellect. The earliest trader, even the simplest rustic who drove his pigs or sheep to market, knew that the fewer the pigs or sheep in the field, and the more numerous the intending purchasers, the higher would be the price he could ask for his wares. Equally true is it, when the maxim is applied to general affairs, that if any commodity be scarce, and consequently its price exceptionally high, in any locality, men of other countries, or in other parts of the same country, will hasten to supply the scarcity in order to obtain a higher price for their goods than they could get else-

where. Further, as the earth is still capable of yielding produce of all kinds sufficient for the wants of mankind, a scarcity in one part of the world will ere long attract a supply from other quarters. Yet in human affairs how much depends upon Time! Men suffer or die under the scarcity, and what consolation is it to them that the supply which they needed will come in time for other men or another generation? Moreover, it is upon the current well-being of its people that depends the power or prosperity of a State or community. In a new State, especially, rejoicing in the vast resources of a California or Australia, every season of hardship, every generation or part of a generation which is robbed of its gains by some cause beyond its own control, and of a nature not merely local but highly exceptional, the effect most seriously checks the progress and prosperity of the community.

The monetary dilemma of 1855 was the last of the peculiar crises which characterized the early and transitional period of the Australian colonies. Thereafter Australia entered upon a career of mature progress. Several times since then it has experienced commercial crises of more or less severity; but these have been simply the ordinary vicissitudes, the 'ups and downs' common to every settled country, and which are even most frequent in those countries where material civilization has been most fully developed. About that time, too—in December, 1855—the Australian colonies of Old England acquired the readily granted boon of self-government. Local parliaments and ministries, under the titular rule of a Governor appointed by the Crown, undertook the administrative work and responsibility which had previously been borne by the Colonial Office in London. The youthful romantic period of Australia was over; but those five years, full of the feverous excitement of a golden youth, constitute a romance in the history of the world, and also have permanently shaped the fortunes of these young colonies. Blessed with a population well-nigh homogeneous in race, yet naturally varying widely in social position and individual sentiments, alike in religion and politics, the wild rush after gold brought all these classes so intimately together in the common pursuit, that each became thoroughly tolerant of the others, and the population became blended in common sympathies, while wisely tolerant where they continued to differ. In politics, of course, there is the active and critical spirit which distinguishes the British race; and the Houses of Parliament at Melbourne and Sydney exhibit the keen partisanship with which we

are only too familiar at home. There are 'burning questions,' too, in Australia as well as here; but it is an enviable fact that there is less of racial divergence and dispute than there is in the United Kingdom, which (as we at present feel to our cost) has a perpetual difficulty in the unfused Celtic peasantry of Ireland.\*

Of the two great and purely British settlements in the Southern hemisphere, viz., Australia and New Zealand, the latter is by far the most British-like in its physical conditions. Alike in size, shape, physical features, and geographical position, New Zealand closely repeats in the Southern hemisphere the characteristics of the parent Isles in the distant North. A land of hills and valleys, and thoroughly insular, blessed with a temperate climate, ever freshened with the sea-breeze, it is in New Zealand that the rosy cheeks and bodily vigour of the British race will be longer perpetuated than in any other region of the world. Indeed, there is no apparent cause why the pure English stock should ever become much altered in that eminently favourable locality. Its chief towns, Wellington and Nelson, Canterbury and Dunedin, may be headquarters of the British race in far future times, when the parent land from whence these names were transplanted has long ceased to be the leading country of the world. The transplanting of British names over the face of North America, and also throughout the Southern Ocean, is one of the most significant events in modern history. Some writers have held that when the Athenians of old called themselves 'Autochthons,' it was merely a remembrance, in course of time misunderstood, of the Attock-land, from whence these wandering Aryans are supposed by those writers to have started on their westward migration. With the full light of history now blazing on the world, the British names, now scattered and so prominently figuring over half the world, can occasion no such confusion of records or ideas; nevertheless, were some new Avatar-like irruption of barbarism to sweep over the present seats of civilization,

learned men in the far future, groping amid the half-lights of a new Renaissance, might be gravely bewildered by the various Bostons, Yorks, Portlands, Canterburys, and other town-names which the far-roving Briton has conveyed into the new lands of his settlement. And not less puzzling or wholly misleading, under such circumstances, would be the European fauna and flora of these Antarctic regions as enriched by the wise efforts of acclimatization.

While New Zealand is an exact southern counterpart of the British Isles, the island-continent of Australia is in the main as unlike the parent country as can well be imagined. Occasionally the extremes both of heat and of rainfall are very remarkable. In the 'Victoria Year Book,' under date 13th January, 1878, we read that 'the heat at Dubbo, N.S.W., is reported to be so intense that birds were dropping off the trees,' while the thermometer in the shade rose to 121° Fahr. We also read of a great rainfall at Sydney (Feb. 6, 1878), when eight inches fell within twenty-four hours; while at Parratoo, in South Australia, in the same year (March 18, 1878), seven inches of rain fell in thirteen minutes. Nevertheless the narrow littoral belt which fringes Australia on the south-east presents no great diversity of aspect to the British immigrant. That narrow coast region, between the mountains and the sea, is cut into hill and valley by the spurs from the Coast Range, between which flow rivers and rivulets, while the coast is finely indented with plentiful bays. But for the 'hot wind' from the north, the climate differs little from that of England. But follow the 'hot wind' to its home—surmount the Coast Range, and then one comes upon a region of vast plains, extending northward to the distant Gulf of Carpentaria. Despite the heroic exploration of Burke, the interior of Australia is still imperfectly known, except that it consists of a vast region of levellest plains, in great part waterless and arid in the summer months. Yet along the long course of the Murray River, and also in many other parts, these wide plains are grassy and verdurous—one of the finest pastoral regions in the world. Thus Australia has two distinct regions, fitted for entirely different forms of industry and of social life. There is the commercial and urban region of the coast, and the pastoral townless regions of the interior. It is as if the steppes of Russia or of Upper Asia were in contiguity with the sea-indented lands of Britain. Lacking our rich and abundant mines of coal and iron, the Australian coast region can never equal the mother country in the sources of commercial and

\* During the eight years ending with 1878, a quarter of a million of emigrants have proceeded from the United Kingdom to Australia.

	Total.	Assisted.	Unassisted.
1871.....	12,227	?	?
1872.....	15,876	?	?
1873.....	26,428	16,915	9,513
1874.....	53,958	44,394	9,564
1875.....	35,525	28,891	6,634
1876.....	33,191	26,404	6,787
1877.....	31,071	22,461	8,610
1878.....	37,214	?	?

'The stream of unassisted emigrants,' says Mr. Hayter, 'is tolerably steady, and proceeds at the rate of something more than 8000 per annum.'

manufacturing power; but in the fertile plains of the interior, Australia has an all-sufficient source of food supplies, and ample scope for the free and vigorous pastoral life, where civilized nomads, ever in the saddle, rear flocks of sheep and herds, both of cattle and horses, far in excess of the wants or consuming power of the Australians themselves—thereby giving a foreign trade to Australia, while helping to sustain with the necessities of life the dense centres of population and civilization in the Northern world.

One of the characteristics of Australia is of itself a proof that the original settlers came from a land of highly advanced civilization. City life is fully developed; and Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, as also in lesser degree its rival, Sydney, may, albeit creations as of yesterday, well compare with the chief cities of the mother country. Melbourne justifies its title as the London of the southern hemisphere. When Governor Bourke visited the nascent settlement on the Yarra-Yarra, he fixed its site on two hills sloping down to the river, on its northern bank; and the rectangular space which he then marked out—about a mile in length on the banks of the river, by half a mile in width—still forms Melbourne proper, the busy heart of the Victorian metropolis, and now holding much the same place in it as 'the City' does in London. Melbourne has far outgrown these original limits, spreading over adjoining eminences, so that it claims to be, like the city of Romulus, built upon seven hills. These 'suburbs' are largely interspersed with fine parks and recreation grounds; and the main streets, which run parallel with the Yarra-Yarra river, are being planted with trees. The eminences of the city, which are crowned by the University and other prominent edifices, command a fine view of the rugged summits of the Coast Range, thereby giving to the city the æsthetic advantage of a distant horizon. A large and elegant suburb has lately been built on the south side of the river—which, by an Irishism, may be styled the West-End of Melbourne—where stands the fine structure of the Government House, and where the beautiful Botanical Gardens rise in verdurous terraces from the banks of the river. The course of the Yarra-Yarra is broken in the middle of the city by a basaltic dyke, called 'The Falls,' which stops the upward navigation from the sea. Above that point it is a pleasure river; and the picturesque, wood-clad upper reaches, gay with boats and pleasure parties, remind one of the Thames between Kew and Hampton Court. Ships of considerable size can come up into the middle

of the city; and Flinder's Street, which runs along the strand of the river, is occupied by large warehouses, and exhibits the usual features of a seaport locality. The whole city is solidly built of brick and of the blue stone of the district; the old wooden fabrics having been cleared away, and the chief streets—Collins' Street and Bourke Street—might almost be taken for parts of London; the former being the Oxford Street and the latter the Edgeware or Tottenham Court Road of the Victorian capital. Melbourne, as thus said, does not stand on the sea-coast, but a short railway connects it with Brighton Reach. On the beautiful and rural-looking shores of the bay, which, in the Australian summer—notably on our Boxing-day—are the resort of picnic and pleasure parties, thousands of people are seen strolling and amusing themselves, as well as bathing in the bright and bracing waters.

Such is Melbourne, the London of the South. Its seaport is Sandridge, on Hobson's Bay, where two well-fitted piers stretch their arms a long way into the sea, affording berths for vessels of the largest size, and shelter for a whole fleet. But Melbourne has not a monopoly of Port Philip Bay, which is an almost landlocked natural harbour some forty miles across. On the opposite side to Melbourne stands Geelong, which at one time might have risen into the commercial premiership now held by Melbourne. At both places a sand-bar originally obstructed navigation, but Melbourne quickly dredged away its bar, while Geelong is only doing so now, when any hope of rivaling Melbourne is out of the question.

Let us now sum up the rare and romantic progress of Australia during the last thirty years, under the potent influence of gold. We can fittingly do so, because the rich gold-mines which gave to these young colonies their giant-like growth, have ceased to be the paramount, or even the main element of their still-growing prosperity. Throughout all these colonies the conditions of social life and of industrial progress have now become similar to, if not quite identical with, those of the civilized world at large. Capital has resumed its place as the life-spring of labour and enterprise. Associated labour, under the leadership of capital, has supplanted even at the gold-fields the fervid and fitful individual enterprise which at first sufficed to reap ample profits by rude toil not only on the gold-fields, but even in the comparatively settled business of urban and commercial life. The gold-mines of Australia, like those of California, are now worked on the Old World system of organized labour, and substantially under the same in-

dustrial conditions as the coalpits of Durham and Lanarkshire. A remnant of the old adventurous gold-seekers—men ready for any toil and hardship, but hating regular employ or the control of a master—is still to be found in Australia; but these now old-fashioned adventurers are only to be met with on the outskirts of settled life, or far beyond them, wandering and ‘prospecting’ amid the domain of the aborigines, in the hope of finding new gold-beds, where their hardy enterprise may win anew the never-to-be-forgotten earth-spoils of the vanished past.

In Australia, contrary to what prevails in California, much the larger proportion of the gold is obtained from quartz-mining,—that is, from excavating and crushing reefs of auriferous quartz. These reefs, too, do not crop out at the surface—as is usual, and as occurs in the new Indian gold-fields—but, for the most part, lie at great depths below the present surface; and alluvial deposits, or layers of auriferous mud or clay, are found at similar depths. It is manifest that here, as in California, volcanic action has operated with mighty force. A large portion of the auriferous mud, now found at various depths, has apparently been vomited from volcanoes; while the remoteness of that period is shown by the depth at which these mud-layers lie beneath the present surface of the country. A large extinct volcano exists near Ballarat, to which many of the alluvial deposits of that district are distinctly traceable; and the ‘blue stone’ with which the city of Melbourne is built is simply lava.

Of late years, as in 1877 and 1878, two-thirds of the gold-produce of Victoria was raised from quartz-reefs, and one-third from ‘alluvial’ mines. Also of the steam-engines employed in connection with gold-mining, one-fourth are used in alluvial, and three-fourths in quartz workings. The average yield of gold per ton of quartz crushed in 1877, was 9 dwts. 9.38 grains; in 1878 it was 9 dwts. 12.99 grains. The decline of gold-production in Victoria of late years has been from 1,355,477 ounces in 1871 to only 775,272 ounces in 1888. The number and value of the machines used at the mines is likewise decreasing; but apparently there is no decrease in the area of auriferous ground worked in Victoria—which was 1,185½ square miles in 1877, and 1,290 square miles in 1878. Owing to constant changes, ground which one year is included in the area embraced in gold-workings is properly excluded in another. ‘As the shallow alluviums of the old gold-fields are abandoned by the miners, they are often occupied by agriculturists and gardens. These shallow work-

ings, indeed, are now wholly at an end, and deep-mining is the order of the day. In 1878, for the first time, some of the shafts sunk in search of auriferous quartz attained depths exceeding 2,000 feet, and with highly profitable returns. At Stawell, the yield of gold from quartz obtained at depths varying from 500 to 1,180 feet, averaged from 17½ dwts. to 2 oz. 10 dwts. per ton.

The four ‘colonies,’ or young States, which compose ‘Australia,’ differ very widely from one another alike in geographical character and in the agencies which have influenced their growth. Some of these States, indeed, are in most respects the very opposites of the others, but all of them, more or less, have benefited by the potent influence of the gold-mines. Statistics are repulsive to the general reader; and as the main purpose of this article is to exhibit the peculiar action of rich gold-mines upon a country’s career and prosperity, we shall restrict our statistics of growth chiefly to the colony of Victoria, whose career has been pre-eminently influenced by the golden treasures of which it has been the chief seat. Victoria is nearly (not quite) of the same size as Great Britain, having an area of somewhat more than 88,000 square miles; yet it occupies a mere corner of the Australian continent, which is about thirty-three times as large—having in round numbers, an area of three millions of square miles. The population of Victoria, which was but a few scores in 1851, when the discovery of gold was made, is at present about 900,000; and happily, now as from the first, there is no great disparity of the sexes—the males, in June, 1879, numbering 482,769, and the females, 404,665. The population of its capital, Melbourne, at the same date, was 256,477. There are upwards of 1,500 miles of railway already at work in this colony, besides other lines in course of construction; and good roads, traversed by stage-coaches, supply the means of communication throughout the province in those parts not yet visited by the ‘steam-horse.’ There are also, within the limits of Victoria, about 3,000 miles of telegraph lines. The new State also resolved to acquire the attractive diversity of industry and enterprise which characterizes all fully settled countries; and naturally enough, although in defiance of the economists, it has boldly entered the field of manufacturing production. At the last census Victoria contained 2,343 factories of various kinds, employing 32,278 work-people; and the capital thus invested in buildings, machinery, and ground amounted to £8,800,000.

The total quantity of gold ‘raised’ in Vic-

toria, from the beginning down to the end of 1878, amounted to 48,058,649 ounces, valued in money at £192,234,576. And chiefly owing to the effects of the wealth arising from the cheap attainment of so large a quantity of produce of the most exchangeable kind, the foreign trade of Victoria has increased in annual value from one million sterling of imports, at the time of the gold-discoveries, to sixteen millions sterling in 1878; and from less than 1½ millions sterling of exports to just upon fifteen millions. It is curious as well as instructive to mark the annual amount of exports and imports per head of the population at various periods. It was in the middle of 1851 that gold was first found, and in that year the imports of the State of Victoria amounted to rather more than £12 per head of the population, and the exports to £16 7s. 9d.; in 1878 the imports per head were £18 12s. and the exports £17 3s. 5d.—an increase of only one-half in the imports and hardly any increase at all in the exports: a fact explainable mainly by the vast decrease in the products of the gold-mines. But in the intervening period, when the gold-fields were at their best, the amount of the foreign trade, in proportion to the population, was remarkably large. For example, in 1852 the imports suddenly rose to upwards of £30 per head of the population; while the exports rose to £56 per head. In 1853 the imports per head of the population were no less than £81, and the exports £56 12s. 4d.—a state of matters wellnigh without a parallel in history. In 1854 the imports per head amounted to £86, and the exports to £44; and since then the ratio of foreign trade to population has continued to decline.

Of New South Wales, the other Australian colony which possessed auriferous treasures, albeit much inferior to those of Victoria, we may simply state that its foreign trade, which was hardly existent previous to 1851, amounted in 1878 to thirteen millions sterling of exports, and 14½ millions of imports. It has about 700 miles of railway open to traffic; and, while the gold-fields are becoming exhausted, there are now 28 coal-mines, the annual produce of which is valued at a million sterling, and promises to increase.

It might be tedious were we to chronicle further details of Australian progress—the total tons of gold which have been exported to support the ever-growing trade of the world, the millions of sheep, the myriads of horses, and the hundreds of thousands of cattle now reared upon the grassy plains of the interior, or even the number and tonnage of the ships which annually enter or leave its

seaports upon ocean voyages. Yet it is important to note how great has been the industrial and commercial effect of these new States of the South upon the long-civilized countries, and their busy hives of population in the northern hemisphere. Long lines of shipping in well-established trade-routes now traverse what were previously the wastes of the Southern Ocean, where ships used to be as few in number as are, now and for ever, the stars in the azure expanse of the southern sky, where the brilliance of the Southern Cross owes one-half of its fame to the starless solitude amid which it shines. The new Australian world reacts magnet-like upon the ancient and vast world of human life in the northern hemisphere, stirring its life with a new and fresh impulse. From our own isles nigh twenty millions' worth of goods are annually conveyed across the ocean to the island-continent of the South. The wants of Australia give employment and the means of subsistence to tens of thousands of workers in the seats of old civilizations. They keep men profitably at work at the loom or the forge both in England and in the Eastern States of the American Union, and even the Chinaman or the Hindoo finds his labour on his five-acre farm, whether its produce be tea or rice, more profitable to him on account of the demand for his produce which comes from these prosperous communities in the far-off southern seas.

Such, in broad outline, has been the vast and rapid growth and striking concomitant changes of condition, alike industrial and social, which the present generation has beheld, with wondering and also thoughtful eyes, in the great island-continent of the southern hemisphere. When Gold, the great and only magician of modern times, first uprose in the sight of mankind, like the Australian genius of progress, on the plains of Ballarat, a splendid career was inaugurated for those new settlements of the pure British race at the Antipodes. Instead of remaining a pastoral and thinly peopled country, far remote from the centres of human civilization, the potent attraction of gold at once brought across the oceans of the world a flood of immigration from the parent isles of Britain; while commercial navies arrived from all parts of the globe, in exchange for the golden argosies from the young and hitherto isolated island-continent of the Southern Ocean. Instead of a mere land of squatters, great cities arose, and the intellectual urban life alike quickened and elevated Australian society; and at length Australian industry and enterprise have become as various in character and manifestations as those which flourish in the old and

fully developed communities of the northern hemisphere.

And all this has happened within the last thirty years—a mere day in the life of nations! This brilliant epoch of progress—the Golden Age of Australia—has already come to an end, although it will long bear fruits, and has imprinted its impress indelibly upon Australian history. The yield of the gold-fields has for many years been declining; and although we do not question the official reports as to the existence of auriferous tracts still untouched by human labour, gold-production will never more be paramount in the commercial and industrial fortunes of the country. Gold-production still remains, and for a good many years may continue to be, a valuable item of the national resources; but its glamour and its glory are past and gone, and hereafter mankind will no more rush to the Antipodes on account of Australia's gold than they will flock to the British Isles on account of our now more valuable seams of coal and beds of ironstone. The Golden Age proper—the period when gold-finding not merely yielded its peerless and romantic harvests of wealth, but presented its socially and economically peculiar features—lasted in Australia, as in California, barely half-a-dozen years. But that period, brief as it was, has been one of the most important as well as romantic in the history of material civilization. We, its contemporaries, have watched it eagerly and with marvelling eyes; and, with an enduring interest, the history and incidents of that time, that Golden Age—exhibited contemporaneously in California and Australia—will not fail to be studied by the philosophers and scientists of future and probably long-distant generations, as a strikingly illustrated compendium of some of the most interesting and important questions in monetary and industrial science.

R. H. PATTERSON.

#### ART. IV.—*The Tenure and the Transfer of Land.*

It is impossible to doubt that the question of the tenure of land in England has been brought by various circumstances into so prominent a political place that it cannot now be put aside until it has been more or less radically dealt with. Yet it is quite probable that a sufficiently drastic reform may presently take place to cause the question to be set at rest for a number of years, even if all that the most earnest reformers

desire should not at once come to pass. We may have a succession of good seasons in England, and agitation may cease in Ireland, but there cannot be any question that, if the general tenour of recent legislation in regard to land be noticed, it must be obvious that, apart altogether from temporary occurrences which have brought the land question prominently forward, we have been fast reaching a point when the tenure and transfer of land in England must be changed in something more than a superficial manner. The Limitation Acts of 1833 and 1874, the Settled Estates Act, 1856, and other and kindred statutes which have followed, enlarging the powers of owners of land, as well as the Copyhold Enfranchisement Acts, have all tended to bring us nearer to the time when the cardinal principles of the tenure and transfer of land will have to be considered. For the agricultural troubles of 1879 and preceding years have only hastened the time which was inevitably approaching. And as the day for a deeper change advances, it is most desirable that the whole body of the public should consider this important question in a temperate and reasonable spirit; it is essentially one which concerns all classes of the people, and which must be settled in obedience to a general public demand. It is a question into which very great prejudice and feeling may be thrown, both by reformers and anti-reformers, and from its nature must, unless clearly understood, cause the most groundless alarms. Security of property and the constitution of the country will in the judgment of some be threatened, and they may see communism and other ills rapidly approaching. But a practical and a sensible people like ourselves should be able to carry through this reform without any danger to the principles either of property or of the constitution.

The first point which has to be fixed in the mind of any one who sits down to consider this question is that the distinction between reforms of the tenure and reforms of the transfer of land must be kept clear. The question of tenure is a question in the main of principle, that of transfer in the main of detail. Transfer is secondary to tenure, and with a simplification of tenure, simplification of transfer will naturally and necessarily follow. The first is a matter essentially for the consideration of the people at large, the second, when the principle is acknowledged that it should be as cheap and as easy as possible, becomes a matter to be dealt with by experts. It is therefore solely with the tenure of the land that we are now concerned.

The first question which suggests itself in relation to tenure is the manner in which an estate should devolve upon a descendant. That is to say, Should the present principle of English law prevail, that in case of intestacy land should on the death of the father belong to his eldest son? Intestacy must always be the exception rather than the rule; even if a man approves of the general legal rules which govern the descent of property he is almost certain to make some special devises and bequests, and therefore the directions of the law in regard to the descent of property in the case of intestacy must be chiefly employed to prevent injustice when there is an accidental omission to make a will. There are very few persons who do not intend to make wills, but there are a good many who forget or postpone their execution. It has been recognized as just, if a man owns £1,000 of railway stock, and he has one son and two daughters, that each child, if there is no will, should have one-third of the property. Equal division of property is theoretically just, and practically most convenient. But if a man owns a piece of land worth £1,000, and leaves one son and two daughters, and dies intestate, the son takes the whole of it, and the daughters are paupers. It is for those who approve this exception to a just principle, one which governs the descent of every species of property except land, to justify it. It cannot be for the welfare of the community that two persons—to follow out the illustration—should be left penniless; and if it is answered that where there is personal property also, injury is prevented by its equal division, it must be asked, Why should the accident of sex or of the day of birth give a title to the land? Nor is the retention of land in a few hands a desirable object, or one that the law should aim at; in one word, in the absence of a will, land should be equally divided among the next of kin, even though in order that this may take place it has to be sold. This is a reform of the simplest kind, which we regard as being very near, and which cannot, and probably will not, be very strenuously resisted, because a landowner will always have the power to bequeath his estate by testament to whomsoever he may desire.

As we have said, intestacy is not so common as the leaving of a will; and this brings us to the two next points in regard to the tenure of land, namely, the propriety of tenancies for life and charges on an estate. Land, we all know, may be settled by will or by deed, and there can be no question that the practice of so settling it has become deeply ingrained among all classes who are

owners of property to any extent; what we have to consider is whether it is advisable that the present owner of land should have the power to give to his successor only an estate for life, so that the latter has but limited powers, while the property must descend to a person named not by the immediate predecessor, but by a former owner. If a property be settled by will upon a son for life, and on his children afterwards, the present owner alone deals with the tenure of the estate after his death; and therefore we have in the simplest form the present generation limiting and fettering the next, arranging in the present for future years, the events and the circumstances of which cannot be foreseen. Twenty years after his death the settlor—if, like the shades in the *Inferno*, he could watch the events of earth—might wish that he had not limited the tenure of the estate which he has left behind him. But, confident concerning the future, men fetter the power of their sons. If however we have a settlement by a tenant for life, it takes place with the concurrence of the heir who has attained the age of twenty-one. Therefore the settlor acts not alone, but with the concurrence of the first of those who will naturally follow him, and the future tenant for life helps to fasten his own bonds. The active agent is however the present owner of the land, and experience must have taught most of us that there is scarcely a youth of twenty-one in England, ignorant of the law, who will refuse, if his father desires it, to join in the settlement of the estate of which he is to become sooner or later the possessor. In one word, the heir under the circumstances is not a free agent, and the contract is not made between two equal and independent parties. On the other hand, it may fairly enough be said if the absolute owner of an estate in fee simple chooses, say, at his marriage, to limit the estate to himself for life with various remainders over and charges on the land, that he is only acting within his rights, and is in fact exercising that freedom of ownership to the full which is the cardinal principle to be looked to in regard to the ownership of land. Why, it may be asked, should the law prevent this? The answer is first of all that the man who so limits his own powers is acting contrary to public policy; and next that the law, if it prevents him from so acting, is in reality preserving to him a freedom which he wishes to put off; it will allow him to sell his land, it will allow him to leave it by will to whomsoever he may desire, so that the children may not want, but so long as he lives and wishes to be the owner of it, he ought to be an abso-



lute, and not a limited owner. A well-known solicitor, in an address to the Incorporated Law Society,\* has stated that freedom is the main characteristic of landed property in England. It is impossible to consider this assertion correct when in so many instances the present possessor of land does not possess absolute power over his property, and is not fully liable to all the obligations incurred by the possession of it.

A tenant for life may not touch the trees which have been left standing for the ornament of the mansion house, he cannot build a mansion house under the Improvement of Land Act, 1864, without the sanction of the Inclosure Commissioners. When money is borrowed from them for improvements, it must be paid back with interest in twenty-five years, though the term is sometimes extended to thirty years. All improvements indeed, however beneficial they may be for the inheritance, must be paid for by the tenant for life, and cannot be charged by him on the inheritance of the settled lands. Again, if land is sold, the proceeds must be reinvested in the purchase of other lands, to devolve in the same manner as the bulk of the estate, or else under the powers of the Settled Estates Act, 1877, the aid of the High Court may be invoked, and the purchase money may be devoted to a limited class of objects, such as the redemption or purchase of rent-charge in lieu of tithes, and the discharge of encumbrances on the property sold or on property subject to the same trusts. In most settlements, too, a power of sale and exchange is given to the trustees, which however, says Mr. Davidson, in his well-known work on Conveyancing, 'has become in its most improved form a somewhat complex and elaborate piece of mechanism for parting with the settled estate, or portions of it, and either substituting other land for that parted with, or applying the proceeds in relieving the property from incumbrances.'

The result therefore of settlements, briefly put, is that the prudent owner, within the limits of the settlement, exercises his powers just as he would do if he were free; but beyond a certain point, able and energetic though he may be, he is not allowed to deal with his property in a manner which it may be for the advantage of himself and his family that he should do. On the other hand, the improvident owner cannot carry his improvidence beyond a certain limit; he mortgages his life interest, he spends the in-

come on things other than his property, he rack-rents his tenants, and does for them as little as he possibly can. The sole result therefore of settlement is that a property is kept in a family for a certain period of time, quite irrespective of the desire of the present owner to retain it, or of the advisability of his doing so, or of the general good of the estate and those who live on it. How would a banker or a shipowner who succeeded to the business of his father conduct that business with success if he were fettered by restrictive regulations contained in the will of his dead parent? and what would be the general opinion of a man who handed his business on to his son with all kinds of restrictions? He would be regarded as scarcely sane, and his conduct would be generally condemned. But land is simply one form of property, to be employed for the benefit first of all of the owner, but with the duty attached to the possession of it, of utilizing it to the utmost in the interest of the nation at large, to be dealt with according to the circumstances of the possessor and the occurrences and events of the time. But this becomes impossible if the owner is restrained by the last possessor, and if he has only limited powers over the estate. There always will be a strong desire to obtain landed property in this country; the sporting and agricultural tastes of the mass of English gentlemen, whether merchants or professional men, impel them if possible to become the masters of estates, and there is an equally strong wish to hand down the property which they own to their sons and their grandsons. Thus there need be no fear that the principle of primogeniture will become obsolete. Good or bad it will still exist without the continuance of tenancies for life and strict settlements. The result of the abolition of entailing estates would therefore be that embarrassed owners would once and for all dispose of their property, whilst possessors of estates which, though of some value, produced but a low rate of interest, would be able, if they wished, to turn them into cash and invest it in securities, sometimes bearing higher interest, and always more convenient than land. They would hold their capital in a form which would permit its use within the time in which their stockbroker could return them a cheque. Not a little of the difficulty which frequently at present exists in putting the younger sons of landed proprietors into a position to make money for themselves arises from the fact that, though their fathers may be men of comfortable incomes, their capital is tied up in land. They are owners of it only for their lives, and they can only assist their children by giving

\* 'Facts and Suggestions as to the Law of Real Property.' By N. T. Laurence. London: Reeves and Twiner.

them a certain annual allowance during their lifetime, instead of a capital sum which might enable them to make a prosperous start in commerce. And even when the trustees of a settlement may, with the consent of the tenant for life, advance *part* of a younger child's portion during the lifetime of a limited owner, this cannot be done without encumbering the estate by some kind of charge. The abolition of tenancies for life would change all this.

A writer on the subject of landed property has, in a recent work\* which is worthy of careful perusal, advocated the abolition of charges on land by way of family provision except in the case of widows. He proposes that a portion of the estate should be sold; and the proceeds held by trustees on investments other than land. A fee-simple owner, as Mr. Brodrick in his able work† on English land and landlords has pointed out, would undoubtedly sell portions of an estate to pay legitimate claims upon him, but in many cases to do so would not be necessary, and where it was, both the owner of the property and those who were entitled to receive portions out of it would be in a far better position than if the whole estate remained in his hands as a limited owner encumbered by rent-charges of indefinite duration. There can be no question that the owner of an estate heavily charged is in a highly embarrassed state, and that the property is placed at a disadvantage; there is frequently no balance of income left for improvements, and in many cases, as we are all aware, the owner of an estate heavily encumbered in this manner, though the owner to the world of a fine property, is practically insolvent. As a matter of fact the nominal possessor is not the real owner of the estate, which belongs to a number of persons who have no personal connection with the property, whose only interest is to obtain from it an annual sum of money, while the ostensible owner is little more than an agent of the estate who draws his income from the rents. Obviously, therefore, the natural devolution of land into the hands of those who can buy it, and can attend to it as they would to any other property, and who can develop its capacities, is prevented, and the sole object attained is that an estate remains for a certain period of time in the same family and nominally is possessed by the head of it. But if we look at this state of things with the practical and temperate

mind which we should bring to bear on any matter of business, it must be obvious that we are preventing the profitable employment of a species of property for the sake of an object which is without real value; for the retention of a family in a particular locality with an embarrassed estate is hurtful to those who belong to it, and in these days, when so many 'county families' have but the shortest of ancestral trees, weakens rather than strengthens the position of the landed gentry. The day, too, has gone by when the mere possession of large landed estates gives power in this country. If we look at the leading members of the House of Lords, we see at a glance that they are not men who derive their influence from the possession of large estates, and there, if anywhere, the possession of property should carry influence with it. The position of a country gentleman must always bring with it some local influence, or must raise a man to a certain position above those who have not this kind of property. But when the property exceeds a certain limit, it carries with it no greater influence than does the possession of so many ships or so much London and North-Western Railway stock. The size of the Hatfield property gives Lord Salisbury no more power or prestige than the ownership of the small Hughenden estate conferred on Lord Beaconsfield. The lessening of huge estates would in fact be a great social and national benefit.

We have now dealt very briefly with the leading features of the three questions connected with the tenure of land. Our imaginary thinker has arrived at the conclusion that the principle of primogeniture in cases of intestacy should cease to exist, and that the time has come when tenancies for life and charges on land should as a general rule no longer be permitted by the law. We say as a general rule, because it would seem to be unwise to forbid the owner of land to leave all or part of it by will after his death to his widow for her life, or to charge it with an annuity for her benefit. Some exceptions there must be if we wish to take proper account of practical objections to every general principle, and this exception appears to be one which is not calculated in any great degree to fetter the ownership of the land, and, on the other hand, is desirable in the interests of the well-being of families. There then only remains the question of mortgages. The evil of mortgages has been shown briefly by Mr. Kinnear in the work to which we have already alluded. 'It is hardly practicable,' he says, 'that the owner of a mortgaged estate should improve it. The fact of a mortgage implies the fact of a want of

\* 'Principles of Property in Land.' By John Boyd Kinnear. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

† 'English Land and English Landlords.' By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

means.' There are other disadvantages to the community at large which also arise from the practice of mortgaging, such as a false position before the world, which gives the mortgagor a social standing which he should not possess, and a pecuniary credit which is really worthless. But it must be borne in mind that if we act upon the principle of freedom of ownership of land which we have laid down for ourselves, we ought not to deprive the owner of land of the power of pledging it and obtaining a temporary supply of capital. Strong necessity, no doubt, would permit mortgages to be abolished, but it may be doubted whether such a necessity can be proved as would entitle us to limit this power of the owner of land. We may allow that in many cases the power of mortgaging is an unmixed evil, but we must also allow (which Mr. Kinnear does not do) that in many cases also it is a great and undoubted convenience. If a man borrows money on an estate, and leaves a large margin of income, this power gives him command of a temporary supply of money which he may not be able in any other way to obtain. Nor is it always possible to sell estates when cash is required, and the power of pledging property may, from time to time, prevent the necessity of a ruinous and forced sale. There can be no question that the custom which certainly exists in this country of borrowing large sums on mortgage and having for a long period of time an estate charged with a debt, is thoroughly immoral and injurious. To be in a chronic state of debt is demoralizing to the debtor and to society, but there are scores of honourable men at this moment in England who are living in this state, with their estates heavily or lightly mortgaged. If a man lived with a bill of sale of his furniture in the hands of a creditor he would feel ashamed of himself, but, curiously enough, he has no objection to eat, drink, and be merry whilst his landed property is pledged to a respectable banker. Of the mass of mortgage debts in this country probably there is no adequate and general conception. Nor is there any mode of ascertaining their actual amount. But in 1878 the 672 building societies which were incorporated under the Act of 1874, held mortgages to the aggregate amount of more than twenty-two millions of pounds. We probably should not be wrong in saying that, at this present moment, at least twenty-five millions of pounds are owed by owners of land on the security of mortgages. It is therefore perfectly clear that the subject of the continuance of the power of mortgaging, and of the reform of the law of mortgage, is a matter of the highest social and politi-

cal importance. But in regard to this question we arrive at the conclusion that while the power of mortgaging lands should be allowed to continue, considerable reforms are required to place the matter on a satisfactory footing. And in regard to this point we are glad to be able to agree with some of Mr. Lawrence's suggestions which he puts forward in the paper to which we have already referred. There can be no doubt that all mortgages should be registered; by that means second and subsequent mortgagees would be able without expense or difficulty to know their exact position. If this principle is allowed, then registered mortgages should have priority over those which are unregistered. Moreover, it is very probable that a system of registration would lessen the number of mortgages. The publicity of debt is objectionable to many who, if their pecuniary position is not known, feel no secret shame. But when it is possible for the register of mortgages to be inspected, a certain desire not to figure in this black book would certainly be raised. Then the doctrine of tacking, by which a prior mortgagee may, by annexing another to his original security, postpone the rights of mesne incumbrancers, should be abolished. Equally also should consolidation be put an end to by which, when 'a man mortgages different lands at different times for separate loans to the same person, the mortgagee is placed in the same position as if all the land had been mortgaged to him for the sum total of all the loans, so that a second mortgagee may be defeated.' In one word, priority of time should give priority of right to mortgagees, except in the case of a prior unregistered mortgage. There are yet other reforms needed in this direction. Thus the mortgagor should have power whilst he remains in possession to grant leases. For in principle the object of the mortgage is to give to the lender security for his debt, not any of the rights or privileges of ownership. And even some further changes are probably desirable, but too technical in their nature to be touched upon in a discussion of the main principles of a reform of the tenure of land. It might even be advisable to limit the borrowing powers of an owner to one-half the value of the quantity pledged, which would obviate some of the existing objections to mortgages, and yet not vitally interfere with the principle of freedom of ownership. If the changes shadowed forth in this paper ultimately became law, it is obvious that the transfer of land will necessarily be thereby simplified and consequently cheapened, titles will be less intricate, and their registration made easier; so that the reform of the te-

nure of land in this country is the first and most pressing need rather than improvements in the methods and manner of its transfer.

E. S. ROSCOE.

ART. V.—*Thucydides*.  
F. A. Paley

*Thucydides*. Translated into English. With Introduction, Marginal Analysis, Notes, and Indices. By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE earliest and the greatest of the extant Attic prose-writers, translated and commented on by the greatest master of the difficult art of turning Greek into really readable English, deserves from us more than a brief literary notice. No one who knows Thucydides will deny the greatness of such an undertaking, and its importance to the scholarship of the present time, if successfully carried out. The task has often been attempted—so often, indeed, and in some cases (as by Mr. Dale and Dr. Bloomfield) so well performed, that some may be disposed to doubt if, in the present state of the Greek text, much still remained to be done. The Master of Balliol is conscious that the *cui bono?* question may be raised.

It may be asked (he says, *Intro.* p. xviii.) whether, as philology progresses, and words are understood to have a fixed meaning, the art of interpretation must be always going on, like the labour of the Danaides, pouring into a sieve knowledge which is perpetually flowing out, and in every generation requiring to be replenished.

His reply (among other arguments) is interesting—

If Greek literature is not to pass away, it seems to be necessary that in every age some one who has drunk deeply from the original fountain should renew the love of it in the world, and once more present that old life, with its great ideas and great actions, its creations in politics and in art, like the distant remembrance of youth, before the delighted eyes of mankind (*Intro.* p. xx.)

It is becoming more and more an anxious thought with some, and a curious speculation with others, how long the higher study of Greek is likely to last in this age of rapidly accumulating and varied knowledge; and (if the higher study of one ancient language—which means the study of half a life—is to become almost obsolete) whether the ‘smattering’ of Greek which must take its

place—often to be soon forgotten, seldom or never to be really used—will be deemed to have sufficient value to ensure its continuance. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, tells us—and we had to criticise his theory in our May number—that Greek may be learned perfectly in a couple of years. We know very well what an editor or a translator of Thucydides would say to this. Such a solid work as the present is a standing protest against such flimsy theories. There is assuredly no ‘royal road’ to the study of Thucydides. The value of the eminent explorer’s suggestion, that a colloquial knowledge of modern Greek may well supersede years of grammar in our public schools, must be estimated by the effects of the deeper study of the language on such minds as the Master of Balliol’s.

The verbal and grammatical difficulties of Thucydides are, indeed, very great, and such as only the most accomplished scholars—and even of those, the few who have made this one author the special study of many years—can hope to grapple with. His speeches, replete with that kind of rhetorical pedantry which had been coming into fashion during the later years of Pericles (who died *a.c.* 429), are, for the most part, especially, possibly even studiously, obscure; and what he intended to say is often more easy to divine than it is to explain his manner of saying it. But these difficulties it is rather the province of explanatory notes than of a literal translation to remove. What, then, has Professor Jowett desired to effect in the present work? Perhaps we may answer in the words which he has himself applied in criticising the edition of Dr. Arnold—

When a great man undertakes the office of an interpreter, he throws a light upon the page which the mere verbal critic is incapable of communicating, and it would be ungrateful to scan too closely his deficiencies in scholarship (*Intro.* p. x.)

The truth is that the historian, or the literary student of a work, and the verbal critic of the text, often have but little in common. The one is concerned with the matter, the other with the manner of the composition, and each is absorbed in his vocation. Partly from natural bent, partly from habit, the mind and the talent of the one is of a kind altogether different from those of the other. The late Mr. Grote knew Thucydides as a historian; the late Mr. Shilleto, of Cambridge, spent some thirty years of his life in the purely verbal study of the author. But unquestionably neither would have become particularly distinguished by attempting the department of the other. A collator of MSS., and one used

to compare and balance the authority of various readings, is not the man to have a large insight into the causes and the bearings of the Peloponnesian War. Dr. Arnold was one of the few who devoted himself to both the grammatical and the historical study of his favourite author; yet the latter was clearly more in accordance with the bent of his genius and the nature of his scholarship. Perhaps, if there is any living scholar who combines the two faculties, it is the Master of Balliol. In the first place, he accurately appreciates the literary position of Thucydides. It is not so much that his style is 'ungrammatical,' as that 'he was a great genius writing in an ante-grammatical age, when logic was just beginning to be cultivated, who had thoughts far beyond his contemporaries, and who had great difficulty in the arrangement and expression of them' (p. xiv.) 'The solecisms or barbarisms,' he adds, 'of which he is supposed to be guilty, are the natural phenomena of a language in a time of transition; they are to be ascribed to 'a strong individuality which thinks more than it can express.' With all the incompleteness of style, as some will call it, or with all his quaintness and imperfections, as others may think, the Master holds Thucydides 'to stand absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth' (p. xvii.)

This is high praise, and it stamps the old historian with a greatness very different from, yet in its kind not less than, that accorded to Herodotus. Mr. Mahaffy, though he has much to say on the other side, still adds his testimony in these words: 'In acuteness of observation, in intellectual force and breadth, in calmness of judgment, in dignity of language, there has never been a historian greater than Thucydides.\*'

Love of truth may have been, and probably was, a characteristic of Thucydides' mind. He wrote with an avowed dislike of that mixture of fable with history, of the marvellous and the miraculous with the real, which his predecessors, the 'composers of stories,' had hitherto adopted for the sake of a brief popularity. But as there is no proof that any of the histories before Herodotus were written books accessible to Thucydides, he probably composed his work under the great disadvantage of having no sources of information beyond the accounts of those who professed or pretended to know. So much, indeed, he expressly says in respect to the actual history of the war: 'Of the events of the war I have not ventured to

speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry' (i. 22). Nevertheless, he could not altogether work himself clear of the sensational. Beyond question the celebrated account of the escape of the besieged Athenians from Plataea, in Book iii. 20-24, contains statements which can be proved to be absolutely impossible from an engineering point of view.\* Not less doubtful seem the startling details of the almost total destruction of the Athenian army in Sicily, as described in the concluding chapters of the seventh book (75-87). Such an event so near home, occurring to 40,000 troopers, is without a parallel, so far as we know; moreover, it is passing strange that neither Aristophanes nor Euripides, who wrote plays long after the Sicilian expedition (in 415 B.C.), ever makes the slightest allusion to so overwhelming a loss. Yet more strange is it that although it is distinctly stated in the last sentence of Book vii. that 'few out of many got back to their country,' and that 'the infantry, the fleet, and everything else was involved in one common destruction,'† yet the war went on just as before for another ten years, and neither ships nor men seem to have been wanting! Lastly, the four concluding chapters describing the disastrous defeat are written in a rather peculiar style. There is an admixture of unwonted words and idioms which may fairly awaken a suspicion that some other hand has been employed on this part of the narrative, and that the narrative is highly coloured and exaggerated.

It is a most important remark, that the sources of knowledge possessed by Thucydides were both 'meagre and oral' (p. xvi.) 'We do not know,' says the Translator, 'whether the words or sentences of Thucydides were written down as soon as they occurred to the mind, or were long preserved in the treasure-house of memory.' The

\* Sir G. W. Cox has shown this in Appendix K, p. 608, in vol. ii. of his larger 'History of Greece.' There is also a paper on the subject (by the present writer) in the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. x. It is there shown that Thucydides mistook the great city wall, with its towers, for a work constructed in a few months by the investing Spartan army.

† The writer uses a more moderate expression in ii. 65, 18, which (if Arnold's note is right) proves his history to have been written as late as B.C. 404, the last year of the war. 'After the failure at Sicily with their other armament and the greater part of their fleet, they still held out for three years against all their enemies both at home and abroad.'

writer of the present article had long ago called the attention of the learned \* to the significant fact, that the historian, in his introductory chapters (i. 1-23) on the early state of Hellas, has nothing to refer to beyond 'hearsay,' 'memory,' 'tradition,' 'inferences and probabilities.' If he had known of Herodotus, whom he nowhere mentions (though some think one or two indirect allusions are made to him), he surely would not have treated, as a matter of doubt and as a field of inquiry, so much ground which that historian had gone over in his fifth and sixth books; nor would he have included the very brief allusions to the Persian invasions in chap. 18, among the 'ancient events of which it is hard to obtain any trustworthy account' (chap. 20). On the other hand, it is certainly worthy of remark, that the history is continued by Thucydides (i. 89-117) from the very point (the siege of Sestos) at which Herodotus left it in chap. 121 of his last book, B.C. 479. There may have been, as in the case of Xenophon's continuation of Thucydides by the Hellenica, some understanding among the craft, in spite of certain rivalries and jealousies which would seem to have existed among them. The fact, that once only Thucydides mentions a contemporary historian (Hellenicus) by name, goes far to show that the Athenians were not at that period readers of books; they had no documents but public inscriptions or treasury accounts; the popular story about Pisistratus founding a library at Athens is a fiction of a much later age.

It has not been sufficiently noticed that the early Greek histories were not written with pen and paper, and at once transcribed and circulated. Herodotus and Thucydides intended their works to be publicly read before audiences. They were written (so far as can be ascertained, especially from the entire absence of any terms for pen-and-ink writing till a much later age) on wooden tablets overlaid with wax. † We have the express assurance of Thucydides that his book was intended for an audience. For he says (i. 22) that, 'for hearing, his work will perhaps be thought less amusing from its non-fabulous character;' and just below he adds, 'this history is not meant to compete with others for giving present pleasure to hearers, but is designed to be a possession for all time.' This word, *κτῆμα*, seems to mean, that the autograph copy—which we

know, from the clumsy writing of inscriptions before B.C. 403, must have been a work of much time and labor—was meant to be an heirloom in the family; and we happen to know, from Diogenes Laertius,\* that the books of the histories were afterwards taken or 'filched away' by Xenophon, who added a continuation of them in the Hellenica. Still further, we are told in the 'Life of Thucydides,' by Marcellinus, § 54, that on one occasion, when he was present at a public reading (*ἐπίδειξις*) of the history of Herodotus, and was seen to shed tears of emotion, Herodotus said to the young man's father, Olorus, 'Sir, your son promises to be a genius.'

There were three classes of men in early times, who gave their attention to history. (1) There were extemporary lecturers, called *λογιοί*, who were classed by Pindar along with the bards who recited epic poems from memory; (2) composers of stories and anecdotes, *λογοποιοί*, like Hecataeus and Aesop, not, perhaps, originally written; (3) writers of stories, like Herodotus, Hellenicus, and Thucydides, who were called, by way of distinction, *λογογράφοι*. It would have been a welcome contribution to modern scholarship if the Master of Balliol had given us his views on an obscure subject, about which erroneous opinions seem to prevail.

The translation of the eight books, including a complete index, is contained in the first volume of about 730 pages. The second, also with an English and a Greek index, has 640 pages, and contains notes on the text, with a preliminary essay on 'Greek Inscriptions of the Age of Thucydides,' and an Appendix (p. 143) on the Plague. The essay on Inscriptions, which is very complete for the period included, is opportune, if only indirectly connected with the actual text of Thucydides. For there is a rising school who wish to assign to Greek writing, both in inscriptions and in book-writing, a much earlier date than has hitherto been conceded, and, in our opinion, than facts seem to warrant. But few complete inscriptions exist that can be proved earlier than the age of Pericles, and these are written in a style so awkward and in forms of letters so archaic that it is self-evident writing of any form was till then almost in its infancy. But Professor Mahaffy, following the views of Kirchhoff, contends that the Greeks practised writing—he does not say, in copying

\* In the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. v. No. x. pp. 223-231, 'On Written Histories in the Time of Thucydides.'

† See an essay by the writer on this curious and little-understood subject, 'Bibliographia Græca,' (G. Bell and Sons.)

\* Book ii. 6, 18. It is clear that, if the anecdote is to be trusted, no other written copies were in circulation. The word used, *ὑφαίεσθαι*, well suits the appropriating of a chattel, *κτῆμα*.

or composing books—before B.C. 700, and predicts that any further evidence we may obtain will 'tend to increase rather than to diminish the age of the use of writing in Greece.'\* Briefly, it may be said, that there is no proof of any prose writers having existed before Herodotus. The names of several (such as Hecataeus and Pherecydes) from whose 'books' extracts are quoted by much later authors, are never mentioned, and do not seem to have been known as authorities in history for some generations after their deaths. Therefore, especially as it is probable that oral lectures, anecdotes, or stories from history were long handed down by memory, it is reasonable to conclude that what are spoken of as their 'books' were those stories committed long afterwards to writing.

Thucydides, then, had scarcely any written documents to follow, nor could he distinguish, in an uncritical period, what was history from what was myth. With him the Trojan war is as real and as historical an event as the Persian wars; Theseus and Agememnon, Cecrops and Erechtheus, Helen, Deucalion, and Pelops, were as much real characters as Pericles and Alcibiades. Consequently Thucydides, though he may have had the wish, had not the materials for criticism; he was just emerging from the age of fable, and he was compelled, in default of authentic records, to take the best report of speeches made or of battles fought which he could get from any witness. Nor was he, apparently, superior to political bias. Cleon, really a much greater man, is disparaged, while Nicias is praised and pitied, though his mishaps as a commander were more often the result of incompetence than of what is called ill-luck. The character of Antiphon (viii. 68) is also extravagantly lauded as 'second to none of his time in virtue;' whereas Sir G. W. Cox says, and justly, of his defence at his trial on a capital charge, that, clever as it was, 'if ever an orator deserved that his words should not convince his hearers, that orator was Antiphon.'† It is possible, therefore, to overpraise the truthfulness of Thucydides. A Greek of his period, especially one who had any share in state offices or state influences, could not have been wholly free from that spirit which was the bane of all Greek society, the spirit of caste and exclusive nationality. Moreover, to belong either to the democratic or to the oligarchical party was almost a necessity; for neutral men, or 'do-nothings'

(ἀπράγμονες), were but little tolerated at Athens. How then could any one be really and wholly impartial? Apart from a personal sense of wrong, how could political partisans like Thucydides and Aristophanes deal fairly with the character of Cleon? One might as well expect a high Church and high Tory newspaper to speak fairly of John Bright.

Again, how far the funeral oration attributed to Pericles in Book ii. is genuine, or a rhetorical essay composed by the author in imitation of his style long after his death; how far the philosophical speculations on the insurrection at Corcyra (iii. 82–84) are original and earnest thoughts, or a pedantic affectation of the current philosophy of the age, are questions not very easily answered. Even the account of the plague in Book ii. seems, to say the least, highly coloured, and not free from the effort of 'sensational' writing. An adverse verdict on these points must seriously affect the credit of Thucydides as a writer, as well as detract from his reputation for truthfulness.

The famous 'Melian Controversy' (v. 86–112) is a regular tangle of rhetorical quibble and technicalities. It is impossible that such a discussion should have been held by the representatives of two states who really wished to understand each other.

The obscurities and outlandish contortions of expression in the discussion have struck all commentators, and elicited from Dionysius special censure. It is properly ranked with the speeches on account of its rhetorical and sophistical tone, and may be regarded as one of the weakest points in the great history.\*

The 'eristic' or 'antilogic' method of discussion came in with the schools of philosophy in the time of Pericles, and the practice of it was maintained till quite lately in the 'keeping an act' in the theological schools of the Universities. The bullying tone of this argument—which, we may remark, is admirably rendered throughout by the Translator, who possesses a happy art of making the obscure and the involved plain and straightforward to his readers—the assumed rights and superiority of the Athenians, who were bent on a cruel and unjust sentence, and in mercilessly carrying it out, must fairly be regarded as an *ex post facto* defence of their conduct. Thucydides wrote it, as a barrister conducts a plea, to show that under the circumstances his countrymen could not have acted otherwise. The end of the business was this (v. 116): 'the Melians were induced to surrender at discretion. The Athenians

\* 'History of Classical Greek Literature,' vol. ii. p. 8.

† 'History of Greece,' vol. ii. p. 500.

\* Professor Mahaffy, 'History of Greek Classical Literature,' vol. ii. p. 11.

thereupon put to death all who were of military age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own' (i. 407). The remarkable eulogy in ii. 65 of the policy of Pericles, and the attributing all the mishaps that afterwards befel the Athenians to their reluctance to adhere to it, are the words of a hearty admirer, if not of a political partisan. Dying as he did at the very beginning of the war, he resigned the government to the ultra-democratic party, whose ambition and energy he would have found it impossible to control; even 'the Olympian,' as he was called, would probably have soon been dethroned, perhaps even ostracized, like Aristides.

We have gone carefully through both this and the famous speech of Pericles (ii. 35-46) with the translation, line by line. The latter is a magnificent piece of English composition; as perfectly English as the original is perfectly Greek. It has the happy characteristic of being at once a paraphrase and yet a faithful rendering. The Translator, while he understands the modes of expression clearly—and they are in many places greatly involved—also comprehends the current of thought in the writer's mind. Hence that generally odious production, a 'literal translation,' is entirely avoided; the hardness of forced rhetorical antitheses is softened down, and the imperfect and halting constructions of the Greek are converted into fluent, accurate, and harmonious English. A short specimen will suffice to show this (chap. 41)—

To sum up; I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the revenges which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him.

Nothing can be clearer or better expressed than this; and it is a fair specimen of the well-considered rendering which prevails throughout.

The following (vii. 75) is the description of the breaking up of the Athenian camp after their last decisive defeat at Syracuse: 'On the third day after the sea-fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that

they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread; while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind, many were the imprecations and cries which they uttered.'

In translating from Greek into English there is always this difficulty to encounter, that, from the very large proportion of Roman words in our language, we are compelled to render the Greek by at least half the number of Latin equivalents. Now no two languages can be more unlike, both in structure and idiom, than Greek and Latin. In these respects, English comes far nearer to Greek than Latin does; and it is just because the genius of the Latin language differs so widely from that of our own, that Latin is the more difficult language to learn. It is possible, no doubt, to use a much larger proportion of Saxon words, but this is to seek for equivalents to the most polished of languages from the scanty vocabulary of a semi-barbaric dialect. What now passes as the most sonorous and effective English prose, is that mainly based on the language and the periods of Cicero, and not that of Ælfric's Saxon homilies. To translate Thucydides well is, on this ground alone—to say nothing of the many and great perplexities about readings and meanings—an extremely difficult task. Decidedly, it is a work requiring the highest intellect as well as the most accurate and extensive Greek scholarship. It is due to the Master of Balliol to say that he has proved himself equal to the task. He has succeeded in avoiding the common fault of inferior translators, the use of English words with the retention of essentially Greek idioms; and he has used the Latin element in our language with such judgment and moderation that we are never offended by grandiose or 'Johnsonian' classicality. The precise sense has always taken precedence of the exact form of words; logical connection has been held in view more than grammar,



and in consequence, where a chapter of the Greek reads, even to a scholar, in a somewhat crabbed and obscure way, the same chapter in this new English version conveys a plain and easy meaning without any effort to interpret it. Thus Thucydides has been improved in the only legitimate way, by the substitution of clear, well-balanced words and periods for the crude and often awkward language of early Greek genius unpractised in the art of writing. It is not that a good English word has been put in the place of a Greek one, but that the Greek idiom of every sentence has been exchanged for a strictly English mode of expression. These two things are entirely different. Good translation is in itself a high art, and the practice of it is undoubtedly one of the great benefits derived from a sound classical education.

We illustrate this remark by a short passage from the same speech, quite *literally* rendered (ii. 44), and compared with that given by the Master of Balliol—

Wherefore, I do not so much lament as I will try to console you, the parents of these (deceased) men who are now present. For they know they have been brought up in events of very varying kind; and good fortune (is theirs), who shall have obtained the most fitting (portion such) as they have (met with) in their death, and you in your grief; and in whom life was so measured together as alike to be happy in and to end in.

So much for the style of Thucydides *verbatim*, and so much for the kind of English which is found in a good many of the classical 'cribs' in common use. Let us see how the above is made to read in the Master's new translation—

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the authority of Thucydides on some political matters, there can be none about his description of the plague; for he expressly says (ii. 48) that he not only had the illness itself, but was a witness of its effects and symptoms in others. It is a most interesting narrative, and though we cannot identify the details with any known malady, we may feel sure that they are, from their minuteness, strictly accurate. The only doubt, as we have hinted, is as to the ex-

treme severity of a pestilence which, coming from Æthiopia, did not get into the Peloponnesus at all (ii. 54, 7), was so short in its duration, and is hardly ever alluded to by subsequent writers. And whereas the historian says this was the first visit of the plague at Athens, we infer from Plato (Sympos. p. 201), that there had been cases of it ten years before, but that it had been averted by prayer and sacrifices.

Modern science tells us that, of course, the outbreak was really due to the overcrowded state of Athens, resulting from the favourite policy of Pericles, that the country people should shut themselves within the city walls, and leave their farms to be ravaged by the enemy. Aristophanes speaks of the misery of the people who had been compelled to find refuge in every hole and corner for eight years.\* A terrible Nemesis overtook the author of so mistaken a policy (such, from a sanitary point of view, it must be called), for he lost his son and other near and dear relations, and survived it himself only about a year. It is curious to find Thucydides remarking (ch. 52): 'The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most.' He says 'the mortality was dreadful,' the very temples being filled with the bodies of persons who had been compelled to find a lodging there, meaning, perhaps, that tents or temporary residences had been put up for them (*ἐσκήνητο*) in the sacred precincts. In vol. ii. (pp. 143–155) there is a very interesting Appendix, in which the similar (and, indeed, evidently borrowed) account of Lucretius in his sixth book, as well as the recorded symptoms and pathology of the plague and the 'black death' of the middle ages, is compared. 'It is impossible,' says the translator (p. 147), 'to identify the plague of Athens with any known disease of other ages;' but he adds that 'two of the greatest pestilences by which the human race has been devastated' (that at Constantinople, in 540 to about 590, described by Gibbon, and the plague at Florence, which broke out in 1348, and is narrated in Boccaccio's Decameron), throw much illustration on the moral and physical features of the great Athenian plague. These two accounts are given at length; and a third, equally horrible in its mortality, might have been added of the London plague preceding the great fire in 1666, the publication of Pepys' Diary having of late given great accuracy and authenticity to the details.

\* Ar. Equit. 792, exhibited B.C. 424, about six years after the plague.

Diseases, it would seem, follow the universal law, change of type, which affects all organic things. Old forms die out, and new varieties come in, as typhoid and diphtheria seem, in some respects, altered forms of older and equally fatal maladies.

In the case of the Athenian plague we have the inflamed eyes which attend measles, the 'pustules' of small-pox, the ulceration of the bowels common in typhoid, and the usual symptoms of putrid sore throat. But the incessant thirst, and the desire of the patients to throw themselves into cold water, seem peculiar; and the convulsions, and subsequent loss of the toes and fingers in some survivors, are not such as attend the course of zymotic diseases known to us. Possibly the assertion, that dogs and vultures either would not touch the bodies, or died after doing so, is due to an attempt to connect cause and effect; for we are told 'there was a visible scarcity of birds of prey' (ii. 50).

On the extraordinary panic which arose at Athens in consequence of the 'mutilation of the Herms' (vi. 72), the Master of Balliol has a good note on chapter 60 of that book. He there shows that the person alluded to by Thucydides as having given information against some of the citizens, was Andocides the orator. Those who want to know what these ugly stone posts were like, have only to look at the row of monsters set up round the 'theatre' at Oxford. Few would care very much, perhaps, if a party of undergraduates were to knock off some of the noses with hammer and chisel. But at Athens the act was as bad as it would now be to break into Christchurch cathedral and carry off the plate. It was, in fact, *sacrilege*. These stone posts were symbols of a mysterious nature-worship connected with phallic rites. What really alarmed the Athenians was, some great national calamity resulting from the anger of the gods;—another plague, or some crushing defeat, such as in fact did occur soon after the event.

The Essay on 'Inscriptions of the Age of Thucydides' (vol. ii. pp. ix.—lxxviii.) is an appropriate, though by no means a necessary appendage to the work. There is not, perhaps, very much that is new in the treatise, a good part of the ground being already occupied by Mr. Newton ('Essays on Art and Archæology,' pp. 95–209), and by Mr. Hick's folio volume, 'Ancient Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum,' published in 1874. Much of the matter too, is purely technical, being taken up with accounts of tribute, temple revenues, and expenditure by the State. Nevertheless, if

the remark of Professor Mahaffy is at all true, that 'in England the Universities have completely neglected this study, and the best English Hellenists, with a very few brilliant exceptions, are as helpless in the face of an old Greek inscription as if it were in a Semitic tongue,'\* some general information on the subject, accessible and intelligible to ordinary readers, is a boon for which many will be thankful. To scholars, indeed, especially to those who have made inscriptions a speciality, the subject is profoundly interesting; and it is as extensive as it is interesting, if Mr. Newton's statement† is well founded, that in addition to upwards of nine thousand in Boeckh's 'Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum,' hardly less than twenty thousand more, yet unpublished, have accumulated, mainly from the continued explorations since 1840. To these should be added—and this is a field hitherto much less explored than any other—the great number of archaic names on early Greek vases, on some hundreds of which, preserved in the principal museums of Europe, we have the actual writing, or rather, the painting, of letters by the original hand at least five centuries before our era. The earliest of these names are nearly always written from right to left, as in Hebrew; they are often extremely curious and important in illustrating the archaic alphabet, the lost letters F and Q being pretty frequently found, and the H never representing the recent η, but always the Roman H, the aspirate. This last, indeed, continued quite up to the time of the Archon Euclides (B.C. 403), even in Attic inscriptions. Thus οὐ is spelt HO, and οἷς is spelt HOΙΣ in Attic inscriptions as late as A.C. 415, while ψ is represented by φσ, and ξ by χσ, even A.C. 412. The ο is regularly used both for ου and for ω. Dative cases, familiar to us as τιμῇ and οἷκῳ, are spelt τιμει and οἰκοι. Hence the attempt made to refer a Nubian inscription (on the statue at Abu-Simbel) to the year B.C. 640, and from it to build an argument on the early use of prose writing,‡ though this date is upheld by eminent authorities, must be regarded as extremely doubtful, since the letters η, ψ, and χ seem to indicate a very much later period. Further inquiry may show that the Psammetichus of this inscription is not either of the kings of that name in Herodotus, but the Psammetichus who was father of Inaros, king of Libya in 460

\* 'Hist. Gr. Clas. Lit.' ii. p. 2. The statement, however, is certainly very much exaggerated.

† Essays, &c. p. 96.

‡ Mahaffy, vol. ii. p. 8.

a.c. Anyhow, the name was not uncommon. The inscription is supposed to refer to the event mentioned in Herod. ii. 30, the pursuit of certain deserters from Elephantine in Upper Egypt; but we agree with Dean Blakesley that it has been 'strangely misinterpreted.'

Be this as it may, there is truth in Professor Jowett's remark (p. xxiv.), 'It is a striking thought that we have present to us some of the very words and letters on which the eye, not only of the ancient historians, but of Themistocles and Pericles and Alcibiades must have gazed.' Thus, the epigram quoted by Thucydides in vi. 54, in memory of Pisistratus, the son of Hippias, as being in his time with difficulty legible, was discovered near the Ilissus in 1877, and is 'equally legible to this day.'\* The original treaty, as given by Thucydides in v. 47, as made by the Athenians with the Argives, Mantineans, and Eleans, has also been discovered; but it differs from his text in thirty-one places, all, however, in trifling matters which do not materially affect the sense.†

At Athens, and perhaps in most of the principal Ionian cities, as pen-and-ink writing (bibliography) was probably unknown, or at least, hardly ever used, till about 430,‡ the stone pillars containing inscriptions must have been extremely numerous—'as numerous,' says the Master, 'as the grave-stones in a modern churchyard, and with as little sacredness in the eyes of posterity' (p. xxv.). Thus, in fortifying Athens, many pillars from tombs (*στῆλαι*) were built into the city walls (Thuc. i. 73), and by a coincidence not a little remarkable, as possibly showing the influence of later rhapsodists in arranging the Homeric texts, we have the same mention of *στῆλαι* used in the foundations of the Achaean rampart (Il. xii. 259).

The truth is, and the remark is one of interest, that the age of public inscriptions, like the ages of the highest art, passed away, by a law which affects all works of genius, as

\* Newton, 'Essays,' p. 192, where he adds, 'This dedication must have been made before the expulsion of Hippias, B.C. 510.' Some will think it not improbable that these old inscriptions were occasionally re-cut and replaced in somewhat later times. For the writing of B.C. 510 would have been hardly intelligible to readers a hundred years later.

† Mahaffy, 'Hist. Greek Class. Lit.' ii. p. 121.

‡ This opinion is not rashly hazarded, though it will surprise many. But the word *βιβλίον*, meaning a strip of the papyrus plant, is evidently of late use in our sense of 'book.' All the earlier writing was done much as school children now write on slates, viz., on *δέλτοι* and *πίνακες*, tablets of waxed wood with raised margins.

soon as writing materials became common. Records, like early legends, were no longer painted or sculptured, and fixed to one spot, but were circulated as literary compositions, and gradually became contained in books. Then also public recitations gave way to the use of libraries. It is thus that with increased facilities for printing and engraving, stained glass, fresco-painting, MS. illumination, Gothic architecture, even the great creations of the early Italian painters, vanished. Nor can any one of these be restored to their original vitality. We can only copy, we can no longer *create*, as a Phidias did, or a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Raffaele. The attempt to bring back any of these arts to their ancient energy is as contrary to a natural law as to grow a blue rose or a blue dahlia.

A large part of the Essay is taken up with the calculations of tribute, a subject much too technical to be of general interest to our readers. Like the Roman system of numeration, the Attics used letters of the alphabet, and as 'sesterces' were the Roman, and francs have long been the French, so 'drachmas' were the Attic standard, unless another sum is expressly named. Thus  $\vdash$  was the symbol for one drachma (nearly a franc); but if  $T$  or  $\Sigma$  is added, 'talents,' or 'staters' are meant. An obol (about three halfpence, a *sestertius* being twopence) was noted by  $\iota$ , and a half-obol by  $C$ . Thus  $\vdash\vdash C$  means 'two drachmas and one and a half obols.'

This seems clumsy enough; but the long rows of letters were still more awkward. The number 1000 was expressed by  $X$ , *χίλιοι*, as the Roman  $M$  was *mille*; 100 was  $H$  (the aspirate of *ἐκατόν*, Lat.  $C$  for *centum*); 10 was  $\Delta$  (*δέκα*, Lat.  $X$ ); 5 was  $\Pi$  (for *πέντε*, Lat.  $V$ , which becomes  $X$  by one  $V$  being inverted upon the other). The number 50 was represented by a  $\Pi$  including a smaller  $\Delta$ , meaning  $5 \times 10$ , and 500 by a  $\Pi$  including an  $H$ , meaning  $5 \times 100$ . Two or three talents are expressed by  $T$  two or three times repeated. The  $T$  inserted in, or added at the bottom of, any letter, indicates that not drachmas, but talents are meant. We need not go more into detail; as the Romans used  $MCCCX$ , so the Attics employed  $XHHHA$ , but, of course, in both systems many minor modifications occur, often of great intricacy.

The curious inventories of the treasures in the Parthenon, continuing through nearly the thirty years of the Peloponnesian War, remind us somewhat of the inventories made of the treasures in the religious houses under our Henry VIII. A list of the articles of plate, with their values annexed, is given in

p. lii. of the Essay, nearly all those specified being silver bowls or vessels.

The difficulties in interpreting both Greek and Roman inscriptions are often extremely great. The uncertainty as to the meaning shows 'that we must not indulge in sanguine or exaggerated language, but must confine ourselves to general results. And general results, when they relate to the history of the past, are by no means to be despised. Though we cannot rewrite the history of Greece out of her stones, is it a small thing to know that inscriptions of the fifth century before Christ confirm and illustrate the great literary works of the same age' (p. lxxviii.)? Perhaps we should say, in this very utilitarian age, that the careful observation and reasoning necessarily brought to bear on the study of Greek inscriptions are of more solid use, as a branch of mental discipline, than all the actual results that have accrued from them, though these, of course, are by no means insignificant.

An important feature in the present work is the body of notes—of very moderate length—contained in vol. ii. Any full discussion of these would, of course, involve minute critical matters unsuited to our pages; yet a few points must be noticed, where difficulties felt by every preceding commentator are attempted to be removed.

On the obscure but important passage in i. 2, there is a long note in pp. 3–5. The late Mr. Shilleto, from whose edition of Thucydides so much was expected but so little was gained, remarks on it: 'I reserve the consideration of this passage to an excursus at the end of the first book;' but no such excursus was ever given. What we have to suggest is, that the reading *τὰ ἄλλα* (not *ἐς τὰ ἄλλα*) alone gives a simple and logical meaning. This little proposition, *ἐς*, which was added by those who thought the meaning was 'the migrations to the other parts,' has thrown the entire passage completely out of joint. Thucydides says, that while other parts of Hellas, which had a richer soil, were more liable to changes of inhabitants from internal contention and invasion from without, Attica, from its poorer soil, had remained undisturbed from the first. Then he adds: 'The following fact is a further confirmation of my assertion that it was because of these frequent changes that the other parts of Hellas did not improve in the same way as Attica did; when any occupants of other lands were driven out by war or sedition, they always came to Attica, as to a place not liable to the like disturbances; and these settlers, many of whom had wealth and influence, by becom-

ing citizens of Attica, added greatly to the wealth and influence of the state.'

The argument is, 'another proof that the poorer Attica thrived when the richer states of Hellas declined in prosperity, is found in the fact, that its poverty was its security, and its security was indirectly the cause of its steady rise.' The Master gives us a choice out of many interpretations, and he says, at the end, that, after all, 'the uncertainty of meaning is not greater than in many other passages'—a conclusion hardly satisfactory to scholars, however true it may be.

Another example of 'glorious confusion' is i. 25. 4, where the little word *γάρ* should be omitted after *οὔτε*. The Corinthians disliked the Corcyreans, because the latter had been used to slight them, 'both by withholding the customary honours due to the representatives of a mother-city at public festivals, and by not commencing the ceremonies of the sacrifice with a Corinthian,' i.e., by asking him to officiate. This seems to us the simplest way of explaining the dative, viz., by regarding the agent as the instrument or means of the performance. Here again the notes give a choice of three modes of interpretation. The next sentence but one is equally difficult, and is thus translated: 'They would often boast that on the sea they were very far superior to them, and would appropriate to themselves the naval renown of the Phæacians, who were the ancient inhabitants of the land' (vol. i. p. 17). Here a likely reading is *τῷ πολὺ προέχειν*, 'elated at their great superiority in their navy,' and the *καὶ* next following seems not so much to mean, 'and also because the Phæacians, famed for their ships, had lived in Corcyra long before,' as, 'if only from the fact that,' &c. This seems better than to say, 'they were proud of their navy, and they were also proud that a naval people had lived there before.' The construction of the words *ναυτικῷ δὲ καὶ πολὺ προέχειν ἔστιν ὅτε ἐπαιρόμενοι* is extremely obscure. Mr. Shilleto thinks the sense may be, that sometimes they 'put themselves up to saying that they were superior in naval matters.' Just above, we should prefer to supply from the context, *χρημάτων δυνάμει ὄντες* (πλούσιοι), the note suggesting that *χρημάτων δυνάμει* is improperly used for *χρήμασι δυνατόι*, which seems to us almost impossible.

A passage in i. 33 has been strangely misunderstood by most of the editors; and Dr. Arnold, though right in his note, is wrong in his text. The true reading, with-

out doubt, is not *κατάθησθε*, but *καταθήσασθε*, 'you will lay up a store of gratitude for yourselves.' The formula, *ὥς ἂν μάλιστα*, merely means *quam maxime*; literally, 'as you would mostly (lay up a store).' The subjunctive was introduced by those who thought *ὥς* was a particle of purpose, 'in order that you may,' &c. Professor Jowett's note gives, as usual, alternative explanations. The remark is needless, and hardly accurate, 'we might have expected indeed *ὥς μάλιστ' ἂν*, rather than *ὥς ἂν μάλιστα*.' The latter is the correct formula, and many examples of it are given in a note of the present writer's.\*

The note on i. 58, *ἔπρασσον* is superfluous' (following the view of Arnold and Poppo, a very improbable one), seems hastily written. The antithesis, *πέμφαντες μὲν —ελθόντες δὲ* is perfectly right. Place a colon after *ἦν δέη*, and read *ἐπειδὴ δὲ*, the *apodosis* to which is *τότε δὴ ἀφίστανται*. The loss of *δὲ*, which is quite necessary, has thrown the whole passage into utter confusion.

Another passage, at which all the commentators, with Mr. Grote, have stumbled, and on which the Master gives a long note in vol. ii. pp. 187-9, is in Book ii. ch. 90. The Peloponnesians, we are told, in the engagement with Phormion's fleet in the Gulf of Corinth, wishing to entice the enemy from the western strait further into the bay, 'began to sail to their own territory (*ἐπὶ τὴν ἑαυτῶν γῆν*), in the inward direction towards the bay.' These words have been much discussed; some propose to read *τὴν ἐκείνων* for *τὴν ἑαυτῶν*, others *ἐπὶ τὴν αὐτῶν*, i.e., to the Athenian land, and as if to attack it; and the Master of Balliol thinks the geographical difficulty is best solved by reading *παρὰ* for *ἐπὶ*, with four of the MSS. The truth seems to be that *ἐπὶ τοῦ κόλπου* here means, 'towards the Crisean bay on the north shore,' which, lying between two Doric settlements, Phocis and the Locri, may well be termed 'their own land,' viz., friendly to the Lacedæmonian side. The matter may be said to be set at rest by ii. 9, where these very Phocians and Locrians are enumerated among the Peloponnesian or Lacedæmonian allies. Moreover, it was in this very gulf, *ἐς κόλπον τὸν Κρισαῖον*, that the Lacedæmonians took refuge after their defeat (ii. 92).

In iii. 18, 4, a very slight change, *ἐγκατακοδόμητο*—the pluperfect instead of the perfect, of which we are told (p. 16) 'no

satisfactory explanation has been suggested'—restores the required meaning. The Athenians invested Mytilene with a single wall the more easily, because a line of forts *had before been erected* on the positions of strength, so that these had only to be occupied by the besieging force.

A much more serious difficulty occurs in iii. 31. In a long note of two pages we have a choice given us of four different explanations, not one of which is really satisfactory. The reading of the text has been confused by the addition of *ἦν*, first to *ὑφέλωσι*, and next to *ἐφορμῶσιν*, itself a false reading for *ἐφορμούσιν*. With the change of the dative plural into a subjunctive, *σφίσι*, a dative directly depending on it, has been transposed to stand before *γίγνεται*, and the whole passage has thus become unintelligible. We must read *καὶ ἅμα ἐφορμούσιν σφίσιν αὐτοῖς* (*obsidentibus se Atheniensibus*) *δαπάνη γίγνεται*. With the slight corrections here proposed, the meaning is perfectly logical and simple—

Alcidas, the Spartan general, was advised to seize some city on the east coast of the Ægean, in order that he might cause Ionia to revolt from Athens, and withdraw from them this important source of revenue; and at the same time that they, the Athenians, might be put to great expense (i.e., beside their loss of revenue) in having to keep a fleet there to watch their (the Lacedæmonian) operations.

There is no force in the objection (p. 175) that *ὑφέλωσι* is 'too weak to express the purpose indicated by *ὅπως*.' The version given (vol. i. p. 186), 'although they themselves' (i.e., the Spartans) 'would incur expense, for the Athenians would blockade them, the attempt was worth making,' gives, in our opinion, a wrong meaning to a subjunctive with *ἦν*.

Another note, with the triple alternative which the Master, in his dislike of dogmatism, is so fond of giving, is on [the difficult passage in iii. 44, 2. Here we think the reading, *ἦν τε καὶ ἔχοντές τι ξυγγνώμης εἶεν*, 'if perchance there be some excuse for them' (vol. i. p. 197), is quite indefensible. Read, with one of the best existing MSS. of Thucydides (the Clarendon, at Cambridge), *ἔχοντας*, depending on *ἀποφίνω*, in place of *ἔχοντες*, and *εἰάν*, 'to let them alone,' for *εἰεν*. 'If I can show them to be in the wrong, I do not advise you to put them to death, unless it is to the interest of the state; if I can show them to deserve some consideration, I do not advise you to leave them unmolested, unless it shall suit the present policy.' The argument is, that expediency is to take precedence of strict justice in sparing or condemning the revolted

\* On Æsch. Suppl. 698.

Mityleneans. This correction, *ἔαν* for *εἴεν*, is rendered nearly certain by its very similar use in chap. 48, where the advice of the same speaker is, to bring only the prisoners to trial, and to let the rest remain unmolested in their city—*τοὺς δ' ἄλλους ἔαν οἰκεῖν*.

In vi. 1, the reading *τὸ μὴ ἡπειρος οὖσα* (describing Sicily as only a little distant from the mainland), Professor Jowett calls 'not in itself indefensible' (vol. ii. p. 342). But *τὸ μὴ ἡπειροῦσθαι*, 'from becoming part of the continent,' is an almost certain correction of the late Mr. Shilleto's, from the use of *ἡπείρωνται* in ii. 102, 4.

In vi. 18. 2, it seems to us vain to defend *μὴ ὅπως ἔπεισι προκαταλαμβάνει*, 'mankind do not wait for an attack, but anticipate it,' on the ground that 'the negative gains force from the peculiarity of its position' (p. 352). A similar corruption to *μὴ ὅπως* for *ὅπως μὴ* occurs in chap. 60. 3 of the same book, where *εἰ καὶ μὴ δέδρακεν*, 'even if he has not done it,' must be read for *εἰ μὴ καὶ δέδρακεν*.

We should offer some apology to our readers for going into these dry critical details. Perhaps the undoubted interest attending so elaborate and so learned a work as the present, and the acknowledged importance of Thucydides as one of the greatest and most generally read of the Greek authors, will be deemed a sufficient apology.

F. A. PALEY.

#### ART. VI.—*Comparative Church Politics.*

WERE it possible to raise Church Politics into the dignity of a Comparative Science, it might help to let a little wholesome and healing light in upon certain very old and very bitter controversies. False issues are easily raised, but not easily laid; and no issues are so false, because so incapable of either reasoning or being reasoned with, as those raised by personal passion or prejudice in politics, whether ecclesiastical or civil. The amount of relevant to irrelevant argument is at any time distressingly small, but it most probably reaches its minimum in the sphere of ecclesiastical debate. The term schism differs in meaning with the standpoint of the person who uses it, though, curiously, it is most used by the persons who do most to create it, the men who identify their own factitious and narrow ecclesiasticism with the religion and Church of Christ. Intolerance is the child not of zeal for the truth, but of passion for a system; enthusiasm is the inspiration of the spirit, but fanaticism the worship of

the letter. And it is the fanatic that persecutes, not the enthusiast. Love of truth is too nearly akin to love of man to be other than generous and humane, but the passion for organized unity in religion is too closely related to the lower ambitions and affections to be gentle to sensitive consciences or respectful to spirits God has set free.

The questions connected with church politics are too vital to be handled as personal, or left entirely to the heated atmosphere of parliamentary or political debate. There are principles that lie below all policies; and in days so critical as ours, all institutions, especially those that claim to be religious, must live not by reason of expediency or prescription, but by virtue of intrinsic justice and right, if they are to live to any purpose, or indeed to be allowed to live at all. Hence it is needful that our ecclesiastical politics be judged not simply as questions of the hour, but, as it were, of eternity, or, otherwise expressed, in their relation to the religion of Jesus Christ. Now, comparative historical criticism furnishes us with the one standpoint from which they can be so judged. This criticism studies the various church systems, asks how they stand related to the original Christian ideal of polity, how they came to be, through what processes, under what conditions, from what elements, how they have acted on the religion, and how they have affected or modified its action on man. Out of the immense field here indicated we wish to select for discussion two or three points that stand in more or less vital relation to certain questions now more canvassed than comprehended.

The first duty of Comparative Criticism is to bring the developed and living organisms face to face with the primitive germ. Certain of these organisms are so immense and highly articulated, that they seem related to the germ only by way of contrast, formed by centuries of aggregation rather than by any process of growth. Church politics may be divided into two great classes—the Monarchical and the Republican, each being capable of further subdivision. The Monarchical is either absolute=papal, or limited=episcopal; the former is simply an autocracy, or organized and absolute patriarchate, while the latter is thoroughly constitutional, or sovereignty qualified by law. The Republican is either oligarchical=Presbyterian, or democratic=Congregational. The former is governed by and through its elect, the men who as ministers or elders are its ruling spiritual aristocracy, but the latter is more jealous of delegated power, loving to act in a body and as a whole, that all may, by exercising high functions, learn high things.

Of these the most highly developed and finely articulated, from a political point of view, is the Papal system, and so it may be used as the most convenient standard of comparison or contrast with the primitive polity and political ideal.

Hardly anything, indeed, could be less like the Christianity of Christ than Catholicism. It is constituted and administered by a priesthood, devoted to ritual, jealous of its prerogatives, made by an enforced celibacy to feel, as it were, homeless, with all their home affections absorbed by the Church; so graded, drilled, and organized that they form, as Adam Smith said, 'a sort of spiritual army, dispersed in different quarters, indeed, but of which all the movements can be directed by one head, and conducted upon one uniform plan.'\* But of all this there is in the New Testament absolutely no trace. Jesus Himself was no priest, was without priestly ancestry or associates, adopted no sacerdotal custom, chose no sacerdotal person, had no relations, save those of antagonism, to the priesthood, and the one thing it gave Him was the honour of its hate and the glorious infamy of the Cross. No one of His apostles was a priest, or exercised a single priestly function, or uttered a word that hinted at actual or possible priestly claims. The terms they used to denote the offices they held or instituted express or imply no single sacerdotal element or idea. The men who are charged to represent and administer the new faith are named prophets, or apostles, or evangelists, or pastors, or teachers, or overseers, or elders, or ministers, or deacons, but never priests. In this respect the religion of Christ was an absolutely new thing; it stood alone among the religions of the world. The notion of a spiritual worship—a pure moral obedience, a service of God by clean hands and pure hearts, a religion without priests, or temple, or sacrifices, or appointed seasons, but with the truths these symbolize realized in the spirit and expressed in the conduct—had been conceived by the Hebrew prophets. But in them it existed as an idea, by Christ it was transformed into a reality. He fulfilled the law and the prophets, translated what they prefigured and predicted into fact, instituted a worship that abolished the temple and all its childish symbolism, and taught man to adore God by obeying Him in spirit and in truth. And so on the religion of Christ no shadow of sacerdotalism rests; its face is radiant with pure and noble spirituality. By what is simply the most remarkable and perfect

revolution in history, because the most completely worked by the wisdom and providence of God, the new religion issued in spotless spirituality from the bosom of what was then the most elaborate and selfish sacerdotalism in the world. One book indeed in the New Testament attributes priesthood to Christ, but it does so with the most significant limitations. His priestly life is heavenly, not earthly, the exercise of His sacerdotal functions beginning only within the veil; and He is the *one* priest, He stands alone in His office and work. He is 'according to the order of Melchizedek,' not only priest and king in one—ethical in both relations, creating by the one peace, working through the other righteousness—but the only priest, constituting the order in which He stands, without another either beneath Him or by His side. The religion of Christ is, therefore, in the most absolute sense, a priestless religion, the royal priesthood that is ascribed to the collective society or universal Christian man\* being equivalent to the repeal of the official and exclusive sacerdotalism that had signified the slavery of man and the decadence of religion.

But the distinctive political as well as sacerdotal elements of Catholicism do not exist in the Christianity of Christ and His apostles. The primitive Church is no unity in the Roman sense, and it knows no primacy. Its societies are not organized into a single body politic, or subordinated to a single head. There are the most marked diversities in custom and practice, the most remarkable differences in policy and method. The Jews and Greeks do not readily coalesce; the former stand on immemorial privileges and rites, the latter on their newly won liberty. Paul and the "pillar apostles" have different provinces; he will not allow them to invade his freedom, nor will they enforce his liberty in the Churches of Judea. But while no system could be less uniform, none could be more fraternal. Paul writes to many Churches, and many Churches confess him their founder and teacher; but his letters are expository or expostulatory, hortatory or biographical, and as far as possible from speaking with legal or political authority. No man ever had a doctrinal system so carefully articulated, or laboured more to make it intelligible and credible to the societies he formed; yet no man ever so carefully avoided building the societies he erected at Galatia and Rome, Ephesus and Colosse, Philippi and Thessalonica, Corinth and Athens, into a political corporation. His

\* 'Wealth of Nations,' bk. v. cap. i.

\* 1 Peter ii. 9; Rev. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6.

unity of the faith did not mean organized uniformity. And the same is true of the other apostolic writers. The only New Testament book that seems to dream of the Church as a visible and localized state is the Apocalypse, and the city of God is to it not Rome, but Jerusalem. Rome, indeed, is the unholy city, drunk with the blood of the saints, memorable as the scene of apostolic martyrdoms, not of apostolic rule.\*

Into the question as to the constitution and offices of the Apostolic Church it is impossible here to enter; happily, it may almost be said, it is now unnecessary. The positions our Congregational fathers so stoutly affirmed are now coming to be accepted commonplaces. English scholarship, broadened and illumined by German, is becoming too critical in spirit and historical in method to spare the old high Anglican doctrines.† The Divine right of Epis-

copacy is dead; it died of the light created by historical criticism. It is open to no manner of doubt that the modern bishop has no place in the New Testament. The same office was variously designated, according as it was viewed in one or another aspect,\* bishops and presbyters were identical,† and one church might have many bishops or presbyters, just as it might have many deacons.‡ Each church was a brotherhood; supremacy over it was conceded to no man. Government, indeed, existed, order was enforced, but the men who ruled were the men who served, and the Church was in all matters of judgment and discipline the ultimate authority.§ The Apostolic is the simplest and least organized of societies; where the freedom of the Spirit is largely loved and its gifts highly esteemed, where official clergy are unknown and the man who can teach is free to speak, and the man most honoured is the man who most loves. There is no primate in any Church; even the Apostles do not claim an administrative and executive authority above and apart from the churches.|| The liberty they enjoy in Christ is inalienable, and to be Christ's is to be introduced into a brotherhood too real and too spontaneous to accept the bondage of a vain officialism.

The primacy which thus in the apostolic age belonged to no man, or city, or church, is even more completely absent from the mind and speech of Christ. His most familiar idea is the kingdom, His least familiar the Church. The society He institutes is a kingdom; called 'of heaven,' in opposition to the empires of earth, the secular monarchies that lived by violence and grew by conquest; called 'of God,' in opposition to the kingdom of darkness or the devil, the reign of evil in and over man. But though He institutes, He does not organize His

\* Rev. xvii. 5, 6.

† Mr. Hatch's 'Bampton Lecture' is an auspicious sign of the times. It is a very happy and, on the whole, fairly successful attempt to deal with a deeply interesting problem. We cannot but admire its fine analytical qualities, its delicate appreciation of the various forces at work, and the true sense for history and historical movement that pervades it. The book is a healthy one, and will help to set the questions it discusses in a fresh light before the Anglican as distinguished from the English student. But we must regret some very serious omissions in Mr. Hatch's lectures, especially his very brief allusion to the vital matter of the sacerdotal order and system that so soon grew up in the early Church, and the inadequacy of his critical and literary discussions. But even more significant of the change in English scholarship was Dr. Lightfoot's Essay on 'The Christian Ministry.' It is as honourable to his candour as to his scholarship, especially as regards his discussions as to the constitution of the Apostolic and Sub-Apostolic Church. His later discussions as to the rise and growth of the episcopate, though marked by a laborious attempt to be impartial and moderate, are often weakened by strained interpretations. He frequently puts modern ideas into ancient terms, uses conjecture for evidence, and cunningly draws from a late document the testimonies he needs. When, e.g., he describes (p. 197) St. James as the earliest bishop, he goes not only beyond, but against the evidence contained in the New Testament. And when he says (p. 268), 'As early as the middle of the second century all parties concur in representing him as a bishop in the strict sense of the term,' he does not quite correctly represent the historical significance of his authorities. These are Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius, and the Clementines. The latter are not simply 'gross exaggerations,' but fictions, written with a doctrinal purpose which could be fulfilled only through an episcopate and by magnifying James; the former quite evidently echoes in his fragments the Ebionitic tradition. And there are certain peculiarities of the tradition Dr. Lightfoot either overlooks or does not suffi-

ciently emphasize. It embodies elements and stories most certainly mythical. Then the position of James in the Church at Jerusalem differs radically from the traditional and customary episcopal one. He holds it not as an apostle or a successor of the apostles, but as a kinsman of the Lord, and his successor is appointed on the same grounds. His case supplies no parallel to the historical episcopate, and his office, if office it can be called, can in no respect be traced back to any institutive act either of Christ or His apostles.

\* *πρωτεύοντες*, 1 Thess. v. 12; Rom. xii. 8; *πρεσβύτεροι*, Acts xi. 30; xiv. 23; xv. 2 ff., &c.; *ἐπίσκοποι*, Phil. i. 1; *ποιμένες*, Eph. iv. 11; *ηγούμενοι*, Heb. xiii. 7, 17, 24.

† Titus i. 5-7; 1 Pet. v. 1-2; Acts xx. 17, 18, 20.

‡ Phil. i. 1.

§ Cf. 1 Cor. v. 8; 2 Cor. ii. 5 ff.

|| Acts vi. 3-6.



kingdom, speaks of it rather as incapable of organization, appoints no viceroys, governors, or officers; simply proclaims the truths and laws that are to create the reign of God in the heart of man. The term Church He uses only twice; once in what may be named its individual sense, as denotive of a single assembly or constituted congregation,\* and once in the more universal sense, as denotive of His collective society.† It is only by the most violent exegesis that this latter can be made to seem to promise pre-eminence to Peter; but if it did, what then? It can in no way help the claims of Catholicism; for there is no proof that the promise had any reference to Peter's successors, no proof that Peter had any successors, absolutely none that they are the popes of Rome.

Here, then, is a curious problem for Comparative Politics—How has a political and sacerdotal system so complex, so immense, so comprehensive as the papal, risen out of a society so simple, spontaneous, and unorganized as the apostolic? or, how has the priestless, kindly, sanely domestic and socially human religion of Jesus developed into the hierarchic and celibate sacerdotalism of Rome? In dealing with this problem, Comparative Criticism has to study, minutely and jealously, the oldest tendencies and signs of change. These it finds outside the New Testament, not, indeed, in the most ancient and authentic extra-canonical literature, but in the secondary and more or less spurious and corrupt. In *Clemens Romanus*, for example, the Church idea is thoroughly apostolic. In the individual Church, episcopacy, in the modern sense, is quite unknown, order is loved, the overseers or leaders, or the presbyters and deacons, are honoured, and have authority over the people only as they worthily fill the office received from the people, in harmony with apostolic custom and ordinance.‡ In the relation of the

Churches, Rome claims no primacy over Corinth, demands no obedience from it, but simply writes a letter of fraternal exhortation and advice. But the matter is entirely changed when we come to the Ignatian Epistles and the Clementine Homilies and Recognitions. Though they alike belong to only about the middle of the second century, while Clemens Romanus belongs to the end of the first, the interval that divides them is simply immense. The Ignatian Epistles are a standing problem and perplexity to criticism; some of them are certainly spurious, all of them are largely interpolated and hopelessly corrupt, but all the more they are significant of changes that were secretly, but effectually, transforming the Christian Church. The Clementine works, on the other hand, are less a textual and literary puzzle, but quite as great an historical one; they are more homogeneous, but no more authentic. These represent two distinct yet related tendencies, each working towards the same end. Both are significant and effective of ecclesiastical change, but the Ignatian is more Gentile and ethical, the Clementine more Judaic and legal. The tendency in both is towards a corporate unity, which is secured and symbolized by the *ἐπίσκοπος*. The bishop is a necessity to the Church, embodies and, in a sense, creates it. In the Ignatian Epistles the bishop is the soul and source of order, the efficient agent in worship; who honours him honours God, who refuses to hear him refuses to hear God whose vicar or substitute he is. In the Clementine Homilies the Church, like the State, means a single ruler—many kings cause many wars—and is compared to a ship whose master is God, whose pilot is Christ, whose chief oarsman is the bishop, without whom it cannot carry its passengers into the haven of eternal blessedness. The Epistles\* describe the bishop as *εἰς τόπον θεοῦ προκαθημένος*; the Homilies† say of him, *ὁ προκαθεζόμενος χριστοῦ τόπον πεπίστευται*. The idea is in both the same; the bishop presides in the place of God; he sits in the chair and occupies the place of Christ.

How these ideas appeared so early and developed so rapidly in the Church we can see by comparing the two sets of documents for the moment before us. The Ignatian Epistles have a political and disciplinary tendency, but the Clementines a distinctly doctrinal purpose. In the former the great concern of the bishop, what he has zealously

\* Matt. xviii. 17.

† Matt. xvi. 18.

‡ Ch. xlv. In this same chapter occurs the verse which Rothe used as one of his great proofs for the apostolic institution of the episcopate ('Die Anfänge der christliche Kirche,' pp. 374-392). His interpretation is so fanciful and forced that it remains his—too peculiar to become any other body's. Even Dr. Lightfoot, though his own essay owes so much to Rothe, and he is so strongly tempted by the fineness of the theory, holds the interpretation to be 'unwarranted, and to interrupt the context with irrelevant matter' (Epis. S. Clement of Rome, Notes to ch. xlv. Cf. Philippians, pp. 199 ff). See also Gebhardt and Harnack's 'Pat. Apos. Opera,' Fascic. i. pp. 71 ff. Baur, ('Ursprung des Episcopats,' pp. 58-61) examines exhaustively Rothe's interpretation, as does also Ritschl ('Entstehung der alt katol. Kirche,' pp. 418-2nd edition).

\* Ad Mag., vi.

† Hom. iii. 66. Cf. Recognitions, 60, 70.

to seek, is unity, the most precious of things. In order to secure it he must be patient with all men, studious of the weak, vigilant, prayerful, faithful, standing fast in the truth, discerning the times, being specially watchful of the people, and mindful of all that pertains to the care and cure of souls, to the regularity and regulation of worship. These epistles are possessed with a great fear, the fear that the Spirit may be too varied in His manifestations. Order is to be created by each Church having a single head, lawlessness repressed by law being made to reside in a single person. Nothing in its way could be less apostolic than this standpoint. They are quite without the fine respect for Christian freedom, the noble faith in Christian manhood, in its essential and ultimate reasonableness, which ever characterizes Paul. The belief in outer and political as opposed to inner and spiritual methods, in an administrative human will as opposed to a constraining Divine love, in a legal uniformity as opposed to a spiritual unity, is the belief that distinguishes, almost immeasurably for the worse, these Ignatian from the Apostolic Epistles. We have come into another and lower atmosphere and find the enthusiasm of the apostle superseded by the fanaticism of the churchman.

The spirit and tendency of the Clementines are very different. They are written in opposition to Pauline or Gentile Christianity, and in the interests of Ebionitic or Judaic. They embody the spirit and doctrine Paul contended against in his Roman and Galatian Epistles, and so they wish to bring the old into the new economy, make the gospel a continuation and extension of the law. They can do this best by personalizing authority, by making James and his brother apostles the alone accredited teachers, bestowing by ordination the right to teach. The *ἐπίσκοπος ἐπισκόπων* is James; he is the ultimate authority, and whatever does not derive from him is heresy. By this means the freer and more universal Christianity can easily be dealt with; it has only to be represented as in antagonism with the original apostolic brotherhood. Argument is not needed; history is argument. In these Homilies we have the Ebionitic version of the apostolic history; it is a late, unauthentic, almost purely imaginary version, but only on this account the more significant as to what the Judaizing party wished Christianity to be, and as to how they hoped to realize their wishes. Their hopes were in an authoritative person, in a personalized unity. Their law was incompatible with freedom. 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' and where

man feared this liberty, the universal Christian brotherhood, the freedom diffused through every unit of the Church, they met it by the institution of a bishop, who was to be the basis of order, the symbol of unity, the vicar and voice of God. Episcopacy was the product of faithlessness; it grew out of disbelief in the power of the Spirit to guide and control the men Christ had made free.

Once these ideas found a footing in the young society, their development was inevitable. The development was not indeed uniform, was more rapid in Syria and Asia Minor, more gradual in Greece and Alexandria and Rome. The old customs and beliefs struggled hard for life, and died slowly. While the bishop became the symbol and source of authority, who alone could ordain, without whom neither baptism nor the eucharist could be celebrated, yet we see in Tertullian how the right to administer these still lingered in the community; and even in Cyprian traces of the original equality of bishops and presbyters can be discovered. But various conditions combined to favour the new development. The political was soon joined by the sacerdotal tendency. A priestless was too pure a religion; men were not yet spiritual enough for it. The sacerdotal was everywhere esteemed the sacred; what was not sensuously holy was not holy at all. Jew and Greek alike knew the priest, neither knew any religion without him, and to bring down Christ to their level was easier than to rise to Him. The relation of the New Testament to the Old favoured the birth of the sacerdotal idea, and the type was not so much fulfilled as reproduced in the antitype. Thus Clemens Romanus\* speaks of the high-priest, priest, and Levite, as having each his proper duties and office, and though his reference is to the old economy, he uses it to enforce his idea of order in the Church. The parallel was dangerous, and the danger was increased by the tendencies native to minds steeped in sacerdotalism. Old Testament prophecy is the historical basis of apostolic Christianity, but Old Testament legalism, as lower and more sensuous, was more intelligible to the Gentile, because more in harmony with the unethical heathenism, so rich in priests, in which he had been nursed, and so it became the medium through which he construed the new faith. It was more familiar and natural, more in harmony with universal and immemorial custom to speak of the person active in things religious as a priest than as an elder, or teacher, or preacher. And the

\* Ep. xl.

more important and authoritative the bishop became, the stronger grew the tendency to invest him with sacerdotal functions. The inevitable result begins to appear in Tertullian. The bishop becomes to him *sacerdos*.<sup>\*</sup> The presbyters, indeed, form an *ordo sacerdotalis*,<sup>†</sup> and the bishop is *summus sacerdos*,<sup>‡</sup> and *pontifex maximus*.<sup>§</sup> Hippolytus || denotes his office by the terms *ἀρχιερατεία τε καὶ διδασκαλία*. Cyprian, of course, goes further, and his bishop is uniformly *sacerdos*, his associates *consacerdotes*, and the presbyters are *cum episcopo sacerdotali honore conjuncti*.<sup>¶</sup> In the Apostolic Constitutions the bishop is frequently designated *ἐρεῖς*,<sup>\*\*</sup> and once, indeed, *ἀρχιερεῖς*.<sup>††</sup> These terms show the work of depravation complete; the priestless religion made thoroughly priestly. Christianity transformed into a hierarchic and sacerdotal system ceased to be the religion of Christ. All that He had most hated in Judaism entered and took possession of the faith that called itself by His name. His Church ceased to be a society of the like-minded, where the freedom of the Spirit reigned, and became a stupendous sacerdotal *civitas* or state, where the ecclesiastic was supreme, and obedience was conformity to his institutions.

It would take us too far to exhibit the process of development and analyze its conditions. Enough to say, everything favoured the growth of the hierarchic polity. The dream of universal empire that Rome had so nearly realized supplied the Church with an ideal; over against the *Civitas Roma* rose the *Civitas Dei*, making men its citizens by baptism, now a priestly rite, and giving to the enfranchised a title to heaven. As the Empire decayed, the Church stepped into its place; as the one decreased, the other increased in its ability to maintain order. The more its politico-sacerdotal agencies and activities were exercised, the more they were developed. The supremacy of Rome passed to the Church; the Pope superseded Cæsar, and exercised ecclesiastical functions, more

imperial than any political functions his predecessor had ever exercised. Culture had died, and with it criticism—even when severest and least friendly, most serviceable to the Church, she being more able to dispense with the apologies of her sons than with the criticisms of her enemies. States and dynasties were too unstable and short-lived to offer resistance to her arrogant claims. Civil power was ever changing hands, new provinces or peoples were ever coming suddenly to the front, and were as suddenly forced to the rear. But above all changes the Church sat, watching all, profiting by all, multiplying her sensuous sanctities, enacting and enforcing her sacerdotal laws.

But now comparative criticism, when it has traced the process of ecclesiastical development and analyzed its factors, is met by another set of problems. How have these changes affected the religion? Do they only the better preserve it? or do they work a change in its character that is equal to a revolution? Now, as regards the case before us, it has to be noted that the development was not from the pure seed, but, as it were, from tares that had been sown along with it. The religion of Christ is not a polity, nor can it be incorporated in one; it is no sacerdotalism, and cannot be embodied in a priestly system. If these two are so fused as to become one, if the polity be throughout sacerdotal, or the sacerdotalism be articulated into a vigorous and inflexible, yet, to its administrators, most accommodating polity, then a religion which was at first a kingdom of the truth, without priests and without corporate unity, is doubly wronged. It is wronged by being superseded and made inoperative, and it is wronged by a supersession which negatives its most distinctive truths and creative qualities. A concrete case or two taken from the Doctrine, the Ethics, and the Politics of the apostolic Church may help to make the meaning clear. As to the first, we may say that, if the doctrine of justification by faith belongs to apostolic Christianity, then a system that justifies by sacraments and saves on political conditions is its negation. For faith implies the exercise of the reason, an appeal to it as independent and free, and persuasion of it by rational methods; while the doctrine as a whole implies the immediate and personal relation of the soul to God, and God to the soul. But the sacerdotal system involves a pragmatic obedience, virtue communicated by sensuous and instituted agencies, and a relation not to God, but to an organized polity, and relation even to it which can be mediated and accomplished only through

\* De Pudic. 21.

† De Exh. Cast. 7.

‡ De Baptis. 17.

§ De Pudic. 1. Tertullian's Montanism saved him from falling a complete victim to the idea of an official priesthood. No Father pleaded more strongly for the universal priesthood of Christian men. The *Pontifex Maximus* of the last reference is ironical, but on this account all the more significant of the claims advanced by the person satirically described as the *episcopos episcoporum*.

|| Refut. Omn. Hær. i. Proem.

¶ Ep. lxi. 2.

\*\* ii. 84, 85, 86; iii. 9; vi. 15, 18.

†† vi. 27, 57.

authorized mediators. And these things—the doctrine and the system—are incompatible and contrary to each other.

As to the Ethics, it will be enough to note one of the moral qualities of Christ's teaching, though perhaps the most remarkable. It was distinguished by what may be termed its *inwardness*. The great matter was not what a man *did*, but what he *was*. The *doing* would be right were the *being* right. Alms before men, prayers in the temple and at the street corners, phylacteries or pious formulæ of any kind, fasts, care for ceremonial purifications and practices—these and such-like were to Him no religious virtues, only masks and mockeries that deceived alike the doer and beholder, 'dead works' that usurped the place of living obedience to God and beneficent duties to man. His own ideal was—a man with light and life within, determined in all his actions by love, jealous of the ostentations and ceremonial, suspicious of a goodness according to rule and custom, cultivating its spirit and doing its works in secret, perfect as God is perfect, full of all ethically holy activities, yet possessing and enjoying the sweet and sane and familiar humanities. Now what are the moral tendencies of an elaborately organized society at once sacerdotal and political? Exactly those that Christ most resisted, hated, suffered from—those that most seek to compel a uniform ceremonial or outward obedience, that identify ritual and rules with right conduct, sensuous worship with living obedience. And what are the virtues it most produces, cultivates, and praises? Precisely those that Christ held to be most unreal, the mimicry and counterfeit of the true and the good. This applies not simply to the kind of things that come to be esteemed virtuous, like penances and repetition of formulated and prescribed prayers, but also to virtues that seem more distinctly moral. Submission may, under certain conditions, be a very excellent quality; but if it be so exaggerated as to be absolute, it becomes a positive vice. The man who makes a complete surrender of his conscience to his superior and regards himself as a simple vehicle or agent of his superior's will, ceases to be, in the true sense, a moral man, renounces knowledge of the inward law Jesus so laboured to make articulate, and obedience to the living God who speaks in it. And absolute submission is the attitude not simply of the Jesuit to his superior, but of every man who places his soul in the hands of a spiritual director, to whom he makes confession, through whom he receives absolution, and in conformity to whose expressed will he undertakes to walk. The

inwardness Christ required is not possible to him—the light is not inner, the life is not inner; the truth he knows does not 'make him free' and become within 'a well of water springing up unto everlasting life,' and his virtues are not such as become a kingdom which is 'righteousness, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost.'

Again, the sacerdotal polity even more completely changed and depraved the political and social ideal of Christ and His apostles. That ideal was a free spiritual brotherhood, where men lived in the spirit and walked by it. Clergy and laity did not stand sharply opposed to each other, distinguished and divided by official, which are ever fictitious, sanctities; nay, clergy and laity did not even exist. The most eminent distinctions were moral, the best gifts spiritual and possible to all. The man who lived nearest to God stood highest among men; he who loved most lived the best. Office carried with it no special sanctity, sanctity only qualified for office. The supreme thing was the incorporation of the ethical ideal in a spiritual commonwealth, where the good of each was the aim and joy of all, and each had his place and function in the society determined by the gift which manifested the grace of God. Regarded as to its internal relations, it was a family, a brotherhood, a household of faith; from the standpoint of its privileges and liberties it was an *ἐκκλησία*, or society of the enfranchised, where every man was free and a citizen; from its relation to God, it could be variously described, as a 'kingdom,' an 'elect people,' a 'royal priesthood,' or a 'living temple.' The latter aspects are signally significant; where the temple is spiritual, built of living stones, quickened and glorified by the indwelling God, the only sanctity possible is one of persons, not of place or rite, or act and symbol. When man in Christ became at once the temple and the priesthood, the ancient sensuous worship utterly ceased, and the only sacrifices acceptable to God were those of living obedience and holy will.

But the essential elements in this ideal are precisely the elements cancelled and annihilated by a priestly polity in all its possible forms. It builds on the distinction between clergy and laity, and loves official sanctities as its very life. The priesthood becomes a sacred office, the priest a sacred person, and all laymen belong to the world and are concerned with things profane. The clergy constitute the Church; without them the highest worship is impossible, the society unable to approach God without its priests. Sacred orders are fatal to brotherhood; distinct

classes, not to say castes, forbid fraternity. And the duties they enforce are not ethical, but official and artificial. Place and function in the society are determined not by the gifts of the Spirit, but by the rules and agencies of the order. Sacerdotal office does not demand the highest spiritual manhood; priests are too easily made to require the noblest material for their making. The system that does not emphasize the need of the highest spiritual qualities in the man concerned with religion is a bad religious system, and no official priesthood in any religion the world has known ever gave to the ethical its proper and authoritative place. The evolution of sacerdotalism in the Christian Church was the death of all the distinctive social and moral elements in the religion of Christ.

It thus seems that the evolution of the organized sacerdotal polity which is named Catholicism at once superseded and suppressed the elements in Christianity that were most distinctively original, those most decisively emphasized by Christ and His apostles. And this is true alike of doctrine and precept, faith and conduct, political ideal and social realization. Now, this supplies the standpoint from which the Reformation must be studied and interpreted: it was, as it were, an attempt to recover primitive Christianity, with its ideas and methods, its doctrines and duties, its truths and modes of action. It was an attempt necessarily based on the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament. These showed what the original had been, what Jesus had said and suffered, done and designed, what His apostles thought and taught, attempted and achieved. The minds of the Reformers might be thus expressed—'In order that it may do its work in the world, Christianity must again become the religion of Christ.' But it was easier to see what was needed than to accomplish it. Much, of course, was gained by the mere revolt from the sacerdotal polity which had been organized into Catholicism. Its strength was broken; it might storm as of old, but its thunder had lost its power to terrify, and its lightning to smite. But what rose in the revolted provinces was not the primitive ideal, but only more or less remote approximations to it. The Reformers, like men everywhere, worked under the limitations of time and place; and they did not work alone. They had to work through, and along with, and, in certain cases, under kings and states. The Reformer that worked most through and least under a State accomplished his work most thoroughly; the Reformers that worked most completely under and for a sovereign accomplished the least. The scene of the

thoroughest reformation was Geneva, of the least complete, England; and the difference was in no respect more manifest than in this—the Genevan had all the aggressive, zealous, strenuous spirit of primitive Christianity, but England had almost none of it. There was more apostolic activity and purpose in Geneva than in any other city of the Reformation. There was there a splendid faith in the truth, in the right of the ideal to command the actual, in the formative as in the reformatory force of the divine original, in its claim to be in all things the creative, constitutive, and normative principle. And small Geneva did marvellous things—sent its strong faith into France, into Holland, into remote Scotland, invaded even Lutheran Germany, and wherever it went it acted like iron in the spiritual blood, raised up massive, heroic men, stoical in character, stern in temper, inflexible in will, unable to accept defeat, yet in victory ever conscious that God alone was victorious. But the Anglican Church was thoroughly insular, lived and acted as a Church for the English, without universal sympathies, save where here and there touched by Genevan influences, accomplishing the work with as little change as possible, leaving as much of the venerable edifice the ages had built as the forces at work could be induced to spare. There was no attempt at a return to the religion of Christ, only at the re-formation of the Church of England.

The incompleteness of the work in England made it an offence to many consciences. It seemed so mean and low and feeble compared with the completer work of Geneva, and it had been throughout so regulated by the spirit of expediency and statecraft, that men of a sterner and more ideal faith were irresistibly impelled beyond it. The Genevan model and its splendid success filled many with admiration; they pleaded in its behalf with sovereign and people, and zealously worked for its adoption in England. But by and by it became evident to a few that Geneva had gone to work in the wrong way, had alike in its ideal and its method gone beyond the New to the Old Testament. Its aim had been to realize a Mosaic rather than a Christian State, to fulfil the dream of David rather than of Paul, to institute a *θεοκρατία* rather than *ἐκκλησίαι*, assemblies of free and enfranchized Christian men. But the new ideal was a complete return to the religion of Christ, to the method and aims of His apostles. The primitive simplicity was held to be the secret of primitive power; depending on the civil magistrate, working by his arm and through his agents meant being commanded

by his expediences rather than by Christ's mind and truth. The kingdom of God was a kingdom of the godly; the Church of Christ was a society of Christians. It must be enlarged and maintained in his way, not in the way of Queen Elizabeth or James the Wise. The Church of Christ in England could not be a creation of the sovereign of England, to be changed and arranged as a much-marrying Henry or a fanatical Mary might determine. It was Christ's, and His way must be followed if His ideal was to be realized. And what was His way? He did not ask Herod, who was quite as respectable a person as Henry, to help Him. He did not implore the consent and aid of the chief priests, who were in their own place and day quite as potent and capable persons as the Anglican bishops. He did not appeal for counsel and co-operation to Pilate, who, measured by his age and people, was the equal of Thomas Cromwell or William Cecil. But He established His kingdom, He created His Church by His word of power. He preached His truth on the hill-side, on the Galilean lake, or by its shore, to the publican sitting at the receipt of custom or looking down from the sycamore tree, to the few who met in the home of women who loved much, to the crowds that gathered round Him in the way, or in the temple, or in the chief places of concourse, and out of the men who heard, believed, and obeyed. His kingdom was constituted, His Church formed. It was a 'kingdom of the truth,' and only those who were 'of the truth' heard His voice. To use the agencies and instruments of imperial Rome or of sacerdotal Judea had made His kingdom a 'kingdom of this world' rather than of heaven. And as with Him, so with His apostles; they were preachers, created Churches by the word of the Cross, and out of men who believed. Paul might reason with Felix, but it was of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' not about the most fitting way of establishing Churches. Peter might be condemned by the great council to silence, but he declared that he must 'obey God rather than men, and could not but speak the things which he had heard.' And, it was argued, as then, so now, that the only true Christianity is Christ's, the only right method the method followed by Him and His apostles. Restore the truth and way of the New Testament, and the glory of the apostolic age will return.

This, roughly and dimly, but really, represents the mind and attitude of the early Independents. Their aim was to realize the ideal of the apostolic age, to follow Christ's way, in order that they might reach His

religion. How they succeeded it is not possible here and now to tell; but it may here be said that though in some respects their success was but small, in others it was signal and splendid. To them it was granted to live a life of exclusion and disability and loss in one England, and to create a new nation, a fresh English commonwealth, in another. And in neither England is their history one of which they need to be ashamed. In the old they have lived loyal to the State and all its interests under most disloyal monarchs, working for a political that at once became and reflected their religious ideal, for 'purer manners, sweeter laws,' for generous and ordered freedom, for diffused light, for rational progress, for the privileges that can educate, and the education that can lift and equalize the people. In New England they laid the foundations of the State and commonwealth of the future, and the foundations are broad and strong, easily able to bear the immense structure that has risen and is rising on them. There, more than in any other modern State, ethics rule legislation, and a people, now too mixed to be Puritan, still live under institutions inspired by the spirit that dwelt in the brawny pilgrims who went out into the wilderness to seek and enjoy the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But there is one point that must still, though most briefly, be glanced at. How did the Independent polity affect the ideal of the Christian religion and the attempt at its realization? For one thing, it restored doctrine at once and completely to its rightful place, made it the vital centre of the Christian system. It lived at first not as a political organization, but by the truths that persuaded the intellect and commanded the conscience. Christianity created a new life, because it gave new convictions; it renewed the man by the renewal of his whole intellectual and spiritual world. And the distinctive note of Independency was its direct appeal to the conscience and reason, its presentation of religion as the truth or series of truths that should reconcile man with God and with the Divine order, and enable him to live in obedience to the eternal law of righteousness. The first and supreme thing was this reconciliation with God. Man could never be right in his human relations so long as he was wrong in his Divine. He could never hold his proper place in society, or fulfil his highest duties, until he lived in harmony with the order God had instituted. The passion for the Church as a political organization was to Independency a mean ambition; its passion was for the kingdom

of God, for the obedience worked through faith in the truth and realized in righteousness.

And as Independency endeavoured to restore doctrine to its primitive and apostolic position, it strenuously laboured to do the same for precept, to recover the moral authority and law of Christianity. And that here its success was signal is not open to doubt. No student of English history can deny that it created a new conscience for conduct in the English people, new qualities of character and types of virtue, and added some of the most illustrious names to the long roll of Christian heroes and saints. But it did immensely more than this; it did not simply create a loftier and more ethical ideal of the Christian man, but it also lifted the conception of the Church of Jesus Christ, made it less civil and more spiritual, less political and more social, less sacerdotal and more moral. It placed religion above the sovereign as above the man, made the Church as a society independent of the State, but as the bearer of the ideals and truths, as the vehicle and exponent of the religion of Jesus Christ, related to the State as to the individual, related, that is, as the teacher and preacher of righteousness, with a commission which comes direct from the Eternal. The attitude of the Anglican Church to the sovereign was an inexpressible humiliation to the man who understood and believed and loved the ideal of Independency. It was so by virtue of the varied infidelities it involved. It contradicted the fundamental principle of a return to the way and idea of Christ and His apostles. It offended the strong belief in the dignity, the spiritual kingdom and priesthood of every Christian man. It sinned against the profound conviction that a man who was a citizen in the kingdom of God, who held office and exercised rule in His Church, ought to be a godly man. It were almost impossible to enlighten the Anglican as to the feelings of the Independent who heard him maintain the thesis that an utter scapegrace like the second Charles, a crypto-Catholic to boot, was by the grace of God king of England and head of the English Church. It would have seemed to him too grotesque for impiety had it not been too bitter for tears. Time never inflicted a more deserved revenge than when it forced the Anglican to see a king by his own divine right the head of his Church, while a Catholic in profession and in deed. Yet it ought to have been a less humiliation than was the sight in the same position of his less honest and even more unclean crypto-Catholic brother. But humiliations of that sort could be suffered by Anglicanism alone,

they were impossible to Independency. Strong in the faith that Christ was king, that where he reigned no sovereign had any right or title to interfere, that the surest note of a Christian man was his being obedient to Christ in all things, the surest note of the Christian Church its working in Christ's way for Christ's ends—the Independent lived through the old days of darkness into these days of light, and helped to make the day when it dawned the day of rich fruition and richer promise we find it to be.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

\* \* Through a miscarriage of the post, several pages of the article on Independency, in the April number, were printed without final corrections.

#### ART. VII.—*The Attack upon Free Trade.*

- (1) *Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions for the year 1880.*
- (2) *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom in each of the last Fifteen Years, from 1860–1880.*
- (3) *Free Trade and Protection.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.
- (4) *Cobden Club Publications.*
- (5) *English Trade and Foreign Competition.* 'The Quarterly Review,' July, 1881.

THERE would appear to be some reason for believing that the battle of Free Trade will have to be fought over again. At first sight it might seem strange and difficult to account for, that dissatisfaction should be felt with a policy under which England has attained a measure of wealth and prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world. Upon reflection, however, it will, we think, be found that it is not after all so very surprising that such should be the case. Since the time when the Corn Laws were in force, a new generation has sprung up which knows little or nothing of the privations that were endured in the old days of Protection. Whilst, however, it knows nothing of the horrors of famine, with all its attendant miseries, by which this country was visited some forty years ago, it also has had its bitter experience of commercial and agricultural depression. Smarting, as so many amongst us still are, under the heavy reverses of the last few years, it is little to be wondered at that they should easily be beguiled by the voice of the charmer, and should lend a ready ear to any suggestions, however impracticable they may really be, which, superficially considered, might be held to carry along with

them the possibility of relief. Such a period of adversity as that through which we have recently been passing, and from which we are only just at last emerging, is the quack's opportunity. And assuredly the supply of quacks has been fully equal to the demand. The farmers' friends—or, to speak more accurately, those who give themselves out as such—have of late been busily engaged in decking out in a new dress, and displaying before the admiring gaze of their constituents, the old idol of Protection—an idol which, as they know full well, has long since been dethroned, and can never be restored. In other words, the Free Trade question is ceasing to be a merely economic, and is fast becoming a political and, what is worse, a party question. Signs of what was coming were visible to the discerning eye and mind even in the time of the late Parliament. To say nothing of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, which, in its original conception at least, partook of a distinctly Protectionist character, it will be sufficient for our purpose to refer to the debate which took place when, on July 4th, 1879, Mr. Chaplin moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of agriculture. In the course of the speech which he delivered on that occasion he was bold enough to advocate the repeal of the Malt Tax and the substitution in lieu thereof of protective duties upon foreign produce to the extent of £8,000,000 sterling. No minister rose from his place on the Treasury bench to protest against so monstrous a proposal. 'We are prepared,' said Lord Sandon, speaking on behalf of the Government of the day, 'to accept the exact words of the resolution of the member for Lincolnshire.' The mere acceptance of a resolution by Ministers of the Crown does not, we freely admit, of necessity pledge them to approval of the speech of its mover. Still it affords a sort of presumptive evidence that they and he are in general agreement upon the subject matter under discussion. The least, therefore, that ministers under the circumstances might fairly have been expected to have done, would have been to let it be clearly understood that, in assenting to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the depressed condition of the agricultural interest, they had not the remotest intention in the world of disturbing or departing from the settled financial policy of the country. They did not, however, adopt such a straightforward course as this would have been. They passed over in silence the talk about Protection, condemning it no doubt in their own minds, but afraid to give voice to their condemnation, lest by any

chance they should offend a section of their following. Two years have since elapsed in which most wonderful changes have been witnessed. The men who at that time were in the enjoyment of office, and at the height of power and distinction, have since been relegated to the cold shade of Opposition. But whilst they have been forced, much against their will, to abandon their places, they have not, so far as we are aware, shown any disposition or inclination voluntarily to abandon the principles or want of principles by which they were formerly characterized. Their attitude towards the cardinal and vital questions of Free Trade and Protection remains to-day precisely what it was two years ago. It is studiously and purposely ambiguous. Indeed, it is but the simple truth to say that, whatever may have been the case with respect to other matters, with regard to this at least the leaders of the Conservative party have gone from bad to worse. The late leader of the Conservative party, when reminded not very long ago of the unsatisfactory character of the arguments which he had used in his old speeches in favour of Protection, is reported to have said, 'Ah! I always knew we had a bad case;' and accordingly when, in April, 1879, Lord Bate-man brought forward in the House of Lords his motion in favour of Reciprocity, Lord Beaconsfield, after a playful reference to the 'musty phrases' that had been quoted from his early speeches, and after coolly assuring his noble friend that, though he had listened most attentively to the whole of his lengthy oration, he had been unable to make out what it was that he required, went on frankly and honestly to confess that 'the fact was, practically speaking, Reciprocity, whatever its merits, was dead.' Lord Beaconsfield, however, is gone, and men of a different, and in many respects of an inferior, mould divide between them, in varying and uncertain proportions, the authority which he himself was wont to wield. At a loss for a policy, and in search of an electioneering cry, determined, moreover, by hook or by crook to maintain their hold upon the county constituencies, they are deliberately coquetting with Reciprocity, Retaliation, and Fair Trade, which are only other names for the discarded heresy of Protection. Lord Salisbury seizes upon the occasion of the presentation of a petition from the planters of Barbadoes to make an unexpected onslaught upon the general commercial policy of the country, and the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons—the author of 'Twenty Years of Financial Policy'—silently follows in the footsteps of his master. Mr. Ritchie is told off to continue the work which Mr. Chaplin



had begun, and the leader, in *name* at least, of the great Conservative and Constitutional party, apparently thinks it consistent with the high position which he holds to slink into the division lobby with the junior member for the Tower Hamlets, without uttering a single word of explanation as to the meaning that was to be attached to the vote he was about to give. Nor does the matter end here. The farce which was enacted on the floor of the House of Commons is in due course played over again in the country. Sir Stafford is invited down to Sheffield to the Cutlers' Feast, and when he arrives there he finds himself very much at a disadvantage, because he is obliged to avoid all reference to political controversies. When, however, he has succeeded in delivering himself of his non-political oration, he is, by a remarkable coincidence, followed by His Grace the Duke of Rutland. The Duke launches out, at this non-political gathering, into a violent tirade against Free Trade and Free Traders; but before doing so he very kindly volunteers to sit down on the instant if his observations shall prove distasteful to any amongst his audience. It is not recorded that Sir Stafford Northcote hinted, even in his mildest and most inoffensive manner, that perhaps after all His Grace would be well advised if he were to pass on to some other topic.

We have, then, we think it will be admitted, ample warranty for our assertion that the Free Trade question has ceased to be a purely economical, and has assumed the form of a political and party, question. If further proof is required, it will be found in rank abundance in the columns of the accredited organs of the Tory party. There is, however, one conspicuous exception, 'The Standard,' which for some time past has with commendable courage and independence adopted a line and policy of its own. Writing at the time of the recent election in North Lincolnshire, 'The Standard' gave utterance to the following manly and outspoken protest—

Candidates at Parliamentary elections (it said) have no business to give pledges which a little reflection must convince them, in common with the rest of the world, it is impossible to redeem, and to make promises which there is no reasonable prospect they will ever be able to perform. When the accredited representatives of the Conservative party, in their desire to catch votes, advocate just so much of a return to Protection as is signified by the shibboleths of Reciprocity and Fair Trade—against which Lord Beaconsfield declared with memorable emphasis—they incur the charge of political insincerity and dishonesty of the worst and most damaging kind.

The Right Hon. James Lowther, exulting in the success by which for the nonce his tactics have been attended, may laugh to scorn the warnings of the leading organ of his party, but in the long run it will be found that he will have little cause to look back with pride and satisfaction upon the means by which he has once more secured his return to Parliament. With the honourable exception, then, of 'The Standard' newspaper, it may be said without exaggeration that almost the entire body of the Conservative press views with a kindly and a friendly eye the agitation that has been set on foot in favour of what is euphemistically called Fair Trade, but what has been more properly and more correctly described as Protection in fancy dress. We say advisedly the *Conservative* press, for we are altogether unable to agree, without this important qualification, with the assertion of a recent writer in 'The Quarterly Review,' that 'numerous influential newspapers in the north openly proclaim their antagonism to the present commercial policy of the country.'\* No Liberal paper of any influence or importance has been carried away by the Reciprocity agitation. 'The Manchester Guardian,' which has been rightly described as the leading commercial paper of the north of England, is staunch in its adherence to Free Trade principles. The brilliant and accomplished editor of 'The Manchester Examiner and Times' is fully as thoroughgoing a Free Trader now as he was when he wrote 'The Charter of the Nations.'† In 'The Liverpool Mercury' there has recently appeared a series of most valuable articles on the relation between our exports and imports, in which the fallacies of the reciprocity-mongers have been thoroughly and effectually exposed. No one, again, pretends that the vigorous and clear-sighted editor of 'The Liverpool Daily Post' has apostatized from his earlier faith, and, as regards the Yorkshire press, it will be sufficient to point to the fact that, notwithstanding the many temptations by which it has been beset to advocate a retrograde policy, 'The Leeds Mercury' has escaped unscathed in the trying and difficult times through which the staple industry of the district in which it principally circulates has latterly been called to pass. It will be acknowledged, therefore, that we have good grounds for asserting that it is only the Conservative press that has caught the infection

\* 'English Trade and Foreign Competition.' 'The Quarterly Review,' July, 1881.

† 'The Charter of the Nations; or, Free Trade and its Results.' An Essay. By Henry Dunckley, M.A.

of the new propaganda. But the contagion has been allowed to spread to regions from which it might have been hoped that it would have been carefully and zealously excluded. It is not merely in the columns of 'The Morning Post' and 'The St. James's Gazette' that the Fair Traders have been permitted to air their crotchets on what, we are told, must now be regarded as the question of the day. They are accorded the place of honour in the all-embracing 'Nineteenth Century,' and they find their way without difficulty into the more exclusive and old-fashioned, not to say antiquated, 'Quarterly.' In the July number of 'The Quarterly Review' there appeared under the title of 'English Trade and Foreign Competition' an ably written article, which attained, and in a certain sense deserved, a considerable measure of success. It was happy in the time and occasion of its birth; and if its literary style rather than its matter and its arguments had been in question, we should have been bound in fairness to describe it as altogether unexceptionable. Moreover, additional interest and importance were lent to it by the fact that it partook in some degree of the character of a political manifesto. 'The trade of the world,' said the writer, 'will henceforth be divided among different nations, and the most enterprising and the most skilful will get the lion's share of it, provided that a fair field and no favour is afforded to all. That is what we have to secure. Probably it may become the duty of the Conservative party to show the people how to secure it.'

The scope of the article having been such as we have endeavoured very briefly to indicate, it is not in any way surprising that it should have been the subject of many comments of both a favourable and an adverse description. The criticism to which it has been subjected, however, as was but natural should be the case, has been of a somewhat slight and sketchy character. It was probably thought in many quarters that the reviewer and his article were not worth the waste of much powder and shot. But, since the time when the article was written the Fair Trade movement has advanced a stage, it may now, perhaps, be worth while to examine in some detail what is the real value of the facts and of the arguments that are constantly being adduced in its support.

We propose, then, to take as the basis and subject matter of our investigations the article of 'The Quarterly' reviewer, and to subject it to a somewhat minute and searching criticism. The process will, it may be thought, be sufficiently tedious, but it will not, we trust, be altogether without its re-

sults and its reward. Unless we are very much mistaken, the result of our investigations will be to confirm the statement of 'The Daily News' when it says that the Reciprocity agitation is 'more entirely based upon ignorance than any political movement of our day.'\*

The line of argument, if such it can be called, which the reviewer has adopted, is delightful in its simplicity. He starts by depicting in the darkest colours the condition of one and all of our staple manufactures, and he then proceeds to set down to the account of Free Trade all the intolerable evils from which he tells us we are suffering. Let us follow him in each step of his argument, and see by what methods it is that he seeks to make good his position.

And, first, let us take the cotton trade, the most important manufacturing industry in the country. 'It is questioned by competent local authorities,' writes our instructor, 'whether Manchester will ever again witness a return of the palmy days of 1872-3; and those who are not local authorities, but simply close observers of the course which trade is taking, are disposed to think that there is very little room for any doubt on the subject.' In proof of the correctness of this gloomy and desponding view of the future prospects of our leading manufacture, we are regaled with a few statistics carefully picked and chosen for the purpose of supporting a particular hypothesis.

In 1870 (we are told) the value of our cotton manufactures exported to the United States was £2,674,697. In 1876 it had sunk to £1,275,788, and although last year witnessed what the economic writers called a great revival, the amount was only raised to £1,748,645. Then, consider what has been happening with Germany. We exported to that country in 1872 cotton yarn and manufactures to the value of nearly six millions sterling. Last year the amount was below a million and a-half. The decline in our cotton trade with Egypt is about 68 per cent. as compared with ten years ago. At that time we sent to Holland cotton goods to the value of four and three-quarter millions. In 1880 the value was under two and a-half millions.

Upon this, the first remark that suggests itself is that, in instituting a comparison between the condition of a particular trade at one period of time and its condition at another period, no useful result can be arrived at by singling out one or two countries, and considering them quite apart from the rest. It is surely obvious on the face of it that a particular branch of a trade may be suffering, while the trade, as a whole, may be in a

\* 'The Daily News,' August 26, 1881.

fairly prosperous condition. The trade with half a dozen countries may have receded, whilst that with the rest of the world may have advanced. This is precisely what has happened with the cotton trade, as we think we shall have little difficulty in showing. But even if the method adopted by the reviewer were a right one, and were capable of leading to any useful results, there are some at least of the figures which he has quoted upon which, we must confess, we are unable to congratulate him. Take, for example, the case of Egypt, of which he has sought to make so much. It is, no doubt, perfectly correct and accurate to say that the Board of Trade returns show a considerable falling off in our export of cotton manufactures to Egypt. But the explanation is a simple one, and such as might have suggested itself to an ordinarily intelligent and well-informed mind. The falling off is, in truth, rather nominal than real, and is to be attributed to the following cause. Before the opening of the Suez Canal, and for some little time after the canal had been opened, it was necessary to send goods destined for the East first of all to Egypt, and then to re-ship them to other countries. When the canal became one of the world's great international highways, goods which had formerly been exported to Egypt were sent direct to their destination. With regard to Germany, again, it is noticeable that the reviewer has studiously selected as the starting-point of his comparison the year 1872; the time, that is to say, when the Franco-German war had just been brought to a successful termination, and Germany was in course of receiving from her conquered foe the huge war indemnity of £200,000,000. But, in truth, if the instances selected for comparison were as valuable as they must be pronounced to be worthless for all practical purposes, they could not be fairly expected to yield any conclusive or satisfactory result. The method itself is bad, and is calculated, if it is not intended, to mislead. If we wish to get at any really useful results, if we are in earnest in our endeavour to find out whether the cotton trade, or any other trade, has receded or advanced in any given period of time, we must look at the total quantities of our exports in the years selected for comparison. Comparing, then, the years 1870 and 1880 in this, the only legitimate way, we find that the facts are as follows: In the year 1870 we exported 3,266,998,366 yards of cotton goods of all kinds; in the year 1880 our exports had risen to 4,496,343,500 yards, or an increase of about 38 per cent. The falling off, therefore, about which 'The Quarterly' declaims with so much eloquence,

turns out to have been no falling off at all but an increase of close upon 38 per cent.

One would have thought that such a simple and easily ascertained fact as that of the total quantity of cotton goods which we export would have found a place in any description of the present condition of the staple industry of Lancashire. No comparison, however, of our total export of cotton goods last year with that of any previous year will be found from beginning to end of the article on 'English Trade and Foreign Competition.' Upon this, as upon so many other points of importance, the reviewer maintains a perfect and unbroken silence. It may be well, therefore, that we should enter a little more into detail upon the subject. The figures we have just quoted are taken from the Board of Trade returns. We will now quote a few statistics from the next highest authority, which our readers will scarcely need to be reminded is the 'Annual Review of the Cotton Trade,' published by Messrs. Ellison and Co., of Liverpool. The following interesting and instructive statement, which would of itself be sufficient to demolish the whole argument of the writer in 'The Quarterly,' is taken from Messrs. Ellison and Co.'s 'Review of the Cotton Trade for the year 1880.'

The consumption in 1880 (we are informed) was the largest in the history of the trade. The previous largest was in 1876. Compared with that year, 1880 shows an increase of 4720 bales per week, or 7.7 per cent. Compared with 1879, the increase is 9580 bales per week, or close upon 17 per cent. The present rate of consumption is about 67,000 bales of 400 lbs. per week, or 60,000 bales of 445.9 lbs.—the average weight of the consumption in 1880.\*

Solid facts such as these are dismissed altogether from consideration by the reviewer, as if they were fancies light as air. To have so much as hinted at their existence would have been sufficient to awaken doubt and suspicion in the mind of the reader; to have openly acknowledged and proclaimed them would have simply had the effect of shattering to pieces the whole of the nicely constructed fabric of imposture which the writer was labouring so diligently to rear. Accordingly, most wisely and discreetly it must be admitted from his own point of view, he has thought fit to shut them out from consideration altogether. But it must not be supposed from what we have said that the outlook is entirely dark and gloomy, even in the view of the writer in 'The Quar-

\* Ellison and Co.'s 'Annual Review of Cotton Trade for the Year 1880,' January 26th, 1881.

terly.' There is, he admits, one bright spot on the world's wide surface, and that is to be found somewhere within the limits of our Indian dominions. Had it not been for the existence of our Indian empire, the most important manufacturing industry we possess must have utterly collapsed. Such is the argument. Let us now bring it to the test of facts. No doubt it is an argument that is useful to the reviewer in another way, and from a different point of view. It enables him to discharge a good deal of grandiloquent rhetoric, and to have a fling—which he appears very greatly to enjoy—at a certain class of politicians who, it appears, have emblazoned on their banners the strange device of 'Perish India'—adopting Mr. Freeman's grossly misrepresented phrase. But whilst we are constrained to admit that this reference to India serves its purpose in giving the reviewer an opportunity of tilting at a non-existing set of politicians, the only question with which we need trouble ourselves on the present occasion is the simple one—How far is it true that the prosperity, and even the very existence of the English cotton trade, is dependent upon the imperial connection between India and ourselves? This is a question that is capable of a simple and easy solution. We do not, of course, for a single moment deny that India is one of our most important customers, especially so far as the cotton trade is concerned; and we are delighted beyond measure to find that last year, owing, we may suppose, to the fact that she has at last found herself in some degree relieved from the evils inflicted upon her in recent years by the combined scourges of famine and of war—we are delighted, we say, to find that last year, from the causes we have mentioned, our exports of cotton goods to India rose from twelve and a half millions sterling—the figure at which they stood in 1879—to eighteen and a quarter millions. Still, notwithstanding this great increase in the export of cotton goods to India, it will be found that if we leave India out of the account altogether, and simply compare the quantities of cotton goods exported to the rest of the world last year with the quantities exported in 1870, last year's returns show the very substantial increase of 14 per cent. upon those of ten years ago. Here, therefore, as elsewhere, the argument of 'The Quarterly,' when brought to the test of facts, is seen to be quite incapable of being sustained.

The simple and literal truth is that the author of the article on 'English Trade and Foreign Competition,' whoever he may be, has set out with a preconceived theory, and is determined to leave no stone unturned to

recommend it to his readers' acceptance. In obedience to this commanding impulse he strives by every available means to make out that things are going from bad to worse, instead of from bad to better, as is actually the case. All his exertions, however, are fruitless, because the facts are against him. The very reverse of what he alleges is the case, as all who are practically acquainted with business must admit. Lancashire, like the rest of the United Kingdom, is gradually recovering from the depression which a few years ago lay like an incubus upon the manufacturing industries, not of England only, but of the world at large. Let any one who doubts the truth of what we say take the trouble to read the Annual Report of the United States consul at Manchester for the year 1880, and compare it with the same gentleman's reports for the two previous years. The opening sentences of the first and last of these reports would themselves be sufficient to prove the truth of our contention. Writing of the year 1878, Mr. Shaw very truly said: 'The past year has been one of unprecedented depression in the great cotton manufactures of this consular district.' In his last report, however, that for the year 1880, he says with equal truth: 'Upon the whole there has been a considerable improvement in trade in this consular district during the past year. There is a greater demand for labour, and less suffering among the labouring poor—sure evidences of better times.' And then, in order to bring the matter to the test, and to show that the prospects of the cotton trade had very materially improved in the interval of time that had elapsed since his last report was written, the United States consul refers to the fact that in the year 1879 'The Oldham Chronicle' published an account of 125 cotton spinning and manufacturing companies, from which it appeared that one of these companies paid a dividend of 2 per cent.; one of 2½ per cent.; two of 4 per cent.; six of 5 per cent.; one of 5½ per cent.; two of 8 per cent.; five of 10 per cent.; while *one hundred and four paid no dividends, and in a great majority of cases made losses more or less serious.* This was in 1879. Twelve months later, however, according to the same authority, trade had improved in such a marked degree that the number of companies paying no dividend had diminished by one-half, whilst the rest of the 125 mills were paying dividends that ranged from 2 to 22 per cent. If it is sought to lay any particular stress upon the fact that there still remains a considerable minority of the mills unable to pay their shareholders any dividends at all, it should

be remembered that nearly all the companies in question are co-operative concerns that work with a large percentage of borrowed capital. It follows, as a matter of course from the existence of such a state of things, that interest varying from 4 to 6 per cent. has to be paid upon the whole of this borrowed capital before there is anything that is available for distribution amongst the shareholders. And at least the extracts from 'The Oldham Chronicle' prove this much, that last year the cotton trade went a long way towards recovering the ground it had lost during the recent depression. Coming down to a still later date, it is gratifying to find that indications are not wanting to show that the prospect continues to improve, and that a new era is beginning to dawn for our cotton manufacturers and operatives. Strangely enough the last piece of intelligence that reaches us on this subject has come from Preston, the borough which recently elected the Protectionist, Mr. Eckroyd, to represent it in Parliament. In August of the present year Mr. Luke Park, secretary to the Power-loom Weavers' Association, published a return, from which we extract the following interesting little piece of information. It appears, then, that there are now in Preston 34,449 looms at work. This number, it is stated, comprises all the looms in the town, with the exception of about 300, which are being got ready for work, or being 'gaited up,' as it is called, with all possible dispatch. Now it is further manifest, from a return of the number of spindles and looms compiled in 1874 by Mr. Banks, the secretary of the Spinners' Operative Association, that the number of looms in the town at that time was 31,583, so that in the seven years that have since elapsed the increase of weaving power in Preston has been about 3000 looms. And this has happened in a borough that has been the first, as it certainly ought to be, even if it will not be the last, that has been bitten by the heresy of Protection.

We come now to consider very briefly the condition of another of the most important manufacturing industries in the country, viz., the woollen trade. With respect to the staple industry of Yorkshire, it may be admitted that the croaker has more reason for his existence than we have seen him to possess with regard to the staple industry of Lancashire. And yet, if there is any truth or meaning in figures, there can be little doubt that even the depression at present existing in our woollen trade has been not a little exaggerated. As 'The Economist' has pointed out, and as any one may very easily satisfy himself by a short study of the Sta-

tistical Abstract, the consumption of foreign wool in the United Kingdom during the last six years shows an increase of 15·8 per cent. upon that of the six years immediately preceding.\* In other words, whilst in the years 1869-74 we consumed only 1,064,574,000 lbs. of foreign wool, in the years 1875-80 we consumed as much as 1,232,544,000 lbs. What amount of English-grown wool was used in the same periods it is not quite so easy to determine; but it is interesting to note that Mr. Hugh Mason, M.P., in the course of a singularly lucid and vigorous speech delivered at Hurst, in the parliamentary borough of Ashton-under-Lyne, on the 28th of May of the present year, puts the *total* amount of wool consumed in 1870 at 370,000,000 lbs., as against 401,000,000 lbs., which was the quantity worked up in 1880.† Whichever way we look at it, therefore, it appears clear that there has been a considerable increase in our consumption of wool during the last ten or twelve years. It follows from this that the total volume of the woollen trade is greater now than it has ever been before, so that even if it can be shewn that our foreign trade has suffered, it will still remain true that the increase in the home consumption of our woollen manufactures has more than made up for any diminution there may have been in the amount of our exports to foreign countries. But it is not by any means admitted without question that the falling off in the export of worsted goods has been so marked and so enormous as the Board of Trade returns represent it to have been. A manufacturer of great authority and experience upon this subject has recently expressed himself in the following terms: 'The statistics of our exports of worsted and woollen goods to Germany up to 1872, and even up to 1874, were so obviously wrong that I spent money and time to arrive at the truth, with the result of reducing the exports of worsted goods alone to Germany from £7,905,629 in 1872, to £2,857,608 in 1873, without either our manufacturers or merchants being aware of a decreasing trade. The fact is, that until a better system was introduced, the declarations were dictated by fancy without the slightest check from the authorities.' If any one should be disposed to argue that the great falling off here described did as a matter of fact take place, and was due to an alteration in the German

\* 'Statistical Abstract for 1880,' p. 61.

† The figures given by Mr. Mulhall are still more favourable to our contention. On page 18 of his 'Balance Sheet of the World' he puts the amount of wool consumed in 1870 at 342 million lbs., as against 401 million lbs. in 1880.

tariff, the writer points out that such an argument must entirely fall to the ground, for the simple reason that no alteration was made in the German tariff at the period of time referred to, and he concludes his suggestive observations by saying that the Customs authorities 'acknowledge their errors in private, but cannot be got to do so in public.'

But whilst we are prepared to contend that the woollen trade as a whole, instead of receding has advanced, we are quite ready to admit that some branches of it have suffered more severely and acutely than the rest. It is from Bradford more especially that the loudest and bitterest cries have come. And yet even in Bradford things have not been so bad as they have sometimes been represented; and it is extremely gratifying to find even 'The Quarterly' reviewer himself acknowledging that, 'whilst there is ground for uneasiness, there is none for despair.' In support of the view which we venture to take of the condition of the staple trade of Bradford, we cannot do better than quote once more from the same high authority, to whom allusion has just been made.

Bradford (he writes) is suffering more than any other town connected with textile industry from general and special causes. The general causes, such as bad harvests and the poverty of our home and foreign customers, are well known, and their effect would cease with the return of general prosperity. The special causes are a change in the fashion from lustrous to soft, close-fitting ladies' dresses, and the long disinclination of our manufacturers to adapt themselves to the demands of their customers. And yet our trade has never been so bad as represented. The employer has had to work at small or no profit, and the operatives were obliged to take lower wages; but there has been no distress among the latter, and remarkably few failures among the former.

The gentleman who writes thus is a Free Trader; but there is one point, at least, on which we are happy to be able to quote on the same side the testimony of a well-known advocate of Reciprocity, Mr. H. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was formerly chairman of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, and as such he presided at a meeting that was addressed by Mr. Forster in January, 1879. The president, in his opening address, in addition to making other statements of general interest, such as that 'It would be in vain to expect that the English people would ever agree to put a tax on bread, or the necessities of life,' and, 'Most of those present would agree that Free Trade was one of the causes of the great prosperity of the country, and the increase of our national wealth,'

went on to make an observation which is very much to our purpose, and which was to the following effect: 'The working classes of Bradford had not suffered to the same extent as those in other parts of the country.' Of course we need not say that there has been pauperism at Bradford as elsewhere, but it is worthy of remark that it has been in the main confined to outdoor labourers, and has affected in only a very slight degree the operatives engaged in textile manufactures.

It has been often stated, and no doubt with a considerable amount of truth, that one of the principal causes to which the depression in the Bradford trade has been due, has been the change of fashion from lustrous to lustreless goods. In support of this theory we are able to cite the testimony of Mr. Shepard, the United States consul at Bradford. In the last of his interesting and valuable reports, this gentleman very freely expresses his opinions, not merely with regard to the nature of the evil, but also as to the kind of remedy that ought to be applied. 'Fashion,' he tells us, 'has been continually more and more against Bradford goods, and in favour of lustreless goods made from colonial wool; but not a little of the unsatisfactory state of things existing at Bradford is due (he believes) to prejudice, a lack of enterprise, and a failure to comprehend the logic of events. To adapt himself to circumstances, to keep pace with the times, to make just the goods required, and to employ the newest and most improved methods and machinery are requirements which the average Bradford manufacturer quite fails to meet.'

How much truth there may be in Mr. Shepard's description of the characteristics of the average Bradford manufacturer we will not stop to inquire; but it is gratifying to find that in one department, at any rate, the Bradford manufacturer is quite alive to his own interests, and quite abreast of the times in which we live. We refer to the question of technical education and its relation to the manufacturing industries of the country. If any one wishes to know what Yorkshire in general, and Bradford in particular, have done in recent years for the cause of technical education, he cannot do better than turn to Mr. Shepard's last report, which he will find to be replete with information on this extremely important and interesting subject.\*

Leaving Mr. Shepard and the 'average Bradford manufacturer' to fight it out between them, we come in the next place to

\* 'The Bradford Observer,' March 24, 1881.

take a very rapid survey of our iron and steel manufactures. It is worthy of note that just as 'The Quarterly' reviewer was careful to abstain from uttering a single word about the totals of our exports of cotton and woollen manufactured goods, so also he very wisely maintains an absolute and unbroken silence with regard to the amounts and values of our exports of iron and steel. And he not only omits to give us the totals of our exports to all the world, but in this instance, at all events, he does not even indulge in his favourite method of picking out and considering, quite apart from the rest, one or two countries with which it may have happened, from a variety of causes, that our trade has received a temporary check. Since the reviewer has thought fit to abstain from saying anything about our exports of iron and steel during recent years, it becomes necessary for us to supply the deficiency. The facts we shall adduce go right in the teeth of the jeremiads about the decline and fall of British industries that are constantly being poured forth by members of the self-styled national and patriotic party. The production of pig-iron during the six years 1869-74 was 37,336,000 tons; in the following six years, from 1875 to 1880, it rose to 39,648,000, or an increase of 6.2 per cent. Let us turn now to the tables of our exports. In 1870 we exported 2,825,575 tons of iron and steel; in 1880 we exported as much as 3,792,993 tons, which is the highest figure that has ever been reached. It is true that the prices that rule to-day do not compare favourably with those of many previous years; but even if we take the values instead of the quantities of the iron and steel exported, we shall find that the last ten years have witnessed a not inconsiderable expansion of our foreign trade. In 1870 the value of the steel and iron exported was £24,038,090; in 1880 it was as much as £28,390,316. What, then, in the face of these figures, is it that 'The Quarterly' reviewer has to say with regard to our iron and steel manufactures? Although we produced last year more iron and steel than we ever did before, the production was by no means sufficient to satisfy his voracious appetite. Out of 969 blast furnaces now erected in this country, he grieves to relate that only 556 are at work. Men who have practical experience in the iron trade are crying out that the production is outrunning the demand; but if it rested with our reviewer to decide, he would set every furnace in blast to-morrow, and still further complicate the difficulties of the situation. We repeat that, so far from it being the case that the amount of pig-iron

produced falls short of current requirements, the very opposite is the fact. Great as was the increase in the production of pig-iron in 1880 over that of any previous year, the last monthly report of Messrs. Fallows and Co. shows that the production has gone on increasing on both sides of the Atlantic during the first six months of the present year. This increase has been at the rate of about 7 per cent., and Messrs. Fallows and Co. very justly observe with regard to it that, as we now know the production of 1880 was in excess (large stocks being carried forward into 1881), there is evidently no opening yet for this increased make. The writer in 'The Quarterly' speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the rapid growth of the iron industries of the United States. Does he know what the condition of those industries was only three or four years ago? The Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association for 1877 gives the following particulars: 'Of 714 completed furnaces at the close of 1876, 236 were in blast, 478 were out of blast; of 713 furnaces at the close of 1875, 293 were in blast, and 420 were out of blast. The productive capacity of the country is at least twice the actual yield of either of the last two years.' At the present moment it is undoubtedly the fact that the iron trade in the United States is in a condition of great activity; yet the last Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association informs us that, at the close of 1880, out of a total of 701 furnaces in existence, only 446 were in blast. If, therefore, the reviewer were consistent in the application of his own arguments, he would be obliged to contend that the iron industries of the United States, which he does not omit to tell us are flourishing in an extraordinary manner, were in a very bad way indeed. The proper explanation of the facts, however, is quite a different one, and one which it does not appear to have entered into the mind of the reviewer to conceive. In the natural course of things a certain proportion of the blast furnaces in existence become, from a variety of reasons, useless for all practical purposes. In a progressive state of society men discover better and more economical methods of manufacture than their fathers were acquainted with; and if we apply this simple and obvious truth to the question we are discussing, we shall find that the wit of man has been employed to very good purpose in improving the construction of our furnaces. In the Report of the Consett Iron Company for June, 1881, we are told that the blast furnace reconstructions and additions that have been going on for the last thirteen years are now completed, and it is added that, *the*

*seven new blast furnaces are capable of yielding more pig-iron than the original eighteen furnaces could do.*

We have now considered, we hope with sufficient fulness for the purpose in hand, the present condition of our leading manufactures. We have shown that, as regards the cotton, the woollen, and the iron trades, there is no ground whatsoever for alarm. In the same way we might go through the rest of the trades of the country and prove that the statements and vaticinations of the reviewer are alike the products of his imagination. Take, for example, the Sheffield trade. The number of unemployed in Sheffield, he tells us, is constantly increasing. That, however, is not exactly the impression one derives from a perusal of the last report of the Sheffield trade. There is a continued falling off, we learn from this report, in the country trade, due, it is thought, entirely to the wet weather, and to the certainty that the harvest must be below the average. But in spite of this the condition of trade here is satisfactory, and in the heavy branches there is a good deal of activity. The railway rail mills are as busy as they can well be, though the prices leave but a bare margin of profit. The iron market shows increased firmness, and there is an increasing demand for Bessemer and crucible steel, both for the home and colonial markets. An indication of the revived condition of trade generally is shown by the fact that the collieries in South Yorkshire are now, for the most part, well off for orders, and that the output is greater now than it has been for the last two or three years. The cutlery and edge-tool branches are busier, though there is not full employment for the whole of the men. Such is the tenor of the report, and, on the whole, we think we are justified in pointing to it as proving that the Sheffield trade is in a fairly satisfactory condition, and that it is not true, as 'The Quarterly' asserts, that the number of the unemployed is constantly increasing.

We will now leave the question of the condition of any particular industry, and will deal very briefly with the general state of trade at the present time as compared with that of ten years ago. What, then, was the total value of our exports of British and colonial produce in 1870; and what is it now? This is a very simple and easily answered question, and one that is, we should have thought, worthy of being considered in any attempt to discover whether we are or are not being precipitated at a constantly accelerating rate along the path that leads to bankruptcy and ruin. It is a

question, however, for which we search in vain for an answer in the pages of 'The Quarterly.' 'Let us answer it, then,' to quote the reviewer's own words, 'as it is well to answer all questions, if practicable, in the light of facts.' About the practicability of answering this particular question in the light of facts there can be no manner of doubt. If we turn to the Statistical Abstract we shall find that the total value of British and foreign and colonial produce exported from the United Kingdom in 1870 was 244 millions sterling, while the total value in 1880 was 286½ millions; and if we exclude foreign and colonial produce altogether from the reckoning, we shall still find that the total value of British produce exported in 1870 was 199½ millions, as against 223 millions in 1880. In this connection it will not be out of place to remark that the latest returns published by the Board of Trade afford gratifying proof that our export trade still continues to augment. The exports of the month of August of the present year show an increase of 10½ per cent. upon those of the corresponding month of 1880.

We will now apply another test, which is of the utmost value and importance in any attempt to discover what is the condition of the masses of the people. How stands the case with regard to the returns of pauperism? On January 1st, 1871, it will be found that there were in England and Wales alone of indoor and outdoor paupers, a total of 1,081,926; on January 1st, 1881, there were only 803,126, or a decrease of more than 25 per cent., notwithstanding the fact that in the last decade population has increased at an unprecedented rate. There are still other tests that may be applied without difficulty, all of them going to show that the condition of the people has improved in a most striking and significant manner. Let us take, for instance, the deposits in the Savings Banks. In the Trustees' and Post Office Savings Banks the deposits in 1870 were 53 millions; in 1880 they had risen to 78 millions, or, in other words, had increased by nearly one-half. Take, again, the consumption per head of the population of the principal imported and excisable articles. The consumption of bacon in 1870 was 1·98 lbs. per head of the population; in 1880 it was 15·96 lbs. The consumption of butter, again, was 4·53 lbs. per head in 1870; in 1880 it was 7·42 lbs. The consumption of potatoes was 2·8 lbs. per head in 1870; in 1880 it was 31·63 lbs. The consumption of sugar in 1870 was 47·23 lbs.; in 1880 it was 63·68 lbs. The consumption of tea in 1870 was 3·81 lbs.;



in 1880 it was 4.59 lbs.; and so we might go on through the whole of the principal articles of consumption, almost every one of which it will be found is now being consumed in increasing quantities by the great masses of the people. And yet in the face of all these undisputed and indisputable facts and figures 'The Quarterly' reviewer thinks the present a fitting time to come forward with the most unfortunate and ill-chosen of all imaginable cries—Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory of England has departed—and to tack on to it the most lame and halting of all imaginable conclusions: *It may probably become the duty of the Conservative party to show the people how this departed glory may be reconquered and restored!*

The condition of trade being such as we have described, it is not a little remarkable that 'The Quarterly' chooses the present as a suitable time for an attempt to frighten us with the bogey of American competition. For a bogey under present circumstances, and with the Protectionist policy of the United States in full vigour, it undoubtedly is, so far as our manufacturing industries are concerned. In the mind of the reviewer, however, it is a terrible and perplexing reality. He assures us that the progress made by the United States in all the departments of industrial enterprise which are most valuable to a nation—with the sole exception of the shipping trade—has been most remarkable. So far from their industries having perished, they flourish more prodigiously than ever, and, to crown all, it is not obscurely hinted that they are driving us out of the neutral markets. They are, in short, ruining this country by the double process of shutting out our goods from the States, and beating us in the markets of the world. These would be grave and alarming circumstances, if only it could be shown that they were true. The question is, Are they true? 'Let us answer this question, as it is well to answer all questions, if practicable, in the light of facts.'

Is it, then, the fact that American manufactures are finding their way into this country or into the neutral markets to any considerable extent? The answer, which will be in the negative, may be gathered from the most cursory glance at the Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions for the year 1880, and the Statistical Abstract for the Principal and other Foreign Countries in each year from 1868 to 1878-79, both of which are official blue-books that have recently been presented to Parliament. From these autho-

rities it appears that, whilst the United States sent us last year cotton manufactures to the value of half-a-million, we sent them in return cotton goods to the value of nearly three and three-quarter millions; whilst we sent them two and a half millions of woollen goods, they sent us none at all; and whilst they sent us iron and steel to the value of a quarter of a million, we actually sent them as much as ten million pounds worth of wrought and unwrought iron. And if it be asked whether there are not other manufactures in regard to which America is a vigorous and keen competitor in the home market, a sufficient answer will be found in the striking and important fact that the total value of the manufactured goods which she sent us last year was only two and a half millions sterling, while the total value of the manufactured goods we sent her in return was more than twenty-four millions and a half. Nor can it be said with any degree of truth that she is robbing us of our markets in other parts of the world. If we take the year 1879—the last for which in the case of the United States the figures are given in the Statistical Abstract—and if we add together our own exports of cotton manufactures, iron and iron manufactures, machinery, linen, and jute manufactures, silk, woollen, and worsted manufactures, we shall find that they sum up in all to about 120 millions sterling; whereas the total value of the same articles exported from the United States was only a little more than four and a quarter millions. The competition, therefore, of the United States in the neutral markets is, comparatively speaking, of a very trifling description. In saying this we do not mean to deny that in course of time America may become a formidable rival even in respect to manufactured goods; but we may assert with the utmost confidence that a formidable rival she will not be until she has turned her back upon her present Protectionist policy, and adopted the policy of Free Trade. And here we take leave to remark, in passing, that the fact of our having the command of the neutral markets is one of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to exaggerate the importance. In the term neutral markets are included not only Asia and Africa, but also South America, the Polynesian Islands, and our own Colonies. How vital to our interests it is to keep the command of these markets will be seen at once when we mention the fact that it has been estimated that the population of these countries mounts up to the enormous figure of between 1,000,000,000 and 1,200,000,000 human beings, whilst that of the strictly Protectionist countries is only from

250,000,000 to 300,000,000 persons. If, therefore, the result of the imposition of protective tariffs by foreign nations is that, whilst it to some extent hampers our trade with these smaller markets, it secures us the monopoly of the markets of the world, it needs no very great powers of reasoning or insight to perceive that we have immeasurably the best of the bargain.

But there remains yet another bogey with which 'The Quarterly' tries very hard to frighten us. We refer to the old exploded notions about the balance of trade. Sir Robert Peel, we are told, never dreamed that one of the results of Free Trade would be that our imports would tend to exceed our exports in an ever-growing proportion. Had he lived to our own day he would have stood aghast at the condition of things that now presents itself. No such balance sheet as the following ever rose up before his mind's eye, viz.—

Imports in 1880.....	£409,990,056
Exports " " .....	222,810,526

Excess of Imports....	£187,179,530
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Upon this we have to observe, in the first place, that the reviewer has fallen into an error of the grossest description. The figures which he has given as representing the total value of our last year's exports in reality represent only the value of the articles of British produce that were exported. In addition, however, to articles of British produce, we exported last year foreign and colonial produce to the value of upwards of sixty-three millions. As a consequence, the so-called balance of trade against us, instead of having been 187 millions, as the reviewer asserts, was, as a matter of fact, only 124 millions. This is only one of the many erroneous assertions to be found in this particular portion of the reviewer's article. We are told, for example, that the exports of France are in excess of her imports, whereas precisely the reverse is the case. Indeed, the French tables of exports and imports present, in many respects, a striking resemblance to our own. In 1878 the excess of her imports over her exports was forty-three million pounds; in 1879 it was fifty-seven millions; and in 1880 sixty-three millions. It would seem, therefore, that if any faith is to be placed in the theories of Protectionists, Protectionist France, as well as Free Trade England, must be fast rushing headlong into bankruptcy.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that no evidence of any sort can be brought forward in support of so monstrous and ridiculous a supposition. Those who talk so

glibly about the Board of Trade returns do not appear to have the faintest glimmering of a notion of their real meaning and import. To any who do not know and wish to learn what is the real explanation of the disproportion between our imports and exports as shown in the Government statistics, we cannot do better than recommend a perusal of the clear and convincing speech which Mr. J. K. Cross, the senior member for Bolton, delivered on the occasion of the recent debate on Mr. Ritchie's motion. 'A thousand pounds,' said Mr. Cross, 'will buy 2000 tons of coal, free on board, at Cardiff; the freight of this coal to San Francisco will be £1500; the amount realized for it in San Francisco will be £2500, which sum invested in wheat will purchase 2000 quarters. The conveyance of this wheat to Liverpool will cost £1500, and it will require to be sold at £4000 in Liverpool to cover cost and expenses. In the import tables there will be an entry of £4000 wheat; in the export tables there will be an entry of £1000 coal; the one exchanges for the other.' Here, then, we have one, and perhaps the most important, explanation of the excess of our imports over our exports. The cost of freight must be added to the exports and deducted from the imports before it is possible to institute any useful comparison between them. Thanks to her Free Trade policy, England stands *facile princeps* in respect to her mercantile marine. Every year her share of the world's ocean-carrying trade increases, and every year, therefore, foreign countries are becoming more and more indebted to her. In 1857-59 the proportion of the total foreign trade of the United Kingdom carried on in British ships was, on the average of the three years, 58 per cent.; since that period it has steadily and gradually risen till in the years 1878-80, instead of being 58 per cent., it was as much as 70 per cent. From this cause alone, if from no other, there must have resulted a gradually increasing excess of imports over exports as represented in the Board of Trade returns; and all that this adverse balance of trade, as it is called, really proves is, therefore, this—that in one way or another the world is becoming more and more our debtor, and is discharging its obligations by sending us large quantities of produce, for which we have nothing whatsoever to pay in return.

It is not, perhaps, greatly to be wondered at that the reviewer is not satisfied with a simple and rational explanation of the excess of our imports over our exports, and is accordingly led to propound a theory of his own, which is demonstrably false. There is,

we are given to understand, a constant drain of gold going on from this country, and it is by means of this drain of the precious metals that we are enabled to pay our debts. Such is the argument. Let us bring it to the test of facts, and we shall see in a moment how utterly groundless it is. Unfortunately for the theories of our neo-Protectionists, who are still the victims of the fallacies that we would fain have believed Adam Smith had once for all exploded, a record of the import and export of bullion to and from this country is kept. Turning to that record, we find that, during the last forty years, when Free Trade has been the acknowledged and recognized policy of the country, the imports of bullion and specie have actually exceeded the exports by the sum of £40,000,000. The constant drain of gold, therefore, is a figment of the imagination. Instead of the excess of imports over exports having been paid for in hard cash, with the result that money has gone out of the country, exactly the reverse has happened. Notwithstanding the fact that the so-called balance of trade against us has been as much as £1,600,000,000 during the last forty years, so far from having exported more bullion than we have imported, we have actually imported more than we have exported to the extent of forty millions sterling. The balance of trade against us, we repeat, has been not less than £1,600,000,000 during the last forty years, and yet it is reckoned by competent authorities that the whole amount of the precious metals in the country, including not merely coins, but articles of ornament and utility as well, does not exceed in value the sum of £143,000,000. How absurd, then, it is to fancy that it would be possible to pay for the excess of our imports over our exports by means of the limited amount of gold at our disposal!

In addition to the charges for freight, insurance, and the like, which we have just seen that it is absolutely necessary to take into account in considering the relation between imports and exports, there is yet another item which is of equal and, perhaps, of even greater importance. We refer to our foreign investments, the interest upon which comes to the United Kingdom in the shape of imports, for which no payment is required. According to the best authorities, Englishmen are the owners of property of one kind or another abroad to the extent of £1,500,000,000, and it is a moderate calculation that sets down the interest annually received from these investments at fifty millions sterling. Fifty millions worth of imports, therefore, in the ordinary course of things, find their way every year into Great

Britain and Ireland, for which we have not to pay a sixpence in return. How is it, then, it may be asked, that in some years, at any rate, such for example as 1871, 1872, and 1873, the difference between our imports and exports does not appear to have been so great as, according to the argument we have just employed, it ought to have been? The answer to this question enables us to point to a further consideration which is not unfrequently lost sight of. When we make loans to foreign countries we do so, as a rule, by exporting goods to those countries. In the years 1871, 1872, and 1873, we were engaged in making loans upon a very extensive scale to foreign governments, and, as a consequence, our exports to foreign countries rose very considerably in value. It may be that eight or nine years ago the amount of our exports sent to constitute the principal of debts owing to us abroad more than exceeded in value the amount of imports coming into the United Kingdom in payment of the interest due upon our foreign investments. Supposing these two sums to have cancelled each other, the excess of imports still remaining would have to be set down to freight, insurance, and other charges of a similar description, as was clearly pointed out in the extract we quoted from the speech of Mr. J. K. Cross. Eight or nine years ago, then, for the reason we have mentioned, our imports and exports did not exhibit the same degree of disproportion which is manifest at the present time. We are not now investing capital abroad to the extent to which we did in the years 1871-73, and when we call to mind how very unsatisfactory some, at least, of our foreign investments have proved to be, we shall be disposed to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that at the present moment our fellow-countrymen are embarking very sparingly in such ventures. That their action in this respect is due to prudence, and not to incapacity, any one may very easily satisfy himself by glancing at the tables which show the annual gross assessments to property and income tax in the United Kingdom during the last twelve years. On examination he will find that the annual average of the six years 1869-74 was £487,000,000, while the annual average in the succeeding six years was not less than £575,000,000.\*

The conclusion to be drawn from all that

\* We may here perhaps be permitted to point out that the facts and arguments which we have adduced in confutation of 'The Quarterly' reviewer apply with equal force to much of what Sir Edward Sullivan has advanced in his article on 'Isolated Free Trade' in the August number of 'The Nineteenth Century.'

we have said is clear. Notwithstanding the severe depression from which trade and agriculture alike have suffered; notwithstanding the bad harvests, which are said to have cost this country during the last three years something like £200,000,000 sterling; notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the political atmosphere, the bloated armaments of the European Powers, the wars and rumours of wars, and the many other causes of a like character that have tended to destroy confidence, and to check enterprise; notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, we say, it is yet true that during the last ten years, taken as a whole, there has been a considerable and a marked improvement in the condition of the country. But even if it could be shown that the reverse had been the case, and that we had actually been retrograding during the last few years, that would not prove that our Free Trade policy had been at fault. There have been no great changes in recent years in our financial policy. The only changes that we can call to mind as likely to have had an adverse influence upon trade are those which took place when the Conservative Ministry was in power, and which simply consisted in turning surpluses into deficits, allowing debt to accumulate, and permitting expenditure to outrun revenue. With these exceptions, however, of which we do not mean to dispute the importance, and of which the effect upon trade cannot have been otherwise than disastrous, there has been no change in our financial policy. We have been Free Traders in the last ten years in precisely the same sense in which we were Free Traders during the thirty years preceding, when even a neo-Protectionist must admit the development of our trade and commerce was prodigious. Admitting, therefore, as of course we do admit, that two or three years ago trade received a temporary check, we must look out for some other cause to explain it than the fact that we are the only free-trading country in the world. Where Protection exists there has been depression of trade far more severe and more intense than anything that we have suffered. Indeed, the one redeeming feature of our own bad trade has been that, thanks to our Free Trade policy, our people have been enabled to buy cheap food, and thus to tide over the time of trial in a way that would have been quite impossible in the old days of the Corn Laws. Well may Mr. Bright exclaim that 'The way in which our great industries and our great and growing population have passed through the recent time of trial is even a stronger proof of the wisdom of our Free Trade policy than was the great prosperity which

we enjoyed in the years which immediately preceded the seasons of deficient harvests.' Is it likely, then, that the people of this country will be such fools as to throw away the enormous benefits that Free Trade has bestowed upon them, merely at the bidding and dictation of an insignificant faction of interested politicians? There can be but one answer to such a question.

Let us consider for a moment how great these benefits have been. Some idea of their magnitude may be gathered without difficulty from the following table of the exports of the United Kingdom during the present century, which we have taken from an interesting paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society by the well-known statistician, Mr. William Hoyle.\* We have the greater pleasure in making this extract from Mr. Hoyle's paper, because it enables us to express our obligations to him for most useful information which he has sent us, bearing more especially on the cotton trade with which he is so familiar.

*Table showing the export trade of the United Kingdom for each ten years of the present century.*

For years ending	£	£
1800.....	398,412,234	
1810.....	438,979,769	Increase ... 30,567,545
1820.....	364,158,419	Decrease ... 64,821,350
1830.....	439,307,837	Increase ... 75,149,418
1840.....	554,470,630	" ..... 115,162,713
1850.....	1,000,613,393	" ..... 446,142,763
1860.....	1,597,596,701	" ..... 596,983,308
1870.....	2,180,283,873	" ..... 582,687,172

'These returns,' adds Mr. Hoyle, 'fully confirm the remarks I made touching the influence of Protection upon our trade; and they show that, in proportion as the shackles of Protection were removed, it increased in its development; and when Free Trade in its entirety was adopted, it grew in volume to an extent wholly unparalleled.'

Any one who remains unconvinced of the benefits that Free Trade has conferred upon us after examining such a table as that which we have quoted, will continue to be of the same mind whatever may be said or done in the hope of convincing him. We, at any rate, do not intend to attempt a vain and hopeless task, and shall, therefore, simply content ourselves with giving in our adherence to what Mr. Hoyle has so clearly and forcibly expressed.

We have now accomplished the task which we set ourselves at the outset. We have shown, we trust beyond the possibility of cavil or question, that the picture which 'The Quarterly' reviewer has drawn of the condition and prospects of our manufacturing industries is a thoroughly one-sided and misleading picture; and we have adduced

\* 'The Economic Conditions of Good Trade.' By William Hoyle, 1880.

abundant evidence to prove that the notion that any of the evils which we have been called upon to endure are to be traced to our Free Trade policy is altogether destitute of the slightest foundation in fact. The principles of Free Trade are, in truth, the principles of common sense, and are destined, sooner or later, to be very widely, if not universally, accepted. In the meantime the best service that Free Traders can render to the cause of Free Trade, and consequently to the cause of humanity, is to be faithful to their principles in the hour of trial. At the present moment they will have all the less difficulty in abiding by the principles that for forty years have distinguished so favourably the financial policy of this country, because the tide has long since begun to turn, and we are now at length recovering, if slowly yet surely, from the many evils and annoyances by which we have lately been tormented. WILLIAM SUMMERS.

#### CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

##### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

##### *Introduction to the Study of English History.*

By S. R. GARDINER, LL.D., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In every sense this is an admirable book. Dr. Gardiner contributes the first section of it, which consists of a series of chapters and sections, not so much condensing historical narrative as giving a series of judgments upon the chief events and epochs of history after the manner of a judge's charge, the evidence being cited sufficiently to give a connected narrative. This is done with admirable skill and fairness. No one is more competent than Mr. Gardiner to be guide, philosopher, and friend to the student of our history. Most readers will get a more intelligent and comprehensive idea of the events of English history and of the processes of our national development from Mr. Gardiner's summaries than from more detailed narratives. His style is lucid and picturesque; his completeness of historical knowledge enables him with almost unerring instinct to seize salient points for his vignettes; and his liberalism, well under the control of his judicial mind, secures just and broad conclusions.

Mr. Mullinger gives us the Bibliography of English History, the fruit of a large and scholarly acquaintance with historic literature. He directs us to the sources of information for each period, and guides us by brief and judicious characterizations to just estimates of their value. The volume almost realizes our ideal of what a student's handbook to history should be.

*Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By A. BADEAU, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, late Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief. Three Vols. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

Though this is professedly a military history only, it were a pity if ordinary readers were repelled from it by the expectation of a merely technical record. It is much more than that. General Grant proved himself a man of such remarkable character, of such reserve, such genius, such self-support, and above all, of such creativeness of resource, if we may speak so, that a cold military record was almost impossible—impossible, at all events, when General Badeau, who was attached to him not only by official position but, as is now clear, by loyalty, admiration, and even enthusiasm, is the narrator. Of course, it is not to be expected that the biographer can escape reference to dry despatches, and the indication of general military positions widely extended; but General Badeau is dextrous, and contrives to combine with the details a constant interest in the man with whom he deals. And this says much for his biographic instinct and his sense of the picturesque. General Grant is certainly one of the most remarkable men America has produced. He owes much to peculiar temperament, coloured deeply by early experience and training; and General Badeau, though he does not profess psychological skill, effectively brings this out. It is as though he had said to himself, 'The heart of a most important period of American history is bound up in the military history of General Grant; and General Grant has strong individuality, is a representative American. Therefore, while I write with care, I must not forget that I write also as an American and a patriot.' This he has done, and the three thick volumes now before us may be taken as proof that the account of gigantic and most intricate military movements may be made as clear and simple as the narrative of ordinary events. It would require large space and an expert military critic to do full justice to this aspect of the book; we must content ourselves with indicating a few very general deductions. The first thing to be observed, then, is Grant's thorough knowledge of men. Having once selected his men and put them in their places, he is no more concerned about that which is committed to their charge. He does not waste his energies over trifles, but leaves them, having once clearly determined their value and their bearing on the general plan. This is specially seen in his relations to Sherman and Sheridan. There his combined frankness and reserve are equally remarkable. While he left his generals largely independent, he presumed on their complete faith in his foresight; and while throwing himself on their faith in him, he reserved well his judgment. This, indeed, was one of the main sources of his strength. His plans were never communicated save to a few

of his staff officers, to enable them the better to understand the orders which he had to send through them. In this position of absolute independence he stood as well towards the Government at home as to those under him. His capacity to watch and wait, to plan silently, and to endure unflinchingly, were as remarkable as his great tact, foresight, and indomitable courage. We find Lincoln writing to him on April 30, 1864, from Washington, a letter in which he says: 'The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine.' His secrecy served him well with his soldiers, but it was so complete that before he had completely established his reputation for discernment and decision it frequently led to very adverse criticism. We are informed that those who did not know, and could not have understood if they had known, Grant's plans, assumed that he had none, and criticised accordingly. This is a disadvantage which a man of less firm character might have felt. Grant was wholly indifferent to all such criticism. His forecast is well seen in such anecdotes as the following, which are liberally supplied by General Badeau to relieve the merely military record: 'Placing his fingers on the little spot on the map at the angle of the James, as if his army extended from the river below to the river again above Richmond, "When once my troops are there," he said, "Richmond is mine. Lee must retreat or surrender." And Badeau adds in a note, 'It was one year before Grant's troops were "there;" but on that day Richmond fell, and nine days after Lee surrendered.'

Some of the instances here given of the way in which Grant's orders and reports suffered in the hands of subordinates are very characteristic; and it should be noted that Grant, in his determination wisely to rid himself of details, suffered not a little from this part of his system, and particularly during the last year of the war, while he was actually in the field, and when most of his orders to important subordinates were transmitted first to Halleck, and by him repeated in Grant's name; and when, also, many of the reports of generals at a distance were addressed originally to Halleck, as chief of the staff, and then forwarded to Grant. In nothing is his complete independence more thoroughly seen than in his determination, in March, 1864, to leave the West and go East. Sherman, we are told, advised, and even urged earnestly, that Grant should remain at the West. 'Here,' said he, 'you are at home; you are acquainted with your ground; you have tested your subordinates; you know us and we know you. Here you are sure of success; here, too, you will be untrammelled. At the East you must begin new campaigns in an unfamiliar field, with

troops and officers whom you have not tried, whom you have never led to victory. They cannot feel towards you as we do. Near Washington, besides, you will be beset and, it may be, fettered by scheming politicians. Stay here, where you have made your fame, and use the same means to consolidate it.' This would have been a strong argument with men of a certain type. Why risk fame won by experiments which may prove disastrous failures?

But Grant was convinced that his duty took him in person to Virginia—that only thus could he successfully control all the operations of the army in every direction at the same time; and he went East—the results fully justifying his decision on that head. The place, indeed, which duty had in Grant's mind also deserves to be noted.

The book is not only essential as a history of the great war between North and South; it is valuable as a portrait of a remarkable man seen in his most striking positions. As such, it must be added to all great libraries, and no doubt it will also find a place in not a few private collections which aim at historical completeness.

*A Century of Dishonour. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the North American Tribes.* By H. H. Chatto and Windus.

The American Republic, which possesses in many respects a noble and heroic record, has yet one page in its history which cannot be viewed with satisfaction. This page is concerned with its dealings with the Indian tribes, which are here exposed by the hand of one of its own citizens. It is to be hoped that his work will have the effect of rousing the national conscience upon this important matter. Having done justice to the negro, it ill becomes the citizens of a great and free republic to oppress the neighbouring Indian, who is fully the equal of the negro in many ways. The treaties with the Indians were at one time innumerable, but these have been thrown over as occasion served. The discovery of gold or silver was sufficient to scatter such treaties to the winds; to attempt to restrain the pioneers and prospectors was like attempting to restrain the whirlwind; and the upshot was that tribes of Indians were cruelly removed from lands and homes which had been most solemnly promised to them in perpetuity. A demand is now made for a policy which shall in course of time citizenize the Indian. 'He must be given at once the rights of a person, and, under suitable conditions of education and good habits, the privileges of a citizen. That this progress must be slow, and will long be embarrassed by the rights and claims which the former system created is undeniable, but all indications are that there can be no peace, humanity, justice, or, as respects Indians, prosperity, till it is accomplished.' The testimony of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota upon the character of the Indian is very emphatic; and he maintains that with justice, personal rights,

and the protection of law, the gospel will do for the Red Man what it has done for other races—give to them homes, manhood, and freedom.

The author of this work has marshalled a mass of facts which embody a long story of hardship and suffering. The account of the Nez Percés may be taken as a typical one, though here the tribe was more noble, industrious, sensible, and better disposed towards the whites than many others. The writer desiderates four things as necessary to be overcome to a right understanding between America and the Indians—cheating, robbing, and breaking promises—these three are clearly things which must cease to be done. Fourthly, there must be the protection of the law to the Indian's rights of property, and the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Till these weighty matters are attended to, statesmanship and philanthropy must alike work in vain, and Christianity reap but a small harvest. As the path of duty in this great question seems to be clear, it is not too much to hope that it will be taken by the people of the United States.

*About the Jews since Bible Times.* From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. By Mrs. MAGNUS. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mrs. Magnus is herself a Jewess, and she looks at Christianity—the greatest birth, and, as we think it, the consummation of Judaism—from the point of view of her Jewish theism. Even so she writes with considerable breadth. She adopts, for instance, the theory of the second Isaiah—a creation of purely subjective criticism, which with as much reason would conclusively demonstrate that the author of 'Paradise Lost' was not the author of 'L'Allegro' or of 'Comus,' and that Cowper could not possibly have written 'John Gilpin.' The point here, however, is to indicate the freedom of her judgments in its relation to Jewish traditions and the canon. Of course she takes a mere humanistic view of Jesus of Nazareth, but she does considerable justice to the purity of His character and the pathos of His history. Her chapters are little more than outlines, and are full of interest, as giving us a conspectus of Jewish history in various parts of the world. More we think might have been done in the later chapters had she substituted a closer narration of events for much of her own philosophizing and moralizing upon them; the latter, that is, is in undue proportion to the former. Her judgments are generally just, but they are not a sufficient substitute for historical facts. The history is brought down to the terrible persecution of the Jews in Spain, and the almost more terrible expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290—a chapter of persecution as black and shameful as that of the Irish Roman Catholics. We trust that Mrs. Magnus will carry out the intention that she intimates, and complete her history. Her estimates of Jewish character and of the causes of national pursuits and characteristics are very suggestive.

*The Scottish Church from the Earliest Times to 1881.* To which is Prefixed an Historical Sketch of St. Giles' Cathedral by WM. CHAMBERS, LL.D. W. & R. Chambers.

*A Discourse on Scottish Church History from the Reformation to the Present Time.* With Prefatory Remarks on St. Giles' Lectures, &c. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's. William Blackwood and Sons.

It is generally believed that the Scotch are a very ecclesiastical people. If so, it is certain that their tastes are well considered by those whose duty it is to cater for them. This volume is a salient example. Here we have in the compass of some 370 pages a succinct and most picturesque *résumé* of Scottish Church history from the earliest period to the present time. The chapters were originally delivered as lectures, first in St. Giles', Edinburgh, and afterwards in the Park Church, Glasgow; but the writers have had clearly in view their destination in print, and have been careful not to indulge in such rhetoric or repetition as is only too common in the lecture. Probably the most valuable, as they are to us the most interesting, lectures are the first two in the volume, on 'Heathen Scotland' and 'Early Christian Scotland,' with gracious glimpses of St. Columba and St. Cuthbert. But those on the 'Reformation of John Knox' and the 'Church of the Eighteenth Century' are also admirable; while the last two, though touching matters more likely to give rise to discussion, are done with considerable tact and judgment. There are two points brought out in these lectures which English readers are not likely to be quite prepared for. First, that the Scottish Reformation was far less a fight against forms or even doctrines than for the integrity of the Word of God itself. The strife against episcopacy was altogether a thing of late growth. Knox had ministered in Episcopalian Churches in England, and was in nowise a bigot for Presbyterian forms. The other point is that Dissent was not in Scotland based at first on any grounds allied to Voluntarism. The Dissenters, as in England, have only been gradually educated into this principle, and this gradual education is one of the most telling facts in connection with it. Dr. Chambers has accumulated most curious points about St. Giles' Church. The lecturers have maintained a commendable breadth of sympathy and catholicity of spirit, and the volume should have an interest for many outside the Scottish Churches.

Concerning Bishop Wordsworth's strictures on these Lectures, and on the History of the Presbyterian Church, we can say only that they proceed on the assumption that Prelatical Episcopacy, with its three orders of bishop, priest, and deacon, are of Divine ordination, New Testament record, and of early church precedent. Thus, commenting on a statement by one of the lecturers, that 'under the influence of Andrew Melville, the Assembly of 1575 (three years after Knox's death) declared

that the name bishop properly belongs to all who had charge of a flock; and all scholars are now agreed that, according to apostolic usage, the Assembly was right.' The bishop replies, 'I have no hesitation in saying that "all scholars" who are gifted with the least logical sagacity are aware that the Assembly was *not* right in that instance, but wrong.' High Churchmen, like the Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing. The time has come, after the researches and conclusions of the last few years, when reasonable men are justified in refusing to spend time and argument upon men whom no amount of evidence can convince. We must leave the bishop and his school to dream on in their fool's paradise.

*How India was won by England under Clive and Hastings.* With a Chapter on Afghanistan. By the Rev. BOUCHIER WRAY SAVILE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Savile tells over again in a popular way and with materials derived from other histories the story of the conquest of India. He is perhaps a little wordy, but his estimates are on the whole just, and he is not ashamed of the moral and Christian tests which must be applied to nations as well as to individuals. We could have wished, however, that he had been a little less passionate in his terms of denunciation even of the iniquity of the Afghan war. Strong language does not strengthen argument or become history. As a popular book for young people, Mr. Savile's work may be commended.

*French History for English Children.* By SARAH BROOK. Macmillan and Co.

Miss Brook has supplied a lack in English literature. We have three or four elementary histories of France, but not one of them has succeeded in establishing itself in popular favour. Indeed the history of France is but little known to English people generally; less perhaps than the history of any of the great European countries. Guizot's History for his Grandchildren has done something, but it is too large for popular use. Miss Brook, following the lines of Guizot, tells in a careful, simple, and interesting way the story of the French people, and by happy touches, pictures, and anecdotes gives interest to her narrative by throwing upon it various side lights. Miss Brook is much simpler than the stately Guizot could possibly be. At the same time she somewhat lacks the inspiration which is the natural gift of successful writers for children. She does not escape the common error of history in making kings and wars the staple of the nation's history. The history of rulers, politicians, and warriors is not the history of a people. Nevertheless, Miss Brook has written an unusually attractive history and done a really needful service.

*Thomas Carlyle.* By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas*

*Carlyle.* Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD, assisted by CHARLES N. WILLIAMSON. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

These two books are somewhat belated, though there is much of interest in both. The lives of Carlyle by Mr. Wylie and Mr. Nicol may be said to have met the immediate demand, and the public may now be well content to wait till Mr. Froude can tell the whole story authoritatively. Mr. Conway has erred somewhat in too much mixing up reflection with his narrative; but he had the good fortune to be in almost daily intercourse with Mr. Carlyle during the later years of his life, and has many anecdotes and incidents to give which throw much light on his master's peculiar habits and idiosyncrasy. And, to speak truth, Mr. Conway is somewhat too much of an apologist. We could have well dispensed with some of his remarks in this line. For original matter Mr. Conway has conversations on many subjects to report, a few letters to give, and he presents in an appendix a series of valuable epistles written by Mr. Carlyle to fellow students between 1814 and 1828, with some letters to Leigh Hunt, full of character, and one to Emerson, which have been carefully preserved by Mr. Alexander Ireland of Manchester. Mr. Conway is very good upon the early life at Ecclefechan, and the effect upon Carlyle of his parentage and the puritan religion of his home; but he fails to see clearly, or at least to make plain to us, the traits in Carlyle that determined him to Goethe-worship, in opposition to all his theoretical teachings, or to reconcile these tendencies with the peculiar vein of pessimistic fatalism which to the end obtained together with a fevered celebration of work as worship. If this point had been thoroughly seized, we might then have been led to understand more fully the reason why Carlyle saw it to be consistent with his theory of life and literature to discredit Sir Walter Scott as far as he could. Mr. Conway cannot conceal that Carlyle was sometimes needlessly rude, that he was very opinionative, and wanted a great deal of deference as well as management; that, in fact, companionship with him on equal terms was somewhat difficult. Mr. Conway goes deeper than he thinks when he says that 'Carlyle was always most patient when he was vigorously grappled with about his facts, perhaps from a half-consciousness that there lay his weakness, and from a natural honesty of mind.' He gives Carlyle, in our opinion, far too much credit for modified opinions about slavery. No recital of accidental association of evils with the system *ought* to have influenced Carlyle, as Mr. Conway says that he was influenced. And his lack of delicate consideration for others is proved by many details. 'A man once came in,' says Mr. Conway, 'saying that he had been studying Carlyle's books, and was convinced by them that every man had some work to do in the world. He had come to ask help in trying to find out what his own work was. "Ye're a great fool," exclaimed



Carlyle, "to come to me to learn what you have got to find out with your heart's blood." Which may perhaps have been true, but was not considerate, and certainly not likely in any way to help a disciple, and the less the more sincere that the disciple was. The practical acknowledgment of the merely theoretical character of Carlyle's teachings is brought out here only too strongly. Mr. Conway is very able, very reverent, and very careful, but his book remains too affected and fragmentary fully to answer its purpose.

Mr. Shepherd's book is more ambitious, but it fails just in the measure of its ambition. Nothing could surpass the industry, the watchfulness, the determination with which he has gone about his work. He has ferreted out in obscure corners writings which Mr. Carlyle certainly would not now have acknowledged, or allowed to be printed. One of these, 'Cruthers and Jonson,' is given in full; but only touches here and there would lead one to believe that it was Carlyle's. It is crude and youthful and lacks the touch that is his. It appeared in 'Fraser' for January, 1831. Many letters have been unearthed, and on the whole we have a pretty full and continuous account of Carlyle's life from the first to the last, helped considerably by the fact of some personal intercourse with Carlyle and some correspondence with him. But the detail runs ever and anon into dryness, wholly unrelieved by that delicate and enlivening touch which only genius can impart. We feel that the materials for forming a judgment have been in some degree inadequately presented to us rather than that a final judgment has in any way been pronounced. Some of the letters to Mr. W. J. Parker, the publisher, are valuable; but they are so for the revelation of traits not always of the kind quite to elevate Carlyle in our good opinion. Mr. Shepherd is more successful in his epitomes and his criticisms of Mr. Carlyle's works; but then this is ground that had been effectively occupied previously. Perhaps the best part of the book is Mr. Williamson's first chapter, which, in spite of the many difficulties in the way, is exceedingly fresh and interesting. On the whole, the book lacks force and character—that indescribable individuality and glow which the subject so invariably communicated to everything that he touched. We read on and on, but somewhat do not feel that we reach the point we had hoped for, and realize anew the old saying that not every man who grasps an oar can row the boat o'er the deep sea.

*Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B., Governor of Madras.* Edited, with an Introductory Memoir and Notes, by Sir A. J. ARBUTHNOT, K.C.S.I. In Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Sir Thomas Munro was connected with India in the most important and palmy days of that great dependency. Few men have ever possessed at any time so great and thorough a knowledge of her people and her want as that which he acquired during the period of

his governorship of Madras. Upwards of fifty years ago Mr. Gleig gave to the English public a record of the services, and to a large extent the opinions, of the statesman who was long regarded as one of the ablest of the many able men who have taken a part in founding and administering our British Indian Empire. It is really remarkable how in times of crisis men have been continually raised up who have by their sagacity and prudence preserved to the British Crown one of its brightest and most conspicuous jewels. It was highly necessary that the papers and minutes of Sir Thomas Munro should be competently edited; and no one could be better fitted for the task, both from his knowledge of Indian affairs and his intimacy with the career of the distinguished man whose life's record is here traced, than Sir Alex. J. Arbuthnot, a member of the Council of the Governor-General. The editor's arrangement of the papers contained in these volumes can have been no light task, and it has been judiciously executed. There is a sense of method observed that to the critic is grateful and pleasant. We have documents classified under five heads: Revenue, Judicial, Political, Military, and Miscellaneous. Those who desire to penetrate to the root of Indian questions have here an opportunity of doing so; for Munro's minutes and official papers embody the writer's views on the land tenures of the south of India, and especially on the ryotwar system of land revenue, with which his name and authority have so long been identified. They also contain his opinions on the judicial and police administration, on the treatment of native feudatory chiefs, on native education, on the employment and advancement of natives in the public service, on the native army, on famines, on the press, and indeed on most of the important questions which in Munro's time, and since, have engaged the attention and taxed the powers of the rulers of India. Indian polity is a study for a lifetime; and such men as Lawrence, who gave the best years of their life to it, not only render the greatest possible service to the natives of India, but do much towards cutting the Gordian knot of Indian government, which has been such a constant source of perplexity to our home governments. The editor of these volumes has written an able and compendious narrative of Munro's military and administrative career, and of the principal events in the history of British India between the important years of 1780 and 1827. This valuable historical survey leads up to the time when Munro assumed the governorship of Madras in the year 1820. He had, however, before this time been long making a position for himself on all matters affecting the Madras Presidency; and there are many of his observations and minutes that might now be turned to with advantage by Mr. Grant Duff, the Governor just appointed to the Presidency. The memoir is also valuable for its explanatory observations on questions connected with the revenue and judicial adminis-

tration, which are discussed in the minutes, and which, involving as they do allusions to facts and circumstances not familiar to persons in England, require some explanation. Upon this very important question of revenue, 'the salient feature of Munro's policy was to accept the existing institutions of the country as he found them, and not to introduce any alterations which were not absolutely necessary.' We are glad to see that one point of Mr. Bright's Indian policy was always endorsed by Sir T. Munro, when he eloquently insisted upon the association of the natives in the service of the State, if only for the purpose of calling out their better qualities. We are quite sure that if this policy were more extensively adopted, its beneficial effects, as observable upon the native mind, would very speedily be manifested. Judicial, monetary, political, military, and other questions are here dealt with, with a fulness of information that is simply invaluable to any one who is engaged in studying the economical and social aspects of the greatest of our British dependencies. This work is not only a worthy presentment of a distinguished Indian administrator, but it throws many valuable side lights upon questions of Indian policy, which unfortunately have taxed the energies of English statesmen for generations past, and threaten to tax them for many generations yet to come. No person can rise from a perusal of these volumes without having acquired much solid information concerning the welfare and government of our possessions in the East.

*From Log Cabin to White House. The Story of President Garfield's Career.* By WILLIAM M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

The tragic death of President Garfield gives special interest to this volume, which its own intrinsic qualities will justify. It has become a uniform custom for each President of the United States to have a memoir of him published. Two have already appeared of General Garfield—one by Captain Mason, which we strongly commended in our last number, and the one before us, which, though different in literary character, we can commend as highly: both were published just after his election. Mr. Thayer tells with a good deal of literary and dramatic power the story of General Garfield's career, and it reveals a man of great and noble qualities both intellectual and religious. His election to the President's chair, although the most unlikely of all things to the almost destitute child of a poor widow, who until three years of age never knew the luxury of a pair of shoes, was yet but the natural sequence of his distinctive character and noble career. It was no fortuitous party selection. He was in every way as worthy and noble as Mr. Lincoln. The sorrow of the civilized world at his untimely death is an instinctive recognition of the greatness of the man as well as of the office of the President. It is one of the most romantic stories of our time.

*Landor.* By SYDNEY COLVIN, M.A., Slade

Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan and Co.

This is one of the very best of this series, good as not a few of its predecessors have been. Landor is at once an inviting and a tantalizing subject. Along with great insight and artistic self-command there was in him a tornado-like intensity, a wrong-headed and unreasonable petulance, and complete incapacity to judge calmly, even in matters which belong alone to the judgment. With an intellect of the finest and most exacting type, it seemed as though there were wedded the passion and the petulance of a child, as if one side of his nature remained undeveloped. As a writer and as a man it would seem as though he revealed wholly opposite attributes. Where in literature shall we look for more of sanity, of grace, of severe self-restraint than in Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations'? Where, again, shall we meet with the record of more irrational and ill-judged actions than in that of Savage Landor. Carlyle said of Landor, as a deduction from some of his writings, that he was 'an unsubduable old Roman,' and that his 'sentences were like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians;' but this, though certainly expressive and fine, is characteristic of only a small portion of Landor's writings. Judged from them alone, we should think of the author as a man of great energy and of many interests, but of a retired and meditative rather than an active temperament, predisposed to solitude, yet with an imperious necessity for social contact in reaction, realizing often the force of Mr. Matthew Arnold's words—

'Ah, two desires toss about  
The poet's restless blood,  
One draws him to the world without,  
And one to solitude.'

But in Landor the reaction was from studious pleasure to wild conflict with ordinary order and authority. He quarrelled with almost every one he was associated with in his properties; he indulged in violent outbursts against Italian authorities, and subjected himself in England to a painful action for libel, which made him an exile in his old age; and he found himself at last largely unburdened of his wealth and its responsibilities; but he always found in literary exercises a rare and refined pleasure which atoned to him for outward trials and losses. Mr. Colvin has told well the story of the life, omitting no point that is of significance, even though it qualifies the estimate that must be formed of his character. He is impartial, but he is at the same time an enthusiast. The exquisite tone of Landor's writing, the serene grace and unconscious ease and polish of it, delights him; he could dwell long on many a sentence with loving analysis. But he knows that a mere literary exercise is not what is wanted in this case, and he has wisely set himself to present in small compass a really readable sketch of Landor's remarkable life, of which, owing to the voluminousness and egotism of Mr. Foster's biography, there was the more need.

*Sir Robert Peel.* By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. (English Political Leaders.) William Isbister (Limited).

This is the first of what promises to be a very useful series, each one summarizing in the short compass of some two hundred pages the main facts in the life of the greatest statesmen of recent times, living and dead. It follows in the wake of some admirable series, promising to do for political leaders very much what Messrs. Macmillans' series has done for English literary leaders. Mr. Barnett Smith has written with great care. He has gathered his material industriously and from many sources, and set it forward attractively, not missing any of the more prominent traits in the character of Peel. His slow and cautious method of advancing to results, his spirit of compromise, his way of satisfying himself that he has seen all the difficulties in the way before taking a definite step—all this is admirably brought out and illustrated by reference to the most outstanding movements in which he bore a part. Peel, from these characteristics, is not a subject to permit much picturesqueness or colour, but Mr. Barnett Smith has throughout written with clearness and a subdued enthusiasm for the high moral character, the sincerity and zeal of the man; and his picture of the touching circumstances of the great politician's death is informed by real biographical instinct.

*Wordsworth: a Biographical Sketch.* With Selections from his Writings in Poetry and Prose. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Blackie and Sons.

This is a volume of a series that promises to be useful, called 'Men of Light and Leading,' after the apt phrase appropriated by Mr. d'Israeli. Mr. Symington has somewhat lowered the claims of Wordsworth to the proud title by allowing himself to emphasize the fatal decline of our great nature-poet into cold conservatism in his old age—a decline which was held by Mr. Browning to justify the composition and title of his remarkable poem, 'A Lost Leader;' as he has recently himself plainly confessed, and as will be seen by the curious in one of the Appendices to Mr. Buxton Forman's Shelley. Mr. Symington has somewhat erred in this; and he has, in our idea, somewhat failed in an adequate analysis or estimate of Wordsworth's genius—a genius which seems simple, but was in reality very complex, combining extreme simplicity with extreme self-assertion, pride veiled under humility, and great sensitive impressibility, together with wonderful powers of abstinence and of endurance. Mr. R. H. Hutton has very aptly emphasized the peculiar reserve and economy which mark Wordsworth. He will not consent to waste even tenderness by any excessive expression of it, and believes that poetry gains, and only gains, by this form of vicarious self-denial. The natural tendency of the poet is to expression, and it is generally held that spontaneous expression—of the poetic kind, at all events—tends to weak-

en the springs of action. Wordsworth well shows that within certain limits poetic meditation will only strengthen character and impart robustness. He succeeded in realizing this; but if he gained in height he lost in breadth by the process, and somewhat lost in clearness also, as the higher peaks are most often veiled in mists; to emerge, however, all the more impressively, and with more mellow lights surrounding them. Mr. Symington does no service in the way of aiding us to understand what seem disparate influences in Wordsworth; but he has written an interesting biography, aptly working into it a very fair and expressive selection from the poems. It could not be but that a book done on this plan should have much to attract readers, especially young readers; and this Mr. Symington's work certainly has. Of no high critical value, it will form a convenient and valuable introduction to the study of the man and his writings; and in this respect we very cordially commend it. The Life of Wordsworth is one of the longest and most tedious ever written, and an epitome of it done even with ordinary intelligence could not fail to be interesting; and Mr. Symington's study most assuredly is interesting.

*A Visit to Abyssinia.* An Account of Travel in Modern Ethiopia. By W. WINSTANLEY, late 4th Hussars. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

In spite of the great interest which the modern Ethiopia should have for us, not less on account of its mongrel Christianity than on account of its bearing on the development of progress in Egypt, and, indeed, on the whole of the Nile Valley, it is astonishing how little we really know of it. Mr. Winstanley has done something to help us to a really clear and satisfactory idea of its condition. From his account it would seem that there remains much to be done before even civilization is reached, notwithstanding a superficial coating of Christian profession. The most barbarous customs are observed alongside of Christian ceremonial; and there is in many of the observances a smack of old Jewish grandeur. 'Fanaticism and superstition,' he says, 'are firmly engrained in the native mind, and a blind, unreasoning belief in the sacred power of the priesthood prevails in all ranks, from the monarch to the peasant. The dread threat of excommunication is both feared and exercised, and penances of all sorts are enforced upon all religious delinquents. The faith of Abyssinia is a complicated mass of outward observances, fasts, and festivals, a grafting of the Christian belief upon the Mosaic; and the constantly recurring holy days entail a life of idleness upon the population; for not only is abstinence from food enjoined during fasts, but also a cessation from labour. Six months out of twelve are thus devoted to laziness and weakening of the muscular system.'

The whole chapter on the Abyssinian Church is packed full of valuable facts on all matters connected with the subject. Christians are

respected from the mere fact that they are Christians, and this is surely something. Mr. Winstanley's experience, extending over a considerable period, is ample proof of this. He was uniformly well received, and treated with the greatest consideration; even the slightly offended tone of the rather petulant Ras of Baramba was accidental—more due to personal feeling than to any set policy of opposition or desire to obstruct. In Abyssinia the feudal form has survived, and is still efficient together with a strong central monarchy. It would appear that up to a comparatively late date the feudal chiefs had it pretty well all their own way. The vigour and determination of the present King John—of whom Colonel Gordon quite recently gave a full account—at last sufficed to bring them into proper relation to the throne, and now the state of the country may be regarded as settled; the chiefs generally recognizing the limits within which they must submit, while retaining a considerable margin of independence. His description of Khartoum and the style of life in the Soudan is very attractive, and with the better class of Arabs he appears to have got on well everywhere. Indeed, he must have 'taking' ways with him. 'My Domestic Establishment' in Waabir, with the 'Life in a Tree,' are both very genuine and solid. Mr. Winstanley's book is not only interesting on account of the fresh facts it communicates about a remarkable country, but it is well lighted up by adventure. His account of his voyage to Suez is very good, and his description of the Jeddah pilgrims, of whom he saw just rather too much for his own comfort, is really brilliant, and now and then charged with humour. On the whole, the volumes form a valuable addition to our English repertory of travel, and fully deserve the success that should fall to the readable record of a well-timed and successful though arduous enterprise.

*The Countries of the World.* By ROBERT BROWNE, M.A., Ph.D. Vol. VI. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

The present volume includes the Turkish Empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with Africa generally, from Egypt to Morocco on the north, the western coast to the Cape, and Portuguese East Africa: Oceanic Islands in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans: and Europe in its general features, and specially in its Latin and Germanic states. This volume completes the work. It is not a historical, or a geographical, or an anthropological account of the world. It is what Dr. Browne calls 'a clue book,' pointing out what is of most interest in every department, and indicating rather than exhausting sources of information. It very admirably blends together elements of description, history, and anecdote, which make the work thoroughly popular, so that ordinary readers will be as much interested as they are instructed. It is typical of a class of books which have come into vogue in modern times, and of which Messrs. Chambers and Messrs. Cassell are the great purveyors. En-

cyclopædic in character, their information is select and indicative, and every source of literary and pictorial illustration is laid under contribution by skilful editors to make them attractive. Dr. Browne has had 'the world before him where to choose,' his personal qualifications for his work derived from extensive travels, large reading, and a fine intuitive literary faculty, are of a high order, and his repertory of information is therefore exceptionally rich and attractive to both young and old.

*Newfoundland to Manitoba.* By W. FRASER RAE. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Fraser Rae was one of two gentlemen sent out by 'The Times' newspaper to report on the resources generally of North-Western America, but particularly on its capability of cereal growth. And he has certainly done his work well. He is close and careful in his methods of observation, and chronicles results in a clear and vigorous way. He landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, and from that point commenced his travels towards the wilds of North America. In Newfoundland itself he found that more than a thousand square miles of excellent agricultural country lies ready for the emigrant, while the mineral wealth that rests untouched is immense, and the fishing excellent. He proceeded by New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, thence by the new Intercolonial Railway from Nova Scotia to the St. Lawrence, and to the head of Lake Superior by the Grand Trunk Railway, reaching the province of Manitoba by Duluth and the Red River. Part of the ground has been described before, but never in the same style as Mr. Rae has adopted. His picture is most attractive, and inspires high hopes for that country in the future. 'There,' he says, 'year after year, the summer sun floods with warmth millions of acres where beautiful prairie flowers bloom and wither, and nutritious grasses spring up and decay. The snows of winter cover the earth with a garment which, though apparently a cold shroud, is really a warm mantle. Game breeds and dies without yielding food to more than a few hunters. Fish spawn fills the lakes and rivers without being utilized, to vary or constitute the subsistence of more than a few Indians. I have seen a large part of the American continent. I have marvelled at the enterprise which has converted so much of it from a wilderness into a garden. No other tract can so easily undergo the same transformation as the Canadian Far West.' The book is packed full of facts, presented in the most pleasant manner, and can be safely recommended to the general reader as well as to intending emigrants, to whom it will be a boon.

*Rugby, Tennessee.* Being some Account of the Settlement Founded on the Cumberland Plateau, &c. By THOMAS HUGHES. With a Report on the Soils of the Plateau by the Hon. F. W. Killebrew, A.M. Macmillan and Co.

A book written with all 'Tom Brown's' lite-

rary skill and charm, giving an account, first, of the social necessities of modern English life, which render necessary such enterprizes as the Tennessee settlement, full of wise discernment and suggestion; next, of the country of the settlement itself, this being a reprint of Mr. Hughes' letters to 'The Spectator;' and thirdly, of the agricultural and other capabilities of the district. The enterprize has excited much interest both in the United States and in England, and will apparently be abundantly justified by its success. Its wise social, moral, and commercial regulations offer an attractive field for emigration for the sons and daughters of our professional classes and squirearchy. At any rate, this very charming book is worth their serious attention.

#### POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

##### *Letters, Speeches, and Tracts on Irish Affairs.*

By EDMUND BURKE. Collected and arranged by MATTHEW ARNOLD. With a Preface. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Arnold has done a good and a timely service in this collection of the views of Burke on Irish affairs. Our great prose classics are, as he justly says, strangely neglected. As few, it is to be feared, read Burke as read Bolingbroke; and yet perhaps the political philosophy of mankind does not furnish greater wisdom and truth than Burke's writings and speeches. The local occasions have passed, but the principles of the philosophy applied to them are perpetual, and have as true and as great application to modern affairs. Few, even well-read persons, realize how the atrocious laws for the suppression of popery in Ireland were a terrible sequence to its political and social oppression. No one can wonder after reading the tract of seventy pages thereupon, which stands first in this collection, that the heritage of hate towards its English rulers is so bitter and implacable. We seem to have lived centuries since Burke wrote, and have come to feel that we owe Ireland far more than the abolition of the Irish Establishment and Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill. So far as legislation can repair injustice, it has been or is being done; but few Englishmen will be able to read this forgotten tractate without a blush for his country. The rest of the volume consists of letters chiefly on the same subject, reprinted from the correspondence published in 1844. We trust the volume will be widely read.

*Fifty Years in the House of Lords.* Reprinted from 'The Pall Mall Gazette.' Macmillan and Co.

It is an ominous thing for an institution when its simple history is its indictment. This unfortunately for the House of Lords is the case with it. It is the highest incarnation of the Toryism of the country, the instincts of property and prerogative being naturally conservative; and it has not been given to English Toryism to see the just medium of

resistance to change. Up to a certain point, the conservatism of the old, even though the imperfect, is beneficial; good changes come too soon if they come before public feeling is prepared for them. And occasionally the conservatism and the independency of the House of Lords may do good service; but their mediating wisdom, and modifying break put upon the too rapid movement of the political coach, are theoretic rather than historical. In actual history they have almost uniformly been obstructives, fighting blindly and desperately on the side of prerogative, refusing to the people every right that could be withheld, and marring every great measure of reform by exacting some price of concession. There is not an instance of a great reform of this century, whether in religion, political constitution, or trade, that they have not opposed to the utmost, and have yielded only to a compulsion they could no longer resist; not one of the great measures now universally acknowledged to be just and beneficial has been unresisted by them; upon almost every one of them some mark of their intolerance has been set. Hence when a great patriotic statesman, like Mr. Gladstone, seeks simply the legislative welfare of the people, and refuses to be led by their class interests, he is regarded by members of the House of Lords with bitter hatred; aristocratic prerogatives are too strong for pure patriotism—of course, with some noble exceptions. It is in vain to create liberal peers; the atmosphere of the House of Lords is too much for them, and, as with Lord Brabourne, a single session often suffices to convert the Liberal into a pattern Conservative.

A few years ago, Mr. Bowen-Groves contributed to 'The Fortnightly Review' a series of papers on 'Forty Years of the House of Lords.' 'The Pall Mall Gazette' has surveyed the same period, and in a simple, unimpassioned record has stated the measures opposed by the Lords in respect of the Irish Land Question, the Government of Ireland, the Irish Roman Catholics, Parliamentary Reform, Municipal and Educational Reform, Legal and Social Reform. It is a terrible record, almost unrelieved, of blind, obstinate, supercilious antagonism to popular interests. As at present constituted the Upper Chamber is a constitutional anomaly, a practical evil, and a hindrance to the true progress of national life. Its capricious rejection of the Universities Bill on the last day of the session, although intrinsically of far less importance than its rejection of the Relief Act of last session, and its action on the Land Bill this session, is a sufficient illustration of its capricious superciliousness. It utterly fails of justification by either practical reason or history.

*Police Code and Manual of the Criminal Law.* By C. E. HOWARD VINCENT, Director of Criminal Investigation. Second Edition. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Mr. Vincent's manual will be valuable for the general public, as well as indispensable for the police force. In civic life many almost

magisterial functions must devolve upon the police, who may be called upon for immediate exercises of their discretion in cases which involve the liberty of the subject on the one hand, and the punishment of offences on the other. A policeman may either fail in his duty at the cost of the public, or exceed it at his own peril. Again, many cases of exigency may occur, such as injuries and accidents, in which life may depend upon the good sense and promptitude of the policeman. In both classes of cases, in the one it is imperative, and in the other most desirable, that he should know what he ought to do. The general public also are interested in knowing what, in case of crime, assault, or annoyance, a policeman may or may not be required to do. Mr. Vincent's manual is a formidable directory of rules and instructions extending to four hundred and fifty closely printed pages, giving every needful and almost every conceivable legal and desirable information. Even magistrates may use it with advantage as a book of reference. Almost every kind of offence and accident that the police can take cognizance of, from murder to street performances and street regulations, is here included under an alphabetical arrangement easy of reference. In common justice to the force, every policeman ought to be provided with this manual; and citizens will find in it much useful information.

*My Garden Wild.* By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of 'The Fern World,' &c. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. F. G. Heath, who has already done so much to originate and to stimulate in the great body of the English people a healthy love of the country, and of flowers, trees, &c., here supplements his former efforts in a very practical direction by telling what in his idea a garden should be. He has little favour for the ultra-artificiality which has come to obtain in the methodically laid-out borders, after the most rigid patterns, with little regard after all for that beautiful gradation in tone and colour which nature in her arrangements mostly manages to secure. Mr. Heath advocates decided effort after the freedom of nature in horticulture, and assuredly his advices are wise. He tells how by simple wild-flowers, ferns, &c., he formed a garden for himself of a more attractive type than any fashionable formal one. We trust his example may in not a few cases be followed. This is but the bare enunciation of Mr. Heath's leading idea, which may be found suggested in looser form in all his earlier writings. But the book is varied by the results of so much loving study and close observation in the course of many a ramble, that it forms delightful reading in that kind of nature-lore, which is, in fact, becoming as common in America as with us, if not even more so; and through the pens of Burroughs and Warner has done so much to add a new element to its literature. Such writers as Mr. Heath and Mr. Henry Bright are endeavouring to do for this country what these writers have done for

theirs in the production of healthy, exhilarating, and delightful nature books, which are often like wine to those who must lead from day to day an artificial life in cities.

*A Method of Teaching the Deaf and Dumb Speech, Lip-reading, and Language.* With Illustrations and Exercises. By THOMAS ARNOLD. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Arnold has been one of the most successful teachers of the deaf and dumb in our time, and this volume shows how thoughtful, philosophical, and common-sense his methods have been. Mr. Arnold tells us that he has virtually had all to discover for himself, that in our language neither teachers nor books could be found by him, and he has published his work to aid other teachers, by putting them in possession of his methods, and telling their results. Mr. Arnold has had forty years experience; he was, he says, trained under an able master in the French method, but for the last twenty years he has, as the result of conviction, pursued the German method, at which he has independently arrived. One of his pupils has passed the Cambridge Local Examination with honours, and matriculated at the London University. After a historical introduction, concerning endeavours to instruct the deaf and dumb, Mr. Arnold expounds the different methods of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, dealing physiologically with the organs of speech, and philosophically with appliances for instructing their use. A chapter on language is also added. We should require much more space than a short notice affords to enter upon the discussion of any of the points involved in Mr. Arnold's system. It must suffice to direct attention to his wise, philosophical, and unusually interesting book, which should be in the hands of all parents and teachers who have to deal with this pathetic disability of children. The results which are here tabulated are very marvellous, and are a large alleviation of an otherwise hopeless calamity.

*Credulities Past and Present.* By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus.

There are two sides on which such a subject as this can be treated: the high philosophical side, as it was by Mr. Lecky in one section of his 'Rationalism,' or the purely literary and amusing side, as it is by Mr. Jones in this volume; though it must be said he can lightly philosophize a little bit too. We are not sure that his arrangement is quite the best—more especially for his own interest. He does not, we think, quite put his best foot foremost. The legends of the 'Sea and Seamen' with which the volume opens is not nearly so good or so new as some of the others, and besides, it must be said that he has fallen into more slight slips here than anywhere else. The chapter on 'Amulets and Talismans' is admirable, clear, comprehensive, full of quaint and interesting items; still more so, perhaps, the chapter dealing with the exorcising and blessing and trial of animals. It is scarcely credible that a pig should have been put upon

its trial, so late as the middle of the fourteenth century; but this was really the case at Lausanne; and Mr. Jones has done well to give the details with a quaint, if not even a somewhat grotesque, drawing after a contemporary. The *motif* of much in these strange superstitions it is too easy to trace. The Church found in them a helpful influence; and the means taken to maintain them in some instances makes us wonder that Rome should so long have preserved so great an influence over the consciences of men and women. The chapters on birds, and the belief that the soul of the departed was carried off by birds, afford Mr. Jones great scope for research and for skill in narration. Birds, Eggs, and Luck, and so on, form the subjects of other chapters. On the whole, the book, though in some parts it might have been more condensed and better arranged, is an admirable repertory of amusing and instructive reading. It is well written and full of *esprit*. We cordially recommend it at once as a book of reference, for it is furnished with a good index, and as a volume to while away profitably an odd half-hour.

*The Gun and its Development.* With Notes on Shooting. By W. W. GREENER. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This is simply a profusely illustrated cyclopædia of gunnery, of which it is as impossible to give an account in a short notice as it is of a dictionary. It includes every kind of gun, from a cross-bow to Armstrong's 100-pounder. It tells its history, traces its developments, and explains its construction; diagrams and drawings on almost every page illustrate structure, improvements, and action. The author is a member of a well-known Birmingham firm of manufacturers, and naturally has a good deal to say on the claims of the metropolis of gunnery. But his estimates and descriptions are the result of wide reading, and are scrupulously fair.

He begins by noting points of invention and progress, such as the first European use of gunpowder, of small firearms, of firearms in battle, of rifled arms, of breechloaders, &c., but we might as well attempt an illustration of the sea by bringing a pailful of its water. The value of the work consists in the completeness of its plan and details, and in the blending of technical details for the expert, with popular history and description for the general reader. So far as we can judge, no single point connected with firearms, and their use for either fighting or sport, has escaped the author. Antiquarian forms and the latest scientific improvements are alike presented.

In addition to descriptions of weapons, and directions for their use, notes on gun trials in England and America are given; and for sportsmen, shooting notes, sport at home and abroad, with lists of game, and countries in which they are found, together with hints as to their pursuits.

It is a sumptuous octavo volume of nearly 700 pages. For soldiers and sportsmen it is

as indispensable, as a handbook, as a dictionary is to a literary man. Of the accuracy of its details he would be a bold man who would presume to judge, save after long familiarity with it. But it bears all the marks of industrious research, scientific knowledge, and careful statement.

*Vivisection Scientifically and Ethically considered, in Prize Essays.* By JAMES MACAULAY, A.M., M.D., Rev. BREWIN GRANT, B.A., and ABIATHAR WALL. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

It is easier to lay down principles than to apply them. Concerning the general principles upon which the anti-vivisection agitation is based there can be no difference among humane men. How far they are violated by medical and biological physiologists is the question in dispute. The humane safeguards practically imposed upon medical men would seem to have but little force with pure scientific biologists. If we hesitate, however, in joining in the clamorous sentence of condemnation, it is only because of our doubtfulness about the facts. And further, we feel scarcely competent to draw the line beyond which physiological experiments may not even humanly go. Nothing is perhaps more unreasoning or unjust than a cry founded upon a moral sentiment. The full concession of the sentiment seems to justify every injustice in the application of it. And yet but for such sentiment how many of the atrocities of human conduct would have gone unredressed. If pecuniary advantage may not justify slavery, neither may scientific advantage justify cruelty. A prize of two hundred guineas was offered—we are not told by whom—for the best essay on 'Painful Experiments on Living Animals Scientifically and Ethically considered.' Seven medical men of good standing were appointed as judges. The result was curious. Of the three essays printed in this volume each obtained the suffrages of two of the judges. The seventh hesitated to give a casting vote. It was resolved therefore to print all the three papers. The common theme is 'Vivisection: is it scientifically useful, or morally valuable?' We will not undertake to pronounce where the judges have hesitated to do so. We will only say that Dr. Macaulay and Mr. Wall argue calmly and with most positive force, while Mr. Grant, after his manner, conducts his argument by a process of keen and sometimes scarcely fair cross-questioning. The volume, however, presents the case of the anti-vivisectionists clearly and strongly.

*Plant Life.* Popular Papers on the Phenomena of Botany. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

To be popularly useful, scientific knowledge must be translated into the forms of untrained mind. The President of the Lambeth Field Club—which, we suppose, exists for practical botanical study—does this admirably in this little volume. He gives us not so much a *hortus siccus* as the living physiology and function of plants. He uses his learning to

make things simple, and has produced a handbook as interesting as it is instructive.

*Education, Scientific and Technical.* By ROBERT GALLOWAY. This volume contains a series of lectures on scientific education, in which the author, who speaks with some degree of authority both as a scientist and an educationist, endeavours to set forth how the inductive sciences are taught, and how they ought to be taught. The lectures are interesting and sensible, but they do not seem to contain anything of striking originality. We all know that in technical education English workmen lag behind many continental workmen, and that if we are to keep our ground in industry and commerce they must make up for it in other ways. Mr. Galloway discusses this and cognate topics with intelligence; but we fail to see that he has anything new to tell us about them. — *The Future of Palestine.* As a Problem of International Policy, and in Connection with the Requirements of Christianity and the Expectations of the Jews. By D. WALKER. (James Nisbet and Co.) Mr. Walker takes occasion from the German colony at Haifa, of which he gives an interesting account, to speculate concerning the future of Palestine. He prepares for his vaticination by a summary of, first, the secular, and then the religious history of Palestine, with which he occupies two-thirds of the volume. Chapters on the Spiritual Rule of Christ, the Kingdom of God, and the Coming of Elijah follow, based upon the theory that the land of Palestine belongs to the Jews, and cannot without impiety be claimed by any other people. The Jews are to be restored to it, and Mr. Walker thinks that this might be effected by Christian powers putting a pressure upon the Porte, taking the land temporarily as trustees, and permitting the Jews to purchase it, or otherwise arranging for its possession. The prophecies which are supposed to foretell the possession of the land by the Jews are cited *en masse*, and in the usual uncritical and especially unchronological way. We cannot, of course, discuss the question, nor the unspiritual conceptions of the work of Christ upon which it rests. Great interest, however, attaches to the problem of the future of Palestine. Mr. Oliphant has raised it, but from a different point of view. He also thinks that Jews would be the most likely effectually to colonize the land. — *Industrial Curiosities.* Glances Here and There in the World of Labour. Written and Edited by ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D. (Marshall, Japp, and Co.) Dr. Japp has collected into a popular and elegant volume papers originally contributed to 'Good Words' and other journals. He treats of the most various matters—from Leather to Hop Gardens and the Service of the Post-office, Wool, Porcelain, Needles, Perfumes, Seal-skins, Clocks and Watches. Nothing comes to him amiss. With an industry and a descriptive power equal to those of Dr. Winter, he has higher literary claims and a more phi-

losophical grasp. Among books of knowledge this deserves a high place. *Suburban Homes of London.* A Re-  
Guide to Favourite London Localities, Societies, Celebrities, and Associations (to and Windus.) The design of this is better than its execution. It comprises much larger London than that of the office. It describes the suburbs of the city from Barnet and Waltham Abbey to Hammersmith and Beckenham. Perhaps the only books that have included too much; but the charm of the books as Howitt's 'Northern Heights of London' are wanting. The author lacks literary instinct, the historical imagination, perhaps the antiquarian knowledge, which peoples the past and gathers reminiscences. His book runs too much into the style of a Directory, with a special reference to business speculations. It will be useful chiefly for people house-hunting.

#### BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION

*The Renaissance in Italy.* Italian Literature in Two Parts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Author of 'Sketches in Italy', 'Greece', &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

These two volumes form the fourth and fifth of Mr. Symonds's remarkable and every way monumental work on the 'Italian Renaissance,' to which he has devoted the best years of his life. It is not too much to say that, by this labour, he has raised himself to an equal companionship with such writers as Hallam and Macaulay. His style, it is true, is not so refined as that of the former, nor is it so brilliant and antithetic as that of the latter; but it has a pliancy and fulness, an ease, and a resonance which render it most readable, and, what is more, now and then they combine to impart to it a rhythm and a music which cause the sentences to dwell upon the ear. The patient and close investigation, long continued, which has gone to produce this book, is likely to be somewhat lost sight of in the flow and what we may call the urgent dignity of the style; but those who will most appreciate the one will not, we think, wholly lose sight of the other. And before passing from general considerations, we should not forget to say that Mr. Symonds's independence is as marked as is his careful research and lofty, insistent march of style. He does not deal in second-hand authorities, but brings the reader directly into contact with the literature itself, not failing occasionally to sum up the leading feature or *motif* in an incisive phrase or a sentence of surprising clearness and grace. Indeed, it must be admitted that if Mr. Symonds had in one or two special cases allowed himself to modify expressions in view of the opinions of former writers of distinction, he would have done well, and only added to his claims for calm and ripe judgment as well as for generosity toward those who have traversed the field before him.

Mr. Symonds begins his survey, and rightly,



by indicating clearly the two great lines of influence which, meeting under favourable circumstances, mainly went to produce the Renaissance. The one was the Provençal poetry, the other was the ideal of chivalry. Of course much was due to political and social conditions; elements which Villari did not a little exhaustively to trace out, and which Mr. Symonds contents himself with here more generally indicating. But, briefly, they may be summed up in this, the transference of the point of interest in literature from an ideal that demanded mystical love allied with metaphysical refinements, and gained effect from an historical and natural realism, so uniting, as one might say, the mediæval, and the modern world to an ideal that eschewed the mystical, sought to establish an imaginative realm for the treatment of real passion, and at the same time to set wholly outside of poetry the vein of historical and natural realism. In regarding the subject from this point of view, four names at once present themselves: first, Dante, who in his 'Vita Nuova' and his 'Divina Commedia' represented the earlier ideal, which may be called the mystical-scholastic of the middle ages, and brought it into direct relation with the world. Then comes Cino da Pistoja, who, on account of his rejection of mysticism proper, and his refinement if not delicacy of style, has been well called the 'connecting link between Dante and Petrarch; his poems to Selvaggia reflecting elements in the one that were to pass into the most perfect form in the other;' and of whom Mr. Symonds speaks as follows: 'Two currents of verse, the one rising from the senses, the other from the brain, the one deriving force and fulness from the people, the other nourished by the schools, flowed apart in Guido Cavalcanti's poetry. They were combined in a single stream by Cino da Pistoja' (p. 65, vol. i.) Then comes Petrarch, whose imaginative intensity and almost feverish narrowness, no less than his complete renunciation of mysticism, enabled him to present in sonnets and canzone a real passion, sustained by what it fed on, and in which the chivalric ideal was so far set aside that no real sacrifice was demanded, since the merely imaginative sacrifice sufficed. Then comes Boccaccio, who honestly divorces chivalric sentiment from the love-passion altogether, returning on pure nature; often of the 'earth, earthy,' and in no way dissembling his complete satisfaction with the grosser play of human nature and human motive. It is quite true, as Mr. Symonds indicates, that the ideal of chivalry never laid complete hold on the common imagination in Italy as it did on that of most other European peoples; but it exerted its own influence, and even in Boccaccio we see the direct reaction against it. Through him humour and irony first find origin and scope. Chivalric elevation and severity had restrained them (as we see Chaucer regarded it): and now there arises a school of sensual satirists which must be regarded as finding in Pulci its most typical representative. When men cease to believe

in the sincerity of passion they soon proceed to question the validity of what are sometimes held to be more important experiences; and hence we are not surprised to find Mr. Symonds saying, 'We need not go far afield to account for Pulci's profanity. The Italians of the age in which he lived were free-thinkers without ceasing to be Catholics' (p. 447, vol. i.) Petrarch's imaginative exercise in one mood now finds its imitators, and these are held as foils by a school of satirists. With Mr. Symonds's estimate of Dante we are, to a great extent, in sympathy, but hardly so much so with that of Petrarch. He is inclined to see in Petrarch too much of the 'sincerity' which has in recent days become a cant phrase. The fact is that Petrarch represented the purely artificial sentiment of love which survived in Italian literature, having the taint of *cicisbeism* throughout long periods; and this insincerity communicated even a touch of diffuseness and insincerity to the style, of which the second canzone might be taken as specimen. Devotion to the wider sense of 'society,' as conceived under the imperial emblem of Rome, robbed Petrarch to a very great extent of individuality and definiteness of conception in certain directions, and imparted a vague sameness of colour to his poetry, however varied in theme. On this point Villari may be listened to: 'It is certainly impossible to doubt the existence of sincere and pure passion; but this Canon, who proclaims his love to all the winds of heaven, publishes a sonnet for every sigh, confides to all the world how great is his despair if Laura will not look upon him, and all the time is making love to another woman, to whom he addresses no sonnets, but by whom he has several children. How can he make men believe that his passion is really, as he describes it, eternal, pure, and the sole ruler of his thoughts?' Petrarch was an intense realist on one side. Villari tells how he made an express journey to see for himself and to describe Maria of Pozzuoli, a woman of enormous strength, who lived always armed. The indefiniteness, inevitable under such division of experience and such affectation of reality and truth, is seen also in the form in which political conditions colour Petrarch's writings. Lord Macaulay has well said: 'Petrarch's native city—the fair and glorious Florence—the modern Athens, then in all the bloom and strength of its youth, could not obtain from the most distinguished of its citizens any portion of that passionate homage which he paid to the decrepitude of Rome.' And Mr. Symonds himself significantly writes: 'Petrarch is an Italian, while Dante remained merely a Florentine. Petrarch's connection with the Capitol was the outward sign that the age of the Commune was over, and culture destined to be cosmopolitan.'

Mr. Symonds celebrates the intense, sustaining individuality of Dante's *Commedia*. One qualification has to be made. There is one standpoint from which Dante must ever seem small, envious, malicious, and mean. If, as Villari has said, Dante still represented the middle ages by seeking eternity in another

world, while the Renaissance sought eternity in this world, it cannot be denied that the future world of Dante did not disdain the importation of some feelings which, viewed from one side, are 'of the earth, earthy.' Here Dante touches the Renaissance and involves himself with it, causing violence to his own symbolism through apparent indifference to some points of the higher morality, and elevating love as a sentiment and a mystical ideal at the expense of charity and forgiveness. Even his symbolism did not in any way demand some of the more painful of his pictures. We could almost have wished that Mr. Symonds had given a little more verge to this side of the matter; it would have made his estimate yet more 'all round' and impartial. Mr. Symonds eloquently writes—

'The essence of the *Commedia* is indestructible because of its humanity, because of the personality which animates it. Men change far less than the hypotheses of religion and philosophy, which take form from experience as shadows fly before the sun. However these may alter, man remains substantially the same; and Dante penetrated human nature as few have done, and was such a man as few have been. The unity and permanence of his poem are in himself. Never was a plan so vast and various permeated so completely by a single self' (p. 78, vol. i.)

We are glad to see that Mr. Symonds admits that Boccaccio did not a little to infect later Italian literature with the rhetorical *rombazzio* which has so long prevailed in it. He is careful also to discriminate and to do justice to the idyllic element in Boccaccio in this way: 'What has been called *la voluttà idillica*—the sensuous sensibility to beauty, finding fit expression in the idyl—formed a marked characteristic of Renaissance art and literature. Boccaccio developed this idyllic motive in all his works that dealt with the origins of society' (p. 196, vol. ii.)

There is one point of some importance which we are sorry to see that Mr. Symonds has not so completely treated as he might have done, particularly since he devotes so much space to Cardinal Bembo, who has been well called 'the Edgar Poe of the Petrarchans, though without that genius's morbid individuality and depth.' Dante in the 'Vita Nuova' admittedly presented puzzles to the men of his time, and was not disinclined to mere verbal by-plays, which, indeed, he indulges in his poetic correspondence with Cavalcanti and others. Even with such a rake as Cecco Angiolieri—who (though Mr. Symonds only incidentally names him) interpreted Dante on the sensual side, and with not a little ribaldry told him so, ending a sonnet with the mocking words:

'Ch'io son il pungiglione, e tu se' il bue'—

Dante could hold parley; and this indulgence created a whole school of artificial poets, who pelted each other with sonnets, not seldom using the same rhymes in reply as had been used in the sonnets addressed to them. Bembo had a whole circle of this kind—Moresina,

Vittoria Colonna, Varcha, and Casa—Varcha being the only one of whom Mr. Symonds treats. Sonnet xv. of Bembo is a reply to one of Moresina's, beginning 'Quando mia sorte il verderti m'impetra,' and it most ingeniously follows the word-rhymes of the sonnet to which it replies. A most interesting short chapter might have been made on this subject, tracing the practice down through several periods, and contrasting the result with certain forms of artificial verse which have more recently obtained.

This we are the more justified in saying because Mr. Symonds shows so much art in tracing out the analogies and resemblances between early Italian literature and later productions, English and other; as, for instance, Bandello's anticipation, in his 'Gerardo and Elena,' of points in Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the indebtedness of Sir Philip Sydney to the 'Arcadia' of Sannazzaro.

These are but a few of the points which these masterly volumes suggest; more it is not possible for us to do in this place. We can only cordially recommend them to all true lovers of literature, who will find them interesting and full of charm, even if Italian may not be amongst their accomplishments; though it must be added that only a reader who knows Italian can fully appreciate the labour and the resource, the finished style and grace, that characterize them throughout.

*Outcast Essays and Verse Translations.* By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, LL.D., Author of 'Time and Space,' &c. Longmans and Co.

The title of this volume seems to be fully justified by the facts; but its too literal appropriateness is surely to be regretted. The two essays on De Quincey strike us as very remarkable, full of delicate insight, clear judgment, and analytical tact. Not only does Dr. Hodgson justify his claim to have 'something to say,' but he says that something well, and, to our thinking, has done a service in showing the combination in De Quincey's genius of 'great emotional sensibility with great intellectual subtilty.' This seems no very original statement; but the way in which Dr. Hodgson exhaustively illustrates it is original in the highest sense, as he brings to his aid not only a full knowledge of the writings, but intimacy with the man and his family. Nevertheless, he is not a mere eulogist, but discriminates carefully the points of failure and incompleteness, declaring, therefore, that De Quincey had genius, but not strictly creative genius, and that thus he does not rise into the first rank. We regard Dr. Hodgson as absolutely successful, as against Mr. Stuart Mill, on one or two points in his second essay on 'De Quincey as a Political Economist.' It is inconceivable to us why review editors should have rejected this paper, for it is clear and luminous throughout, and deals with principles of which the men discussed merely supply the illustrations. 'The Supernatural in English Poetry' and 'English Verse' are full of knowledge and ingenuity, particularly the

latter, in which Mr. Hodgson finds even the laureate napping over his rhythmical 'stresses' in more than one instance. Theologians may find much to interest them in the essay on 'The True Symbol of Christian Union.' The translations, chiefly from Horace and Homer, are careful and scholarly, and show the finest appreciation of the text.

We can cordially recommend this volume at once for its critical acumen, philosophical tone, and its fine sense of metrical correctness and true grace in poetry.

*Don Quixote: his Critics and Commentators.*

With a Brief Account of the Minor Works of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and a Statement of the Aim and End of the Greatest of them all. By A. J. DUFFIELD. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Duffield is a persevering and enthusiastic student of Cervantes. Few men have shown at once so much inquiring patience and so much love of their author. He keeps his eye on the main road, and yet he adventures freely into the byways—the only secret of success with such an author as Cervantes. His translation of *Don Quixote* was a work which at once took a high place, doing not a little to supersede some of those which had before been regarded as final. In the present effort, however, we cannot regard him as having been quite so successful. For one thing, he has not marked out for himself so definite a purpose, and his book has more the aspect of bookmaking. Instead even of sticking closely to an account of the 'Critics and Commentators' of *Don Quixote*, he makes constant and perplexing incursions into other fields; he interjects long translations from his author to illustrate Cervantes' general view of certain points rather than any leading idea strictly implied in his main title; and sometimes he is conjectural, and at other times too self-assertive, and neglectful of recognition of others who have worked in the same field. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the book is calculated to be useful to students of *Don Quixote*. It will often point the way to rich stores of disquisition, if such should be wanted; and it certainly has the merit of being readable, and of presenting the result of not a little loving labour. In fact, it must be regarded as a valuable summary and supplement, and, in a certain way, as an index to the literature of the great 'Spanish classic.'

*Poetry of Byron.* Chosen and Arranged by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Macmillan and Co.

This is one of the 'Golden Treasury Series,' and is well worthy of the place in which it stands. It is clear that Mr. Arnold has done his work with great care, sparing no effort to make the book perfect. The Introductory Essay, which is very incisive and suggestive, is perhaps as much a revelation of the writer as of the subject, and has all the more value on that account. He is appreciative of Byron's great claims—his passion, his individuality, his excess of energy, and his irony. But he discriminates, and is especially interesting in

describing Byron's salient defects—his lack of repose, his restless intensity, and defect of meditative calm; being altogether characteristically deficient in the elements in which Wordsworth from one side and Goethe from another were so strong. Perhaps he somewhat fails in justice and in critical truth through the over-emphasis of this, betraying some defect of sympathy. The selection is most tasteful and judicious. It is arranged under four headings—'Personal, Lyric, and Elegiac,' 'Descriptive and Narrative,' 'Dramatic' and 'Satiric.' In this way the poet is most efficiently made to paint himself; so that the volume is not only choice but critically valuable. It will no doubt have a large sale, and will be frequently referred to in future estimates of the poet.

*Madame de Sevigné.* (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) By Miss THACKERAY (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

It is hardly possible that the monogram on *Madame de Sevigné* for this series could have fallen into better hands. Miss Thackeray is not only delicate, but with a capacity to appreciate the *esprit* and charm of such a writer, she can sympathize with the deeper elements which gave tone and quality to *Madame de Sevigné* letters, and sufficed to raise her far above the common ranks of brilliant and gifted women, for which France at that period was so famous. If we were to compare her with *Madame du Deffand*, or even with *Madame de Staël*, our meaning would be apparent. For that we have not the space: we can only indulge ourselves with one suggestion, and it is that, if the reader is curious in such matters, he should glance over Dr. Stevens's 'Life of *Madame de Staël*,' particularly the latter chapters in the first volume, read Mr. Hayward's 'Essay on *Madame du Deffand*,' and then turn to Miss Thackeray's 'Essay on *Madame de Sevigné*.' That comparison, which can be satisfactorily made in the course of a few hours, will show him how graceful, how refined, how consistent in her own individuality *Madame de Sevigné* was, and how much the charm of treatment may add to the interest of even a charming personality.

*Corneille and Racine.* By H. TROLLOPE. (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) William Blackwood and Sons.

If not one of the most striking, this is certainly one of the most useful of the present series. Most educated people presume that they are acquainted with French dramatic literature, but beyond a smattering of Molière's 'Tartuffe,' 'Sganarelle,' and the 'Précieuses,' or Voltaire's 'Zaïre' or 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' the rest remains for most part a neglected field. Critical study indeed of such an extensive literature is only for the few. The drama has flourished in France, and satire, early taking possession of it, did for it what satire could hardly in any other case have done, imparted to it an air of refinement and grace unknown to the lighter drama

of most other countries. After Molière, to Corneille and Racine is due the main credit of this; and, viewed as an element in universal culture, this is the side of the French drama which is most influential. It is hardly in France as it is with us. Tragedy is a thing of rule, and French tragedy is as unlike as can be to the tragedy of Shakespeare. 'Cinna' in contrast with 'Julius Cæsar' would illustrate all that we mean. In Racine we have perfection of French epigram, brilliant, keen, and full of colour; in Corneille we have dignity with all the French ease. Both reflect faithfully the life of their own time. Mr. Trollope, it may be, overestimates a little the value of the French drama for English people; but he does much to justify his estimate, and is distinctly ingenious in dealing with knotty points. The lives of both Corneille and Racine are interesting and are well treated. Corneille, poor, high-spirited, apt to take offence, rough in society, but with a true humility as well as a true self-appreciation, is an admirable subject, and Mr. Trollope has not failed in giving full effect to the main outlines. He is exceedingly happy in comparing him with Oliver Goldsmith. Racine is on the whole less likeable. There are positive points of meanness in him; but Mr. Trollope does frank justice both to his good and his bad qualities. His turning against his old tutors at Port Royal is one of the worst things in his life. Mr. Trollope has not only written a good book, he has directed his readers into a fresh and profitable field for study.

*Garden Graith; or, Talks Among my Flowers.*  
By SARAH F. SMILEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a very charming series of meditations in a flower garden. As from a kind of lecture-room in her arbour, the authoress discourses delicately, suggestively, and brightly about her flowers and the suggestions of their culture and growth. They are a kind of religious moralizing about Sowing, Blossoming, Weeds, Fragrance, Pot-bound, &c., done with great skill and delicate tenderness of feeling, full of subtle meanings and wise suggestions. The authoress reminds us now and then of Thoreau, then again of the author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.' Everything about the book is as fresh and fragrant as the flowers themselves, and is—simply to be enjoyed.

*Fashion in Deformity, as Illustrated by the Customs of Barbarous and Civilized Races.* (Nature Series.) By WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, LL.D. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co.

Dr. Flower reprints a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, which is very suggestive and full of wholesome application. The degree to which artificial distortion has been applied to different parts of the human form is something astounding; the skull, waist, and feet have been absolutely transformed, made hideous, and, to a large extent, useless. Happily, English women have learned some-

thing respecting the treatment of the waist, although much remains yet to be learned. But the treatment of the feet is more absurd than ever; pointed-toed and high-heeled boots are preposterous perversions of nature. The diseases and disabilities they produce can be studied in Dr. Flower's timely lecture. We are not yet in a position to laugh either at Chinese ladies or at Bango savages.

*Wood Magic.* By RICHARD JEFFERIES. Two Vols. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Mr. Jefferies has obtained the highest position as an observer and recorder of nature, and of what Thoreau calls the graceful *insouciance* of animals. He has patiently possessed himself of many of the secrets of both; and if sometimes his expressions of his experience have lacked subtlety, he has never failed to inspire his readers with a sense of his sincerity and insight. He has generally, too, imparted a touch of imagination to his more elevated descriptions; so that one who had read all his former books with keen appreciation and profit might well be excused in looking forward to a perusal of 'Wood Magic' with genuine enthusiasm. That was our case. But we must in all candour say that our expectations have not been fully realized. There can be no doubt that the magic of field and stream, and wood and wild, of flower and bird and whispering winds has been seized by Mr. Jefferies, and that he has managed to surround many of the common phenomena of nature with the glow of imagination; but in the present case his parable is too elaborate; it remains to the end too much of a parable and a puzzle, and is, like the books that profess merely to record, too much a thing of separate passages. Fancy or fantasy directed to the shaping of mere facts into symbols is hardly in Mr. Jefferies equal to his knowledge of facts; and here, almost in spite of himself, the one overbears the other. 'Wood Magic' is half a riddle, and will remain so after the utmost effort has been made to find a coherent idea under its parables. Though no demand is made for more than unity of an artistic kind, the meanings, as it would appear, are so varied, and so evasive, inadequate, and tantalizing, that one fails in imaginative sympathy long before one fails in merely intellectual interest. In a word, we are, and to the end remain, more concerned with Mr. Jefferies and his processes of getting at his facts than with the imaginative clothing he has in this instance been pleased to give to them. The description of the delightful Hampshire farm is simply perfect. We can see it: we can hear the murmur of the brook, scent the new-cut hay, or wander in the copse, or lie as he would have us quietly observant in the orchard; but when the various animals that frequent the place are transformed into ideal creatures, who can talk and urge reasons, and dissent and complain of each other, and pour their wisdom or their folly too willingly into the ear of Bevis, for whose benefit it would seem that they have all been created, we cannot follow with full

sympathetic assent. And the moral element is the most distracting of all, as, for instance, when we learn that all the animals, the trees, the wind, and the grass had, by a general conspiracy, tricked into a gin the wicked weasel which had devoured the leveret of the mourning hare. Well, there is a solidarity in nature; but the winds, trees, &c., have their own business to attend to, and lose imaginatively by such a process as this. It must be said, however, that generally Mr. Jefferies keeps clear of temptations to such moralities as raise indeed all the questions of pessimism that have ever been stirred, and settle nothing. The book, as we have said, is too elaborate and long-sustained for the strength of the dominating idea; but nevertheless it is a delightful book, full of nature-lore, and informed by a true poetic spirit and fine discernments.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons have published a Second Edition of Mr. WILLIAM MINTO'S 'Manual of English Prose Literature,' an admirable handbook of literary information and criticism, full of wise discernment and complete although terse information. We spoke of it on its first appearance in terms of high praise; and more familiar acquaintance with it only enhances our sense of its almost unique character and excellence.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published the Twelfth Edition of Dr. BREWER'S most useful 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' an indispensable table-book for literary men, and an interesting and instructive miscellany for general readers, tracing the derivation of popular Phrases and Terms. This edition has added to it 'A Concise Bibliography of English Literature,' by Eric S. Robertson, M.A., and an alphabetical list of English authors with their works. This, however, is only a contribution; many names are omitted—Dr. Vaughan, formerly editor of this Review, Mr. Trevyllian, Isaac Taylor, jun., John Sterling, and others who have established their claim to a place in English literature.

#### RECENT POETRY.

The classical drama is not popular; but experiments are now and then made of an interesting kind: such is *The Death of Themistocles and other Poems*; by JOHN NICHOL, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow (James Maclehose): in which Professor Nichol has given us not only a finished dialogue after the classic manner, but a fine study of mixed elements and motives in the leading character, which show how art has been to him an exacting mistress. For the subject is in itself, in some degree, alien to the style of treatment, which aims at great simplicity and clearness of outline. To a remarkable degree both have been attained; so that, while we have studied repose and grace of style, we have

also much that is distinctly in keeping with the spirit of our modern poetry, which aims at subtlety, comprehensiveness, suggestion. A glance at the leading motive will make this clear. Aftersignal services, Themistocles, through the uprise of factions and the opposition of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, is driven into exile at Argolis; and afterwards, having escaped from point to point, takes ship to Asia, and is welcomed by Artaxerxes, at whose court he lives for seventeen years. When the war arises through the Athenians assailing Cyprus, Themistocles is besought by Artaxerxes to take the command against Greece; and partly from anger with Athens, and partly from hatred to Cimon, he is inclined to do it, notwithstanding the dissuasions of his family. But just at the moment when he is about to set forth, a messenger arrives reporting that Cimon has fallen at Cium. This removes one of the motives for Themistocles's action, and now he feels repelled from fighting against his country. Rather than do so, and to save his honour, he takes poison and perishes. This is the theme of a piece which is remarkable for its care and scholarly finish, as also for the clearness here and there of its dramatic realization. The shorter poems show great love of nature; they are sometimes touched with a regret and pathos that are made more effective by dignified self-restraint; and in all cases they are finished and scholarly. Particularly is this true of the section of poems entitled, 'From the Old Home'; and of several of those under the heading of 'Pictures by the Way.' The first sonnet—'San Sebastien'—is to our mind simply exquisite. The sonnet to Thomas Carlyle is not so perfect as a whole; but it has fine lines, and the monody on Abraham Lincoln—one of the poems which, the author says in the Preface, at the time they were written, exposed me to 'social ostracism'—is very perfect and marked by a serene sincerity. There is a picturesque glow and a reserved tenderness in 'From Palermo,' which we read with admiration some time ago in 'Good Words,' and which recalls some of the poems of the same class of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The following on 'Intervention' is so short and good that we must crave leave to quote it—

'There's always just something  
Between me and light,  
Some curtain of darkness  
Some pine-coloured height.

There's ever a duty  
Forbidding the Rest,  
That retires like the gleam  
Of the sun in the west.

Yet all must have respite  
At last in the soil,  
The wicked from troubling,  
The weary from toil.

'Tis the way of the world  
As it has been of old,  
So it will be for ever  
Till the tale is all told.'

—Than Mr. Gosse there is, we believe, hardly a man in England fitter for the performance of such a task as selecting the best odes that have been written. This he has done in *English Odes*. Selected by EDMUND W. GOSSE. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.) To an extensive acquaintance with the wide field of English poetic literature he adds a very nice critical discrimination, which has been strengthened by large incursions into the domains of continental literature. His first duty was to make clear to himself the distinguishing characteristics of the ode; and, setting aside the many definitions that have been given, he presents us with the following: 'We take as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose and dealing progressively with one dignified theme.' The specimens given admirably illustrate what is here laid down. He begins with Spenser, and carries his selection down to our own day, inserting specimens from Mr. Swinburne. Of Spenser, of course, he speaks highly as an ode writer, and is full of praise of the 'Epithalamium.' Ben Jonson, however, he says, was the proper importer of 'the ode into England;' and therefore some good specimens are given from him. Cowley, Akenside, and Gray have full justice done to them. On the whole, the selection is admirable, and we hardly need to add that in it the beautiful series to which it belongs has received a very noticeable and valuable addition.—A very different book is *The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. (Chatto and Windus.) Lord Herbert of Cherbury is not often, or at first, thought of as a poet. His fame was won as a soldier, and reasserted as a thinker. In both capacities he was at once bold and brilliant, with a certain solid English closeness and self-dependence which make him a most attractive figure both biographically and as a writer. His poems were merely the pastimes of a busy life; they were not published in his lifetime—not, in fact, till seventeen years after his death. It cannot, therefore, be said that we have his own estimate of these productions as likely to "prove permanent additions to English literature." But they are remarkable not only as exhibiting an original and graceful fancy and a keen sense of beauty, but as having actually given the first hint of various forms of verse, which have since been used with marvellous effect—the measure of 'In Memoriam,' for example. As Lord Herbert was born in 1581, he was a contemporary of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is astonishing at such an early date to meet with the hint of so much that has come after and 'blossomed to perfection' of form and hue. Mr. Churton Collins has certainly done his author justice, and in his introduction has eloquently set forward the claims which Lord Herbert's poems have to be resuscitated and studied as examples, often *sui generis*. He says that no collection of English poets is complete which does not 'contain the poetical works of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' and

on certain grounds, though not on all grounds, this claim is well justified, and we trust may be responded to.—Mr. Aubertin sometime since presented us with a masterly translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, a work which we noticed at the time with the fullest appreciation. He has now given us *Seventy Sonnets of Camoens*. Portuguese Text and Translation, with Original Poems. By J. J. AUBERTIN. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) He has, in this case, followed precisely the same form as in that—presenting us with the original text alongside his translation—so that the volume is valuable for other and more permanent purposes than the passing of a 'pleasant hour of cultured leisure.' The only regret we have is that Mr. Aubertin, when he resolved to go so far, did not go further, and translate more of Camoens' minor poems; for all of them are charged with clear and subtle beauty, a mingled strain of graceful pensiveness and refinement of form. If an equal number of the songs and *resondilhas* had been added, then indeed Mr. Aubertin had fully 'fulfilled his duty to Camoens,' and done a service to English literature. But these dues may yet be gratefully paid, to the advantage and the pleasure of all who take an interest in such matters. Mr. Aubertin has not only translated the sonnets, he has in a remarkably skilful manner reproduced rhythms and rhymes. Opinions may vary on the point whether Mr. Aubertin has in all instances selected the best specimens of Camoens' sonnets, to reflect his variety of range as well as his grace and delicacy; but this criticism will suggest itself to only a very few of the many English readers who will read and feel an unusual exhilaration and delight in these dainty reproductions. Mr. Aubertin's defence of his own choice in selection is, however, efficient. He says in effect that the very finest of these compositions are literally untranslatable. In all cases he has not only got close to the idea and intention of his author, but has penetrated to the soul, if we may speak so, and has transfused it into English. The sonnets are the result of a most devoted, loving, continuous communion with the mood of the author till it was appropriated and could be reproduced without effort—the secret of all happy and charming translation. We could have wished that Mr. Aubertin had made yet more prominent the noble and patriotic side of Camoens, which he embalmed in some of his sonnets: one or two more of this class might have been presented. There is even more skill shown in these than in the sonnets which deal with strictly individual moods. Of the original poems which Mr. Aubertin has added we cannot speak with quite the same unqualified praise. Here and there the rhythm is faulty; here and there a line unpolished. But the ideas and sentiments are always elevated and refined, the diction is forcible, if not always elegant; and Mr. Aubertin never fails in communicating a sense of individual experience, the point on which all poets, save the greatest, are so apt to fail.—It is a true relief and even an aid to come across such a

waft of pure and invigorating air in the midst of the conventionality and pretence of present-day minor verse as we have in *Fo'c's'le Yarns* (Macmillan and Co.) It is composed of four stories, told with rare naturalness, dramatic force, and occasional *naïveté*. When the first of the four stories—'Betsey Lee'—was published, we spoke of it, as may be remembered, in the highest terms, and certainly we have no reason to qualify what we then said, but to extend it with additional praise to the other three tales now given. These are entitled, 'Captain Rose,' 'Captain Tom and Captain Hugh,' and 'Tommy Big-Eyes.' An old sailor, a Manxman, is the speaker—Tom Baynes, the hero of 'Betsey Lee'—as will be remembered. The topics are all Manx, and Manx—a most forcible and expressive dialect of English—is the medium used. Not to speak of the many evidences of sharp observation, of acute reflections on men and life, which we have here, the poems would be noticeable for their exceeding closeness to the dramatic situation. Tom Baynes's talk smells of sea-air, it is redolent of tar and rope. There is a smack of sincerity all through it, and the pathetic touches which come on us suddenly are made more searching by contrast with the rough flavour of the verse throughout. One of the great claims of these poems is that the picturesque seldom appears on its own account, but only as it were incidentally and without any pretence. There is nothing more difficult, nothing more trying, than in deference to dramatic truthfulness to restrain this tendency in a medium which is the reverse of literary, as is Tom Baynes, who can hardly read or write; and this is the more especially true if a wide circle of experience and emotion, of fun and sentiment is to be traversed. Here truly the circle is wide—to see how wide, the reader must go to the book itself; these he will see in the traits of the two rival captains, and of Tommy Big-Eyes especially. The volume seems to open up unbounded possibilities for the development of English verse, as showing how genius can transform commonplace; but alas! there are not many who will look at life so directly and yet so imaginatively as the author of these 'Fo'c's'le Yarns.'—We are sorry we cannot speak with unqualified enthusiasm of *Song Bloom*. By GEORGE BARLOW, Author of 'Love Songs,' &c. (Remington and Co.) Mr. Barlow is fluent, he sometimes hits out a fine image; but his poems fail to satisfy us wholly, and sometimes he is, to be quite frank, somewhat erratic and high-flown, entirely disregarding of that unity of note which is so essential to success in the style at which he aims. And when he attempts to become philosophical, we see all too easily whence he drew his first suggestions, and feel how far he is from being able to justify them in the way of improving on the original—'Modern Faith,' with Mr. Tennyson's 'Two Voices,' and so on and on. As we read we are persecuted with a sense of cross impression, and nothing surely could be more fatal in poetry. This, too, is the case in the ambitious

'Mortal and Immortal.' Such poems as 'A Hymn of Woman' and 'The Greater Woman' simply perplex us, and there is far too great a preponderance of these in the book. 'At a Theatre Door in Summer' should be pathetic; it fails just at the testing-point, and it is sad in such a case to fail. One or two of the poems headed 'Hymns' and 'Songs' we like, and could read over again with satisfaction; but this applies only to a few, and we must candidly add that the most ambitious portion of the book we regard as a portentous failure.—*Fulgentius, with other Poems Old and New*. By R. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. (Newman and Co.) Mr. Montgomerie Ranking has undoubtedly some of the endowments of the poet, but in no very pronounced degree; and he lacks or almost lacks others. He has some sense of melody, and he has fancy; but he is without discrimination, and he does not study condensation as he might do. Besides, he sometimes sets his poems to a key which has been too often used by others, and they read here and there like parodies. Notably is this the case in regard to a refrain which at once recalls Jean Ingelow in by no means one of her most successful pieces. Longfellow and Schiller are both similarly treated. The primary conception of the 'Pan of the Hills' is good; but it is overdone, and the form of the masque is run into sheer absurdity. 'Under the Dark Arches' and 'At the Back of an Opera Box' have touches of mingled realism and idealism which directly recall Robert Buchanan. 'Lethe Water' and 'Lilian in the Forest' are far better, showing more of an individual note. We deeply regret that the author did not wait and produce more such pieces as these instead of printing transparent imitations. He has the power to do so, as one of these poems abundantly shows, a poem which ought to have been put in the forefront of the volume. It contains not only fine lines, but is sustained and dignified, and is very free of the more obtrusive and irritating faults of some of the other pieces. 'Raw haste half-sister to delay' has done her own work here; let Mr. Ranking but exercise a judicious self-severity, and we are sure that criticism will have a less reluctant tribute of admiration to pay to his next volume of poems. Self-trust, to steer clear of imitation; self-distrust, to entice to continual pruning and careful emendation—these are the *désiderata*, for Mr. Ranking distinctly has original productive poetic power.—*A Pageant and other Poems*. By CHRISTINE G. ROSSETTI. (Macmillan and Co.) Miss Rossetti has here presented us with studies in verse, which represent in fuller current two streams of inspiration which have from the first strangely blended in her genius; and never, as one might say, have become properly one; if they had, she would have been regarded as a greater and more popular poet, as she deserves to be. 'Goblin Market' was held in contrast to much that accompanied it by its vein of quaint freshness, its pensively playful childlike fancy, and a kind of graceful sadness that well befits the kind of

composition to which it belongs. But together with it were poems that were almost pessimistic, or would have been so but for a subdued vein of religious and mystical unction which has sometimes been hardly in keeping with the initiatory *motif*, if one may be allowed the phrase here. It is the same in the present volume. The 'Pageant' is full of graceful fancifulness; there is a playful freshness in it; it abounds in delicate pictures, which claim for themselves a place apart in the imagination. The 'Masque of the Months,' which by the way Mr. Austin Dobson attempted, has not been rendered with more music and subtle rhythm and variety in English. But some of the lyrics and sonnets outdo in dark misgivings, and in suggestions of death, all that Miss Rossetti has heretofore written. These are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' and though Miss Rossetti can never cease to be the poet, she does incline in these cases to show us far too much of the processes of her thinking: we see the movement of the despairing intellect far too clearly through the thin veil of imagination and fantasy. 'Golden Stones' or 'Johnny,' read with, say, the sonnet beginning, 'This life of numbness and of balk,' suggest so decided a revulsion that the moods seem almost irreconcilable in one individuality—so much of brightness, sunshine, colour in one, and so much of monotone, grey despair, and helpless self-surrender in the other. Poetry, in fact, cannot sustain itself on negations; this is its peculiar pre-eminence. Under this necessity Miss Rossetti sometimes rises to a true key, but ever again she succumbs; she has consulted her sense of loss and her weakness too much, and the healthy imagination too little. One test is very conclusive with respect to her poems. Always when she is most sad and despairing, she writes most cramped, and fails to command the musical flow and felicity which she uniformly does when in a more cheerful temper. The truth is, the primary dramatic rule holds: Shelley said that 'the secret of morals is a going out of self'—we had almost said that the secret of music is a going out of self also—at all events, to the extent of endeavouring to speak to the healthy and active nature of man, and not to weaken or to depress it. 'Songs of Death and of Corruption' are not so *likely* as 'Songs of Life, and Hope, and Love,' and for a very good critical reason.—Mrs. Webster's new volume, *A Book of Rhymes* (Macmillan and Co.), offers not a few points of contrast to that of Miss Rossetti. Though it is informed with that tender regret of which she has given so many touches in the songs scattered through her dramas, there is a genial brightness and dominating healthfulness of tone. Two of the pieces here given, 'The Oldest Inhabitant' and 'Disenchanted,' strike us as sufficient to claim for the writer a place among our first poets. The former is not only nobly conceived and artistically worked out, but has some lines of transcendent quality, as, for instance—

'Leisure and labour limitless,  
And always the joy of the earned success  
Crowned with the joy of the new endeavour.'

In the minor poems, too, we have some fine couplets, as in 'Waiting'—

'What are the days that are to be  
But part of the dear days long fled.'

For technical quality 'Poulain the Prisoner,' and the other sonnets scattered through the volume, no less than the poems at the end entitled 'Marjory,' should be particularly cited, while for more simple and unaffected lyrical pieces we should name 'Autumn Warnings,' 'A Summer Mood,' and 'The First Spring Day.' Several of the poems are songs reprinted from the dramas—'Disguises,' 'The Auspicious Day,' and 'Yu-Pe-Yas Lute,' and of these we took special notice when reviewing the dramas. Our space will only permit us to add that we have not for long read a volume of poetry with more of sincerity, thought, true inspiration, and that nameless tone and fidelity of expression which always distinguishes the true genius in the art from the merely intellectual person aiming at poetry.—A volume which contrasts very directly with either of the foregoing is *The Poems of Master Francis Villon of Paris*. Now first done into English Verse in the Original Forms. By JOHN PAYNE. (Reeves and Turner.) Mr. Payne printed for private circulation a small edition of a translation of the complete poems of Villon some three years ago, and now, as many requests are made to him for copies which cannot be supplied, he has published his translation, with some omissions and modifications. On the whole, the published edition is purified from the worst and most loathsome of the very fleshly utterances of Villon, which were many, and in this respect only thanks should be accorded to the translator for his consideration of English feelings. It is clear that with Mr. Payne his work has been a labour of love. We could almost have wished that his great pains and fine taste had been devoted to something more likely to edify, especially where, even in an emasculated edition, so much use has to be made of asterisks. Villon was the true Bohemian, restraint in all forms was hateful to him; and it is indeed surprising that he could bestow such patience in the polishing of his ballads, which are full of felicities of phrase. The Ballade that Villon made at the request of his mother, and the 'Ballade of Old-time Ladies,' are in *technique* almost perfect. Generally Mr. Payne fails where the movement is most decisive and rapid; he catches the idea, but not always the energy and action. We are not sure however that there is another verser-writer of our day who could have so completely followed the precise schemes of rhyme. Mr. Rossetti did not even attempt this; and when we spoke of Mr. Payne failing to transfer to English the energy of Villon in some cases, we should have added that by his plan he had almost taken away all chance of doing so. His translation is really a feat for close-



ness and spirit, and his biography of Villon is intensely interesting, and it is thoroughly well done. English literature, we hope, has now however received all of Villon that it will receive; for he is not the cleanliest of poets by any means.—In *Honey from the Weed* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mrs. Cowden Clarke has collected a number of occasional poems. They are all touched by fine sentiment, are now and then pathetic, and all are more or less unpretending in form. Some of the sonnets addressed to friends show not a little care in the execution; but this is not the strong point about the poems generally. Their claims rest rather on naturalness and sincerity of feeling. The poem beginning 'So dearly do I love thee, dear in sooth,' strikes us as about the best. The narrative poems, though they have evidently been written with great care, do not please us so much; they have more the marks of effort and labour. We do not quite see the appropriateness of the title; certainly we have the honey, but the weeds we do not find, either in the poems or in the experiences out of which they have been written.—Russian literature is now becoming more and more familiar to Englishmen. Mr. Ralston and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, as also Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, have really unveiled Russian life and character to us. Their work will prove the preparation for much; one result of it is the translation of such a poem as this.—*Eugenie Onéguine*. A Romance of Russian Life. In Verse. By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Translated from the Russian by Lieut.-Colonel SPALDING. (Macmillan and Co.) Pushkin is perhaps the most original poet Russia has produced; and this poem is at once one of the sweetest in its idyllic portions, and one of the most powerful and stirring in its incident. All is told with a fervid energy and vigour; the love passages are tender, and, in spite of its occasional 'dark revealings,' it is imbued with elevated sentiment such as we should hardly have expected. The glimpses of Russian life, especially of its peasant life, are most picturesque and clear. The little sketch of Pushkin's life is not only interesting but touching. He died ere he had completed his thirty-eighth year, after a series of very exceptional adventures. He was born in 1799, and in 1820 was attached to the *bureau* of Lieut.-General Nozoff, where he saw a good deal of life; a few years after he left this, and for a considerable time was engaged in excursions in the beautiful country on the Euxine, which he has done so much to paint. His pictures of Russian scenery were invariably drawn from reality, as his characters are drawn from the life. Olga the beauty, Tatiana, and Vladimir have many of the marks of faithful portraiture. We must not forget to do justice to the felicity of the metres used by the translator, and the easy and graceful style which he commands; this particularly applies to many passages in the second part—delicate strains and vigorous incidents are alike rendered with force and faithfulness.—*Moods*. (Maclehose, Glasgow.) 'Moods' suggests a problem. This respects the limits of

allowable use of certain poetic forms. The author has used the metre of 'In Memoriam' for a series of reflections of a pensive and mostly mildly melancholy kind, sometimes, indeed, passing into cynical regret, which occupy the first half of this pretty volume. Sonnets and other verses fill up the second part. The sonnets are good; but in few cases quite true in form—the law of octave and tercet being overlooked. 'Dear Little Rosebud' is, to our mind, the best and most natural bit in the volume. The 'In Memoriam' measure seems in itself exactly suited, and yet it dissatisfies us in recalling constantly supreme stanzas of Tennyson. And this is the more unfortunate that the suggestion and remembrance emphasize the inequality of the work we have here. A line or two is good; the next few lines are bad, without rhythm or the felicity which alone could justify such a bold experiment. The author is thoughtful, has literary facility in certain directions, and now and then shows a certain refinement; but it would have been better if more had been made of some of the metres of which we have specimens near the end.—Mr. Gerard Bendall, in '*Scenes and Songs*' (Barret), shows great inequality. He is uniformly best when least ambitious. The 'Assassination of Buckingham' is lacking in dramatic motive and discrimination. We like best the poem called 'A Garden,' and there is a little song beginning 'When the meadows were greener,' which has the true *lilt*, as Scotch people say. 'Morning' shows that Mr. Bendall has the feeling for nature, and the 'Flight of Venus' that he has thought and fancy.—Mr. Wimssett Boulding, in his *Satan Bound* (Bemrose and Sons), is certainly bold. He seeks to emulate Goethe and Bailey in their own field. He is without art or the formative instinct: now and then we have a good line in the course of many bad and loose ones. This will not suffice to reconcile readers to a long dramatic poem of the class to which it belongs. Mr. Boulding deserves credit for patience and the self-sufficing ardour which alone could have sustained him in this work.—Of Mr. James Giles's *Poems, Domestic and Miscellaneous* (Whittingham), we can only say that the good—and in one or two cases they are really good, and have a touch of true feeling—are in a great minority. Why Mr. Giles did not select better, or wait till he had been able to make up a volume worthy of himself we cannot understand? Such a didactic poem as 'All we Need,' is at least readable.—*Bellerophon*, by C. LEIGH (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), forms a series of classical reproductions in a style which we do not generally approve. It is affected, and, what is worse, inefficient. The first poem and the last in the volume strike us as by far the best, but there is a prevailing thinness and vagueness which will debar them from ever securing even an ordinarily extensive reading.—*Millicent*, by C. BYRNE (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), is in respect of style better sustained, and had there only been more vigour of thought, it might have made its way, for the author knows the secret of

rhythm and accent.—*The Sonnets of William Shakespeare*. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN (C. Kegan Paul and Co.). The new volume of the Parchment Library, with an introduction and annotation by Mr. Dowden, is the result, he tells us, of many years gatherings, and the gatherings of all who have bestowed labour upon this tangled section of Shakespeare's works. All that can be done to elucidate the history and meaning of the sonnets is here done with due ingenuity, learning, and reverence.—Mr. J. Perceval Graves made himself a reputation in his 'Songs of Killarney' as the most successful lyricist of Irish sentiment, character, and humour in our day. In his *Irish Songs and Ballads* (Manchester: Alexander Ireland), he has given us a number of new Irish songs, together with a few which we had seen before. Some, if we mistake not, are after old Irish songs and ballads, and in one or two instances the strain of the ancient piece is very closely followed. But Mr. Graves has real humour, nay, individuality and freedom, and he mingles with these a rare and often unexpected sense of refinement and grace. 'Phillim Phlim' is one of the finest pieces of the kind we have seen for long. He knows Ireland and the Irish, and has set some of their most attractive and innocent characteristics effectively to music. We miss here, however, the element which in the former volume was represented by 'Sad Thrush' and 'Glad Thrush.'—Mr. Henry Lowndes presents us with a book of a very different kind in *Poems and Translations*. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) We like his long poems less than his short ones. He has some imagination, some power of quaint and occasionally felicitous expression; but he is diffuse, and when he enters on an ambitious enterprise, we feel that his wing has not power to sustain itself for the flight. He is, therefore, compelled to have recourse to artificial stimulus, usually found in suggestions from other poets. 'Roxana,' a poem after Byron's favourite manner, is in parts tame and ineffective. 'Ogygia,' in the same measure, is more successful, perhaps, because it was easier to get the stimulus required. Some of the songs and shorter pieces are sweet, natural, and polished, and augur for Mr. Lowndes a yet greater success than he has achieved here, if he will be content with simple, natural themes, and allow himself to treat them in a spontaneous and unambitious way.—*New Poems* (Newman and Co.) We are sorry to say that Mr. John Payne does not breathe a purer and serener air than when we met him last. It may be that he would not deem himself complimented even although we could regard ourselves as in a position to say truly that he did. His last poem was a tale of the Vampire, with such accessories and associations as did not by any means relieve the morbid horror of the theme; and the whole was treated with great metrical skill, and was fine and quaint in phrasing. The morbid and artificial hold him still and as strongly in these. He is in love with mediæval fancies, and delights to shed over them the glamour

of weird, if not unhallowed, imaginings. And he is fond of that kind of abstract apostrophe which has recently been carried to such an excess by a certain French school, whose great aim is to demonstrate the possibility of art as art, sufficient unto itself. These poets idealize Love and Life and Despair, and even Lust—always, let it be understood, with a capital 'L.' Mr. Payne's great personification is Death. In that he believes; yet his muse is in no way sombre, but delights in delicate glowing colour. If, as Alexander Smith said, 'Death is a greater poet far than love,' then Mr. Payne should, by reflected influence, be a transcendent poet. And he is a true poet; but let him, if he would not weary his readers, choose, for a change, a thoroughly fresh and attractive theme, dependent entirely on the movement of common human motives and interests. It was well said that no man can be called a great poet till he had written one such poem; and then that having written it, almost anything could be allowed to him. But Mr. Payne's French affinities are not likely to help him to this. Art for art alone therefore should make him look elsewhere for a model. 'The Ballad of Isobel' and one or two others have beautiful things, but they are incomplete in respect of that something which no mere polish can ever give.—We cannot say much for *The Shakespeare Tapestry*, written in verse, by C. HANKEY (Blackwood and Son). It is ambitious in theme, and it is not well executed. We doubt, indeed, whether the greatest art could have availed to achieve what is here attempted. But the author has little art. A fatally facile flow of metre, not always well chosen, complete indifference to rhythm sometimes, and a general diffuseness, are the prevailing characteristics. He goes through most of the plays susceptible of furnishing suitable incidents or points, and no doubt exhibits considerable knowledge. But the book is a failure; it lacks delicacy and art—such delicacy and art as a Leigh Hunt, say, would have given to it; and here and there, as in the 'Comedy of Errors' poem, and 'The Golden Armour,' there is a complete anticlimax and collapse. In fairness it must be added, however, that we could cite individual verses which are good; but individual verses do not make a connected poem.

#### NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

*Reseda*. By MRS. RANDOLPH, Author of 'Gentianella.' (Hurst and Blackett.) 'Reseda' is ingenious, and is exceedingly good in parts, but as a whole it is unsatisfactory. For one thing, the author aims at needless complications, which are never completely resolved. Reseda herself is a good study, and when we meet with her at first she is attractive in her 'fearless freedom,' as she runs about in a fashion that Wordsworth would have approved. The introduction of a lover after the type of Edgar Barford we cannot consider the best expedient; but some skill

shown in the manner in which all obstacles to the union are finally smoothed away. For Reseda is motherless, and her father, on his way home from India, has fallen a victim to the wiles of a designing widow, who, after she has hooked him, does the most extraordinary things, even to conceal her real age! The author has spent no little pains on this character, and has involved her in such a maze of plot and intrigue as should make her very fascinating to certain readers. Improbabilities abound; but notwithstanding the story is decidedly clever, and full of points, showing that probably Mrs. Randolph has been studying more carefully what is 'likely to take,' than what is really artistic. Her flower titles must surely be exhausted soon.

*Four Crotchets to a Bar.* By the Author of the 'Gwilliams.' Three Vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) There is a distinct note of originality in this novel, but also a lack of elasticity and spontaneity. The author is quizzical, and likes, as it were, to peep at human nature from concealed corners. A sub-acid satirical vein is a little too pervading, and gives the effect of a bow always bent. Old-maid life is not often attractive, and certainly it is not so here. The Miss Crotchets, who smartly snub each other on the most delicate matters, and are not ashamed to reflect on the sister who has departed for not leaving a larger share of property, are limned with decided power, bitten in, as it were, with acid. Miss Lilly, who is by far the best, is the most carefully rendered, and rightly, for she lives the longest. Bolton Crotchet, their brother, the vulgar, self-made colonial, who has remade the money that his father had lost, and who returns to be the big man of the place, is freshly conceived and vigorously painted; while the element of love-making is very well represented in John Crotchet's passion for Miss Aylmer, and Dr. Lansdowne's love for Miss Augusta Crotchet, daughter of Bolton Crotchet. Dr. Rudge is certainly an original character and very well rendered. Child-life, in the shape of a family of Mortimers, supplies a very good relief, and shows that the author could do work of a different style from this if he chose. Even the most insignificant characters are very carefully done. The novel is clever, sparkling, full of the most incisive by-play and keen knowledge of human nature in some of its less familiar phases. We can cordially recommend it to those who wish something stronger and with more of the stuff of human nature in it than is to be found in the bulk of novels from the circulating library. Only we must not fail to emphasize the fact that in some respects it is not a pleasant novel, though it often raises a laugh.

*John Inglesant.* A Romance in Two Volumes. By J. H. SHORTHOUSE. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a notable book. If it is accurately designated 'A Romance,' and it is somewhat difficult to define the designation, it is something more. Its interest lies in its descriptions rather than in its incidents. The author has set himself to delineate the phases of religious thought in the time immediately

preceding and during the Commonwealth. The hero was one of the 'gentlemen' of Charles the First's court. His grandfather had had conferred upon him by Henry VIII. the priory of Westacre in Wiltshire. He himself was the younger of two motherless twin boys who curiously resembled each other. Nominally a Protestant, his father was secretly a Catholic, and his two sons were educated in the forms rather than in the spirit of Protestantism. The elder brother went early to court, and John was educated in a somewhat desultory but very effective way by the vicar of the parish. He was well read in Plato, and evinced qualities which led his father to commend him to the Jesuit father, Sancta St. Clare, whose influence over him, while yet, as he thought himself, a Protestant, became absolute. Indeed, it was part of St. Clare's policy that Inglesant should remain a Protestant. He was at the same time highly conscientious and deeply religious, he himself being the last to suspect the use that was made of him. The currents of feeling are admirably traced. The author has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the religious as well as with the political speculations of that excited time. The fault of the work, indeed, is that its disquisitions and descriptions run into excess. Inglesant is compromised by the well-known duplicity of Charles, in connection with the negotiation with the Duke of Ormond and the Irish Catholic rebels. He chivalrously disavows the king's commission, and is imprisoned by the leaders of the Commonwealth, who have recourse to every device to induce him to place the justification of their condemnation of the treacherous monarch in their hands. At length he is liberated, and the king is executed. He makes his way to Italy; to the religious and political state of which the second volume is devoted. He becomes acquainted with the Molinists, of whom he gives a full account. He had by this time become a Catholic, and was regarded as an accredited agent of the Jesuits, and as having rendered them great service in England, he has access to the best society and the best sources of information. The religious condition of Italy is fully mapped out, and its courses of speculation traced, now and then to tedious length. On the fall of the Molinists he escapes with his life and returns to England. The book is a careful historical study, and is full of insight and strength, and is worthy of being studied. The sympathies of the author are with the Anglican party. He has little but vituperation for the Puritans, and sees only anarchy and vulgar passions in the Commonwealth. Once we are introduced to Milton. It is a study of perplexing times compiled with great care and written with great ability.

*A Man's Mistake.* By the Author of 'St. Olave's.' Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) The author of 'St. Olave's' weaves her spell with very simple albeit very choice materials. They consist not so much in the incident, which is too slight for a three-volume novel, as in acute discernment, quiet characteriza-

tion, thoughtful suggestion, gentle feeling, and refined literary skill. In addition to these characteristics, which this writer has in common with two or three of her sisterhood whose novels find favour with the public, notably with Holme Lee, she has in this story introduced a couple of characters, Mr. and Mrs. Martlet, which are of remarkable cleverness. They are old servants of Mr. Aubury and his family at Florey Castle, and, as a study of rural thinking and dialogue, and in their racy conversations about what is occurring, they are, in quaint apothegm and humour, worthy of Mrs. Poyser herself. They are, we think, far stronger and racier than anything that this writer has done before. The characters of the novel generally are very distinctly drawn; the admixture of qualities in each is subtle, harmonious, and able. The gentle reticence and passiveness of Mr. Aubury, with his strong underlying will and his fine sense of honour; the patience, strength, and self-sacrifice of Miss Alvisa, and the demure surface goodness of the calculating Mrs. Plummersleigh, are all done in a masterly way. Very vivid, too, is the character of Mrs. Polemont, the doctor's wife, who does not see far into a millstone, and of Mrs. Flowerdale, the vicar's wife. Indeed, when one thinks about the artistic quality of what one has read, one is constrained to say that both figure-painting, grouping, and development are of a high order. If not the best of the author's novels, it has a great charm, and may be cordially recommended to novel readers who care for a pure, refined, and effective story.

*Clifford Gray.* A Romance of Modern Life. By WILLIAM M. HARDINGE. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) There is an intensity and a realism in this story, combined with great depth of sentiment and romance. The writer manages to suggest where most novel-writers aim at directness and expansion; and in this respect he gains, and only gains. The representation of Clifford Gray's artistic sensibility and dreaminess, together with a certain clear and almost practical forecast of his own fate and failure, impart from the first an attractiveness and pathos which relieve what would otherwise be the great fault of the story, a lack of genuine surprises. We see from the first that the Countess Vera de Trekoff in no sense answers to Clifford's sentiment, as he fancies, that an empty heart and grief wait for him, and yet we are made to see that he is so constituted that he cannot lose all. The great art of the tale lies in this. And it shows not a little knowledge of the world. The Count de Trekoff, uncle of Vera, is rendered with power, as well as the Chestertons. In spite of its many merits, however, we should not like to prophesy for 'Clifford Gray' a great run. It is for this too concentrated on one interest, and lacks too much common atmosphere and relief. It is an artistic study, and by artists and critics it will be mostly read.

*Modern Wonders of the World; or, the New Sinbad.* By WILLIAM GILBERT. (Strahan and

Co.) Hassan, an Arabian who has visited England, supplies the place of a famous storyteller who is taken ill. He undertakes to surpass the wonders of Sinbad, and on successive evenings narrates the enchantments of modern science. The Post-office—the Telegraph—Ballooning—Gun Cotton—Diving—Photography—Chloroform, &c. He produces a tremendous excitement, his life is in danger. His story ends in his being banished from Bagdad, labelled 'The Greatest Liar in the World.' With Mr. Gilbert as the narrator, we scarcely need say how skilful and fascinating the story is.

*The Heirs of Errington.* By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. (James Clarke and Co.) Like all the stories of the author, this is well and sensibly written, and the plot fairly well constructed. Eleanor is a well-conceived and consistently developed character, and the same may be said of her father and her stepmother. The *dénouement* is of the 'poetical justice' kind, and is somewhat conventional, admirably as it solves all difficulties. The literary defect is, that the story is too much spun out, and that the religious moralizing is a little too obtrusively introduced. A little more artistic skill would insinuate it more subtly and more effectively. All Miss Worboise's stories are unexceptional in moral tone, and this may be commended as interesting and wholesome reading for young folk.

*Guild Court.* A London Story. By GEORGE MACDONALD. New Edition. (Sampson Low and Co.) We welcome a cheap edition of Mr. Macdonald's 'London Story.' He is not, we think, quite so much at home in London streets as on his native heather, but Mattie and Poppie are in his best and most original manner, and the severe processes by which they are civilized are well wrought out, so is the redemption of Tom's invertebrate character.

*A Boycotted Household.* By LETITIA MCCLEINTOCK. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Miss McCleintock has not only studied the Irish difficulty in many of its aspects, she has observed Irish character, and mastered it in several ways. Compared with Miss Jay, in 'The Priest's Blessing,' she lacks artistic inventiveness and force, but her story will perhaps be only the more effective, as bearing all the character of a 'plain, unvarnished tale.' She has constructed the piece well with this end in view, and has been careful to show the good traits as well as the bad points in the Irish peasant—his faithfulness, for example, as seen in old Ryan—whose portrait is so painted as to make us believe that he has a direct original somewhere. Her work is thus only more effective. The picture of the sufferings of Mr. Hamilton and his family towards the close, living as in a state of close siege, without a halfpenny, and almost entirely cut off from sources even of food supply, is intensely realistic, as it is intensely touching. The brave way in which all the members of the family demean themselves, after their agents have been threatened and leave, each sharing in the labour of the farm,

and endeavouring to cheer each other, is rendered with great skill and evident faithfulness to life. The story fails in one respect, it dwells too long amid the common and conventional elements of good society talk and life, and it hardly succeeds in presenting a fair quota of Irish humour; but it is not impossible that the author may have felt that this would prove to be out of keeping with the main purpose of the story, and exercised self-restraint. As it is, the book is highly readable and interesting, and appearing at the present moment has a peculiar significance.

*The Classics for the Million.* Being an Epitome in English of the Works of the Principal Greek and Latin Authors. By HENRY GREY. (Griffith and Farran.) Mr. Grey's idea is a good one. He tells us a little about each author, and then summarizes his principal works. He compresses his information into small space, and has furnished the imperfectly educated with a convenient handbook of reference. It is the result of a good deal of labour and intelligence, and although by no means free from errors, it is carefully done. It is an epitome of classical literature which both the learned and the unlearned will find useful. Even good scholars are sometimes in need of a handy reference such as this book furnishes. Mr. Grey's style is easy, and his book is very pleasant reading.

*Shakespeare.* Certain Selected Plays abridged for the Use of the Young. By SAMUEL BRANDRAM, M.A., Oxon. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) The question of selections from a great author will always be an open one, although practically it is a necessity. The abridgment of what is selected is more open to objection, as it must more or less be mutilation. Mr. Brandram preserves the structure of each play, but prints only the more important passages, connecting them by short narratives of his own. For young people, for whom the volume is designed, this is an advantage in many ways. Not only are there nine plays brought within reasonable compass, but of course every objectionable expression or allusion is omitted—which is indispensable for little folk. The volume does not pretend to be more than this, not even a Bowdler. It is a well-adapted introduction to Shakespeare.

#### THEOLOGY, PHILOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

*The Chief End of Revelation.* By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Bruce thinks justly, that were more definite conceptions entertained of the *raison d'être* of the Scripture revelation, many of the assaults made upon it from without would be more easily disposed of. Hence he sets to work to inquire what the chief end of revelation is; what is its method; what the func-

tion of miracle and prophecy respecting it; and what its doctrinal significance? Without professing to give a *magnum opus*, he presents an able and scholarly discussion of the topics indicated. The treatment is discriminating and forcible, while it is temperate and decidedly liberal in tone. The author is specially successful in dealing with the arguments of sceptical writers, and the general argument as a whole is very satisfactorily handled.

On the one hand, Lessing, Reimarus, and Mr. Rathbone Gregg are selected as types of schools which conceive of the Bible as simply a *doctrinaire* theology; on the other hand, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, and Mr. Matthew Arnold are types of diverse schools which maintain that the chief end of the Bible is ethical. As opposed to both, Dr. Bruce, with Mr. Newman Smyth, whom he often cites, maintains, as we think justly, that the main purpose of the Bible is a historical manifestation of God in the gradually developing purpose of Divine grace in Jesus Christ. This implies and necessitates both doctrine and ethics; but they are the effect, and the manifestation of grace in successive acts is the cause. Important consequences result from this standpoint, especially in the vindication of the Bible from sceptical objections. It determines the incidents of the Bible record and the order of their occurrence, and rules their manner of presentation. God's purpose is not a dogmatic system of theology, or a higher ethical inculcation, but a gradual revelation of a saving purpose and process, a revelation that consists mainly in deeds, and not in mere teachings. It is God manifesting Himself as a God of grace and salvation. This conception accords with the actual facts and phenomena of the Bible, a gradual unfolding of the Divine purpose until it was fully exhibited in Jesus Christ. Dr. Bruce, with most competent theologians, distinguishes between the revelation itself in the actual history of the world, and the Bible record of it which men God-inspired have written. While he strongly affirms the supernatural inspiration of the sacred writers, he is wisely careful to avoid theorizing about it. In fact, theories about Divine operations are impossible. Inspiration, together with regeneration, and every other form of Divine immanence, transcends all human comprehension as to their mode. They can be recognized only as facts. It follows this conception that miracles and prophecy are much more than mere supernatural attestations, as of credentials to an ambassador, or witnesses to a deed; they are part of the actual manifestation itself—God, Christ, God-inspired men acting as it were naturally in the doing of supernatural things. Evidence indeed of the highest kind, miracles are yet only a part of the actual manifestation of God in His purpose of grace. The miracle cannot therefore be separated from the doctrine; both are the manifestation of the living God, both parts of a great evidential whole. In how many ways this broadens, strengthens, and vitalizes the evidential argument need not be pointed out. The doctrine,

both theological and anthropological, which underlies this manifestation of God, and is necessarily inferred from it, is fully brought out in a concluding chapter.

Professor Bruce seems to us to have placed the Bible upon true and irrefragable grounds. His contention for it, as in idea and purpose a historic manifestation of the salvation of God, turns the flank of many sceptical positions, while it gathers up in great evidential force all the elements of old theological defence. His very able book is a valuable contribution to the apologetic of the Bible. On some points we differ from Dr. Bruce. He accepts the idea of a Deutero-Isaiah, which, on grounds of exact criticism, is, to say the least, a mere hypothesis, and, we think, a gratuitous one. But, notwithstanding some tendencies of this kind, we very heartily commend this very able and in the highest sense conservative work.

*Old Faiths in New Light.* By NEWMAN SMYTH. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons.

Mr. Smyth's name is new to us and, we imagine, to English readers, but it should not be so long. He is in every respect a capable man. His book on 'The Religious Feeling,' to which he more than once refers, has not come under our notice. If it at all equals this, both should receive the prompt attention of English publishers and readers.

The present volume is one of those books which mark transition periods of theological thought. It is eminently conservative of orthodox thought concerning the Bible and the Christ, but is so by throwing aside many old modes, and presenting, if not in new yet in less familiar lights, their true character and claims. The truest conservatism must ever lie in more precise and scientific statements of the great problems of revealed religion. Advancing science, both theological and rationalistic, must of necessity modify modes of presentation. In the world of revealed truth, as of physical fact, the things dealt with are Divine and unchangeable; but both the theological and the scientific student must be ever advancing to a truer apprehension of them; and to this progress sceptical questioning eminently conduces. We are contented with easy and inaccurate beliefs until a scientific account of them is demanded. Hitherto every fresh assault has resulted in newer and more valid defences; and so it will be to the end. The work of God's witnesses is to advance with advancing science, to abandon defences that are untenable, and to construct such as larger knowledge enables; for the scientific advance that enables assault, itself enables stronger defence.

Mr. Newman Smyth restates the great problems of the Bible and the Christ. He takes substantially the ground taken by Professor Bruce, who more than once acknowledges his obligations to him. He conceives of the Bible that it is as a historic record of God's progressive revelation to man of his saving purpose in Jesus Christ; doctrine and ethics being

historically rather than dogmatically taught, and miracles and prophecy being, evidential indeed in the highest degree, but formally modes of Divine working and development; evidential, that is, in the sense in which the doctrines and the ethics are evidential—in virtue of their entire appeal. On this part of the work we might make substantially the same remarks above made concerning Professor Bruce's work; the lines of argument are mainly the same, with, however, divergencies, subordinate illustrations, and an eloquence distinctly Mr. Smyth's own.

The treatment of the character and phenomena of the Christ is, however, much more full, and occupies more than half the volume. It is an argument for the historical reality and Divine character of the Christ constructed out of the uniqueness and congruity of the phenomena recorded in the New Testament; after the manner of Dr. Young's 'Christ of History,' or of the chapter on Christ's character in Dr. Bushnell's 'Nature and the Supernatural.' In acuteness, force, and eloquence it is fully equal to both, and in its cumulative power is, we think, simply unanswerable. Both sections of the work constitute one whole. The Christ is the culmination of the entire preceding historical revelation, and is in perfect historical congruity with it. From the very nature of the argument it does not admit of our selecting detail for comment. We can only say that we have been greatly interested in the discussion—in its vigorous grasp, its moral penetration, its completeness, and its eloquence. It is a putting of the claims of revelation which neutralizes a thousand cavils of captious historical or scientific critics. The claim of the Bible is to be a record of a great historical revelation, and depends upon neither the geology of Moses nor the chronology of the Books of Kings any more than ordinary history depends upon the minute infallibility of Thucydides or Macaulay. The argument for the supernatural inspiration of the Bible writers is, we think, resistlessly strong, but much is gained by true ways of putting it. Just as Butler constituted a new apologetic for the men of his day—an argument from analogy which neither modern sceptics nor their fathers were able to gainsay—so men like Professor Bruce and Mr. Newman Smyth are contributing a new apologetic for our own time which, as in Butler's case, consists largely in a newer, broader, and more invulnerable way of putting the question.

*Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith.* By Professor F. GODET. Translated by W. H. LYTLETON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We very heartily thank Mr. Lytton for giving to English readers another series of Professor Godet's very admirable lectures; who, as he says, 'combines in himself many of the most valuable characteristics of the best German, French, and English theologians.' The volume consists of lectures delivered in Neuchâtel, in reply to M. Reville. Their themes are the Resurrection of Jesus Christ,

the Hypothesis of Visions (as an explanation of it), the Miracles of Jesus Christ, the Supernatural, the Perfect Holiness of Jesus Christ, and the Divinity of Jesus Christ; to which is added a paper on the Immutability of the Apostolic Gospel with reference to the Person of Christ, read at the Basle Conference of the Evangelical Alliance.

Their force and charm consist of the admirable blending of historical evidence with moral reasoning, after the manner of an accomplished advocate—scrupulously fair and courteous and generous. In dealing with the atonement, Professor Godet is not merely demonstrating a thesis, he is dealing with great principles of spiritual life. Seldom have the evidences for the resurrection been marshalled with more overwhelming force, or its great place in the redeeming work of Christ and in the spiritual life of men been more clearly demonstrated, or cogently urged. Learning, logic, metaphysic, philosophy, and all of a very high order, establish his conclusions, while the argument is clothed in a lucid and captivating style. The flimsiness of the rationalistic theories of M. Reville and his masters, Strauss and Baur, is ruthlessly exposed, evidence is accumulated, and argument is urged in a way that would, we think, compel the verdict of any impartial jury. We have seldom read a more masterly demonstration than the lecture on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, in which the proofs of the Divine claim are first gathered and arrayed in conclusive argument, and then the perfect and necessary humanity of the Incarnate Son affirmed and harmonized with it. As a proof of the perfect fairness of the lecturer, we may instance his repeated testimony to the logical force and candour of Keim, whose admissions concerning both the character of our Lord and the New Testament records of Him go far to neutralize his determined anti-supernaturalism. Professor Godet has furnished arguments which believing men will feel to be impregnable defences of their faith, and which, we think, those whom he controverts will find it impossible to refute; at any rate, they may be confidently left to essay fresh explanations and theories, such as fill their own camp with distractions and mutual contradictions, and if they can, to harmonize their differences in an accepted counter-theory which shall conclusively explain Christ and Christianity. The battle will be won, not only by the unanswerableness of the Christian arguments themselves, but by the exhaustion of experimental theories, propounded in rapid succession, only to be abandoned.

*The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century.* The Sixth Congregational Union Lecture. By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Rogers's Congregational Union Lecture will be remembered, quoted, and read long after the earlier volumes of the series are forgotten. For theological discussions such as those which have occupied his predecessors lose their interest when the particular phases

of theological thought which suggested them have passed away. The enduring interest of the inquiry prosecuted in the lectures on 'The Superhuman Origin of the Bible,' the method followed by the lecturer, and the charm of his perfect style, may probably secure the first volume of the series from early oblivion; but the other lecturers cannot hope for many readers after the present generation has disappeared. Mr. Rogers may rely on a happier destiny. What would we not give to exchange such a volume as this on the ecclesiastical movements of Elizabeth's time for Bancroft's 'Dangerous Positions'? And if instead of Edwards's 'Gangrenæ' a contemporary writer of Mr. Rogers's temper and knowledge had written a volume on the ecclesiastical movements of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, how immense would have been our gain! Two or three hundred years hence, historians who want to understand the vicissitudes of religious and ecclesiastical thought in the present century will turn, as a matter of course, to these lectures, and will quote Mr. Rogers as one of their principal and most valuable authorities. Even if the work is done over again within the next twenty years by another hand, the permanent work of the latest Congregational Union lecturer cannot be affected. For we are tolerably confident that there is no man who with equal knowledge or with equal intellectual vigour can give an account of recent ecclesiastical conflicts from the same point of view.

We do not, however, intend it to be understood that the principal value of this volume consists in the guidance which it will furnish to those who in future generations may want to study the ecclesiastical life of our own times. It is often said that the political history of which most educated men know least is the history of the last fifty years. There are many people who could give a very fair account of the civil war who would be 'plucked' if they were examined in the history of the Reform Bill of '32, and of the Liberal ministry which was in power for several years after the passing of the Act. And there is a similar vagueness and uncertainty in the minds of most people with regard to the ecclesiastical events which have happened during the last half century. The results of this ignorance are most disastrous. It is very desirable, no doubt, that we should be familiar with the history of the theological controversies which gave form to the Nicene Creed; but it is still more important that both individuals and churches should have a clear understanding of the growth and development of contemporary theological and ecclesiastical movements. Ignorance leads to the gravest practical mistakes.

Mr. Rogers does not merely tell the story of the Church Systems of England in the present century, he discusses with a masculine sagacity the principles and tendencies of which these systems are the expression. The affluence of his knowledge is not more remarkable than the keenness of his penetration and



the soundness of his judgment. To those who know nothing of him except that he is the most conspicuous and powerful of the advocates of Disestablishment outside the walls of Parliament, the frankness and cordiality with which he recognizes every claim of the Church of England to affection, reverence, and gratitude will be surprising; but to those who know him well, his habitual generosity to ecclesiastical opponents has long constituted one of his chief titles to affection and esteem.

In astronomical observations it is necessary to allow for what has been called 'the personal equation.' In historical criticism, whether political or ecclesiastical, it is necessary to make a similar allowance. In reading Mrs. Hutchinson's account of the affairs of the Commonwealth we always remember that the husband of the brave and noble woman was no friend of Cromwell, and that she shared her husband's sympathies and antipathies. Before opening this volume, many readers might naturally imagine that the 'personal equation' of so resolute a Protestant and so resolute a Liberationist as Mr. Rogers would require a certain qualification of any adverse judgments he might pronounce on Churchmen, and especially on High Churchmen, and would justify a certain heightening of the colour of whatever he might say in their praise. But we are inclined to think that if any 'correction' is needed, it is in the opposite direction. Knowing the perils of controversy, and shrinking on the impulse of natural generosity from dealing unfairly with those from whom we differ, we think that Mr. Rogers has formed the habit of dwelling on all that is fairest and noblest in the men whose principles we oppose, and that some of their own friends will be disposed to think that he exaggerates rather than depreciates their excellences.

The greater part of the volume is devoted to the Church of England. The lecturer discusses in seven separate lectures, the Evangelical School, the Oxford School, the Broad School, the Tractarian Struggle, the Church and the Courts, the Ritualist Controversy, the Established Churches, and the Free Churches. The plan which he has adopted—and we do not know that he could have chosen a better—rendered it inevitable that in some of the later lectures he should apparently traverse the same ground which he had crossed earlier in the course; but there is less of even apparent repetition than might have been anticipated. That he should recur very frequently, and sometimes perhaps unnecessarily, to the burning question of Disestablishment was to be expected. He rarely misses an opportunity of affirming the principles of religious equality. Occasionally the reiteration lessens, we think, the dignity of the lecturer. What might be allowable in a pamphlet is hardly in place in a volume of this kind. But if the reiteration is a literary defect, it may have its practical value. The materials which have contributed to the lecturer's knowledge of his subject are infinitely various. Grave polemical

treatises, ponderous biographies, bishops' charges, university sermons, fugitive pamphlets, articles in newspapers, have all helped him. He has read everything and forgotten nothing.

In the closing lectures he reviews the recent history and present position of the Plymouth Brethren, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism. On the principles and methods of the 'Brethren' Mr. Rogers writes with a severity which is hardly equalled in any part of the volume; but the lecture also contains very brotherly as well as very wise criticism.

We congratulate Mr. Rogers on having produced a book which seems to us to be rich in practical wisdom as well as rich in knowledge—a book which will be of great and substantial service to those who have the responsibility of guiding the ecclesiastical movements of our own time, and which will be read with interest and admiration when our present ecclesiastical controversies have been fought out, and when nearly all who took part in them have been forgotten.

*The Theistic Argument, as Affected by Recent Theories.* By the late PROFESSOR DIMAN.  
London: Trübner and Co.

The contents of this volume consist of a series of able and thoughtful lectures that were delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston. Their author was Professor Diman, of Brown University, who died after a short illness, and a comparatively brief public career, in the early part of the current year. Though they have not had the advantage of their author's supervision, we agree with the editor who has seen them through the press that they stand in no need of apology. Professor Diman was evidently a careful and competent student of philosophy, who kept himself well abreast of the higher thought and culture of his time, and devoted himself specially to the investigation of the problems which metaphysics and theology have in common, as these have been affected by the great advance in recent years in physical and natural science. In view of the excellent works that have been lately published in exposition and enforcement of the main lines of the theistic argument—works like those of Professor Flint and M. Janet, for example—absolute originality is hardly to be looked for. But a vigorously thoughtful mind will always be able to present these in a fresh light; and this is what is done in the volume before us. Professor Diman draws into the service of his argument the reasonings of writers who cannot, even in the loosest sense, be called theists. He finds his starting-point in the necessity of thought which compels writers like Mr. Herbert Spencer to assert the reality of the unknown and unknowable, the Absolute or Infinite, which we are forced to believe exists, though we can only construe it to thought under conditions. This compulsion of thought is to be distinguished from the intuition or direct apperception which the Transcendental school of thinkers formerly affirm-



ed. It is so far negatively attained, as we can only realize it to ourselves as that which we are unable not to think; but we thereby obtain a foundation by a purely rational procedure upon which reason is justified in going on to build a superstructure. The successive steps by which that is reared are clearly traced in the lectures before us, which follow each other in logical sequence, and at each step we are provided with a fuller and richer *Inhalt* of knowledge, until we justify to our reason the idea of the Infinite who is also the Personal God. The highest generalizations of science in the conception of Cause and Force supply the elements that are first added to the negative notion, which we have seen we are forced by a rational compulsion to accept. They take us comparatively a little way, but they are indispensable steps in the intellectual process by which we build up our symmetrical structure. The 'Argument from Order' and 'The Argument from Design' are next made contributory, and supply a more positive content to our previously attenuated conceptions of the First Cause. It is common in these days, indeed, to be told that such arguments no longer apply; that they have had their day, and have ceased to be; and that in the light of the doctrine of Evolution there is an end to the anthropomorphic efforts of natural theology. So far from this being so, Professor Diman, in one of the most suggestive of his studies, dealing with 'Evolution and Final Cause,' shows that the idea in which science so greatly delights does in no way militate against the theistic argument. Science searches out the order and manner of the co-existence of phenomena, and in doing so it does not trench on the province of theology or give occasion for conflict between them. It reveals to us that the workings of the ultimate existence of which nature is the phenomenal expression are different from what they were formerly supposed to be, but the reality of the ultimate existence itself is in no way affected; we are only elevated to truer views of the mode in which it has operated. The advocates of all shades of Pantheism, in identifying God and Nature, must be differently dealt with, and in the lectures on 'Immanent Finality' we have a forcible and admirable exposure of the weakness of the pantheistic position, and a vindication from the ground of thought and analogy of the legitimacy, and indeed the necessity, of applying to our inferences regarding natural phenomena the same kind of reasoning which we apply in explanation of the expression of human thought and will in acts. Thereafter Professor Diman takes us up to a higher sphere, and in a discussion on, first, 'Conscience and a Moral Order,' and then on 'History and a Moral Purpose,' he vindicates the ways of God to man. The closing lectures on 'Personality and the Infinite,' 'The Alternative Theories,' and 'The Inferences from Theism,' are worthy of the best parts of the book. As the upshot the author has succeeded in making it clear that recent science impels us to a point where the necessity of admitting

the existence of God is irresistible; that its most elevated conceptions and widest generalizations render it necessary to accept the presence and constant efficient energy of God as realities, and that the modes of operation which science discloses are in harmony with the fundamental principles and postulates of Christianity.

*Mercy and Judgment.* A Few Last Words on Christian Eschatology, with Reference to Dr. Pusey's 'What is of Faith?' By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

*The Death of Death;* or, a Study of God's Holiness in connection with the Existence of Evil, in so far as Intelligent and Responsible Beings are concerned. By an Orthodox Layman (JOHN M. PATTON). Revised Edition. Trübner and Co.

Books, pamphlets, and sermons on Christian eschatology come from the press in an almost incessant stream, which proves two things: (1) The radical revolt of the Christian consciousness from the popular—Canon Farrar's book, by its catena of authorities, forbids us to say from the traditional—theory of a physical Hell, and also, with perhaps less of confidence, from the theory of the literal unendingness of even moral perdition; and (2) the inability of Christian theologians to establish a counter-theory that carries the convictions and compels the acceptance of reverent men. The two do not necessarily go together. It does not follow from the latter that we are shut up to the acceptance of the former. The vague conceptions and imperfect knowledge of the life hereafter in which we are left, especially on the great questions of the ultimate doom of sinful souls, even by the Christian scriptures, may justify us in saying what according to our positive knowledge of God cannot be, even though we may not have knowledge enough to construct a theory of what shall be.

These two volumes maintain very much the same position, viz., that repentance and restoration are possible after death, that there is nothing in the terms and teachings of scripture to negative this possibility; while there is much to justify it, as well as much in the nature of moral being to necessitate the admission. Both agree that retribution will continue while sinfulness and impenitence continue; but Canon Farrar admits that there may be instances of reprobate souls who never will repent, and who, therefore, will suffer everlastingly; while Mr. Patton contends that the final issue must be the repentance and restoration of all; which, although he seems to repudiate the term, possibly on the grounds on which the theorists so called rest it, seems to us to be simply universalism. Canon Farrar contents himself with saying that the condition of sinful men after death is not one of hopeless impenitence, 'an endless hell, but an intermediate state of purification.' Mr. Patton contends that the purifying processes of sorrow, often so efficacious in this life, will be of enhanced efficacy in the life hereafter, which is the fundamental idea of purgatory,

of course without the grotesque embodiments of the Romish doctrine. Both agree that the death of the soul will last so long as its willing sinfulness continues. Canon Farrar admits that 'man's destiny stops not at the grave, and that many who knew not Christ here will know Him hereafter,' that 'in the depths of the Divine compassion there may be opportunity to win faith in the future state.' Both hold to the doctrine of moral sequence, and repudiate the idea of arbitrary infliction; and, of course, both put emphasis upon what is called the intermediate state and its possibilities. The moral difficulties of the theory are admittedly great, but, as Mr. Patton justly argues, they are great on any theory, and we arrive at a moral probability only by circumstantial evidence. And both writers reverently and fully admit their imperfect knowledge.

Both books are written with the utmost reverence of feeling and of handling. The rhetoric which offended many, both in England and America, in Canon Farrar's 'Eternal Hope,' is entirely absent from his present book. We have read it with great interest, and feel the great weight of both his exegesis and his historical inquiry. Both insist upon the idea of limited period in the word 'æon' and its uses; both affirm that no word meaning unending is ever applied to the death of the wicked, and both attempt an exegesis of Scripture passages in harmony with these ideas. Canon Farrar does this the more thoroughly; and in addition supplies elaborate catena of ancient and modern theologians in favour of his views. His work is ostensibly a reply to Dr. Pusey's 'What is of Faith?' It is really an elucidation and defence of his former book. His differences with Dr. Pusey are very minute. They agree that the following notions are accretions, and not of the faith itself. (1) That there is a material hell; (2) that the majority of mankind must perish; (3) that no change will be possible in the conditions of the dead who may die in an impenitent frame of mind. They differ in this, that Canon Farrar thinks that the endless duration of hell for all who incur it is also an accretion. Dr. Pusey thinks that the endlessness is a matter of faith, the difference being a purely verbal one. Dr. Pusey limiting the term hell to endless punishment, while believing that there is hope for those not in hell. Without presuming to pronounce a dogmatic judgment, we can only say that both books are careful, reverent, and have very strong presumptions in their favour. Whether the solution of the awful mystery will be that here advocated, or that of the self-consumption of sin, we know not. We can only rest in the infinite love, in comparison with which our poor love is as nothing.

*The Relation of Science and Religion.* By Professor CALDERWOOD. Macmillan and Co.

Professor Calderwood republishes here the Morse Lectures of 1880, delivered by him in connection with the Union Theological Semi-

nary, New York. The Morse Lectureship was established by a deed of trust, instituting the delivery of ten public lectures on the relation of the Bible to any of the special sciences, and the general vindication of revelation as contained in Holy Scripture against attacks on its authority. Instead of singling out any special science, such as geology, geography, history, or ethnology, and tracing the relations and bearings of its facts and results upon the truths of revelation, Dr. Calderwood has in these lectures essayed a wider flight. He has endeavoured to set forth the harmony that may be traced between the fundamental character of religious thought and recent advances in science, with a view of reconciling theologians and scientists, and uprooting or counteracting alleged apparent antagonisms between the two. This is done in a series of eight lectures, in which the results of scientific research in its more recent manifestations are skilfully elucidated. Evidently Dr. Calderwood has been a close student of science in its bearings upon the facts and laws of religion. He has shown himself this in previous works, and here he makes a specific contribution to a science of religious apologetics as dealing with the phenomena and conclusions of modern science. In his work on the 'Relations of Mind and Brain,' Dr. Calderwood proved himself a careful student of the intricate and complex subject of the interconnection of material organism and mental function. He showed how, without sacrificing any of the results of science, we might yet hold fast by our spiritual creed and belief in the divinity of Christianity. He performs similar work in this volume, but ranges—as was necessary perhaps in apologetic lectures—through a vaguer if wider region. He examines the fundamental facts and laws that are brought to our knowledge in the inorganic elements of the universe, in organic existence, in the phenomena of life, and in the distinguishing and distinctive characteristics that give to man his proper place in the world, as an animal on the one side, but as spirit on the other. Having set forth the facts and laws furnished by science, he proceeds to show that there can be no antagonism between these and religion and morality. For science is but the arrangement of atoms and elements in their causal connections. It never does and cannot transcend the mechanical sphere. It deals, in treating of the world, with the phenomena of matter and force; but when it has ended its researches, it only brings us to the border of religion. For the latter has to do with questions of origin, and end or final purpose, and these directly appeal to the supernatural where science has no place and never can have any. It is thus possible to vindicate for religion a place in the governance of the universe by reason, but it is outside the lines on which science moves. Consequently we have miracles as the sign and seal of the moral government of the world and men. There is nothing new in all this. Professor Calderwood is not an original thinker. His little book nevertheless is an

able and valuable work, which will be read with general acceptance.

*The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social.* By WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.A. Kegan Paul and Co.

The *raison d'être*, or first intention, of the 'Creed of Science' is to present in a popular and acceptable form the results that may be arrived at in regard to the principal problems and questions that excite the wonder and curiosity of thinking men in view of the most recent discoveries and generalizations of natural science. In this work of inquiry and investigation, it is but fair to say that the author shows himself throughout altogether impartial. He has not started on his journey in any special dogmatic interest, nor with predetermined purpose to make the facts with which he has to deal conform to any preconceived theory he may have formed for his own guidance or satisfaction. So far as it is possible to judge from the contents of this volume, the writer has set himself to note and tabulate the conclusions which the scientific generalizations of modern science enable us to reach regarding the fundamental problems of philosophy and religion, with singleness of heart—bent only upon attaining the results to which he may be conducted by the 'white light' of truth. Yet while this is so, there is at the same time in his inquiries no trace of the purely sceptical spirit as a tendency to the adoption of merely suspensive and provisional doctrines. Mr. Graham believes that the human reason is competent to attain satisfactory results regarding the ultimate problems which in all times, and never more than now, have exercised the thoughts and feelings of men. 'God, Freedom, and Immortality,' which to Kant constituted the centre and justification of all metaphysics, are the topics that most attract his attention, and which in his view evidently justify the efforts that have been made to reach positive solutions. While holding them to be the deepest and largest interests with which human reason can cope, and while without apparent doubt as to the competency of reason to reach more or less satisfactory conclusions in regard to them, the speciality of his point of view is that he is willing to accept the deliverances of natural or physical science as supplying the materials which more or less adequately guide us in threading our way through the mazes of investigation. But while we acknowledge the absence of preconceived dogmatic interest regarding the final problems of morals and religion, which is the most gratifying characteristic of the standpoint of the writer of this work, we must also add that there is in the processes of his reasoning a subordination of the purely metaphysical or philosophical elements of the problems, which leads to the disturbance, if not the destruction, of the fair balance of reason on the subjects under treatment. In accepting as auxiliary the conclusions of physical science regarding questions of origin and end or final purpose, there is too much tendency to eliminate the elements sup-

plied by thought, or which depend, as in the nature of the case they must, on introspection. Thus, for example, when in regard to the vexed question of free will, we find Mr. Graham adopting the deliverances of science upon the subject of motives, as acting forces determining both the character of the individual and the volitions which depend on the character, we cannot but feel that there is an undue narrowing of the field of view. Admitting the full value of the contributions of science to the settlement of the question, it is yet surely clear that science does not, and cannot, cover the whole field, as that there are facts and laws revealed in the subjective consciousness, both of the individual and the race, which are left out of account, or pushed aside, when it is decided that free will as a power of initiation, a capacity of making new beginnings in the series of connecting causes and effects, has no reality whatever. The 'creed of science' on such a point must remain misleading, just because there are facts and elements of which in this sphere mere science takes no account. This objection does not apply in the same degree to the writer's conclusions regarding the origin of the universe, and the power and purpose that must be accepted as lying behind phenomena, and of which a merely phenomenal science can give no account. He so far at this point separates from science—as science is commonly accepted—when he sets forth a theory of a vast noumenal reality, which, whether as the World of Schelling, or the Substance of Spinoza, or the Unknowable of Spencer, must be received as the fount and final source of the universe, and of all it contains. No 'creed of science,' as merely physical and mechanical, could attain to this idea, which is purely philosophical or metaphysical, though on its religious side it enters into practical life, and becomes an important factor in spiritual experience. At this point, as at some others, Mr. Graham, it seems to us, has allowed to science a predominance and an authority which are not to be justified by reason. To what unhappy results this partiality in determining philosophical problems by physical methods will conduct is seen in his reflections on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Here we have a problem which lies beyond the scope of science in its own accepted walk, because there it is nothing but the exponent of the correlations of external facts. The existence and the immortality of the soul transcend the region of observation and mechanical correlations. And we cannot in dealing with this problem leave aside or put out of account the light to be thrown upon it by the nature and character of God in His moral laws and observances, and in His revelation of Himself.

It is at this point that we see clearly what the fundamental error of this work is. The author has produced an able, thoughtful, and, in literary respects, a wholly admirable volume. He tabulates for us the results and bearings of physical science upon the great truths of morality and religion. Important

light is thereby won in regard to many vital questions, and a beginning is made in the cultivation of a field which must more and more be accepted as furnishing the materials with and on which philosophy as an objective science must work. But all this admitted, it remains true at the last that 'The Creed of Science' is unsatisfactory and untrustworthy, because science is incompetent to attain a 'creed' at all. It cultivates one-half of the field, and eliminates the other half. Its conclusions regarding morals and religion are only half-truths, because it only supplies some of the materials, and wholly ignores others which are essential to the attainment of any adequate conclusions at all. Mr. Graham is scarcely quite faithful to his philosophical training.

*Science and Religion.* By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D. Strahan and Co.

Dr. Winchell has made an able contribution to a great subject. He has so thoroughly gone over the wide field, and has brought to it such vigorous and independent thought, that he may be said to have found several new links of reconciliation between religion and science. In the first place, he recognizes clearly that religion is an essential element of human nature, and that the facts relating to it are as real as any facts in the realm of natural science, demonstrating by a wide and careful survey that they are not to be set aside or ignored or refined away in any effort whatever to get at a consistent theory of the universe. In truth, it is one of the most valuable elements in his demonstration (which, in spite of some literary looseness, is more philosophically close and satisfactory than even he claims it to be), that he finds the objective expression of this religious sentiment at many points thrusting itself within the realm of physical science. Another important point is that whilst he admits the validity of the theory of evolution, he is compelled to recognize the presence of something beyond it, and his demonstration of this is at all events original and ingenious: 'Evolution is one of the strongest possible attestations of the dominion of thought in the universe, and not the contrary. Evolution is *only* a method of effectuation. It implies, 1st, a Designer of the method; 2nd, an Operator of the method. Evolution possesses no efficiency. He who contents himself with discovering this method in nature contributes nothing to the philosophy of causality. He leads us along the rills of phenomena, but only tantalizes the innate thirst to drink from the fountain of truth.' On the subject of cause Dr. Winchell makes many good points. For example, in dealing with Mr. Herbert Spencer and heredity, he says that 'the forces of heredity are physiological; but the concepts which Spencer places at interest in their custody are ideas of the reason.' He has equally forcible remarks on points in the schemes of Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley and the rest, recognizing the truth that is laid hold on by the materialists, but indicating also the vast depth which they do not fathom,

and which, indeed, they deny, but without which it were impossible that their vessels could float so safely. His discussion of the religions of the world is clear and succinct; and his mode of presenting the essential elements that are to be found at the base of each, as a testimony to the validity and universality of the religious nature, very thorough and ingenious. 'Man is created for religion, adapted for religion, predisposed to religion; and this is the key to the religious phenomena of the race. It is futile to ignore the evidences or resist the religious law of our being.' Though he admits that at present the world is 'witnessing another ebb tide of religious sentiment,' he has full faith that new methods will be found of harmonizing faith with knowledge, as they have always been found in the past. The phenomena of present-day doubt are not essentially new; they are but repetitions in new forms of the same phenomena as have been witnessed in nearly every stage of the world's history, and notably in the period of intellectualism and scepticism and recklessness which preceded the French Revolution. We could sometimes wish Dr. Winchell's style had been more condensed and crisp; but we are generally in sympathy with him in the end he has in view, and the means he takes to make for it. We recommend his volume as one which it would be well to see added to every philosophical library.

*The Mosaic Era.* A Series of Lectures on Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In this volume we have a series of able expositions of the history of the Israelitish nation under Moses. In form they belong to that class of discourse which used to be known as the 'Scotch Lecture,' a combination of expository and practical treatment. We have not space here to discuss them at length, and this is the less necessary that, in the main, they are based upon the generally accepted law of analogy between the history of ancient Israel and the experience of the New Testament Church. The value of the book is not that it opens up new fields for critical study, although the author himself is evidently thoroughly conversant with existing criticism; it is rather that it sets forth in terse and forcible language the great lessons to be learned from the story. Thus such chapters, or sermons, as those entitled 'Pharaoh Subdued,' and 'Israel Saved,' form the channel for lessons concerning the danger of compromise and of hardness of heart as suggested by the fate of the Egyptian king, and the manner of spiritual deliverance as shadowed in the escape of Israel from Egypt. We must say that we do not think the title 'The Mosaic Era,' the best which might have been selected; it may attract—and disappoint—those who are interested in Pentateuchal studies of that historico-critical kind which do not enter much into the plan of this work; it may deter, from the same impression as to its contents, others who would find great

pleasure and profit in reading it as a valuable series of studies on the spiritual life.

*The Faith of Islām.* By the REV. EDWARD SELL, Fellow of the University of Madras. Trübner and Co.

One of the results of our occupation of India will be a more intimate and accurate acquaintance with Islamism, in its practical developments, than the world has hitherto had an opportunity of acquiring. Our ascendancy enables this as reverse conditions could not. Mr. Sell has devoted his fifteen years' residence in India to the study of Islām and its practical working, and he has in this work embodied his conclusions. His chapters are devoted to the Foundations of Islām; the Exegesis of the Qurān and the Traditions; the Sects of Islām; the Creed of Islām; the Practical Duties of Islām; the Feasts and Fasts of Islām. Under each he gives us, chiefly, a simple exposition of requirements and practices, from which, however, important deductions can be made as to the effects of Islamism upon individual character and social and national life. One thing is that the Qurān and the Sunnat or Tradition are bound as an inexorable law upon Mohammedan nations; they cannot, without renouncing their religion, deliver themselves from it—a terrible factor in the Eastern Question. Islamism again is a vital thing, as potent practically where it is received as at any previous period of its history. Mr. Sell's conclusions as to the effects of Mohammedanism upon those who profess it are very unfavourable, although many Muslims, he says, are better than their creed. It is curious that the wave of scepticism has not left Islām unaffected; while both in India and elsewhere the influence of other races and creeds is powerfully felt. Mr. Sell speaks highly of many Indian Mussulmans. They would seem, however, to be defective in energy. The Hindus surpass them in the upper ranks of the uncovenanted civil service in an increasing ratio. Thus, in Bengal, in 1871, the proportion was seventy-seven Mussulmans to 341 Hindus. In 1880 the proportion was fifty-three to 451. Mr. Sell has supplied us with a very valuable and interesting handbook, enabling us to understand what Mohammedanism in India really is.

*Loci e Libro Veritatum.* Passages selected from Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary, illustrating the Condition of Church and State 1403-1458. With an Introduction by JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.P. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

This so-called Theological Dictionary is the production of an English divine who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century. Gascoigne was a Yorkshireman by birth and received his education at Oxford, where he was several times chancellor of the University, and where he resided almost continually to the time of his death. Under such headings as 'Absolucio,' 'Deus,' 'Ecclesia,' 'Episcopus,' 'Poenitencia,' 'Reges,' 'Venatio,' &c., we have a series of criticisms and statements

which are of very considerable value as illustrations of the moral, intellectual, and religious views, feelings, and practices of the fifteenth century. It is especially useful as showing the points in relation to which Reginald Pecock, Gascoigne's celebrated contemporary, in his 'Repressor of over-much Blaming of the Clergy,' came in conflict with what were regarded as the orthodox notions of the time. Pecock, with his heterodox opinions, as Professor Rogers rightly observes, stands in Gascoigne's view convicted of conceit, and is frequently the object of his attack. This was the fifteenth-century view of speculative and unauthorized doctrines; they were the offspring of ill-regulated intellectual training. 'What Gascoigne loves,' observes his editor, 'is piety and charity, a holy life, a good example, a clear conscience, and in the parochial clergy, frequent preaching, open hospitality, and a desire to extend education.' And these are very praiseworthy and moderate acquirements. His ideal ought not to have been incapable of fair realization, and yet as a general rule it was only an ideal in those days. There is considerable justice in the editor's observation that in order to read between the lines of these valuable fragments one 'must know the concentrations of English life in the fifteenth century from its highest and widest manifestations in Parliament.' His valuable introduction will, however, render this far more easy; and students of our mediæval history will have cause to thank him for so intelligible and accessible a collection, of which neither Anthony Wood nor Hearne, though familiar with the MSS., recognized the real importance. The editor has done his work with the care, thoroughness, and ability which characterize all his productions. Only the student of such documents can adequately comprehend the greatness and difficulty of the service rendered.

*The Bible and Science.* By T. LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

Here we have one more book about evolution, its special purpose—indeed its *raison d'être*—being to give, in popular form, the evidences of evolution, and 'to show that instead of being atheistic it is the very reverse, and is no more opposed to the Biblical account of the creation than those geological doctrines regarding the structure and formation of the earth's crust, which were once regarded as heretical and dangerous, but are now to be found in every classbook, and are taught in every school.' Dr. Brunton has succeeded very well in the negative part of his contention, viz., in showing that the doctrine is not necessarily *atheistic*; whether he is equally happy in his endeavour to show that the most enlarged scheme of evolution contains in it a special argument for the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Creator is more doubtful. Certainly this part of the argument is striking and ingenious; but is it not a fact that the extreme evolutionism which breaks down the partition between organic and inor-

ganic, and traces all existence back to a lifeless atom or germ, naturally involves a system of the universe in which God has had no power to act since He set it in motion? If so, then His omnipotence practically ceased when His creative plan began to be executed, to be resumed only when this gigantic 'clockwork' 'runs down.' We feel bound, therefore, to add our query to the more positive side of Dr. Brunton's contention. The main interest of the book, however, lies probably in its facts and data, rather than in its argument. Till evolution has been clearly proved, indeed, we are more anxious for data than for means of reconciliation between Bible story and what is as yet only a hypothesis.

Dr. Brunton writes of the facts in the most fascinating style; and we doubt not that his book will make the subject of the structure of plants and animals, and of natural history generally, more familiar and interesting to many readers than it could have been before. Writing evidently from a profound knowledge of his subject, he writes with the utmost simplicity. The story is indeed not new to us in these times, for the names in the 'chain of life' are becoming to us, through many books, familiar as household words: the charm lies in the telling.

Dr. Brunton prefixes to the book some chapters upon 'Bible Lands' and upon 'The Exodus,' which may strike some as destroying the unity and symmetry of his work; for ourselves, we are glad of them, because of the eminently able manner in which he sets himself to the task of enabling the modern reader to realize these portions of Scripture story. We do not always indeed accept his readings of that story. He is more anxious than is, to our mind, necessary to explain its more remarkable incidents according to natural principles; but we pay a willing tribute to the reverence with which he always handles Scripture, as well as to his profound acquaintance with its teaching. We can only add here that the work is rendered alike more beautiful and more useful by the excellence of its illustrations.

*Links and Clues.* By VITA. Macmillan and Co.

This is a very remarkable book, full of spiritual insight and intensity, perhaps of what Emerson would call 'oversoul.' In form it is a book of fragmentary thoughts concerning truths and things of the Christian life, sometimes extended enough for the outline of a sermon, sometimes limited to a paragraph; never pretending to completeness either of thought or of expression, but brim full of thought and of soul. Sometimes the thought verges upon the paradoxical, and the spirituality upon the mystical, and occasionally we demur to the views and conclusions reached. But it is throughout bathed in the spirit of an intense religious life, and is full of the suggestiveness of the highest realizations of spiritual faith. The book is of the class of Tauler's 'Theologia Germanica,' and we mean very high praise when we say that it is worthy to stand by its side.

*The Truth of Scripture in connection with Revelation, Inspiration, and the Canon.* By JOHN JAMES GIVEN, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Dr. Given maintains the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, meaning that the *ipsissima verba* of every scriptural book was supernaturally dictated or determined. The theory is in hopeless contradiction to the most unquestionable facts, and involves the defenders of the Bible in a dilemma from which there is no escape. It is, moreover, as unnecessary and as derogatory to the Divine record as it is untenable, just as the material and mechanical are below the spiritual. Dr. Given has no difficulty in answering many of the objections and cavils of assailants of the Bible; but his theory demands that there shall be no single case of established objection to it. He, of course, selects his own instances and illustrations, but has necessarily left untouched large sections of Scripture, and crucial difficulties. The common sense of men who try to deal honestly with facts revolts against both the assumption and the special pleading which the theory demands.

Dr. Given has been more successful in dealing with the proofs of a Divine revelation, but he has dealt very inadequately with the difficult question of canonicity, as, for example, Westcott and others, whose works he utilizes, have dealt with it. Due weight is, of course, to be given to the claims of the sacred writers themselves, but for many of the books of Scripture such claims cannot be demonstrated, and there are questions of historical fact that also demand consideration. On the general questions of the necessity and possibility of a revelation Dr. Given occupies the old ground, and leaves nothing to be desired in the maintenance of it. His apologetic on the Four Gospels is also very able and conclusive.

Dr. Given uses his material well, his work throughout is thoughtful and vigorous, and much in it is conclusive and vigorous; but we cannot think that he justifies his positions. We do not yield to him in our hearty acceptance of the Divine authority of the Scriptures; but it is not, we think, to be established in this way by theories of verbal inspiration even when, as here, dynamically conceived.

*The Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church.*

By F. E. WARREN, B.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Mr. Warren has endeavoured to gather up the scant and scattered notices of the liturgical service of the Celtic Church, about which, he tells us, very little was known until latterly. Liturgiologists, even so late as 1838, had to dismiss it with, for the most part, a confession of ignorance. Since Palmer's 'Origines Liturgicæ' was published, some liturgical fragments have been discovered, and important Celtic MSS. have been printed, while architectural and other remains have been examined. With these additional helps, not, we think, amounting to much, Mr. Warren has investigated the entire field of evidence,

and brought together all that could warrant a conclusion. Fifth-century writers have been examined; incidental notices and liturgical fragments have been brought together; illuminations and architectural remains have been examined—and the result is given in this volume.

An introductory chapter gives us some account of the Celtic Church in its extent, duration, character, and relations to other Churches. Here a detailed account of Churches and Church services is given, so far as they can be ascertained or fairly conjectured. The third chapter consists of liturgical fragments, Cornish, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish. It is, however, remarkable that no trace of a vernacular liturgy has been found. To the liturgiologist the book is curious if not valuable.

*Outlines in the Life of Christ.* A Guide to the Study of the Chronology, Harmony, and Purpose of the Gospels. By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

The value of Mr. Conder's thoughtful and learned little book is of inverse ratio to the size. Availing himself of all the results of recent scholarship, he has in this outline life of our Lord tried to fix the chronology, historical relations, and real character of each incident. The whole is arranged in parts and sections, and each topic is succinctly and clearly placed in its true position and light. The results reached, and the methods indicated, involve a large amount of careful reading and a large degree of acute judgment. Much more than a mere map of our Lord's history, much less than a detailed narrative, it is sufficient to give readers a clear conception of the incidents as they occurred. It would be difficult to find so much that is valuable in so small a compass.

*The Double Collapse of Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton.* In two debates with the Rev. T. LAWSON, of West Hartlepool, on the questions—'Has Man a Soul?' and 'Is Atheism the True Doctrine of the Universe?' Simpkin and Marshall.

It ought not to be a very difficult task to discredit the contention of Mr. Bradlaugh on these cardinal facts of human nature and relations. And Mr. Lawson has with great skill, and we think with perfect success, shown the utter untenableness of Mr. Bradlaugh's materialistic Atheism. We cannot, of course, touch the points of the argument—which very wisely was conducted in writing; we can only call attention to an able and timely debate.

*Clark's Foreign Theological Library.* New Series. Vols. III., IV., V., and VI.

*A History of Christian Doctrine.* By the late Dr. R. R. HAGENBACH. Translated from the Fifth and last German Edition. With an Introduction by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. Vol. II. *A System of Christian Doctrine.* By Dr. J. A. DORNER. Vols. I. and II.

Translated by Rev. ALFRED CAVE, B.A. *Godet on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A translation of Dorner's *chef d'œuvre* will be a boon to non-German reading theologians, and even to such as are acquainted only slightly with German; for in Dr. Dorner all the excellences of a profound German thinker are combined with all the obscurities and abominations of style of the worst types of his countrymen. Surely the 'how to say it' is of importance as well as what is said. Mr. Cave has done much to make Dorner intelligible; but even his skilful translation will not relieve the reader from a tough study, if he would master the work. In an able introduction, Mr. Cave points out the important place in modern theological science which this great work occupies; it is a masterly evangelical development of Schleiermacher's great principle of faith, or God-consciousness. To the development of this principle, which he calls Pisteology, Dorner first addresses himself, showing that faith is not a new application of ordinary intellect to the truths of theology, but a divinely given faculty of the soul itself, whereby spiritual things are apprehended and dealt with. No disciple of Schleiermacher has carried the logical development of this principle so far as Dorner has done in the present work. Next he proceeds to the Doctrine of God, proposing to construct a proof for the God of Christianity by a process of reasoning very like the hitherto inconclusive *a priori* argument. He contends that the very nature of thought necessitates the idea of an absolute being, and that the necessary idea of causality makes him the originator of all things. Then a succession of inferences establishes his moral qualities. The three divisions of this bold argument are (1) The Doctrine of the Godhead; (2) The Doctrine of God as the essentially triune, or the Doctrine of the Internal Self-Revelation of God; (3) The Doctrine of God as the Revealer of Himself in a world, or the Doctrine of the Economic Trinity. He then treats of man as a creature; of the unity of God and man, involving Religion and Revelation, and introduces Part II., of which only the first section, Sin, is treated in the present volume. However far Dr. Dorner's argument may carry conviction, there can be no question concerning the profound and even abstruse thinking of this great work.

Of Dr. Hagenbach's work we have already spoken, also of Godet's very able Commentary on the Romans. We need simply record the completion of both works.

*A History of the New Testament Times.* By Dr. A. HAUSRATH. The Time of Jesus. Vol. II. Translated by CHARLES T. POYNTING, B.A., and PHILIP TERENCE. Williams and Norgate.

*Commentary on the Psalms.* By the Late Dr. G. HEINRICH A. v. EWALD. Translated by the Rev. E. JOHNSON, M.A. Vol. II.

Hausrath's second volume includes an account of Herod, of the ministry of the Bap-



tist, and of the ministry of Jesus down to the eve of His crucifixion. The history is characterized by much keen insight, and by much literary beauty; the grouping and the analyses are done in a masterly manner. The fundamental vice is the rationalistic standpoint of the author: everything is conceived and accounted for in an anti-supernatural way. Jesus is simply a great religious genius, receiving the first prophetic impulse from the Baptist, early awakening to the consciousness that he was the embodiment of the Jewish ideas of the Messiah, and in lofty spiritual ways seeking to realize them by establishing the kingdom of God. His miracles are great moral, perhaps mesmeric, effects. His history is of course 'an Idyll.' His inspiration in the lake-storm is the consciousness of a mission that cannot be ignominiously ended by a leaky boat, the parallel to which is the anecdote about Cæsar and his fortunes. His presentiments of His death and its effects are simply those of genius. The supernatural is not violently assailed, it is counteracted by quiet insinuation and rationalistic colouring. To those who can use it the work is full of suggestions and spiritual insights. The history of crucifixion is not attempted, and of course the resurrection is silently passed over.

Ewald on the Psalms is completed, and the fifth volume on the Prophets is to follow. The two volumes being fresh issues of the Theological Translation Fund Library.

*Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures.* By HENRY M. HARMAN, D.D., Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Dickinson College. Third Edition Revised. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

This is the first volume of a new series of theological works to be entitled 'The Library of Theological and Biblical Literature,' under the general editorship of Dr. George R. Crooks and Dr. John F. Hurst. It is intended to furnish a series of works for the use of Biblical students. The first volume before us is by Dr. Harman, and others are to follow. Dr. Bannister on Biblical Hermeneutics; Drs. Bennett and Whitney on Biblical and Christian Archæology; Bishop Foster on Systematic Theology; the Editors on Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology; Dr. Ridgway on the Evidences of Christianity; Dr. Winchell on Christian Theism and Modern Science; Dr. Crooks on the History of Christian Doctrine; and Bishop Hurst on the History of the Christian Church. The scheme originates with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and will be in accord with its standpoint in theology and ecclesiastics. It seems to aim not so much at original treatises as at a cyclopædic character, a gathering up in each treatise of the latest results of scholarship, with somewhat less of original authorship, and more of editorial function than in ordinary treatises. Completeness of apparatus seems also to be aimed at, for on some of the subjects we possess ample and high authorities. Dr. Harman's book is a pledge of a valuable series. He sum-

marizes very ably the chief topics of Biblical introductions; such, for instance, as find more ample treatment in Horne's Introduction. Into this one portly volume of seven hundred pages he has compressed all necessary information concerning the Inspiration of the Bible, the Canon, the Sacred Languages, the Text, the Versions, the Penta-teuch—the questions connected with which receive ample treatment—and then, seriatim, the different books of the Old and New Testament.

It would be preposterous in a short notice like this to attempt detailed criticism; general characterization must suffice. So far as we have been able to test the volume, it seems to us to be written with adequate scholarship and care, and in an impartial spirit of candid and liberal appreciation. The latest theories are familiar to Dr. Harman: those of Baur, Hilgenfeld, Ewald, Keim, Strauss, Renan, &c., for example. Some names, however, we miss: Kuenen, Hausrath, Fleidener, and others whose speculations have attracted attention, and demanded notice. We are surprised, too, that the authors have ignored Westcott's important work on the Canon. But no important school of criticism is unnoticed. If the subsequent volumes of the series are equal to this, it will be a valuable addition to the library of ministers generally.

*The Holy Bible.* With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation. By Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament. Vol. III.: Romans to Philemon. John Murray.

This bulky volume—the third of the Speaker's Commentary on the New Testament—does not include, as was announced, the Epistle to the Hebrews. How with any attempt at sufficiency this could have been contemplated we do not see. The authorship, too, varies a little from the advertised programme. We miss the contribution of Canon Westcott, and receive the unannounced contribution of Mr. Wace.

We feel, in looking through the volume, the disadvantage under which the Revised Version places the writers. It seems a pity to have to deal with a text which has almost at every verse to be revised, and which generally is revised in substantial agreement with the conclusions of the company of revisers. And it is curious to note the few divergences, in which the individual scholar thinks imperative a rendering which after all the revisers have not adopted—e.g. the contention of Canon Evans, that in 1 Cor. xiii. the rendering of ἀγάπη must be 'charity,' not 'love.' The present volume contributes no such distinctive addition to New Testament literature as the very able general introduction to the Gospels by the Archbishop of York, in the first volume, and the equally able introduction to the Gospel of John by Canon Westcott, in the second volume. The most important of the introductions in this



volume are (1) that to the Epistle to the Romans by Dr. Gifford, which extends to forty pages. It treats the usual topics of an introduction with intelligence, breadth, and vigour, but it lacks the organic structure, the completeness, and the suggestiveness of the essays to which we have referred; and (2) the Introduction to the Pastoral Epistles by Professor Wace, which is of a higher order, and takes a vigorous and comprehensive grasp of what he thinks the transition period of ecclesiastical development. We may admit the accuracy of the designation; development there was; but the evidence seems to us conclusive, that it was not until Constantine that anything like diocesan Episcopacy was established. Canon Evans contributes a somewhat meagre Introduction to the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Rev. Joseph Waite another scarcely less so to the Second Epistle. Dean Howson's treatment of the Epistle to the Galatians, both Introduction and Notes, is able. Prebendary Meyrick is responsible for the Epistle to the Ephesians; the Dean of Raphoe for that to the Philippians; the Bishop of Derry for those to the Colossians, Thessalonians, and Philemon; the Bishop of London for the Commentary to the Pastoral Epistles. It is impossible to comment on the scores of points treated and suggested. We must content ourselves with saying, after a somewhat careful looking through the volume, that the notes, according to the plan of the commentary, are almost entirely exegetical and explanatory, for reference therefore chiefly; and that, exclusively Anglican as the work is, we have been struck by the manifest fairness of spirit and candour of claim and of concession with which most of the questions raised are treated. It is needless to say that the work is scholarly, but it may be said that it is very valuable.

*Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Epistle to Philemon.* By HEINRICH A. W. MEYER, Th.D. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A.

*The Epistle to the Thessalonians.* By Dr. GOTTLIEB LÜNNEMANN. Translated from the Third Edition of the German by Rev. Paton J. Gloag, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Only the former of these volumes was written by Meyer himself. Lünemann's work forms part of the 'Meyer Series.' The Pastoral and Catholic Epistles, and the Epistle to the Hebrews—the former by Huther, the latter by Lünemann—remain to be translated to complete the Meyer exposition of the New Testament. These volumes the publishers purpose to supply. They may fairly congratulate themselves upon having so successfully placed this greatest of the commentaries of the New Testament in the hands of English students.

*A New Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew.* By EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Nicholson's commentary has some

unique features. First, it is doctrinally colourless. He has strictly guarded himself against any indication of theological bias, his object being simply to bring out the meanings of the text. Next, he has brought to bear upon the illustration of his author a large amount of Talmudic literature, and with some curious results. We all remember the excitement caused by Deutsche's article on the Talmud, in which he shows that some of our Lord's sayings are quotations from Jewish Rabbis. Mr. Nicholson affirms this of the Parables, ch. xiii. 24; xviii. 23; xxii. 2. But he also shows that many of our Lord's sayings were employed by subsequent Rabbis, especially Eliezer the Great, and perpetuated in Jewish traditions. Mr. Nicholson says he has gone very little to commentaries, to none on the Gospels except Alford's and the Speaker's. His exegesis, therefore, is his own, and for illustrations he has gone to literary sources of various kinds. Comparing his corrected readings with those of the Revised Version, he has found no reason to alter in substance any one of his renderings; but he expresses a wish, in which very many will share, that the revisers will regard the first edition of their work as only provisional.

Mr. Nicholson's work, therefore, is purely exegetical. He points out readings and renderings, and illustrates them by necessary information. It would be presumptuous to pronounce a verdict on such a work from a cursory examination of it. Mr. Nicholson is, perhaps, a little bolder than the revisers. For instance, in the Lord's Prayer, he adopts the reading, which they have relegated to the margin, 'Give us our morrow's bread to-day.' On other points he coincides with their rendering of the prayer. The notes are a repertory of the conclusions of modern scholarship, and are clearly the result of large and careful investigation. A kind of enlarged marginal readings, they often flash unexpected lights upon dark places.

*A Popular Commentary on the New Testament.*

By D. D. WHEDON, D.D., of the American Episcopal Methodist Church. Vol. V. Titus—Revelation. Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume completes this really excellent commentary, which from time to time we have commended to our readers. It has been a labour of some quarter of a century. The first portion of it was published some fifteen years ago. It is essentially popular, belonging to the school of Albert Barnes rather than to that of Meyer. Dr. Whedon has aimed to put general readers in possession of the conclusions of the most recent scholarship, in clear and condensed annotations. While, therefore, theological students will go to works of another class, teachers and households will find in Dr. Whedon's work all that they need for an intelligent understanding of the New Testament. The spirit is candid and liberal, while the conclusions are thoroughly Evangelical.

*The Authorship of Ecclesiastes.* Macmillan and Co.

It is not too much to say that from the time of

Grotius to the present day the most competent Biblical scholars have denied the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes. What led Grotius to this was the patent fact that the book abounds in words and expressions which are found elsewhere only in such post-exilic writings as Daniel, Ezra, and the Chaldee Targums. These expressions are not few and far between, but occur in almost every verse, and enter into the very texture of the work. To such an extent is this the case that we venture to affirm that no one, after reading the first nine chapters of Proverbs and the Song of Solomon, can pass on to Ecclesiastes without perceiving that there is an essential difference not simply in sentiment but also in style. From the foreign words, idioms, and influences which permeate this book one seems shut up to the conclusion that it is by an author from whom we have nothing else in the Old Testament. The supposition put forth by some, that in the composition of this work Solomon used the Aramaic terms and expressions current in the philosophies of his age, is entirely groundless and void of any scientific value. Supposing it could be satisfactorily proved that all the unusual expressions employed by the author of Ecclesiastes are found, with different forms and meaning, scattered here and there over the pages of the Old Testament Scriptures, surely this could never account for the fact that they are here crowded together within such a small compass, and form the foreign texture of the book. We therefore regard the arguments derived from the post-exilic complexion of Ecclesiastes so formidable and conclusive as to be well-nigh incontrovertible. If we add to the above the minor and subsidiary proofs against its Solomonic authorship, such as, for example, that the book contains various historical statements and allusions which are very difficult to reconcile with the supposition that Solomon is the real author, they acquire such cumulative force that it is no discredit to the author of the present volume if we express our opinion that he has not succeeded in his attempt to establish its Solomonic authorship.

The chapter on the linguistic peculiarities is the most important as regards the question, but the least satisfactory in results. The author is compelled to admit the uniqueness of expressions and style, but endeavours to disprove that they establish lateness of composition. The reference to Job in support of this position is decidedly unfortunate. The chapter on the identical expressions in Proverbs, Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes is very elaborate in detail, but cannot have very great influence upon the issue before us; for, apart from the authorship of Canticles being disputed, general identity of expressions only prove a community of subject, and, as a natural result, community of expressions, but not necessarily identity of authorship. The same applies to his examination of common grammatical structure. No amount of general resemblances can neutralize the speci-

fic differences mentioned above. A glance at the list of words common in the three books bearing the name of Solomon will suffice to show how large is the number of words which are peculiar to Ecclesiastes. But it is not so much the peculiar words as the peculiar use of them, and not individual terms so much as phrases or combination of terms, and still more than both, the peculiar tone and movement of the whole discourse, that carries with it an irresistible conviction that it has a distinct origin. This the author has failed to perceive in its completeness, and has consequently devoted his strength mainly to words and phrases.

While fully recognizing the author's industry and research, and sympathizing with his aim, we regret the theological bias and conservatism which characterizes at times the spirit and method of inquiry. This has warped his judgment and interfered with the fairness of his statements. It is unfair to represent the denial of the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes as being peculiar to the school of higher criticism, when all the most eminent Biblical scholars hold this opinion. Indeed, to such an extent is this the case that Dr. Ginsburg is perfectly correct in saying that on the continent the attempt to prove that Solomon was not the author of Ecclesiastes would be viewed in the same light as adducing facts to prove that the earth does not stand still. Many of those included in this number are the most formidable opponents of that school. Equally to be regretted is the statement that 'a critic is at once commended as a literary hero if he deny that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes, or Moses Deuteronomy, or Isaiah the last twenty-seven chapters of the book that bears his name.' This does not apply to the estimate of those qualified to judge in such matters. The author has committed a serious mistake in associating the authenticity of the above-mentioned documents, which is doubted on grounds so entirely different and by critics of entirely different schools. He also, in common with others, lays too much stress on the date and authorship of Old Testament writings. It will be a happy day when we arrive at the conclusion that the Divine character and authority of the sacred books do not depend on these external details; that these affect only the interpretation, but not the essential character of revealed truth. The author's aim is worthy of our warmest sympathy, viz., to restore to minds distracted by the discussions and discordant assertions of different schools genuine faith and reverence for the Bible. The writer approaches all difficulties in criticism and exegesis with a mind loyally attached to the authority and inspiration of Scripture. He deals honestly and ably with these vexed questions, and presents that solution of them which he regards in accordance with strict Biblical science. There are many points so fully treated in this volume that no one who studies the question can afford to pass it over.

*A Supplement to Tischendorf's Reliquiæ ex Incendio Ereptæ Codicis celeberrimi Cottoniani, contained in his Monumenta Sacra Inedita.* Nova Collectio. Tomus II. Together with a Synopsis of the Index. Edited by FRED. WILLIAM GOTCH, M.D., LL.D., President of the Baptist College, Bristol. Williams and Norgate.

A century ago the library, pictures, coins, and other curiosities of Dr. Andrew Gifford, pastor of a Baptist church, Wyld Street, London, and assistant librarian in the MSS. department of the British Museum, came into the possession of the Baptist College, Bristol. Among the curiosities were some fragments in Greek characters, which, in 1834, Dr. Gotch identified as fragments of the celebrated Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint, preserved from the fire which in 1731 destroyed a large portion of the Cottonian Library. Other fragments were preserved, but these were regarded as lost, and one would like to know their history until they came into Dr. Gifford's hands. Tischendorf, in his *Prolegomena*, collated and deciphered most of the other fragments, but he seems to have been strangely indifferent to these, although aware of their existence. Dr. Gotch undertook to transcribe and print the Bristol fragments, which he speaks of as a much more laborious process than he had anticipated, especially as Tischendorf's numbering of the fragments had got into confusion. This volume is the result. It does not reproduce Tischendorf's collations of the MS., but supplies its deficiencies by the Bristol fragments. The fragments are reproduced in facsimile, and are numbered. They will be interesting to the antiquarian and the Biblical scholar. A synopsis of the entire Codex is prepared, enabling a reference to particular readings in the MS.

*Kant and his English Critics.* A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

Here is another big volume about Kant, and in spite of much ability, laborious and patient inquiry and investigation, and literary gifts of no mean order, we are constrained to pronounce it only another huge cairn of misapplied industry. There is a sense and way in which the revival of interest in, and the multiplication of astute champions of, the critical philosophy is to be regarded with sympathy and approval. It signalizes a revulsion from the injustice that was early done to the Kantian thought when interest in it was supplanted by a too onesided and exclusive devotion to the later Transcendentalists, who came after the sage of Königsberg. And there was so much in Kant that was honest and of good report, and so alien from the visionary schemes and metaphysical day-dreams of his successors, that a return to the study of the three great *Kritiken* is like a plunge into a wholesome bath after breathing a fetid and fevered atmosphere. Nevertheless it seems to us that the labour of interpretation is to a large extent supererogatory and to no small degree

positively misleading. It is an old reproach against Metaphysic that her course is circular, and that one student following after another paces the self-same weary round, with the self-same results at the end; so that her service is without substantial reward. The reproach receives reasonable colour from the results of the philosophical labours of the English school of thought in sympathy with German idealism. Instead of taking up the problem of philosophy as it has been left by those who have carried the speculative torch farthest, there has been a strong impulse of late years to fall back upon mere historical criticism, and to elaborate and interpret what sundry thinkers of less repute have achieved in the work of speculative science. We are not forgetful, while we say this, that in the works of some of the writers to whom we refer, there has been a consistent and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to make the historical criticism they engage in subsidiary to the study of the essential problems of philosophy. This is conspicuously the case with Professor Green's great book on Hume, and, though to a lesser degree, with Principal Caird's eloquent 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,' which grapples with the root-questions of ontology from Hegelian standpoints. But there are other works of what we may call the same series as to which it is different; and we fear we must pronounce this volume by Professor Watson—otherwise well deserving of eulogy and in some sense admiration—one of them. The author tells us in his preface that his general point of view is like that of Professor Edward Caird in his 'Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant,' and that without that his (Professor Watson's) work could not have been written. Now, Professor Caird's book on Kant, in spite of its learning and thinking, is just one of those books which we most complain of. It is an elaborate statement and criticism of Kant's philosophy which leaves us very much in doubt when we have done with it whether we have been brought at all into contact with the actual thoughts of the great thinker. Though laboriously expository, its expositions are not stamped with the impress of reality. We are under the uneasy suspicion somehow that, to adopt a phrase of the late Professor Ferrier, we have not been looking on the honest 'flesh and blood' face of genuine philosophical problems, but only gazing on a series of phantasmal shadows of portentous and sometimes alarming proportions. Kant's vast edifice of subtly-refined abstractions looms large and ominously upon our horizon, but we cannot get 'into grips' with them, and they remain little better than ghosts to the end. Professor Watson in dealing with the critical theory of knowledge in another way has yet exposed himself to the same objection. He has endeavoured to expound and interpret Kant by examining recent criticisms and attacks to which he has been exposed, chiefly in England. While, therefore, he sets forth the main principles of the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason,' he dwells mainly upon those of the

Kantian doctrines that have of late years been most strongly objected to. In bringing into contrast the empirical philosophy of our own countrymen, and the critical idealism of the author of the *Kritiken*, Professor Watson chiefly directs his energies to combating Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. George Henry Lewes. Much space is given to the examination of the principles of substance and causality and the metaphysic of nature in its relations to Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*; and the predominant purpose of the author throughout is to expound and maintain the fundamental Kantian views in opposition to the chief positions of empiricism. Of another order are the vindications of the critical philosophy against the criticisms of Mr. Balfour and Dr. Hutchison Stirling. Into these we cannot, within the limits here at disposal, even attempt to enter. It must suffice to have indicated, by naming, them.

It is with regret that in briefly noticing a work of such laborious thoughtfulness and ability as the volume before us we feel compelled to write of it with disparagement. It is not that we fail to appreciate Professor Watson's philosophical capacity, or that we doubt in any degree his powers of exposition; for in this latter respect, and in purely literary qualities, we esteem him higher than Professor Caird whom he acknowledges his master. But in the higher interest of philosophy itself we are constrained to more than doubt the value of the book. For we find in it the predominating influences and determining principles of what, though a better foundation is laboriously sought for it, falls back after all into mere subjective idealism. Kant's magnificent edifice of pure reason, so organically complete, and distributed into so vast a system of schemata and categories, was a grand construction; but it was only a splendid dream. And all attempts to bring back the dream and set it up as a transcript of the reality which it is the business of philosophy to account for and interpret must continue to fail. Therefore it is that we regard with serious regret the repeated attempts of competent metaphysical thinkers among ourselves to restore the critical philosophy to a place of authority which it has finally lost. Kant imagined that he had by means of his complex system of *a priori* mental laws and judgments explained the objective reality of the world of sense which as merely a *posteriori* must ever remain contingent. As Copernicus, when he found that no satisfactory explanation of the movements of the heavens was possible, while assuming that the stars revolved round the spectator, changed his point of view, and set himself to explain it by supposing that the spectator was in motion and the stars at rest, so Kant, instead of accepting experience, ready-made for perception, sought to show how perception imposed its own forms and laws upon experience. The object having to adapt itself to the conditions, there are, he concluded, *a priori* elements; but these are not in the outer world of sensation at all, but are contributed by the inward world of mind

or thought—the laws of activity of the self-conscious Ego. Sensation, or the elements in our experience which impose themselves upon us, is present, but it has no element of necessity in it. It might be quite otherwise than it is. But these elements are woven into a system of experience in which we are compelled, by the transcendental principles of Kant, to admit necessity which, as being both necessary and universal, could never be derived from experience at all. In applying this fundamental idea, then, Kant elaborated for himself a system of necessity within us by means of which sensations that were purely subjective came to be representable and represented as objective. 'That system,' in the words of Dr. Hutchison Stirling, whose criticism of Kant's main principles in 'The Journal of Speculative Philosophy' is final, 'was the furnishing of self-consciousness with twelve different functions of unity, to whose action on special sensation in the elements of time and space, the whole ruled and regulated content of experience was to be attributed.' Now, as we hold with Dr. Stirling that all this, and all the categories to boot, were mere ingenious inventions which really explain nothing—for the objective and necessary is external to us as well as the subjective and contingent—we cannot regard the critical philosophy as other than a splendid dream, and for philosophy to revert to it, as Professor Watson and his friends wish to do, is to take a step backwards instead of forwards. And in their understanding and mode of presenting the Kantian principles we can find nothing really more firm and stable in foundation than subjective idealism. The reality in the world revealed to us in our own experience is composed equally of both sides of the one thing which Kant laboriously sets apart from each other, laying the subjective here and the objective there, making the one *a posteriori* and contingent and the other *a priori* and necessary. There is no explanation of the actual by setting them thus apart from each other, and every attempt to so explain them, like every effort of subjective idealism in the past, must fail. So looking upon the philosophical achievements of the great Kant, we cannot in the interest of philosophy bid hearty welcome to works like this of Professor Watson, or the other members of the series to which we have seen that it belongs.

*History of Materialism, and Criticism of its Present Importance.* By the late Professor LANGE. In Three Vols. Vols. II. and III. London: Trübner and Co.

After a considerable delay, which was due to circumstances that could not be prevented, we now have the translation of the second and third volumes of the late Professor Lange's great work on 'Materialism.' For a great work it is, whatever may be the opinion formed regarding the special contributions which it makes to the history of philosophical culture, and whatever may be thought of the results to which these must ultimately lead. It is a great work in two senses—first, as a

history of the course and development of the materialistic conceptions of God, Nature, and Man; and next, as a most able and candid criticism of the main positions to which Materialism in its higher phases leads, and which in these days are very largely and influentially held. It may be objected in regard to the former of these, indeed, that Professor Lange has spread his historical net so widely that he has swept into it, as powerful contributors to the development of Materialism, philosophers and philosophical systems that can in no proper sense or manner be fairly accounted Materialist. We give up to him, of course, as properly belonging to his subject, the 'Materialists before Kant,' particularly those French and German inquirers of the eighteenth century who were identified with the school of the 'System of Nature.' But when we find the section of 'Modern Philosophy' mainly devoted to Kant, and that 'Kant and Materialism' and 'Materialism since Kant' almost monopolize between them the entire course of modern thought, we must demur to the reasonableness of the method. Yet, while insinuating this preliminary protest, we cannot help acknowledging the debt of gratitude which the student of philosophy must bear to Lange for the earnest, and on the whole sympathetic, spirit in which he interprets and comments upon the 'Critical Philosophy' and the effects of the work done by the sage of Königsberg. The history of modern thought without Kant would, indeed, be worse than the play of Hamlet without the part of the lordly Dane, and Lange was too appreciative of the immense services which the Critical Philosophy rendered to allow him to omit full consideration of the thinker who more than any other has moulded the thought of the nineteenth century, and determined the grooves in which it has run. Nevertheless, we must ever remember that so far from Kant being in any way sympathetic with Materialism, the main motive force of all his work and studies was to deliver man from the scepticism which Materialism must engender. It was, it may even be said, in essentially a dogmatic interest, so far as religion and morality are concerned, that he excogitated his vast system, now as to large sections of it overgrown and antiquated, but which must ever remain the land-mark of modern metaphysics. 'God, Freedom, and Immortality' were the precious possessions which Kant sought to vindicate for humanity; and 'God, Freedom, and Immortality' are discarded by Materialism. 'Kant's minimum,' says Lange, referring to the trio, 'may indeed be dispensed with;' and 'all these doctrines may on principle be dispensed with, in so far that it cannot be shown from the universal characteristics of man, or from some other reason, that a society without these doctrines must necessarily fall into immorality.' Is it, then, true, it will be asked, that Lange rejects and throws over all religion, or that he denies that religion has been one of the main factors in ennobling and educating the human family? To these questions it is easy in one sense, and yet not easy

in another, to answer. Lange himself would have given a decided negative to both. He goes far in some parts of his work—particularly in the collection of essays expository of Materialism and its relations to thought and culture, that occupy the third volume of his *magnum opus*—to vindicate a high place and power for what are essentially Christian ideas. He admits that the efforts of this century to transform the face of society in favour of the down-trodden masses 'are very intimately connected with the New Testament ideas, although the champions of these efforts feel themselves bound in other respects to oppose what is nowadays called Christianity.' Elsewhere he says that a survey of the whole course of history leaves it scarcely doubtful 'that we may in great part attribute to the quiet but continual operation of Christian ideas, not merely our moral, but even our intellectual progress.' Yet while he is forced to admit the beneficent power of Christian thought, he would altogether deny its truth. And here we may catch a glimpse of what we conceive to be characteristic of Lange. He tries to be a faithful historian of ideas. And in doing this work he endeavours, with often conspicuous success, to do justice even to those elements in faith and knowledge with which he is himself least in sympathy. He is thus so far conservative; but he is revolutionary in his judgments on the inherent value and truthfulness of these same ideas. He is a veritable iconoclast of all dogmatic conceptions, and is specially thrown into antagonism to the ecclesiastical and hierarchical systems that were the framework and body through which the Christian and nearly all religious conceptions have come to exercise their full power. Even when he seems to talk most tolerantly of religion, it is not religion in the sense in which common practice and common sense interpret the term. Religion stands to him on the same level with the product of the artistic faculty; and the faculty in man which seeks expression for religious impulses would be nurtured and developed by him as still fitted to play a high part in the history of the race. But, as with Tyndall and other scientific lights among ourselves, the religion he speaks of is merely the tendency to idealize, and is almost identified with the impulse that finds food and satisfaction for itself in poetry, music, and art. The narrow and inadequate life of man, it is freely acknowledged, stands greatly in need of being exalted to loftier hopes of our destiny, but the faculty which is to shape these is, as with Tyndall, imagination. Our imaginings are not indeed to be allowed to come into conflict with obvious facts; but so long as they do not thus transgress we are exhorted to give way to the inclination to linger in thought upon the brighter side of the present and the future, and through an involuntary idealization of life to try to think more favourably of the government of the universe, and of our future condition after death, 'than the very slender probability would permit.' But the satisfaction of this impulse leads directly to the creation of those

myth-worlds which science rejects. Lange saw this, and in what we presume were his last written words—the 'Preface to the Second Book (as Postscript)'—while admitting the danger, asserts the relative greater importance of finding satisfaction for our ideal tendencies than rejoicing in the truth. For what else can be the meaning of the following sad sentence, which, besides, may be taken as the key of his whole book: 'It is more important that we shall rise to the recognition that it is the same necessity, the same transcendental root of our nature, which supplies us through the senses with the idea of the world of reality, and which leads us in the highest function of nature and creative synthesis to fashion a world of the ideal in which to take refuge from the limitation of the senses, and in which to find again the true home of our spirit.'? And is this, then, to be the end of all our efforts and all our researches? We have complained of the vagueness of Professor Lange's use of the term 'Materialism,' which is identified by him with philosophy; and his own philosophical expositions in the series of studies he has here given us are essays in metaphysics, which in their results often come into direct contradiction with Materialism as heretofore known. Professor Lange is led by means of his inquiries to adopt positions of an almost exclusively idealistic order, as when he identifies the laws of nature with the laws of thought. The whole of our higher scientific constructions are the issue of the workings of the laws of thought, and in art and religion we try to reconcile with these the world of the ideal in which we are anxious to find a refuge. Is there, then, no possibility of getting out of ourselves? Are we chained down to this narrow world-creating Ego, with its restless attempts to create ideal syntheses and to comfort itself with delusions? That the upshot of the 'History of Materialism' should be to suggest such a question is surely the most wonderful irony from a Materialist point of view. Yet it is in the midst of such contradictions that Lange must have lived, and moved, and had his being.

He is too honest an inquirer to shirk difficulties, or to claim for Materialism more than it has accomplished. He feels compelled in the midst of his most systematic glorifications of Evolutionism to suggest the reality of the existence of a law of internal development as being quite as essential as the external conditions that are said to determine the development. He is forced to allow as highly probable that 'from the beginning of life there was a great number of germs not completely alike, and not equally capable of development;' that is, to accept the probability of internal differences at the very point where arrogant science claims to have run everything back to a common identity of origin. In the same way he dare not claim that the origin of life is accounted for by material conditions, or that the internality of sensation and thought can be possibly conceived as having been developed out of the pure externality of molecular particles. It is this transparent honesty

which is the great charm of Lange, even when we least agree with him. As for results, however, the finale is the extinction of religion, the overthrow of any intelligible basis for morality, and a dreary conception of life which would render only too simple the answer to the question, 'Is life worth living?'

*The Metaphysics of the School.* By THOMAS HARPER, S.J. Vol. II. Macmillan and Co.

We have nothing to add to or retract from what we said regarding this work in noticing the first volume, now that we have the second before us. There is the same laborious trifling—as we cannot help deeming it—which was characteristic of the vast and refined constructions of the Scholastics, the same subtlety of thought shading away in innumerable verbal distinctions which have no substantive reality and no discernible relation to real life, and the same dogmatic interest which supplied motive to the work of most of the Schoolmen, though less apparent perhaps in this volume than in its predecessor. The terminology, too, is as repellent as ever, and it is impossible to avoid a feeling of pain that the evidently subtle metaphysical capabilities of the writer should be wasted on problems that are not only insoluble, but the solutions of which if achieved would bring no benefit to thought and philosophy. Our regret at all this, moreover, is intensified when we observe the apt and acute criticisms by the author, of recent metaphysical theories. His criticism of Sir William Hamilton's treatment of the (logical) principle of identity, and still more his searching inquiry into Kant's theory of synthetical judgments *a priori*, prove that Mr. Harper is richly endowed with metaphysical acumen. His fundamental objections to the Kantian philosophy as incapable of accounting for reality, and as landing us in mere subjective idealism, are such as we can heartily adopt and re-echo. All the more, however, since we find the author thus competent and metaphysically equipped, must we regret his misapplied industry in the vain attempt to rebuild the shattered edifice of the 'Metaphysics of the School' which have for ever passed away. The main purpose of the writer in this volume is to expound the Principles and Causes of Being. He professes to be able to account for the genesis and constitution of material substances; but the treatment here is incomplete, as there is no consideration given to the efficient cause. That is promised as the principal part of the next volume; and in the chapter devoted to it in this we are led to expect valuable materials designed to bring to light the harmony that exists between the metaphysics of the school and the latest physical discoveries. We hope, therefore, we may there find something of more general interest than is set forth in the greater portion of the volume before us, though we cannot look for real philosophical instruction. For the rest, these learned lucubrations on 'Primordial Matter,' 'Primordial Subjects of Substantial Changes,' 'Principiants and Principiates,' and a host of similar abstractions, are the

veriest hieroglyphics of abstract reasoning, the key to which in actual thinking and understanding not even the laborious and persevering industry of Mr. Harper will be able to recover for us. We find glimpses of meaning occasionally, as in the identification of 'Primordial Matter' with 'Pure Potentiality,' but we are soon lost again in wandering mazes from which we can find no outlet.

We have three more volumes to notice of the excellent series of 'English Philosophers' in course of publication by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. Taking them in their chronological order, though not in the order of their issue, these are—

I. *Bacon*. By THOMAS FOWLER, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford, who has already written with conspicuous ability on Bacon's philosophical work in an edition of the 'Novum Organum,' issued by the Clarendon Press. The present little volume will be found to contain in a popular form a sketch of the life, character, and work of Bacon, which, though it cannot to the student be a substitute for systematic study of the writings of the founder of the inductive philosophy, will be read with interest by philosophical students, and will be found to supply all that is required for a merely general view of Bacon.

II. *Adam Smith*. By J. A. FARRAR, Author of 'Primitive Manners and Customs.' Amongst philosophers Adam Smith is not merely or chiefly the Author of the 'Wealth of Nations.' He was a student of the moral sentiments long before he gave his energies to the discussion of economical problems, and his writings on such subjects contain a theory of ethics of a distinctive and independent order. For estimating that and the man who produced it, readers will find sufficient materials in this little volume, which has been very carefully prepared by a competent writer.

III. *Hartley and James Mill*. By GEORGE S. BOWER. Of course Hartley and Mill are to be reckoned among the philosophers, since they must ever be regarded as the founders in this country of the association and utilitarian theories. Their views have been largely supplemented since by other thinkers who have followed in their footsteps, and have contributed to enlarge the borders of their philosophy. Readers will find lucid sketches of the men and their leading thoughts in Mr. Bower's volume.

*The New Phrynichus*. Being a Revised Text of the Ecloga of the Grammarian Phrynichus. With Introduction and Commentary by W. G. RUTHERFORD, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, Assistant Master at St. Paul's. Macmillan and Co.

The title chosen for this work is not, we think, very appropriate; first, because it contains the old Phrynichus in a new dress only; secondly, because it too closely resembles the well-known 'New Cratylus' of the late Dr. Donaldson. The book is, however, a useful one, for it records many careful observations

on Attic usage, especially in the verbs, of the true forms of which Dr. Veitch's well-known manual had already given an accurate and exhaustive scheme. Phrynichus, living in an age (the second century A.D.) when the language of the best Attic writers was becoming mixed and deteriorated, wrote as a 'purist' in defence of the older and, as he considered, exclusively legitimate forms. Perhaps his merits are somewhat over-rated when he is described as one who 'regarded Attic Greek from a truer standpoint than more recent grammarians,' and the author speaks somewhat too severely of modern students being 'subjected since Hermann's time to the thralldom of minute psychological annotation,' whatever that may mean.

If a grammarian of the second century had a truer conception of Greek than modern scholars have, with all their resources of comparative philology, it is discouraging to think how little progress can really have been made in the study of Greek. But is it so? We turn over the concise rules of Phrynichus, which consist entirely of brief warnings against solecisms, but we find little that is not perfectly familiar to every good scholar at the present day. For instance (Ecl. 343), we are told not to use *ἐκλείψας* but *ἐκλείπων*; in 381 that *ῥᾶρον* is correct, and not *ῥαότερον*; in 124, *ῥῶθα*, and not *ῥῆς*, and so on. So between *ῥῶθης* and *ῥῶθῶθα* the question has nothing new for scholars, and nothing more than has long been known can be established from existing MSS.

Again, to assume 'innumerable and gross corruptions,' as 'necessarily entailed' by centuries of transcription, is to play into the hands of that school of emendators who exercise their wits on making the wildest and most improbable guesses. And by what law are we to exempt from this wholesale and 'necessary' corruption the New Testament, the 'Revision' of which has recently attracted so much interest and attention; and on which so many years of labour have been spent?

Still more sweeping is the somewhat confident assertion of 'the enormous mass of corrupt forms which disfigure all the texts of Attic writers.' If they have not been sufficiently purged of error by this time, there is small hope that they ever will be. Madvig and Cobet are justly praised, but it is a mistake to suppose that even the greater part of their critical *tentamina* find universal acceptance. In p. 315 Mr. Rutherford speaks of 'the imaginary *διδῶ*' (*διδόω*), apparently forgetful of *διδῶ*, *dat.* in *Æsch. Suppl.* 987, and the many passages in the *Iliad* in which this form of the verb occurs. And what does he mean by telling us that the Attics had no infinitive *ἐρχέσθαι*? It occurs in *Æsch. Agam.* 890, *παρ' ἄλλων χρη' τὸδ' ἐρχέσθαι γέρας*, and elsewhere. On the other hand, such forms as *ἐλευσοῖσθην*, *ἐληλῶσθην*, *ἐληλυθέην*, and a good many others given on p. 105, are forms which Phrynichus himself would probably have disallowed. It is an old and still unexploded error to assume the existence of a number of inflexions, solely be-



cause they are formed regularly. Is *periendinus* (in p. 125) a misprint, or a *lapsus calami* for 'perendinus'?

There seems to us a little tendency to dogmatize, as when a verb formed from *τεύλαρον*, 'beet-root,' acknowledged as defensible by many of the best scholars, is pronounced 'a formation altogether impossible.' There is ample analogy for *τεύλαρον* (compare *λάχαρον*), although the noun known to us is *τεπλον* or *τευλίον*. In p. 352 the rendering of *λάμυρος* by *improbos* shows little appreciation of its etymology. Properly signifying 'wide-mouthed' (compare *Lemures* and *Lamia*), it came to mean both 'gluttonous' and 'smiling,' as *χαροπός* (compare *Charon* and *Charybdis*) was used by late writers for 'bright-eyed,' from a false derivation from *χαίρειν* and *ὄψ*.

*The House of Atreus.* Being the Agamemnon, Libation-bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. MORSEHEAD, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford, &c. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Morshead has given a new and not particularly appropriate name to the trilogy of Æschylus, commonly known as the 'Orestes,' and rightly so called by Aristophanes ('Frogs,' 1124, where, however, some think that the 'Choephoroi' alone is meant), since in two of the three plays Orestes is the main character of the action. 'Furies' is also an indifferent title for the 'Eumenides,' the point of the play so called being the converting of the vengeful *Erinyes* into 'Well-wishers' and benign goddesses.

After giving in the preface (pp. xi.-xiii.) a somewhat slight sketch of the plot of the three continuous plays, Mr. Morshead adds, 'It will be obvious, even from a compendium like the foregoing, that the trilogy as a whole cannot properly be called a tragedy at all.' If the murder of a husband by a wife in revenge, and that of a mother by the hand of a son in righteous retribution for his father's fate, be not truly a tragedy, it is hard to say what is. Nor ought we to bring our modern notions about 'tragedy' to the refutation of a title which always has been given to these fine and powerful dramas. The remark, too, that 'we may discern a special propriety in the poet's recorded saying, that his dramas were "scraps from the lordly feast of Homer,"' as it strikes us, is somewhat feeble, when we consider that not a single verse in any of the extant plays can be shown to have been taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey. The simple fact is that the Agamemnon can be proved to have been founded on epic poems, which Æschylus, no doubt, regarded as 'Homeric,' but which much later ages discriminated as 'Cyclic.' There is not much that is new in the preface, and indeed the literary merits and points of the plays have been so often criticised and discussed that hardly anything original is left to be said about them. It might be added that so many verse translations already exist—the best of them, perhaps, Miss A. Swanwick's, has just

been reprinted—that there is little scope for important improvements. Mr. Browning's attempt to versify the Agamemnon after his own peculiar style was criticized, as not altogether successful, in a former number of this review. Mr. Morshead seems to us, while he often shows real poetic power, to incline to the same kind of quaintness, and to make too much effort to impart an Æschylean character to the English words he employs. Thus the lacerating the face and tearing the garments in grief is rendered—

'Rings on my smitten breast the smiting hand,  
And all my cheek is rent and red,  
Fresh-furrowed by my nails, and all my soul,  
This many a day, doth feed on cries of dole.  
And trailing tatters of my vest,  
In looped and windowed raggedness forlorn,  
Hang round about my breast.'

Here the Greek is simply 'thread-spoiling tearings of garments,' for which 'windowed raggedness' is a very far-fetched substitute indeed. The following is from the opening chorus of the Agamemnon, describing the portent of an eagle killing a hare, which was thought to signify the destruction of Troy—

'Go forth to Troy, the eagles seemed to cry—  
And the sea-kings obeyed the sky-kings' word,  
When on the right, they soared across the sky,  
And one was black, one bore a white tail barred.  
And high above the palace-roof they bore,  
A wonder and a sign! and rent and tare,  
Far from the fields that she should range no more,  
Big with her unborn brood, a mother hare.  
And one beheld, the soldier-prophet true.  
And the two chiefs, unlike of soul and will,  
In the twy-coloured eagles straight he knew,  
And spake the omen forth, for good or ill!'

*Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures.* Studies in Comparative Mythology. By LAURA ELIZABETH POOR. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Considering the subject handled, this is a small book in more senses than one. Its materials are drawn chiefly from the best modern English writers on the subject, as Max Müller, Whitney, Cox, Lecky, Monier Williams, &c., and they are frequently somewhat clumsily and illogically put together. It contains a great deal of small talk, many minor inaccuracies, and occasionally absurd remarks; e.g., the History of the Anglo-Saxon Church by the Venerable Bede is pronounced a 'really first-class book.' Its aim is twofold—'first, so to interest people in the new discoveries in literature as to enable them to study for themselves; and secondly, to put all literature upon that new basis which has been created by the new sciences of comparative philology and comparative mythology.' We are not very confident that it will accomplish the first—if it does the writer will have abundant reason for being satisfied—but we are pretty certain that it will not accomplish the latter. Besides, we thought that literature had for a consider-



able period been resting upon some such basis as the writer has in view. Will writers ever grow tired, or rather grow out of the conceit that they are laying new foundations?

*Studies in Life. The Human Body and its Functions. Health Studies.* By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Dr. Paterson is, we believe, a Presbyterian minister, who here turns his medical education to good religious account. These three volumes consist of three courses of lectures delivered to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of London. They are full of excellent good sense, useful information, and invaluable inculcations concerning the religious uses of the body. In every way they are admirable. The Young Men's Christian Association deserves all praise for providing such lectures for its members.—*Modern Anglican Theology.* Third Edition Revised; to which is prefixed a Memoir of Canon Kingsley. By the Rev. J. H. RIGG, D.D. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) The first edition of Dr. Rigg's vigorous work was published twenty-five years ago, and contained some searching criticism on the theological speculations of Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett. To the present edition the memoir of Kingsley is added, which is both interesting and admirable, especially for its criticism of Kingsley's theological position, and for its high and tender tribute to his Christian worth. Dr. Rigg's sympathy with Kingsley's contributions to general literature is not so appreciative as ours; but his study of a remarkable man is remarkably well done.—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other Poems.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) An elegant reprint of the 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times,' 'Good Thoughts in Worse Times,' 'Mixt Contemplations in Better Times,' 'The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience.' There are no critical or editorial remarks, only the author's text is given. The thick wire-wove paper, type, &c., are all of the highest excellence. Many will be glad to possess in this dainty form the wise and weighty meditations of the quaint old Church historian.—*Latter Day Teachers. Six Lectures.* By R. A. ARMSTRONG. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) These lectures are very far from being exhaustive, but they take up and discuss some of the leading points in the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, and Professor Tyndall, closing with some strictures—not quite of so much value as the rest—on Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ' and 'Life and Work of St. Paul.' The peculiar change which was brought into Mill's philosophy through the discipline of bereavement is ably brought out, and Mr. Arnold's inconsistency and fallacy in resolving God into a 'stream of tendency' is effectively exposed. Professor Tyndall is convicted of illogical reasoning, and justice is done to the edifying nature of Parker's mission compared on the whole with that of the sceptics. The little

book—which is fitted only for an aid to those who have not time to study these writers exhaustively—is full of suggestive and fine thought, and is marked throughout by great considerateness and intellectual sincerity. We can even imagine those who have given time and thought to the study of these authors enjoying this book; for Mr. Armstrong, while he discloses the true point of view for contemplating his subject, takes care to qualify carefully in his acceptance of results.—*Some Sceptical Fallacies of Certain Modern Writers Examined.* By W. J. HALL, M.A. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Hall deals vigorously and effectively with some of the popular objectors and objections to revealed religion. His chapters treat of Man as a Moral Being, of the Existence of God, the Divine Personality, Attributes, Goodness, the Immortality of the Soul, God's Moral and Providential Government, Evolution, Miracles, Prayer; and concerning each he has something to say that may well give pause to sceptical theorists. We cannot pretend to touch any of the points of discussion; we can only strongly commend the book to those who are interested in the open conflict between materialism and spiritualism, which is once more being waged; and, as we venture to think, with the customary result; so long as men are men, they will believe in God, in religion, and in Christ.—*The Gentle Heart.* By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is a second series of 'Talking to the Children,' as the title-page duly advertises. It is in all respects a worthy companion to that valuable volume; indeed, in one point at least, it is better. Dr. Macleod has made this one a little encyclopædia of anecdotes, set in such a framework, however, as he alone, perhaps, of present day preachers could have commanded. He writes a style at once elevated and simple; he is full of unction, but restrains expression, and so enforces it; he has the feeling for child-nature, and combines tenderness with great sobriety and reserve and manliness. The book, like all true children's books, is thus quite a book for adults; and we are not sure but some points will be more fully appreciated by adults than by the children. To sum up the character of the volume in a word, it is refined, elevating, unmarked by a serene and unaffected beauty such as should command for it a ready entrance to many homes and many hearts.

#### SERMONS.

*Church and Chapel. Sermons on the Church of England and Dissent.* Edited by the Rev. R. H. HADDEN, Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. With an Introduction by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This little volume is a gratifying, refreshing, and hopeful sign of the times. It is a noble vindication by at least one of the schools into which the Established Church is—we were going to say radically and hopelessly—divid-

ed, of the essential Christianity and catholicity of all true Churches and disciples of Christ. Of course the preachers, all being clergymen of the Established Church, have their natural and justifiable preferences for their own episcopal communion, but we scarcely meet with an expression that does not fully and generously recognize the equal validity of other Churches, and that does not do justice to their general Christian service and to their distinctive Christian excellence. Could these Catholic-hearted clergymen but imbue their own ecclesiastical brethren with their own noble spirit, the true unity of English Christianity, the only unity worth contending for or practicable, would be virtually accomplished. From each of the sermons sentences might be cited—and which nothing else in them contradicts—of most Christian and catholic and generous recognition. Here and there we differ from judgments pronounced, but these are mainly the result of imperfect acquaintance, and do not militate against the admirable spirit of the general recognition. Dean Stanley's Introduction is a reprint, with the omission and addition here and there of a few sentences, of an article on 'The Church and Dissent,' written as a review of Mr. Curteis' Bampton Lecture, which appeared in 'The Edinburgh Review' in January, 1878. And this, by the way, should, we think, have been indicated. No more catholic or noble-hearted man than Dean Stanley has lived in this generation, or has practically done more to advance the catholic spirit which pervades these sermons; but his almost passionate contention for a State-Established Church into which, with the fullest concession of freedom for their respective organizations and doctrines, he would have gathered all denominations, sometimes makes him oblivious of the way in which they are promoting his catholic aims, and sometimes elicits from him statements and expressions which are positively unjust to them. Thus, many of us have deeply felt the injustice of the statement in the article here reproduced, that 'almost the only life which we [Free Churchmen] consent to acknowledge in the English Church is that of John Henry Newman and the Oxford school,' ignoring men like Arnold, Whately, Milman, Robertson, and Maurice, Cecil, Venn, and Simeon, and that simply because of the antipathy of the former to Erastianism and Establishments. Dean Stanley's memory is yet too tender, and the admiration and love that we feel for him too great, for us to say much in demur to such an utterly mistaken representation. Not even in Dean Stanley's own section of the Episcopal Church are the men he supposes to be ignored more honoured and revered than by Congregationalists. No stouter opponents of Newman and the Oxford School are to be found in Christendom. Every distinctive theological and ecclesiastical principle we hold is utterly inimical to the latter. Our formal contention, the spirit that imbues our entire preaching and Church life, are an all-pervading and uncompromising

protest against it. We can admire and reverence the genius and religious goodness of men like Newman and Keble, and we are necessarily *quoad hoc* in agreement with men of all schools, High Anglican or infidel, who oppose Erastianism and Establishments; but it is an unmerited and ungenerous wrong to represent as a general sympathy that which is palpably and notoriously limited to this one point. We do not speak even of 'the unlawfulness of a national Church,' nor of 'the sinfulness of endowments,' for many of our own churches are endowed. We speak of the inexpediency of both, in the interests of both the Church and society, and of the wrong of both when, as in England just now, the establishment and the endowment of one Church are at the social and pecuniary cost of all other Churches. Surely the distinction is broad enough to be recognized, and reasonable enough to be argued. We do not insist on the exclusive validity of Congregationalism, or of any other form of Church government. We contend for the equal validity and rights of any form of Church government that does not invade the natural rights of any other form. And if we contend for the universality of the voluntary system, it is only in the sense in which we contend for the universality of voluntary households, or of voluntary business organizations, viz., because any exception involves a wrong to the rest. Nor have we the remotest desire to destroy or injure anything in the Church established but the Establishment, which necessarily does assume prerogatives over other Churches of the nation. But we have no heart to controvert even such positions of one so lately lost to us, and so greatly revered. Does Mr. Lambert really mean that adult baptism was originated by the *καθαρσοί*? Were not the disciples whom John and Christ baptized adults? He justly says that the Church of Christ is 'the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world;' but wherein does English Episcopacy stand related to this large conception other than Congregationalists? What better representation of corporate life does it give? Is not the corporate life of the Church of Christ as fully realized by the fellowship of Congregational Churches as by the episcopacy of this little realm of England? Actual organization must have its limit somewhere. In relation to Christendom is the difference appreciable? Again, when Mr. Hadden speaks, and speaks truly, of the inconsistent persecution of Quakers and others by the New England Puritans, he fails to distinguish between the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, who were Independents, and never persecuted, and the Puritan emigrants of Laud's time who followed them, and who were not Independents, and did persecute. He pays a just and noble tribute to the Independents of the Commonwealth when he says, 'Never was England greater, never was its moral tone higher, never were its clergy more devoted, never were its laity more religious, than in the time of the Commonwealth under the

